

Donna - crd

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. (Dona, dona)
 Dona, Dona, Dona, Dona,
 Dona, Dona, Dona, doe.
 Dona, Dona, Dona, Dona,
 Dona, Dona, Dona, doe.

"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?"
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