

Still I Rise

Maya Angelou

As performed by Maya Angelou

Arranged by Brian Foo

$\text{♩} = 240$

f You may write me down in his-to - ry With your bit - ter, twist - ed lies, You may

6 *f* trod me in the ve - ry dirt But still, like dust, I'll rise. Does my

13 sa - ssi - ness up - set you? Why are you be - set with gloom? Just cause I walk as if I

19 have oil wells Pump - ing in my liv - ing room. *p* *p* Just like suns *f*

24 *f* and like moons, With the cer - tain - ty of tides, Just like hopes spring - ing

30 high, Still I'll rise. Did you want to see me bro - ken? Bowed

36 head and low - ered eyes? Shoul - ders fal - ling down like tear - drops, *f* Weak - ened by my soul - ful

43 cries? *p* Does my sa - ssi - ness up - set you? *f* Don't take it so hard Just cause I laugh

50 as if I have gold mines Dig - ging' in my own

57 back - yard. *f* You can shoot me with your words, *f* You can cut me with your lies,

63 *p* You can kill me with your hate - fulness, But just like life, I'll rise. Does my

70 sex - i - ness offend you? Does it come as a sur - prise That

76



I dance as if I have dia - monds At the meeting of my thighs? Out

83



of the huts of his-to - ry's shame I rise Up from a past root - ed in pain

88



I rise A black ocean, leap-ing and wide, Wel - ling and swel - ling I

95



bear in the tide. Leaving be-hind nights of ter-ror and fear I rise In to a day-

104



break mi - ra-cu - lous-ly clear I rise Bring-ing the gifts that my ances - tors

111



gave, I am the hope and the dream of the slave.

117



And so Nat - u - ral-ly There I go ris - ing.