Speak, for your two lips are free; Speak, your tongue is still your own; This straight body still is yours— Speak, your life is still your own.

See how in the blacksmith's forge Flames leap high and steel glows red, Padlocks opening wide their jaws, Every chain's embrace outspread!

SPEAK

- I Speak, for your lips are free; Speak, your tongue is still yours, Your upright body is yours— Speak, your life is still yours.
- 5 See how in the blacksmith's shop
 The flames are hot, the iron is red,
 Mouths of locks have begun to open,
 Each chain's skirt has spread wide.

BOL

- r Bol, kë lab āzād hain tere: Bol, zabān ab tak terī hai, Terā sutwān jism hai terā— Bol, kë jān ab tak terī hai.
- 5 Dekh kĕ āhangar kī dukān men Tund hain shu'le, surkh hai āhan, Khulne-lage quflon ke dahāne, Phailā harĕk zanjīr kā dāman.

بول ، بہتھوڑا وقت بہنت ہئے چشم وزباں کی مُوت سے پہلے بول کہ سچے زِنّدہ ہے اب نک بول ، جو کجھ کہنا ہے کہدیے ا Time enough is this brief hour Until body and tongue lie dead; Speak, for truth is living yet— Speak whatever must be said.

Speak, this little time is plenty

10 Before the death of body and tongue:
Speak, for truth is still alive—
Speak, say whatever is to be said.

Bol, ye thorā waqt bahut hai,

Jism o zabān kī maut se pahle:
Bol, kĕ sach zinda hai ab tak—
Bol, jo kuchh kahnā hai kah-le!