

Dona Dona

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.

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"Stop complaining," said the farmer,
"Who told you a calf to be"
Why don't you have wings to fly away
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 must learn to fly*