

Silver Target by Sheb Wooley © all rights reserved

Another great song by Sheb Wooley, that depicts the lawlessness of early Kansas cowtowns. You can learn

more of KS cowtowns at museums in all famous cowtowns, including Abilene, Ellsworth, Wichita, Caldwell and Dodge City.

In a border town that mushroomed, along the great frontier,
Was mostly honest folks who came to stay
But the law was slow in comin and the outlaws soon appeared
Flockin in like vultures to the prey

Those that tried to stop them and their pillage of the town
Bit the dust of mainstreet one by one
Till no-one had the courage to step forward from the rest
And volunteer to wear the silver target on his chest.

So the town sent for a marshal to stop the lawless breed
Men who bragged of killins they had done
But the outlaws heard them threaten and they laughed and paid no heed
For who would dare to face their deadly guns.

It only made em bolder and their terror grew and grew
Until one day the marshal reached the town
But the outlaws saw him comin and they laughed in vulgar jest
Of the quiet man who wore a silver target on his chest

In the noon day sun a panic had hit the dusty street, but from every window they all saw
That a show down soon was comin and the odds he had to beat
Were 4 to 1 against the marshals draw
Then sudden death broke loose and when the smoke had cleared away.
The outlaws lay there dyin in the street -
but a scarlet stain was spreadin in the center of the vest
Of the quiet man who wore a silver target on his chest

His name is not recorded in the book of history, but on a marble stone you still can read
Here lies a man who figgered in the winnin of the west,
a quiet man who wore a silver target on his chest.