

Dinucci Dion

"Donna Donna"

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DONNA, DONNA

On a wagon bound for market,

there's a calf with a mornful eye,

high above him 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 summers night,

Dona dona dona dooonaa.. dona dona dona da... etc...

Stop complaining! said the farmer,

Who told you a calf to be?

Why don't you have wings to fly with

like a swallow so proud and free ?

...dona dona...

Calves are easily bound and sloughered,

never knowing the reason why,

but whoever treasures freedom,

like the swallow has learned to fly

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