

Donovan Leitch

"Donna Donna"

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Donna, Donna

On a wagon, bound for market,
There's a calf with a mournful eye.
High above her, there's a swallow,
Winging swiftly through the sky.

How the winds are laughing,
They laugh with all their might.
Laugh and laugh the whole day through
And, half the summer's night.

Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna,
Donna, Donna, Donna, Don,
Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna,
Donna, Donna, Donna, Don.

Stop complaining said the farmer,
Who told you a calf to be?
Why don't you have wings to fly with,
Like the swallow, so proud and free?

How the winds are laughing,
They laugh with all their might.
Laugh and laugh the whole day through
And, half the summer's night.

Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna,

Donna, Donna, Donna, Don,
Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna,
Donna, Donna, Donna, Don.

Calves are easily bound and slaughtered
Never knowing the reason why
But whoever treasures freedom
Like the swallow who's learned to fly

How the winds are laughing,
They laugh with all their might.
Laugh and laugh the whole day through
And, half the summer's night.

Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna,
Donna, Donna, Donna, Don,
Donna, Donna, Donna, Donna,
Donna, Donna, Donna, Don.

Donovan

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