

Dona Dona

testo di Aaron Zeitlin,
musica Sholom Secunda



On a wag- on bound for mar- ket, There's a calf with a mourn- ful eye. High a- bove him,



there's a swal- low wing- ing swift- ly thru the sky. How the winds are laugh- ing, they



laugh with all their might. Laugh and laugh the whole day thru and half the sum- mer's



night. Don- na, don- na don- na, don- na. Don- na, don- na, don- na, don.



Don- na, don- na, don- na, don- na. Don- na, don- na, don- na, don.