

Feliciano Amaral - A Ovelha Desgarada

tom:

Noventa e nove lá no redil
 Salvas do frio e perigos mil
 Mas o pastor, con-tando a só
 Da'o-velha perdida, oh! quan-ta dó
 Sa-iu o pastor, a errante bus-car
 Foi pelas montanhas e pelos des-vãos
 Procurou até achá-la, fe-rida e ofegante

Fui eu a o-velha fu-gaz

Pedras cruéis fe-riram seus pés
 E suas mãos ras-garam de vez
 Mas, se'ainda fosse a mon-tanha subir
 Não deixaria a errante ba - lir

Já alta noite ou-viu um clamor
 Da pobre ovelha, hirta de dor
 E nos seus braços, toma gentil
 A desgarrada de volta ao re - dil

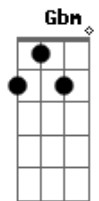
Acordes



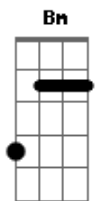
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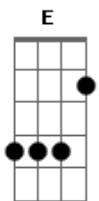
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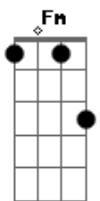
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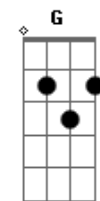
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