

# The Death of Dora Hand

Frank Turner

Dora Hand was a singer in the New York operetta  
Born into Boston old money, and Paris trained  
Dressed in black, she was a classic beauty, but cursed with constitut  
ion sickly  
She ventured West to breathe the fresh air on the Plains  
She ended up down in Dodge City, it was a cowtown, dry and ugly  
She hid her past, took Fannie Keenan for a name  
Took the stage as a Vaudeville singer at the Lady Gay and the Alhambr  
a  
The cowboys loved her and she quickly rose to fame

Sing a song, boys, for Dora Hand  
She brought a little beauty to this hard and barren land  
Doff your caps, boys, though saved or damned  
For Dora Hand

Now to the Dodge folk she was an Angel, they called her "Lady Bountif  
ul"  
By day, and "Queen Of Fairy Belles" by night  
She was bringing in good money, so she gave plenty to the needy  
She sure could sing, but she sure knew her wrong from right  
Now lovely Dora, she took the fancy of that mayor, James Dog Kelley  
Like many a man before him he was heard to say  
"That there Dora is a beautiful creature, she gives men a strange nos  
talgia  
Dreams of finer things and better days"

So sing a song, boys, for Dora Hand  
She brought a little beauty to this hard and barren land  
Dream a dream, boys, of a promised land  
Of Dora Hand

Now young Spike Kenedy came up from Texas on a rolling black thunder  
cloud  
He was a-whooping and a-whoring and a-drowning in whiskey like a one-  
man bad luck crowd  
One night he saw Dora singing at the Alhambra and he tried to slip th  
e lady a kiss  
Dog Kelley got angry and he knocked him on his belly with one flick o  
f his Kansas wrist

Well now Spike, he got mad, he was looking out for blood, he was ragi  
ng like the Devil's stepson  
He rode out to the cabin which the mayor used for napping on a horse  
with a loaded six-gun  
He fired in the dark, but he didn't hit his mark when the bullet went  
through that wall  
Kelley wasn't in his bed, lying there in his stead, Dora Hand was kil  
led

So the marshals, they raised a posse, and they caught up with young S  
pike Kenedy

His daddy bought him free, even though he confessed  
All Dodge City wept for Dora, every bar closed as they buried her  
Four hundred cowboys rode her to her rest

Sing a song, boys, with the funeral band  
We won't see her like again in this hard and barren land  
Wave her off, boys, to No Man's Land  
Our Dora Hand