

Chad Mitchell Trio, Willie Seton

Willy 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 all the countryside
And after Willy 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 fortune for to gain
Until one cold and windy day
They robbed the Fresco train

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

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

He had not travelled many a mile
Until a storm came on
And Willy Seton found a log
To set himself upon

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

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