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 curtsey, 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

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

2. 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
Oh, there once lived a bull, a mag-nificent bull, in a pasture near old Barce-iona
Dm          Eb
He would romp and he’d play through the flowers all day,
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

Dm          Eb            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          Fdim          A7
Ferdi-nand,    Ferdi-nand, he’d curtey, 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
Now there once lived a bee, a mag-nificent bee, who was feeling so chock full of vigor
Dm          Eb            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,
D  D6  DMA6  D  Fdim  A7
...

Ferdinand, the bull with the dream-like demeanor

Em7  A7  Em7  A7  D

.......

Ferdinand, he'd faint in the bullfight arena

D  D6  DMA7  D6  D  D7  G

Ferdinand, looked so grand, when he faced those bullfighters nightly

Em7  C  D  B7

Ferdinand, Ferdinand, 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

Ferdinand, Ferdinand, the toreadors tried to spear him

Em7  A7  Em7  A7  D

Ferdinand, Ferdinand, 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 politely

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!