

# Willie Seton

Tom Paxton

Willie Seton was a lad  
His age was just sixteen  
Golden curls run down his neck  
The fairest ever seen

His true love was the prettiest thing  
In the countryside  
And after Willie courted her  
She swore to be his bride

He had no gold to give her dad  
No gold to buy them land  
And in his haste to wed his love  
He joined an outlaw band

They ravaged all the countryside  
Their fortunes for to gain  
Until one cold and frosty day  
They robbed the Frisco train

The train guard lost his life that day  
But just before he died  
He fired a deadly pistol ball  
In Willie Seton's side

His comrades they deserted him  
And left him there alone  
And holding tightly to his side  
He started out for home

He had not traveled many a mile  
Until the storm came on  
And Willie Seton found a log  
To set himself upon

He leaned his back against a tree  
And held onto his side  
And in that cold and snowy wood  
Young Willie Seton died

He was sixteen when he loved  
Sixteen when he cried  
Sixteen when he robbed a train  
And sixteen when he died