

Farrow, Darcy

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

Where the Walker runs down through 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 Eider-down
Her eyes shone bright as the pretty lights
That shine in the night out of Yerrington town.
She was courted by a young Vandermeer
And quite handsome was he as I'm to hear
He gave her silver rings and lacy things
And she promised to wed before the snows came that year.
But her pony he did stumble and he did fall
Her dying cut the hearts from us one and all
Young Vandy in his pain put a bullet in his brain
And we buried them together as the snow began to fall.
They sing of Darcy Farrow where the Truckee runs through
They tell 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.