

Fill in the gaps

White man came across the sea			
He brought us (1) and misery			
He killed our (2) killed our creed			
He took our game for his own need	d		
We fought him hard we fought him well			
Out on the plains we gave him hell			
But many came too much for Cree			
(Oh) will we ever be set free?			
Riding (3)	dust	clouds	and
(4) wastes			
Galloping hard on the plains			
Chasing the redskins (5)	_ to (6)		holes
Fighting them at (7) own game			
Murder for freedom the stab in the back			
Women and (8)	are cowards attack		
Run to the hills			
Run for (9) lives			
Run to the hills			
Run for your lives			
Soldier blue in the barren wastes			

Hunting and killing their game Raping the women and wasting the men The only good Indians are tame Selling them whiskey and taking their gold Enslaving the young and destroying the old Run to the hills Run for your lives Run to the hills Run for your lives



- 1. pain
- 2. tribes
- 3. through
- 4. barren
- 5. back
- 6. their
- 7. their
- 8. children
- 9. your

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