

# Donna Donna

Joan Baez

On a wagon bound for market  
There's a calf with a mournful 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 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 has 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