

Silvestre Kuhlmann - Aos Filhos

Tom: D

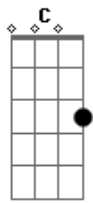
D(add9) G A Gb7
 Fitai as aves na amplidão celeste
 Bm7 G A7 A7
 A garça branca que nos ares vai
 G(add9) A Gbm7 B
 Nem uma pena da plumagem cai
 Em7 Em C(add9) A7
 Sem permissão de Deus, que assim as veste
 D(add9) G A Gb7
 Vede os lírios do campo; quem reveste
 Bm7 G A7 A7
 Seu ouro de labor? Considerai
 G(add9) A Gbm7 B
 Que, lá no céu, tendes um Deus que é Pai
 Em7 Em C(add9) A7
 E faz chover amor no solo agreste
 D(add9) G
 Por que trazeis vossas feições tão graves?

A A D D
 Não valeis, porventura, mais que as a----ves?
 G A7 A7
 Mais que os lírios do campo não valeis?
 C(add9) G A7 A7
 Desventura é viver sentindo o travo,
 C7M C B7 B7
 O gosto amargo de um viver escravo
 Em7 Em C(add9) A7
 Sem saber que sois filhos...que sois reis...
 D(add9) G
 Por que trazeis vossas feições tão graves?
 A A D D
 Não valeis, porventura, mais que as a- ves?
 G A7 A7
 Mais que os lírios do campo não valeis?
 C(add9) G A7 A7
 Desventura é viver sentindo o travo,
 C7M C B7 B7
 O gosto amargo de um viver escravo
 Em7 A D D
 Sem saber que sois filhos...que sois reis

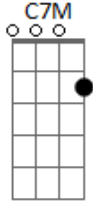
Acordes



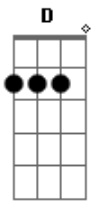
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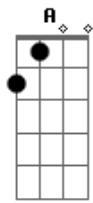
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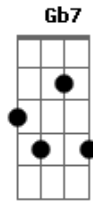
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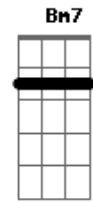
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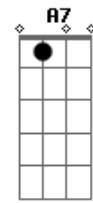
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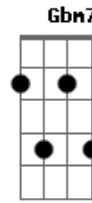
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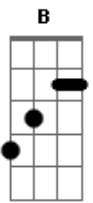
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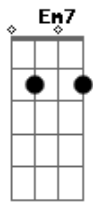
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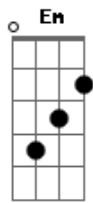
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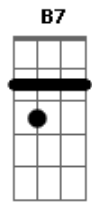
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