

GOLD-DUST

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In a prison down in Washington, the year was
nineteen hundred,
Bill Miner was released from doing time.
He'd robbed stages in the west, but those days were
gone, he guessed.
So he thought he'd try his hand at robbing trains,
There'd be ample compensation for his pains.
They were waiting in the rain for that gold-dust-
laden train,
They jumped aboard the coalcar as she passed;
And about an hour later they rode 'cross the mighty
Fraser,
Six thousand worth of gold-dust they would stash,
And a bag that held nine hundred more in cash.

Bill lived quite well in Kamloops with Calhoun and
Shorty Dunn;
Two years later they had planned their second job;
Stopped a train at Old Duck Station, but a gross
miscalculation
Brought only fifteen dollars for this job,
Of the hundred thousand they had hoped to rob.
But the cops were hard behind him, Sergeant Belson
swore he'd find him,
At Douglas Lake the gang was trapped at last;
And the jury had good reason to send them all to
prison;
Bill Miner would escape in just one year,
And rides out to continue his career.

Bill ended his last days down in Georgia, so they
say,
Robbing trains on the Southern Railway line;
Year fifteen he died in prison; as he went he lay
there dreaming,
Of the time that they had waited in the rain,
The night they robbed that gold-dust-laden train.
He remembered how they'd waited in the rain,
The night they robbed that gold-dust-laden train.