

Unknown

"Darcy Farrow"

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DARCY FARROW
Steve Gillete

Where the Walker runs down into the Carson Valley
plain
There lived a maiden, Darcy Farrow was her name
The daughter of old Dundee, and fair was she
And the sweetest flower that bloomed o'er the range

Her voice was sweet as the sugar candy
Her touch was 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 Vandermeer
And quite handsome was he I am to hear
He brought her silver rings and lacy things
And she promised to wed before the snows fell that
year

But her pony did stumble and she did fall
Her dyin' touched on the heart of us all
Young Vandy in his pain, put a bullet to 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 dusty Sundown to her name they drink a round
And to young Vandy, whose love was true

recorded by Ian and Sylvia on Early Morning Rain

@love @death

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SF

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