FERDINAND THE BULL (BAR)-Albert Hay Malotte/Larry Morey

3/4 123 1 (without intro)

Intro:

Oh, there once lived a bull, a magnificent bull, in a pasture near old Barce-lona
Now there once lived a bee, a magnificent 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
Ferdinand 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!"

Ferdinand, Ferdinand the bull with the delicate ego
Ferdinand, Ferdinand he smiled when the picador faced him
Ferdinand, Ferdinand, the heifers all called him "a-migo"
Ferdinand, Ferdinand, he winked, and the picador chased him
Ferdinand, Ferdinand he'd curtsey, and greet them po-liquely
Ferdinand, Ferdinand 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!
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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-iona
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
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   D7   G
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   A7
Ferdi-nand, Ferdi-nand he’d curtsey, 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
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
Oh! the picador cried, “As a matter of pride, I’ll get my stiletto and fight him!”

D   D6   DMA7  D6   D   D7   D
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,
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!