

A. RIDOUT

FERDINAND

Ferdinand

3

Words by Munro Leaf

for Speaker and Violin

Music by Alan Ridout

 $\text{♩} = c.100$

Handwritten musical score for the piece "Ferdinand". The score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked as $\text{♩} = c.100$. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings. Handwritten annotations include "roll", "ff", "F#", "slow", "V WARM", "2mf", "2f", "ff", "poco rit", and "a tempo". The score is divided into sections by vertical lines. The first section (staves 1-4) features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with triplets. The second section (staves 5-8) includes more complex rhythmic patterns and fingerings. The third section (staves 9-10) concludes with a final cadence. The score is written in a clear, legible hand, with some corrections and additions visible.

Once upon a time in Spain there was a little bull, and his name was Ferdinand.

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 80$

p *espress.*

All the other little bulls he lived with would run and jump and butt their heads together.

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 88$

p *ff* *FAST* *p* *ff* *rit.* $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 80$

But not Ferdinand



He liked to sit just quietly and smell the flowers



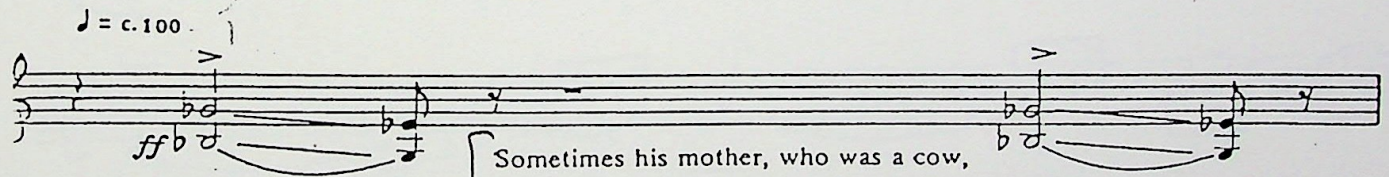
He had a favourite spot in the
pasture under a cork tree.....



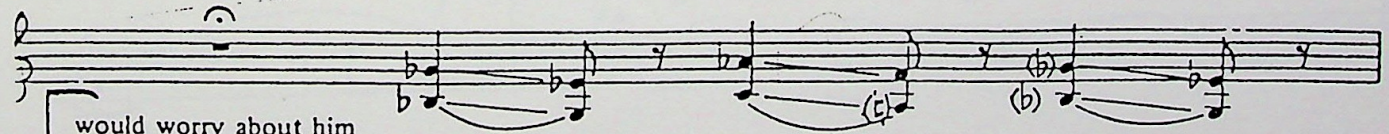
and he would sit in its shade all day



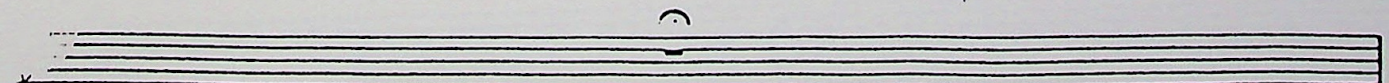
and smell the flowers



Sometimes his mother, who was a cow,



would worry about him



"Why don't you run and play with the other little bulls, and skip and butt your head?" She would say.

But Ferdinand would shake his head.

'I like it better here where I can sit just quietly and smell the flowers.'

And because his mother
was understanding,

even though she was a cow

she let him sit there
and be happy.

As the years went by Ferdinand grew and grew until he was very big and strong. All the other bulls who had grown up with him in the same pasture would fight each other all day. They would butt each other and stick each other with their horns. What they wanted most of all was to be picked to fight in the bull fights in Madrid.

mf $J = c. 132$

1. 2. 2.

0 3.

2 2 1

4 3 1

2 4

f

4 2

Sul G $J = c. 80$

4

But not Ferdinand... *p*

....he still liked to sit just quietly under the cork tree....

... and smell the flowers

gva

2
4

One day five men came in funny hats to pick the biggest, fastest, roughest bull to fight in the bull fights in Madrid.

$\text{♩} = c. 96$

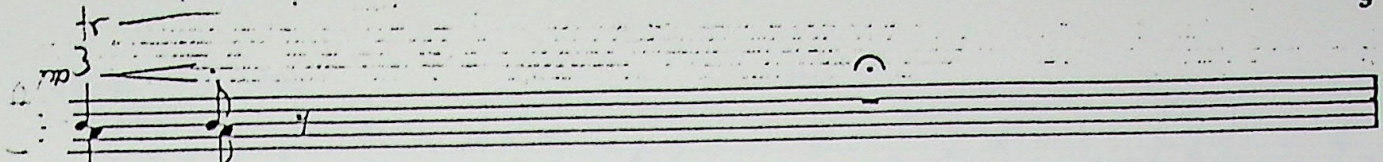
All the other bulls ran around snorting and butting, leaping and jumping so the men would think that they were very, very, very strong and fierce and pick them.

$\text{♩} = c. 132$

Ferdinand knew that they wouldn't pick him and he didn't care. So he went out to his favourite cork tree to sit down.

Sul tasto

He didn't look where he was sitting... and instead of sitting on the nice cool grass in the shade...

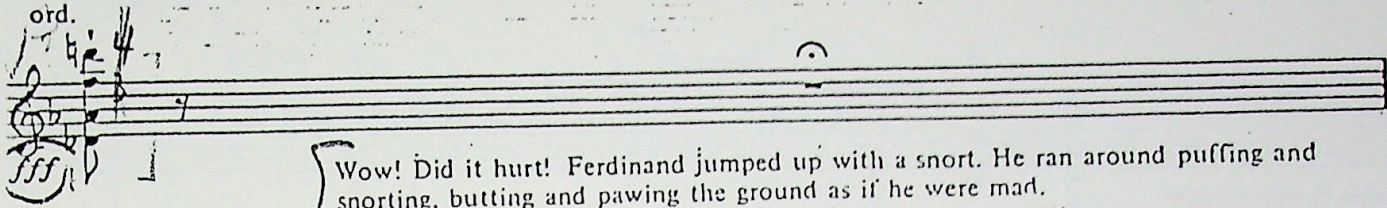


(tr ...)

...he sat on a bumble bee. Well if you were a bumble bee and a bull sat on you what would you do?

LOOK AT PIP

ord.



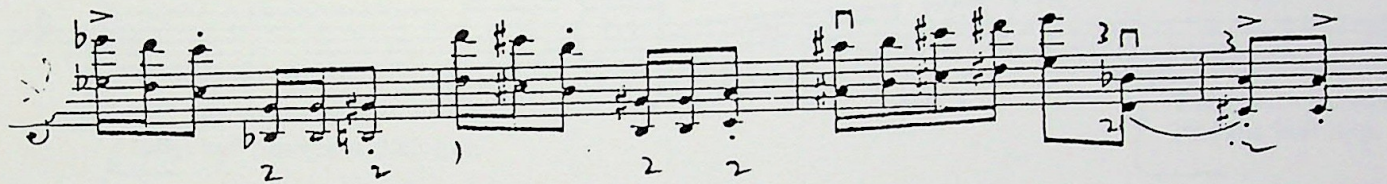
Wow! Did it hurt! Ferdinand jumped up with a snort. He ran around puffing and snorting, butting and pawing the ground as if he were mad.

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 120$



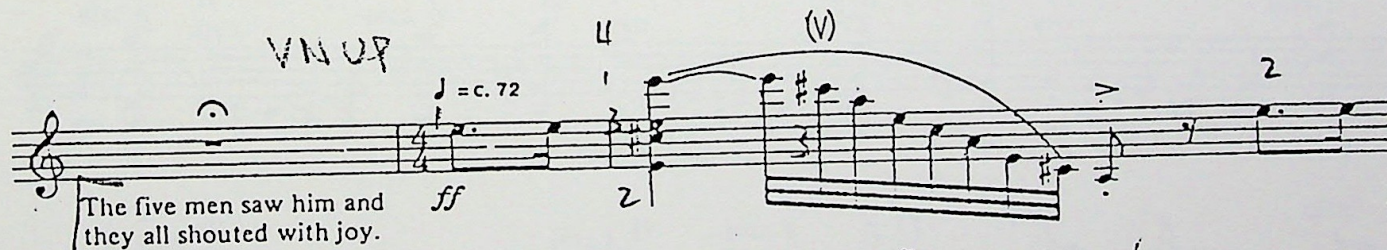
ff rubato

slow → fast



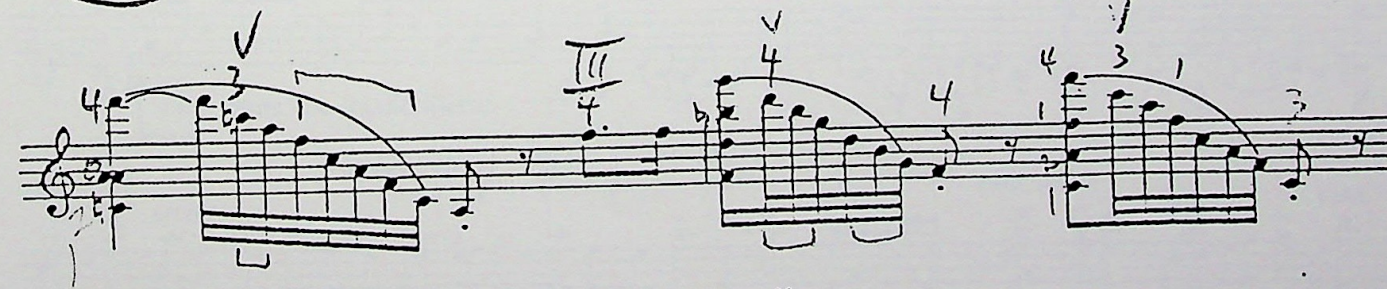
VN UP

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 72$

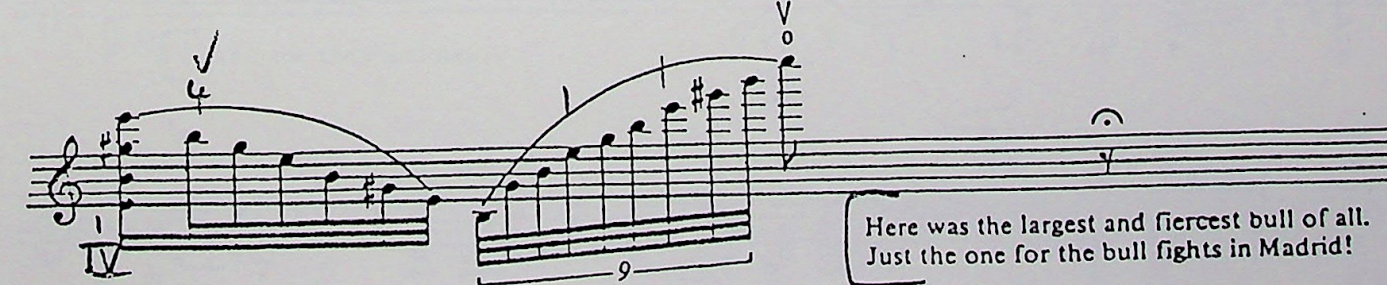


ff

The five men saw him and they all shouted with joy.



V



V

Here was the largest and fiercest bull of all. Just the one for the bull fights in Madrid!

$\text{♩} = c. 96$ arco

ff pizz. *arco* pizz. *arco* pizz.

What a day it was!

(*tr*) *sfp* (*v*) *f* *p* (*v*) *f*

Flags were flying.....

...bands were playing....

mp *f* *accel.*

.....and all the lovely ladies had flowers in their hair.

They had a parade into the bull ring.

$\text{♩} = c. 80$ pizz. arco pizz. arco pizz. arco pizz.

First came the Banderilleros

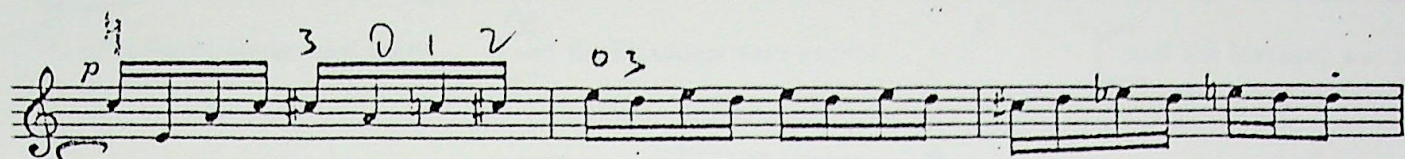
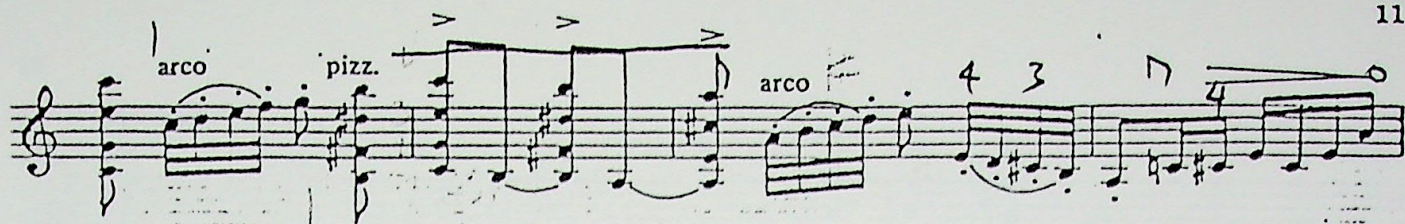
Bah day yi yah ros

Next came the Picadores.

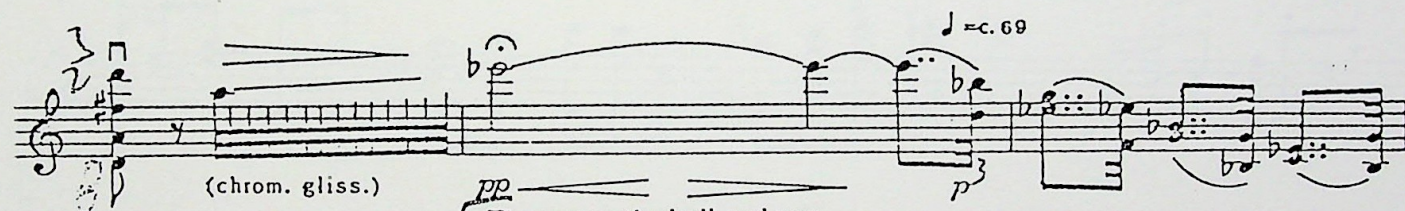
IV

arco pizz. arco pizz. arco pizz.

IV

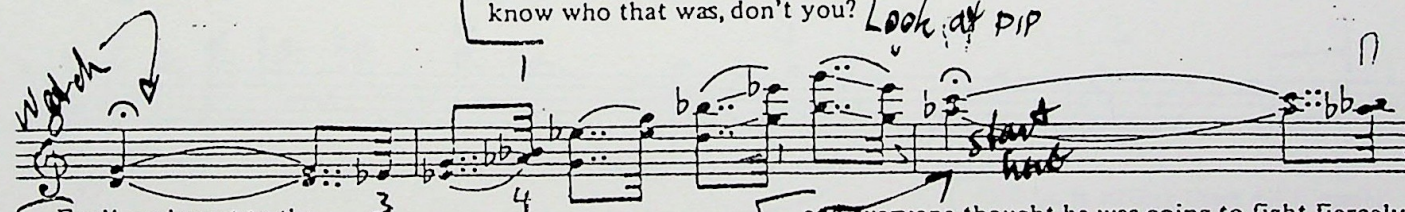


Next came the Matador the proudest of all.



Then came the bull, and you know who that was, don't you?

Look at pip



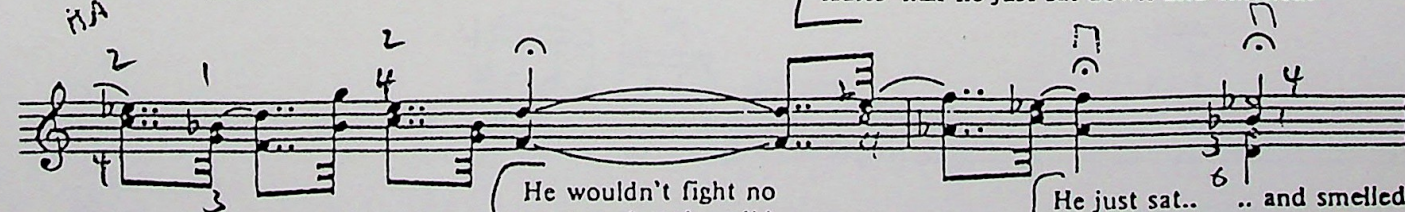
Ferdinand went to the middle of the bull ring.

and everyone thought he was going to fight fiercely and butt and snort and stick his horns around.



But not Ferdinand

When he saw the flowers in all the lovely ladies' hair he just sat down and smelled.



He wouldn't fight no matter what they did.

He just sat.. .. and smelled.

Sul pont.

cresc. *pp* And the Banderilleros were angry..... *mp* and the Picadores were angrier *p* and the Matador was so

mf angry because he couldn't show off, he cried. *rit.* *p* So they had to take Ferdinand home.

ff

f

ff *dim. molto* And he is sitting there still, under

(Repeat as necessary)

pp *vibrato* his favourite cork tree, smelling the flowers just quietly.

ff He is very happy *pizz.*

