

White man came across the sea

## Fill in the gaps

He brought us pain and misery
He killed our tribes killed our creed
He took our game for his own need
We (1) him hard we fought him well
Out on the plains we gave him hell
But many 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 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 (2) lives
Soldier (3) in the barren wastes

the men	
	the old
	the men



- 2. your
- 3. blue
- 4. their
- 5. wasting
- 6. destroying
- 7. your

## Fill in the gaps