

Live, Ukraine, live for beauty,
For strength, for truth, for freedom!
Noises, Ukraine, like native forests,
Like the wind in a wide field.
You will not be bound by chains before the court,
And the enemy will not twist their hands:
Your faithful sons stand around
With sabers in hands on guard.
They stand, swear to you on sabers
And live and die with you,
And native flags in bloody battles
Never cover with shame!