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.