

Darcy Farrow

Written by Steve Gillete & Tom Campbell

1. **Where the water runs down to the Carson Valley plain,
There lived a maid, Darcy Farrow was her name,
A daughter of old Dundee, and a fair one was she,
The sweetest flower that bloomed o'er the range.**

2. **Her voice was sweet as the sugar candy,
Her touch was as soft as a bed of goose down,
Her eyes shone bright like the pretty lights,
That shine in the night out of Yerrington town.**

3. **She was courted by young Vandermeer,
A fine lad was he as I am to hear,
He brought her silver rings and lacy things,
And she promised to wed before the snows fell that year.**

4. **But her pony did stumble and she did fall,
Her dyin' touched the hearts of us one and all,
Young Vandy in his pain, put a bullet through his brain,
And we buried them together as the snows began to fall.**

5. **They sing of Darcy Farrow where the Truckee runs through,
They sing of her beauty in Virginia City too,
At dusky Sundown to her name they drink a round,
And to young Vandy whose love was true.**