

Darcy Farrow

John Denver

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 together 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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