

Donna, Donna

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This song 'Dos Kelbl' was composed for the Yiddish theatre by Shalom Secunda; and the wonderful translation is by Arthur Keves and Teddi Schwartz.



Em B Em B Em Am C B
On a wag — on bound for mar — ket, There's a calf with a mourn - ful eye,
Em B Em B Em Am C D Em
High a - bove — him there's a swal — low, Wing - ing swift - ly — through the sky.
D G D G D
How the winds are laugh — ing, they laugh with all their might, Laugh and laugh, the
G B7 Em B7 Em
whole day through, And half the sum - mer's night. (Don - na, don - na)
B7 Em D G
Don - na, don - na, don - na, don — na, Don - na, don - na, don - na, don.
B7 Em B7 Em
Don - na, don - na, don - na, don — na, Don - na, don - na, don - na, don.

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.



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, donna, donna,
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. Chorus

Calves are easily bound and slaughtered,
Never knowing the reason why.
But whoever treasures freedom,
Like the swallow has learned to fly. Chorus

