

Silver Target

Sheb Wooley

Towns sprung up across the plain
But soon the desperados came
And gunshot echoed in the streets

In a western town that mushroamed along the great frontier
Was mostly honest folks that came to stay
But law was slow in comin' and the bad men soon appereared
Flockin' in like vultures to the prey

Those that tried to stop them in their pillage of the town
Bit the dust of Main Street one by one
Till no one had the courage to step forward fom the rest
And volunteer to wear a silver target on his chest

The town sent for a Ranger to stop the lawless breed
Men who bragged of killin's they had done
The bad men heard them threaten but they laughed and paid no heed
For who would dare to face their deadly guns

It only made them bolder and the terror grew and grew
Till one day the Ranger reached the town
The bad men saw him comin' and they spoke in vulgar jest
One of the quiet man who wore a silver target on his chest

In the noonday sun a panic had hit the dusty street
But from every window they all saw
The showdown soon was comin' and the odds he had to beat
With four to one against the Ranger's draw

Then sudden death cut 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 West
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 figured in the winnin' of the West
A quiet man who wore a silver target on his chest