

Darcy Farrow

John Denver

Where the walker runs down to the Carson Valley Plain
There lived a maiden, Darcy Farrow was her name
The daughter of old Dundee and a fair one was she
The sweetest flower that bloomed over the range

Her voice was as 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

She was courted by Young Vandamere
A fine lad was he as I am to hear
He gave her silver rings and lacy things
And she promised to wed before the snows came that year

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

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