

Zbojník

Keď sme šli na hody
Bylo nás jedenásť
Keď sme šli z hodů dom
Chyboval jeden z nás

Počkejte, pacholci
V dědině na konci
Tam sa spočítáme
Sme-li tady všeci

Není tu jedneho
Kamaráda mého
Leží na chotáři
Šavla podla něho

Ty vrbovské dívky
Trema rady stály
A tak naříkaly
Jak by husle hrály

Highway robber

When we went to the feast
There were eleven of us
When we went home from the feast
One of us was missing

Wait, guys
At the end of the village
We will count our numbers there
If our party is complete

One is missing
My friend
He lies outside of the village
His saber next to him

The girls of Vrbov
Stood in three rows
And so they cried
As if a fiddle played

*the title comes from Janáček's collection and it is not clear to me how it pertains to the lyrics