

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