Darcy Farrow

Cindy Mangsen

Where the wal-ker runs down thru the Carson Valley Plain
Her voice was as sweet as the sugar candy
But her pony did stumble and she did fall
there lived a maiden Darcy Farrow was her name.
Her touch was as soft as a bed of goose down
her dying touched the hearts of us one and all
The daughter of Old Dundee and fair one was she
her eyes shone bright like the pretty lights
Young Vandy in his pain put a bullet thru his brain
the sweetest flower that bloomed over the range.

that shine in the night out of Yerrington town.
we buried them togeher as the snow began to fall.
She was courted by young Vandamere
They sing of Darcy Farrow where the Truckee runs thru
they sing of her beauty in Virginia City, too.
He gave her silver rings and lacy things
At dusky sundown to her name they drink a round
she promised to wed before the snows came that year
and to young Vandy whose love was true.

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