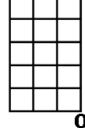
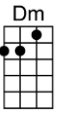
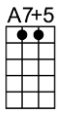
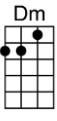
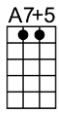
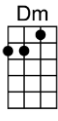
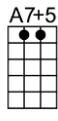
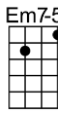
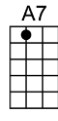


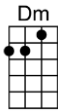
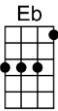
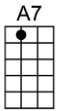
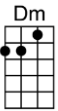
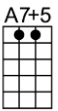
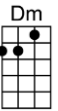
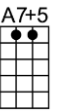
SING A



0 FERDINAND THE BULL - Albert Hay Malotte/Larry Morey

3/4 123 1 (without intro)

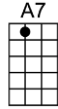
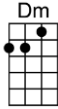
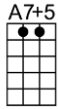
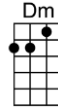
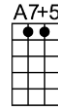
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

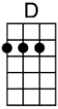
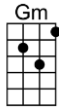
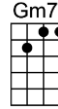
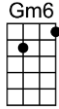
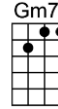
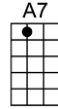
Oh, there once lived a bull, a mag-nificent bull, in a pasture near old Barce-lona
Now there once lived a bee, a mag-nificent bee, who was feeling so chock full of vigor

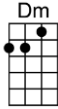
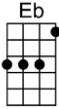
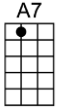
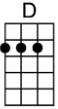
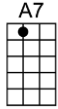
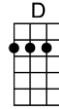
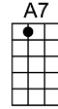
He would romp and he'd play through the flowers all day,
That he got out of hand, and he stung Ferdinand

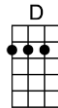
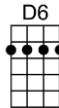
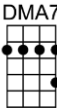
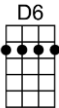
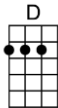

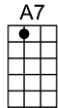
Till he smelled just like eau de co-logne-a
With his sharp little thingama-jigger

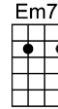
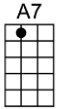
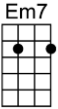
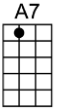
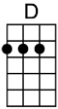
He was gentle and kind, and his moo was re-fined, which the rest of the bulls all re-sented
Ferdi-nand was so hurt, he was pawing the dirt, when a bold pica-dor chanced to sight him

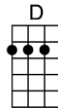
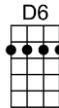
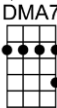
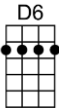
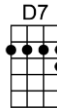
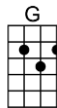
For, when he'd start to moo, in a moment or two, he'd have all the cows discon-tented (refrain)
Oh! the picador cried, "As a matter of pride, I'll get my stiletto and fight him!"

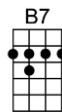
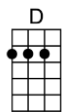
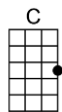
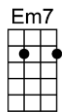
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand the bull with the delicate ego
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand he smiled when the picador faced him

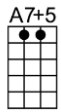
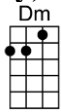
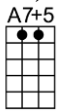
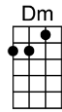
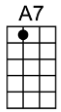
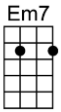
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand, the heifers all called him "a-migo"
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand, he winked, and the picador chased him

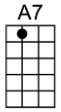
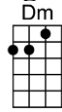
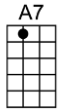
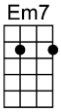
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand he'd curtsy, and greet them po-litely
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand he viewed the oc-casion so lightly



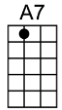
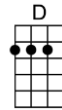
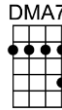
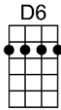
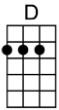
Now, he knew how to tango and dance the fan-dango,
When the picador missed him, why, Ferdinand kissed him,



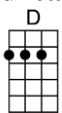
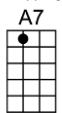
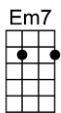
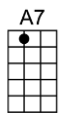
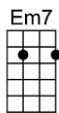
1. But he never learned to fight (2nd verse)



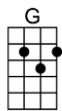
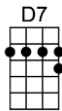
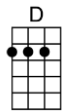
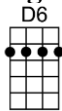
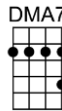
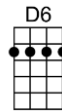
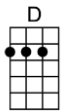
2. For he never learned to fight,



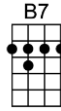
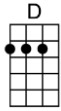
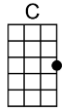
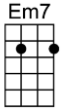
The bull with the dream-like de-meanor



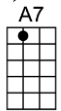
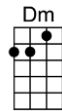
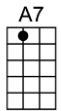
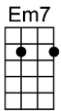
he'd faint in the bullfight a-rena



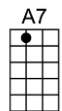
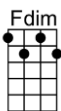
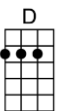
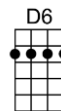
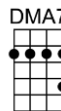
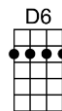
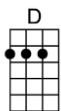
Ferdi-nand, looked so grand, when he faced those bullfighters nightly



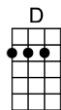
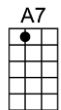
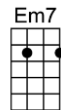
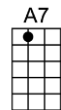
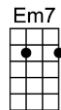
He would look at their features, then hide in the bleachers



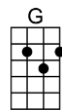
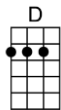
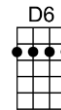
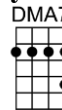
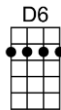
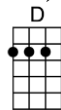
For he never learned to fight



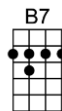
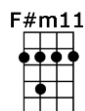
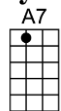
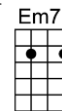
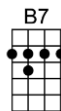
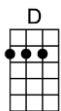
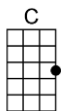
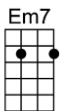
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand the torea-dors tried to spear him



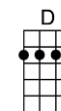
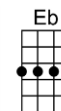
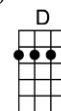
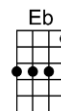
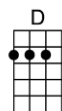
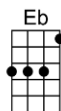
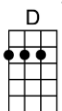
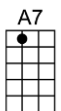
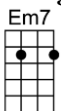
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand, they chased him, but couldn't get near him



Female hands from the stands would toss a few posies po-litely



Each night poor old Ferdie would give them a birdie, for he never learned to fight,



No, he.....never learned....to fight!

FERDINAND THE BULL-Albert Hay Malotte/Larry Morey

3/4 123 1 (without intro)

Intro: | Dm | A7+ | Dm | A7+ | Dm A7+ | Em7b5 A7 |

Dm Eb A7 Dm A7+ Dm A7+
Oh, there once lived a bull, a mag-nificent bull, in a pasture near old Barce-lona

Dm Eb
He would romp and he'd play through the flowers all day,
A7 Dm A7+ Dm A7+

Till he smelled just like eau de co-logne-a

D Gm Gm7 Gm6 Gm7 A7
He was gentle and kind, and his moo was re-fined, which the rest of the bulls all re-sented
Dm Eb A7 D A7 D A7
For, when he'd start to moo, in a moment or two, he'd have all the cows discon-tented

D D6 DMA7 D6 D Fdim A7
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand the bull with the delicate ego
Em7 A7 Em7 A7 D
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand, the heifers all called him "a-migo"

D D6 DMA7 D6 D D7 G
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand he'd curtsy, and greet them po-litely
Em7 C D B7
Now, he knew how to tango and dance the fan-dango,
Em7 A7 Dm A7+ Dm A7+
But he never learned to fight

Dm Eb A7 Dm A7+ Dm A7+
Now there once lived a bee, a mag-nificent bee, who was feeling so chock full of vigor
Dm Eb A7 Dm A7+ Dm A7+
That he got out of hand, and he stung Ferdinand with his sharp little thingama-jigger
D Gm Gm7 Gm6 Gm7 A7
Ferdi-nand was so hurt, he was pawing the dirt, when a bold pica-dor chanced to sight him
Dm Eb A7 D A7 D A7
Oh! the picador cried, "As a matter of pride, I'll get my stiletto and fight him!"

D D6 DMA7 D6 D Fdim A7
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand he smiled when the picador faced him
Em7 A7 Em7 A7 D
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand, he winked, and the picador chased him
D D6 DMA7 D6 D D7 G
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand he viewed the oc-casion so lightly
Em7 C D B7
When the picador missed him, why, Ferdinand kissed him,
Em7 A7 Dm A7
For he never learned to fight,

p.2. Ferdinand the Bull

D D6 DMA6 D Fdim A7
....., The bull with the dream-like de-meanor

Em7 A7 Em7 A7 D
.....,he'd faint in the bullfight a-rena
D D6 DMA7 D6 D D7 G
Ferdi-nand, looked so grand, when he faced those bullfighters nightly
Em7 C D B7
He would look at their features, then hide in the bleachers
Em7 A7 Dm A7
For he never learned to fight

D D6 DMA7 D6 D Fdim A7
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand the torea-dors tried to spear him
Em7 A7 Em7 A7 D
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand, they chased him, but couldn't get near him
D D6 DMA7 D6 D D7 G
Female hands from the stands would toss a few posies po-litely
Em7 C D B7 Em7 A7 F#m11 B7
Each night poor old Ferdie would give them a birdie, for he never learned to fight,
Em7 A7 D Eb D Eb D Eb D
No, he.....never learned....to fight!