

Fill in the gaps

White man came across the sea
He brought us pain and misery
He killed our (1) 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 (2) 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 (3) at (4) 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 (5) wastes

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



- 1. tribes
- 2. much
- 3. them
- 4. their
- 5. barren
- 6. wasting
- 7. Indians
- 8. destroying
- 9. your

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