

# Ferdinand the Bull

Bill Hayes

Ferdinand, Ferdinand,  
The bull with the delicate ego

Ferdinand, Ferdinand,  
The heifers all called him, "Amigo!"

Ferdinand, Ferdinand  
He'd curtsy and greet them politely.

Now, he knew how to tango  
and dance the fandango,  
But, he never learned to fight.

There once lived a bull,  
a magnificent bull,  
in a pasture near old Barsolna.

He'd romp and he'd play,  
through the flowers all day,  
till he'd smell just like like OlÃ© Colonia

He was gentle and kind  
and his "moo" was refined,  
which the rest of the bulls resented.

for when he'd start to "moo",  
in a moment or two,  
He'd have all the cows discontented.

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The bull with the delicate ego.

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and dance the fandango

But, he never learned to fight.

Now there once lived a bee,  
a magnificent bee,  
who was feeling so chalk full of vigor,  
that he got out of hand  
and stung Ferdinand,  
with his sharp, little  
thing-a-ma-jigger.

Ferdinand was so hurt,  
he was pawing the dirt,  
when a bull picador chanced to sight him.

Oh, the picador cried,  
as a matter of pride,  
"I'll get my Stileto and fight him!"

Ferdinand, Ferdinand,  
He smiled when the picador picked him.

Ferdinand, Ferdinand,  
he winked when the picador chased him.

Ferdinand, Ferdinand,  
he viewed the occasion so lightly.

When the picador missed him,  
Why, Ferdinand kissed him  
'Cause he never learned to fight!

Ferdinand, Ferdinand,  
He loved the aroma of flowers.

Ferdinand, Ferdinand,  
He'd smell them for hours and hours.

With a rose,  
to his nose,  
the suddy of nature would call him.

He would sniffle completely  
and smell ever so sweetly  
but he never learned to fight!

OlÃ©!

Lyrics Submitted by Lyle Skinner

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