

## Fill in the gaps

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

Hunting and killing their game	
Raping the women and (7)	the men
The (8) good Indians are tame	
Selling them whiskey and taking (9)	gold
Enslaving the young and destroying the old	
Run to the hills	
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- 1. pain
- 2. killed
- 3. came
- 4. clouds
- 5. hard
- 6. redskins
- 7. wasting
- 8. only
- 9. their

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