

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
soulful crie

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 backyard.

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

HISTORY HAS ITS
EYES ON YOU

The best protection
any woman can have
COURAGE!

RESIST

GLOBAL
CLIMATE
CHANGE
IS
A
HUMAN
RIGHTS
ISSUE