

Fill in the gaps

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

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



- 1. killed
- 2. took
- 3. many
- 4. came
- 5. much
- 6. through
- 7. only
- 8. Indians
- 9. your

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