

Ked' som išel okolo vás

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Zavoňal mi šafrán u vás
Ked' som išel okolo
Srděnko ňa bolelo
Že som nebol dávno u vás

Ako že já ku vám príděm
Vašu mamku pýtať buděm
Mamko mamko mamko má
Dajtě že mi preboha
Dajtě mi tu vašu céru

As I passed by your place

As I passed by your place
Your saffron smelled so good
As I passed by
My heart ached
That I have not paid you a visit for long

When I come to your place
I will ask your mother
Mother
I ask, for god's sake
I ask for your daughter's hand in marriage

*saffron cannot be really cultivated successfully
in Moravia in the current climate