**Still I Rise by Maya Angelou**

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| TEXT | BODY |
| You may write me down in history  With your bitter, twisted lies,  You may trod me in the very dirt  But still, like dust, I'll rise. |  |
| Does my sassiness upset you?  Why are you beset with gloom?  'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells  Pumping in my living room. |  |
| Just like moons and like suns,  With the certainty of tides,  Just like hopes springing high,  Still I'll rise. |  |
| Did you want to see me broken?  Bowed head and lowered eyes?  Shoulders falling down like teardrops.  Weakened by my soulful cries. |  |
| Does my haughtiness offend you?  Don't you take it awful hard  'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines  Diggin' in my own back yard. |  |
| You may shoot me with your words,  You may cut me with your eyes,  You may kill me with your hatefulness,  But still, like air, I'll rise. |  |
| Does my sexiness upset you?  Does it come as a surprise  That I dance like I've got diamonds  At the meeting of my thighs? |  |
| Out of the huts of history's shame  I rise  Up from a past that's rooted in pain  I rise  I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,  Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.  Leaving behind nights of terror and fear  I rise  Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear  I rise  Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,  I am the dream and the hope of the slave.  I rise  I rise  I rise. |  |