

Their names shine on like beacons
Geography of soul
Billboards of their caring hearts,
Let their spirits roll

In Bogdanovka, Orlovka
Gorelovka, and Kars
Tambovka , Transcaucasia
Where Doukhobors got their scars

7000 souls came together
To manifest for peace
By burning all their guns and knives
To make the violence cease

Then the Cossacks fell upon them
With whips and rods of steel
They beat them without mercy
But the Doukhobors would not yield

Many times the Cossacks charged
As the midnight fires roared
There were bleeding bodies everywhere
But the Doukhobor spirit soared

There was long-suffering Zibarov

Lebedev and Verigin too

They led the throng towards the peace

Their faith saw them through

Now their names shine on like beacons

Geography of soul

Billboards of their caring hearts

Let their spirits roll

Kill the guns, and death to war

We will fight no more

No more, no more, no more

No more, no more, no more

