



Pajdushko Horo

Gjura beli belo platno
na rekata pod durvoto.

Chorus:

Ej he he he a ha ha ha
o ho ho ho i hi hi hi
ps ps ps ps jihu!

Promukno ga, natopa ga.

Pa dotece mutna voda
ta otvlece belo platno.

Ohno Gjura za platnoto.

"Lele male za platnoto
sto sum tkala tri godini."

Gjura was bleaching white cloth
at the river under a tree.

Chorus:

Ej he he he a ha ha ha
o ho ho ho i hi hi hi
ps ps ps ps jihu!

She wrung it and soaked it.

And then muddy water came along
and carried away the white cloth.

Gjura groaned for the cloth.

Oh Mama, the cloth
that I spent three years weaving!"

BULGARIA