

## Fill in the gaps

White man came across the sea
He brought us pain and misery
He killed our tribes killed 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 came too much for Cree
(Oh) will we (1) be set free?
Riding through dust clouds and barren wastes
Galloping hard on the plains
Chasing the redskins back to (2) holes
Fighting them at their own game
Murder for freedom the (3) in the back
Women and children are (4) attack
Run to the hills
Run for your lives
Run to the hills
Run for your lives
Soldier blue in the (5) wastes

Hunting and killing their game
Raping the women and wasting the men
The only good Indians are tame
Selling them (6) and (7)
their gold
Enslaving the young and destroying the old
Run to the hills
Run for your lives
Run to the hills
Run for (8) lives
Run to the hills
Run for your lives
Run to the hills
Run for (9) lives
Run to the hills
Run for (10) lives
Run to the hills
Run for your lives



- 1. ever
- 2. their
- 3. stab
- 4. cowards
- 5. barren
- 6. whiskey
- 7. taking
- 8. your
- 9. your
- 10. your

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