

Am E Am E Am Dm Am E

On a wa-gon bound for market, there's a calf with a mourn-ful eye.

Am E Am E Am Dm Am E Am

High a bove him, there's a swallow wing-ing swift-ly\_\_ through the sky.

G C Am Dm G C

How the winds are laugh-ing, they laugh with all their might,

Dm G C Am E E<sup>7</sup> Am

laugh and laugh the whole day through, and half the sum-mer's night.

E Am Dm G C

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

E Am E Am

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