## Donna, Donna





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 "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

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 the their might
Laugh and laugh the whole day through
And half the summer's night

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