

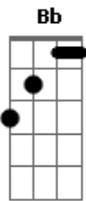
Silvestre Kuhlmann - Transfiguração

tom:
F

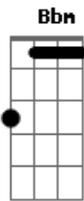
O trigo ^Fmadurou devagarinho
 Sob os ^{Bb}beijos do sol, ^{Gm}vestiu-se de ^{C7}ouro
 O ^Flavrador ^{Bbm}colheu o trigo louro
 E ^Fesfarinhou os grãos no seu moinho
 Nas ^Ftépidas ^{Bb}manhãs do Rio Minho
 Nas ^{Gm}tardes ^{C7}cálidas do Rio Douro
 O ^Fvinhateiro colhe o seu tesouro

E ^Fesmaga as uvas pra ^Cfazer o ^{D7}vinho
 Percebes ^{Gm}bem esse ^{Gm}mistério ^{Gm}oculto
 Que ^{C7}mais ^{Gm}parece o ^{Em}celebrar de um ^{Gm}culto
 Em ^Fsobre-humana ^Ctransfiguração? ^{D7}
 Se ^{Gm}algum de nós ^{Gm}não ^{Gm}for ^{Gm}sacrificado
 Trigo ^{C7}moído ou ^{Gm}cacho ^{Em}triturado -
 Não ^Fteremos o ^{Bbm}vinho ^Fnem o pão

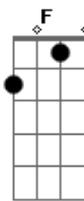
Acordes



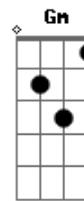
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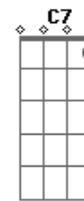
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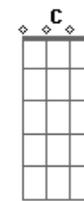
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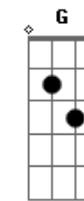
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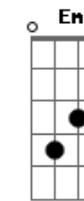
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