

# Bill Miner

Stu Phillips

Voice

The musical score is written on four staves of a single treble clef. The first staff begins with a red 'Voice' label. The lyrics are: 'It was years a-go out of Kam-loops, When that great C P st-earn-er rolled, I wond-ered how man-y pass-en-gers Knew of the ship-ment of gold. The fire-man and en-gin-eer wond-ered that night What they'd do at the end of the run, When out of the dark-ness three strang-ers appeared, Each one was hold-ing a gun.'

## “Bill Miner”

Stu Phillips

It was years ago out of Kamloops  
When that great CP steamer rolled,  
I wondered how many passengers  
Knew of the shipment of gold.  
The fireman and engineer wondered that night  
What they'd do at the end of the run,  
When out of the darkness three strangers appeared  
Each one was holding a gun.

Now the bandits had a bold leader  
Billy Miner was his name.  
He'd just come out of San Quentin jail  
And here he was stealing again.  
The steamer was brought to a standstill  
And the crew was forced out of the cab;  
The robbers made haste to the mail car  
And heard a story that near drove them mad.

Well, the mail clerk told them the money  
Had been shipped out the day before;  
Somehow the bandits believed this tale

And turned and stormed out the door.  
The mail clerk was filled with excitement,  
For he'd just told an enormous lie;  
The forty thousand in gold was safe;  
Said the clerk, “What a chisler am I.”

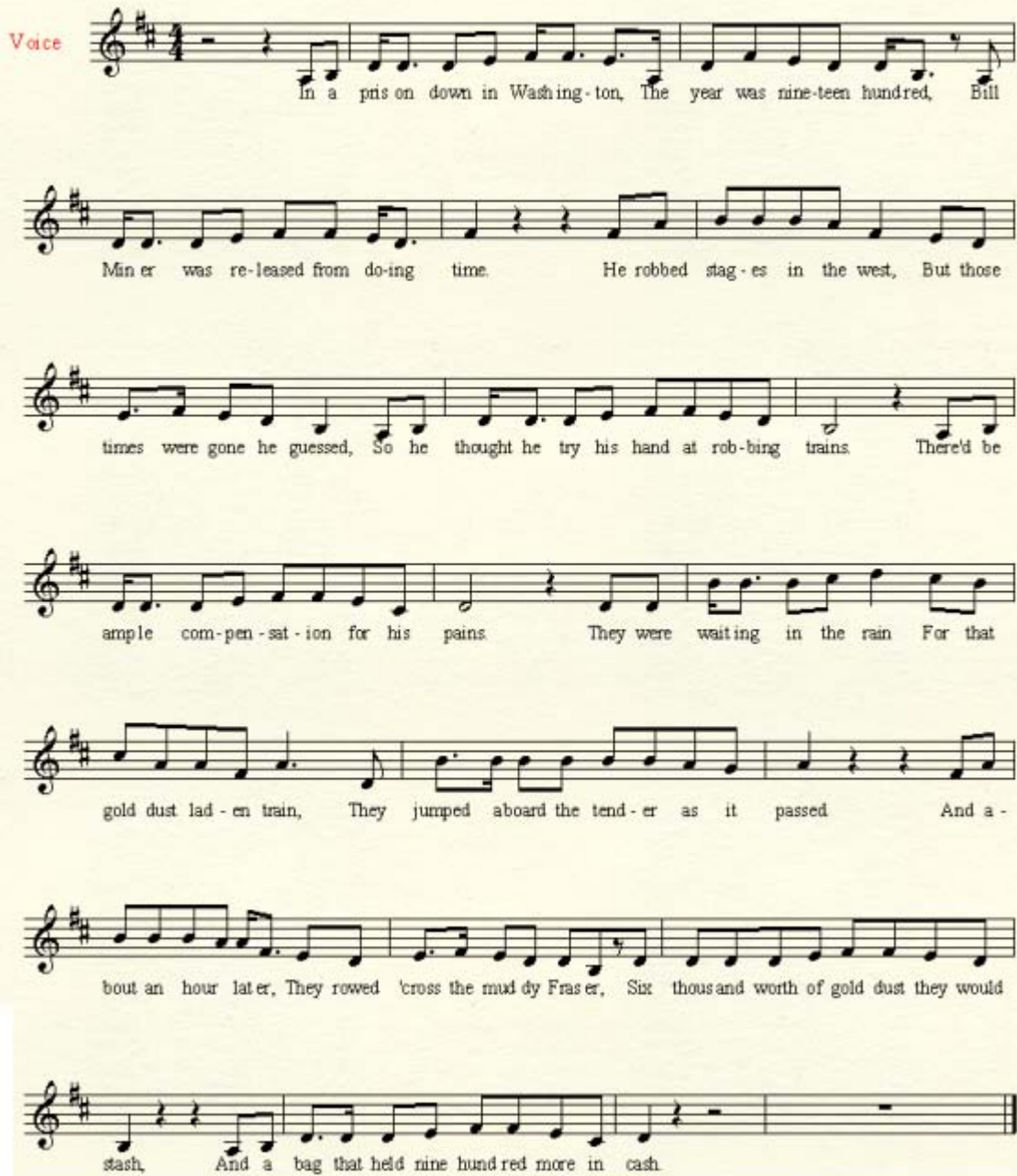
They reported the hold up in Kamloops  
And the Mounties set off on the trail.  
The bandits soon were arrested,  
And the judge packed them all off to jail.  
The thieves had a great sense of humour  
And it certainly showed at their trial,  
For even the men who'd arrested them  
Were forced to give way to a smile.

Life was the verdict for Miner that day,  
To this the spectators did roar;  
But Miner stood up in the courtroom and asked  
Why the old duffer hadn't given him more.  
Well the courtroom roared out with laughter,  
Even the judge had a smirk;  
Then Miner turned to the Mounties and said,  
“I admire the way you boys work.”

# Gold Dust

Patrick Smith

Voice



In a pris on down in Washing - ton, The year was nine-teen hundred, Bill  
Min er was re-leased from do-ing time. He robbed stag - es in the west, But those  
times were gone he guessed, So he thought he try his hand at rob-bing trains There'd be  
ample com-pen - sat - ion for his pains. They were waiting in the rain For that  
gold dust lad - en train, They jumped aboard the tend - er as it passed And a -  
bout an hour later, They rowed 'cross the mud dy Fras er, Six thousand worth of gold dust they would  
stash, And a bag that held nine hundred more in cash.

## “Gold Dust” Patrick Smith

In a prison down in Washington,  
The year was nineteen hundred,  
Bill Miner was released from doing time.  
He 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 tender as it passed,  
And about an hour later  
They rowed 'cross the muddy 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 Colquhoun and Shorty Dunn.  
 Two years later they had planned their second job:  
 Stopped a train at old Ducks Station.  
 But a gross miscalculation,  
 Got them only fifteen dollars for this job,  
 Of the hundred thousand they had hoped to rob.

But the cops were hard behind them,  
 Sergeant Wilson swore he'd find them;  
 At Douglas Lake the gang was trapped at last,  
 And the jury had good reason  
 To send them all to prison.  
 But Bill Miner would escape in just one year

And ride south to carry on with his career.

Bill ended his last days ,  
 Down in Georgia, so they say,  
 Robbin' trains on the Southern Railway Line.  
 The year 'thirteen he died in prison,  
 As he went he lay there dreamin'  
 'Bout the time he had waited in the rain,  
 The night they robbed that gold dust laden train.  
 He remembered how they waited in the rain,  
 The night they robbed that gold dust laden train.

**Bill Miner**

**Bob Bossin**

**Voice**

O did you hear Bill Min - er robbed the C P train?  
 Fig - ured Bill was dead or pris - on in the States, But the Mount - ies said the  
 rob - ber was pol - ite as hell, So ev - ry one in Prince - ton knew it was  
 Bill. Down in Mill edge - ville, Georg - ia, they've got Bill Min er's grave, But  
 up in the Nic - ola Valley he's a - live.

**“Bill Miner”**  
 Bob Bossin

Did you hear Bill Miner robbed the CP train?  
 I figured Bill was dead or in prison in the States,  
 But the Mounties said the robber was polite as hell,  
 So everyone in Princeton knew it was Bill.

The Pinkertons come after him, hot on the trail,  
 But nobody in Princeton recalled meeting Bill.  
 We answered all their questions politely as we could,

Holding our hats in our hands just the way he would.

*Chorus:* Down in Milledgeville, Georgia,  
 They've got Bill Miner's grave,  
 But up in the Nicola Valley  
 He's alive.

They said Bill Miner was living in a shack on Jack Budd's farm,  
 But nobody ever saw him or that valley girl on his arm.  
 Why me and my father used to trap Jack Budd's line,  
 And we never saw Bill Miner half a dozen times.

By now he's in Greenwood or back across the line,  
 If they never get that money, that'll be just fine.  
 He never robbed a poor man or woman to this day,  
 And that's a damn sight more than the CPR can say.  
*Chorus*

Did you remember when last summer somebody robbed the  
 train?  
 They know it's not Bill Miner, he's a long time in the grave,  
 But the Mounties say the robber was polite as hell,  
 So everyone in Princeton figures it was Bill.

## Back When Billy Robbed Trains

Gary Fjellgaard

**Voice**

Have you heard a-bout a ban-dit, by the name of Bil-ly Min-er?  
 Slippery as a grey fox, run-ning through the sage, Bil-ly had a pis-tol, a big fort-y four  
 pis-tol, He had a hide-out down in the cot-tonwoods, back when Bil-ly robbed  
 trains CHORUS: So sad-dle up—cow-boys, gath-er up the towns-folk, Get your-self a pos-se,  
 gon-na run him to the ground, Bil-ly had a fast horse and he made his get a-way,  
 That was back in the boots and sad-dle days, back when Bil-ly robbed trains. He  
 just robbed trains CHORUS 2: So sad-dle up your cow-boys, gath-er up the towns-folk,  
 Get your-self a pos-se, gon-na run him to the ground, You'd bet-ter get a fast horse,  
 when they make their get-a-way, 'Twas back in the boots and sad-dle days, back when  
 Billy robbed trains. We'd hang 'em high on the cot-ton wood, back when Billy robbed  
 trains, He just robbed trains.

## “Back When Billy Robbed Trains”

Gary Fjellgaard

1. Have you heard about a bandit, by the name of  
Billy Miner?  
Slippery as a grey fox, running through the sage.  
Billy had a pistol, a big forty-four pistol,  
He had a hideout down in the cottonwoods, back when  
Billy robbed trains.

2. Billy was a gentleman, he never robbed a poor man,  
Had a little bit of Robin Hood, running through his  
veins.  
He rode into Canada, looking for his liberty,  
He spent half his life behind prison walls, back when  
Billy robbed trains.

He just robbed trains.

*Chorus 1:* So saddle up cowboys, gather up the townfolk,  
Get yourself a posse, gonna run him to the ground

Billy had a fast horse and he made his getaway,  
That was back in the boots and saddle days, back when  
Billy robbed trains.

He just robbed trains.

3. You got your modern day outlaw, leaders of nations,  
They threaten devastation, with a bible in their hands.  
If God blesses anyone, God blesses everyone,  
Oh Billy was a saint by comparison, back when Billy  
robbed trains.

He just robbed trains.

*Chorus 2:* So saddle up your cowboys, gather up the townfolk,  
Get yourself a posse, gonna run him to the ground,  
You'd better get a fast horse, when they make their getaway,  
'Twas back in the boots and saddle days, back when Billy  
robbed trains,  
We'd hang 'em high on the cottonwood, back when Billy  
robbed trains,

He just robbed trains.

**The Hold Up**  
Bill Gallaher

Voice

Oh the night was warm and smoky, those old mountains were on fire, As the  
big eight-wheel-er thundered down the line, Her whistle blow-ing lone-some sound-ing  
like some sad des-ire, The smok-ing cind-ers trail-ing out be-hind.  
She'd seen the plains and the foot hills of Al-ber-ta, The rug-ged mount-ain pass-es that she  
climbed, Now she was breath-ing eas-y on her way out to the coast In the  
vall-ey where the Thomp-son Riv-er twines.

## **“The Hold Up”**

Bill Gallaher

Oh the night was warm and smoky, those old  
  mountains were on fire,  
As the big eight-wheeler thundered down the line,  
Her whistle blowing lonesome sounding like some sad  
  desire,  
The smoking cinders trailing out behind.  
She’d seen the plains and the foothills of Alberta,  
The rugged mountain passes that she climbed,  
Now she was breathing easy on her way out to the coast,  
In the valley where the Thompson River twines.

She flew along that steel road chasing down her  
  lantern’s beam,  
Her mighty engine roaring like a lion,  
Stopped hard at Ducks Station in a cloud of smoke and  
  steam,

An hour, maybe more, ahead of time.  
Her whistle blew as she rolled from the station,  
The drivers straining hard to pull the load,  
She’d barely gathered speed up in the blackness of the  
  night,  
When the bandits stopped her four miles down the road.

*Chorus:* “Hands up,” old Bill Miner cried,  
That night he tried to lighten up our load;  
The road’s rough, any trainman rides,  
But sometimes, friends, it’s worth the trip to feel those  
  drivers roll.

## **“Bill Miner’s Betrayal”**

John Spearn

1. “Bill Miner, my love, won’t you come to the  
  table,” she said,  
“It’s been a long night and it’s time to make up my bed.”  
“I’m glad that we had such a fine time,” said Bill,  
“How long has your husband been dead?”  
“I’ve been a widow three times now,” she answered  
  instead.
2. “Oh there was a pony man here asking where  
  you’d been,  
I told him you’d been here all night, so he scratched  
  his chin,”  
She cried, “Billy, I can’t tell you stories no more,  
For I’m in a family way;  
A child needs a father, and I need to pray.”  
She awoke to find Billy was gone the very next day,  
Long gone.
3. Bill’s gang blocked the tracks down on Deadman’s  
  Flats in the rain,  
And as quick as a whistle they collected the loot from the  
  train.  
Their booty was full and they went chasing beauties in Trail,

Now the clock was nearing midnight when old Bill laid out  
  the rules

To the trainmen, as he took them by surprise:  
“You can trust me not to harm you, boys, if you don’t play  
  the fool.”

You could see the glint of blue steel in his eyes:  
“Throw down all the mail for San Francisco  
And all the gold dust you might have on board,  
And maybe we’ll be rich men far beyond our wildest dreams,  
And robbing trains might be life’s great reward.”

*Chorus*

Ah but nothing’s ever easy, nothing’s ever what it seems,  
Sometimes it’s in the cards that we must fail;  
There wasn’t any gold dust, no mother lode of dream,s  
There was only disappointment in the mail.  
They rode away to the hills, slapping leather,  
And left behind men older than their years.  
Driving trains can be a hard road and the pay is too damned  
  low,

If the bandit’s words keep ringing in your ears.

*Chorus*

There’s a city reaching eastward where the bandits rode before,  
The steam train disappeared way down the line.  
You can buy your gas and coffee at a little junction store,  
With few reminders of those olden times.  
And those big fifth wheelers go smoking down the highway,  
The tourist lines get longer every year,  
The diesel trains go flying and the trainmen come and go,  
But if you stop there long enough, you’ll hear:

*Chorus (2x)*

Once again, his plan worked out to the last detail.

*Chorus:* Bill Miner, Bill Miner, there’s a CPR train, on  
  time,  
And I’ve heard rich gold is on board, and this carrier’s fine,  
But there’s two G’s reward on your head, said the sign  
That was posted along the telegraph line;  
And the white widow on money had her design.

4. So they set up a trap at the railhead that day,  
And the Mounties were there to take Billy away.  
But he soon outwitted the warden at Westminster Pen,  
He was much too clever for him, and escaped from the fed,  
Long gone.

*Chorus .*

5. Bill laughed as he snuck his way south to the Georgia  
  line,  
But the Marshall knew a trooper, knew a white widow so  
  fine,

And they caught Bill Miner; and then  
To the Macon maximum prison they sent  
Bill Miner, Bill Miner, never to come out again.  
Bill Miner, Bill Miner, never come out again,  
Never to come out again.

# Bill Miner's Betrayal

John Spearn

Voice

"Bill Min - er, my love, won't you come to the tab - le," she said, "It's  
been a long night, and it's time to make up my bed." "I'm glad that we had such a  
fine time," said Bill, "How long has your hus - band been dead?" "I've been a wid - ow  
three times now," she answered in - stead. "Oh, there was a pon - y man here, ask - ing  
where you've been, And I told him you'd been here all night and he scatched his  
chin. — She cried, "Bil - ly, I can't tell you stor - ies no more. ... I'm in the fam - i - ly  
way. A child needs a fath - er, and I need to pray." She a - woke to find  
Bil - ly had gone the ver - y next day... — long gone. CHORUS: Bill  
Min - er, Bill Min - er, there's a C P R train on time, And I've heard rich gold is on  
board and this car - ier's fine. But there's two G's re - ward on your head said  
the sign that was post - ed long the tele - graph line, And the white wid - ow on mon -  
ey has her des - ign.