

# Feliciano Amaral - A Ovelha Desgarada

tom:

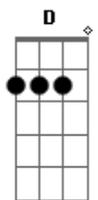
Noventa e nove lá no redil  
 Salvas do frio e perigos mil  
 Mas o pastor, con-tando a só  
 Da'o-velha perdida, oh! quan-ta dó  
 Sa-iu o pastor, a errante bus-car  
 Foi pelas montanhas e pelos des-vãos  
 Procurou até achá-la, fe-rida e ofegante

Fui eu a o-velha fu-gaz

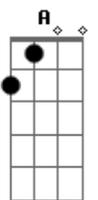
Pedras cruéis fe-riram seus pés  
 E suas mãos ras-garam de vez  
 Mas, se'ainda fosse a mon-tanha subir  
 Não deixaria a errante ba - lir

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

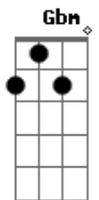
## Acordes



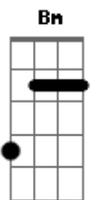
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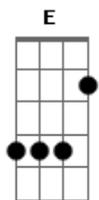
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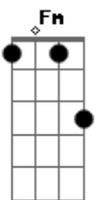
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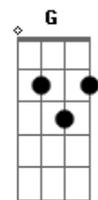
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