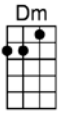
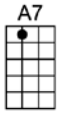
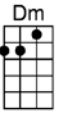
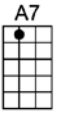
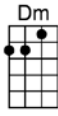
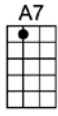
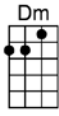
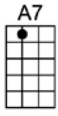
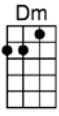

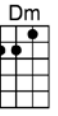
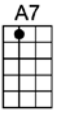


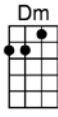
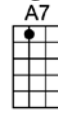
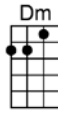
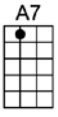
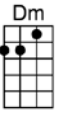
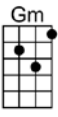
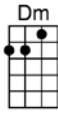
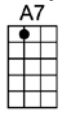
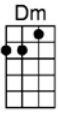
DONA DONA m. Sholom Secunda; w. Sheldon Secunda

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:     x2

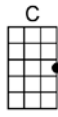
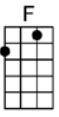
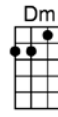
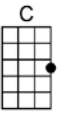
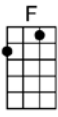
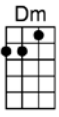
       

On a wagon bound for market there's a calf with a mournful eye.

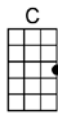
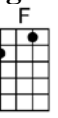
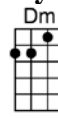
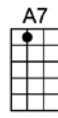

        

High a-bove him there's a swallow, winging swiftly through the sky.

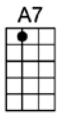
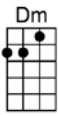
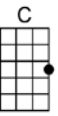


CHORUS:

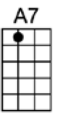
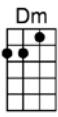
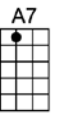

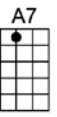

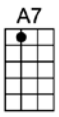
How the winds are laughing, they laugh with all their might.


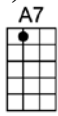

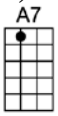

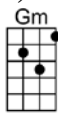
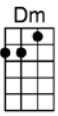
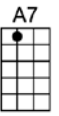
Laugh and laugh the whole day through, and half the summer's night.


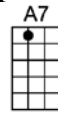

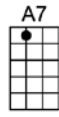
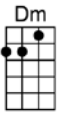
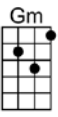
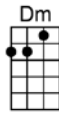

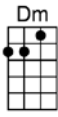
Dona, Dona, Dona, Dona; Dona, Dona, Dona, Don.

Dona, Dona, Dona, Dona; Dona, Dona, Dona, Don

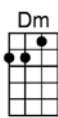
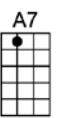
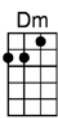
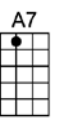
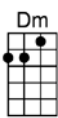
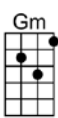
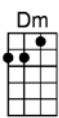
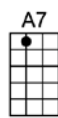
       

"Stop com-plaining!" said the farmer, who told you a calf to be ?

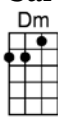
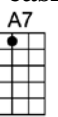
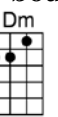
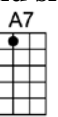
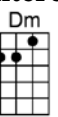
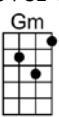
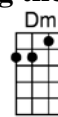
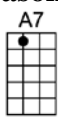
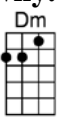
        

Why don't you have wings to fly with, like the swallow so proud and free?"

Chorus

Calves are easily bound and slaughtered, never knowing the reason why.

But who-ever treasures freedom, like the swallow has learned to fly.

Chorus

DONA DONA m. Sholom Secunda; w. Sheldon Secunda
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: Dm A7 Dm A7 x2

Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm Gm Dm A7
On a wagon bound for market there`s a calf with a mournful eye.

Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm Gm Dm A7 Dm
High a-bove him there`s a swallow, winging swiftly through the sky.

CHORUS:

C F Dm C F Dm
How the winds are laughing, they laugh with all their might.

C F Dm A7 Dm
Laugh and laugh the whole day through, and half the summer`s night.

A7 Dm C F Dm
Dona, Dona, Dona, Dona; Dona, Dona, Dona, Don.

A7 Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm A7
Dona, Dona, Dona, Dona; Dona, Dona, Dona, Don

Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm Gm Dm A7
"Stop com-plaining!" said the farmer, who told you a calf to be ?

Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm Gm Dm A7 Dm
Why don`t you have wings to fly with, like the swallow so proud and free?"

Chorus

Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm Gm Dm A7
Calves are easily bound and slaughtered, never knowing the reason why.

Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm Gm Dm A7 Dm
But who-ever treasures freedom, like the swallow has learned to fly.

Chorus