I Have a Dream by Martin Luther King, Jr.

Delivered on the steps at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington D.C. on August 28, 1963

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic
we stand signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous -
came as a great beacon light of hope to of
Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering -
It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long
of captivity.
But one hundred years later, we must face the tragic fact that the
Negro is still not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is
still sadly by the manacles of segregation and the chains of
One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a
lonely island of in the midst of a vast ocean of material
prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languishing in the
corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land.
So we have come here today to dramatize an appalling
In a sense we have come to our nation's capital to a check.
When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the
Constitution and the declaration of Independence, they were signing a

promissory	to whic	ch every	American	was to	fall heir.
This	_ was a promise	e that all	men woul	d be gu	aranteed
the inalienable righ	nts of life, liberty,	and the	pursuit of h	nappines	SS.
It is obvious toda	y that America ofar as her citize			•	•
Instead of honori	ng this sacred	obligatio	n, Americ	a has g	given the
Negro people a ba	ad check which	has com	e back ma	arked "in	sufficient
funds." But we re	efuse to believe	that the	e bank of		is
bankrupt. We refu	se to believe tha	at there a	re		funds in
the great vaults of	opportunity of the	nis nation	ı. So we ha	ave com	e to cash
this check a ch	neck that will give	ve us up	on deman	d the rid	ches of -
and	the security of	justice.	We have a	also com	ne to this
hallowed spot to r	emind America	of the _		urgency	y of now.
This is no time to	engage in the	luxury o	f cooling of	off or to	take the
tranquilizing drug	of gradualism. N	low is the	e time to r	ise from	the dark
and desolate valle	y of	to the	sunlit path	n of racia	al justice.
Now is the	to open th	e doors	of opportur	nity to all	of God's
children. Now is th	e time to lift our	nation fr	om the qui	icksands	of racial
injustice to the soli	d rock of				
It would be fatal for	or the nation to	overlook	the urgeno	cy of the	moment
and to underestim	ate the determi	nation of	the Negro	. This s	weltering
summer of the Ne	egro's	d	iscontent v	vill not p	ass until
there is an invigora	ating autumn of		$_{}$ and ϵ	equality.	Nineteen
sixtv-three is not	an	. but a b	eginning	Those w	vho hope

that the Negro needed to blow off s	steam and will now be content will
have a rude awakening if the nation	returns to as usual.
There will be neither	nor tranquility in America until the
Negro is granted his citizenship rig	ghts. The whirlwinds of revolt will
continue to shake the foundations	of our until the
bright day of justice emerges.	
But there is something that I must s	say to my people who stand on the
warm threshold which leads into the	ne of justice. In the
process of gaining our rightful place	we must not be guilty of wrongful
deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our	r thirst for freedom by drinking from
the cup of bitterness and	.
We must forever conduct our	on the high plane of dignity
and discipline. We must not allow	our creative protest to degenerate
into violence. Again	and again we must rise to the
majestic heights of meeting phys	sical force with soul force. The
marvelous new militancy which	ch has engulfed the Negro
must not lead	I us to distrust of all white people,
for many of our white	_, as evidenced by their presence
here today, have come to realize the	nat their destiny is tied up with our
destiny and their freedom is inextri-	cably bound to our freedom. We -
walk alone.	

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of

civil, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be				
satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of,				
cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the				
cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is				
from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as				
long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot and a Negro in				
New York believes he has nothing for which to No, no,				
we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down				
like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.				
I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials				
and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow cells.				
Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left				
you battered by the of persecution and staggered by the				
of police brutality. You have been the veterans of				
creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned				
suffering is redemptive.				
Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to,				
go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern				
cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed.				
Let us not wallow in the of despair.				
I say to you today, my friends, that in spite of the difficulties and				
frustrations of the moment, I have a dream. It is a dream				
deeply rooted in the American dream.				

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true
meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all
men are equal."
I have a dream that one day on the red hills of the sons
of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit
down together at a table of brotherhood.
I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a desert
state, sweltering with the of injustice and oppression, will
be transformed into an of freedom and justice.
I have a dream that my four children will one day live in a nation where
they will not be judged by the of their skin but by the
content of their character.
I have a dream today.
I have a dream that one day the state of Alabama, whose governor's
lips are presently dripping with the words of interposition and
nullification, will be transformed into a situation where little -
boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little
boys and white girls and walk together as sisters and
brothers.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill
and mountain shall be made, the rough places will be
made plain, and the crooked places will be made, and
the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it
together.
This is our hope. This is the with which I return to the
South. With this we will be able to hew out of the
mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this we will be
able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful
symphony of brotherhood. With this we will be able to
work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail
together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free
one day.
This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with
a new meaning, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I
sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, from
every mountainside, let freedom"
And if America is to be a great nation this must become true. So let
freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. Let
freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let -
ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania!

of Georgia!							
But not only that;	let	freedom	ring	from	-		
Let freedom ring from the curvaceous peaks of California!							
Let freedom ring from the show	capped	ROCKIES OF	Colorado)!			

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee!

Let freedom ring from every hill and every molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

When we let freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro ______, "Free at last! free at last! thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"