

Fill in the gaps

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

Hunting and (8)	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	ng the old	
Run to the hills		
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1. killed

- 2. fought
- 3. plains
- 4. many
- 5. freedom
- 6. children
- 7. barren
- 8. killing

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