

# Darcy Farrow

Drop D – Capo 2

Where the [D]Walker runs down to the [G]Carson Valley [D]Plain  
There lived a [Dmaj7]maiden, Darcy [D]Farrow was her [A]name  
The [D]daughter of old Dundee and a [G]fair one was [D]she  
The [G]sweet[A]est [Bm]flower [G]that [D]bloomed [A]o'er the [D]range

Her [D]voice was as sweet as the [G]sugar [D]candy  
Her touch as [Dmaj7]soft as a [D]bed of goose [A]down  
Her [D]eyes shone bright [G]like the pretty [D]lights  
That [G]shone [A]in the [Bm]night [G]out of [D]Yer[A]rington [D]town

[D]She was courted by [G]Young Vanda[D]mere  
As fine a [Dmaj7]lad as I [D]am to [A]hear  
He [D]bought her lacy things and he [G]gave her silver [D]rings  
She [G]pro[A]mised to [Bm]marry [G]before the [D]snows [A]came that [D]year

[BREAK]

But her [D]pony did stumble [G]and she did [D]fall  
Her dyin' touched the [Dmaj7]hearts of us [D]one and [A]all  
Young [D]Vandy in his pain put a [G]bullet through his [D]brain  
And we [G]buried [A]them [Bm]together [G]as the [D]snows [A]began to [D]fall

They [D]sing of Darcy Farrow where the [G]Truckee runs [D]through  
They sing of her [Dmaj7]beauty in [D]Virginia City [A]too  
At [D]dusky sundown to her [G]name they drink a [D]round  
And [G]to [A]young [Bm]Van[G]dy whose [D]love [A]was [D]true

[G A Bm G D A D]