### In The Heights (2006)

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EN WASHINGTON HEIGHTS

[Rev. 11/30/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Orchestrated by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

IN THE HEIGHTS
Piano/Vocal

Moderato
Swing 8ths
VAMP

USNAVI:

Lights

up on Washington Heights, Up at the break of day, I wake up and I got this little punk I gotta chase away.

Pop the grate at the crack of dawn, Sing while I wipe down the awning. Hey, y'all, Good Morning.

PIRAGUA MAN:

3 Xs

QUIRO
I am Us-na-vi and you prob'ly never heard my name. Reports of my fame are greatly ex-ag-ger-ri-ed.

Ex-ac-er-ba-ted by the fact that my syn-tax is high-ly comp-li-ca-ted cuz I imm-i-gra-ted from the sin-ge
grea-test lit-tle place in the Ca-rin-be-an: Do-min-i-can Re-pub-lic! I love it! Je-
sus, I'm jea-lous of it. But be-yond that, ev-er since my folks passed on, I have-n't
Piano/Vocal

27 gone back. God Damn! I got ta get on that... Fo!

29

30 The milk has gone bad, Hold up just a sec-ond. Why is ev-ry-thing in this frid-ge warm and tep-id? I

31

32

33

34 bet-ter step it up and fight the heat. 'Cuz I'm not mak-kin' a-ny pro-fit if the cof-fee is-n't light and sweet!

35

36

37

Gm E b
ABUELA CLAUDIA: "Ooo-oo!"
USNAVI: "Abuela, tell me there's milk at home. This fridge broke. People will riot without café con leche!"
ABUELA CLAUDIA: "¡No, mijo, we ran out. Pero try my mother's old recipe: one can of condensed milk."
USNAVI: "Nice. Your lottery ticket."
ABUELA CLAUDIA: "(She kisses the ticket and holds it up to the sky. Faciencia y fe..."

Safety

Hip-Hop

USNAVI:

That was A-bue-la, she's not really my "A-bue-la," but she ba-by-sat us all and this cor-nor is her es-cue-la.

mean-while, you're thin-kin': "I'm up shit's creek! I nev-er been north of nine-ty sixth street!"

Well,
you must take the A train. Even farther than Harlem to Northern Manhattan and main-tain.

Get off at one-eighty first, and take the escalator. I hope you're writing this down.

I'm gonna test ya later. I'm getting tested times are tough on this bodega. Two

months ago somebody bought Ortega's. Our neighbors started pac-kin' up and pick-in' up and

AB: "Packin' up"
ever since the rent went up it's gotten mad expensive but we live with just e-nough.

Salsa MAN 4:

Heights. I flip the lights and start my day. There are

WOMAN 2: MAN 3:

ights. And endless debts. And bills to pay. In the

D7
Piano/Vocal

#1 En Washington Heights [Rev. 11/3/06]

ENS:  

W2/W4

I serve café.

Heights I can't survive without café.

ALL: Cuz' to-

Gm F Eb D7

night seems like a million years away!

En Washington...

Gm F EbMaj7 D7

USNAVI:

First up to bat, the Rosarios they own the cab company, the Trumps of the barrio. See, their daughter
Ni-na’s off at coll-ege, tu-i-tion is mad steep. So Kev-in doesn’t sleep and Cam-ila is mad cheap!

KEVIN:

Good

USNAVI:

Pan ca-lien-te, ca-fe con leche!

morning, Us-na-vi! Put

C E7 Am F F/G

calmly

CAMILA:

One tick-et, that’s it!

— fif-ty dol-lars on to-day’s lot-tery. Hey, a man’s got-a dream...

C E7 Am F F/G
CAMILA:

Don't mind him, he's all excited 'Cuz Nina flew in at three A.M. last night!

KEVIN:

She's still a-

C E7 Am F F/G

CAMILA:

Us-nar-yi, come over for dinner. There's plenty to

sleep! My baby girl's so sweet!

D G A G D G A G Bm

DANIELA:

eat. So then Yese-nia walks in the room. She smells sex and cheap per-
fume! It smells like one of those trees... that you hang from the rear view!

CARLA: It's true! She screams "Who's in there with you Julio?" Grabs a bat and kicks in the door.

USNAVIA/ CARLA: He's in bed with Stefan from the liquor store! No me diga!

CARLA/DANIELA: Thanks Usnavi!

AB: "Tick-Tock"
Me and my cousin runnin' just another dime-a-dozen
Morn and Pop Stop and Shop.

And, Oh, my God, it's gotten too darn hot,
like my man Cole Porter said.
People come through for a few cold waters and a
lottery ticket, just a part of the routine. Ev'rybody's got a job, then ev'rybody's got a dream. They
gos-sip, as I sip my cof-fee and smirk. The first stop as people hop to work, Bust it. I'm like:

Dancehall Reggae Feel-Straight 8ths

“One dollar, Two dol-lars, One fifty, One sixty-nine. You got it! You want a box of condoms? What kind? That's two

quarters. Two quarter waters. The New York Times. You need a bag for that? The tax is added.” Once you get some practice at it,

Everybody's stressed, yes!
But they press through the mess, bounce checks, and wonder what's next.

In the

C
E7

Heights
I buy my coffee and set my

Am
G
F
E7
sights on only what I need to know.

sights...

What I need to know in the

Am G F E7

money is tight but even so.

Heights but even so.

When the

heights...

But even so.

When the

Am G F E7
BENNY:
SWING!

You ain't got no skills!

lights go down I blast my radio!

lights go down I blast my radio!

R&B/Funk-Swing 8ths

USNAVI:
Lem-me get a... Yeah, lem-me also get a...

Benny! Milky way. Daily

Am

Am

F
and a... And most im-por-tant, my
Five su-gars, I'm the
News Post. Boss' cof-fee, one cream Five su-gars.

num-ber one ear-ner, The fas-test learner, Ke-vin can't keep me on the damn back bur-ner!

Hey! Yup! Yeah, he

I'm mak-in' moves, I'm ma-kin-deals, but guess what? You still ain't got no skills!

SONNY:

What? You still ain't got no skills!

BENNY:
USNAVI:
Vanas-sa show up yet? Hey lit-tle ho-mie don't get so up-set.

Har-dee har.
Shut up!

FUNK GROOVE

Tell Vaness-sa how you feel, buy the girl a meal, on the real, or you ain't got no skills.

USNAVI:

VALESSA:
Hey.

Hey.

PP
Ooo. Smooth operator, aw damn, there she go! Yo,

Later.

bro, take five, take a walk outside! You look exhausted, lost, don’t let life slide! The

whole hood is struggling, times are tight. And you’re stuck to the corner like a street-light!

WOMAN 4:

PIRAGUA GUY: In the
Heights I hang my flag up on display
It reminds me that I came from miles away.
In the

Every day, paciencia y fe

CLAUDIA:

KEVIN:

CAMILA/CARLA/DANIELA:

Vance/W1

Ooh.
Benny/F0/Sonny

Ooh.
Ooh.
W2/W4 And to
Sonny/M4

Heights!
W2/W4

M1/M2/M3/M4/GP

M1/M2/GP
night is like a million years away!

In the Heights I live my life and have my say.

- io play in the heights!
In the Heights, I've got to
live my life and stay in the
Heights, I've got to

day

But what do I save for tomorrow?

day

But what do I save for tomorrow?
AB: "Circle"

**Hip-Hop**

```
249   USNAV1:

Yeah, I'm a street-light, cho-kin' on the heat. The world spins a-round while I'm fro-zin' to my seat. The

people that I know all keep on roll-ing down the street. But ev-ry-day is dif-fer-ent So I'm switchin' up the beat. 'Cuz my

(Record Scratch)

parents came with nothing and they got a lit-tle more. And sure, we're poor, but, Yo, at least we got the store. And it's
```

**Am**

```
G

Jay-Z Sigs
```

#1 En Washington Heights [Rev. 11/30/06]
(finger snaps)

all about the legacy they left with me, it's destiny. And one day I'll be on a beach with Sonny writing checks to me.

We came to work and to live and we got a lot in common. We came from D.-R. and P.-R. and we are not stoppin'.

In the

In the

Am G F E

E7sus E
Until the day we go from poverty to stock options. When opportunity’s knockin’, just watchin’. You’ll see heights.

The late nights, you’ll taste beans and rice. The syrups and shaved ice. I ain’t gonna say it twice. So turn.

Ooo.

E7sus

E

E

E

E
up the stage lights, we're tak-in' a flight to a couple of
days in the life of what it's like.

En Washington Heights!
In The Heights
Lead Sheet

NINA'S FIRE ESCAPE
[Rev. 12/3/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

My fire escape
This is the one place on earth where I feel

safe
This is my corner.

I arrived today,
After a year living three thousand miles away,

The best year of my life.
But it's good to be home.

Where I know the faces I pass on the street
This is home.

And I know The arc of the sun in the sky, where to hide from the heat.
I know, I know, When I dreamed about flying away.
This was my view every day And I better get used to it, I'm here to stay Down the street My parents run themselves ragged to make ends meet Losing ground, going under

I had a meeting at school last week, he said, "Do you know what you owe? What your family owes, I mean?" Then he told me the number, and I said "There must be hang on" I called home, "Hello?" My father said, "We're taking care of it, Nina, it's fine." I don't know. From the tone of his voice I could hear, sense his pride on the line. I know, I know They act like it's all okay. But I know they're struggling to pay And they live day to day And I don't wanna stand in their way. When

I was a child I stayed wide awake climbed to the highest place on every fire escape, restless to
climb. While my parents sacrificed half their lives, half of their fights over nickels and dimes. So

I'm gonna take care of it this time, with my eyes on the horizon. Just me and the G.W.B., asking "Gee Nina, what'll you be?"

What will they say? I imagine their faces when I say I'm planning to stay longer than summer.

My fire escape. Everything seems so much clearer from farther away. Farther away.

Farther away.
Vamp  BENNY: "Hey!"
BENNY:"
Check one two three.
Check one two three.
This is Benny on the dispatch. Yo. I'm holding down the station. So here's the situation I got some information. Copy that. Now you
Listen to me, twenty-three's in the clutches of rush hour, so take the B.-Q.-E. in the Hutch. There's a

Reggaetón
broken-down jeep on top of the Major Deegan. You're not gonna want the Bronx cuz' the Sox are playing this weekend.

Take route eighty-seven, you ain't gettin' back in a-gain. Am I sure? Is Sam-my So-so Do-min-i-can?
There's a traffic accident I have to mention at the intersection of Tenth Ave and the Jacob Javitz Convention Center.

Nina's Daddy backed a winner when he handed me these keys. Whoa, hold the line, please.

Benny?

Nina! Damn, you look grown.

Hey. Frazzled? Jet lagged?
My first day.

You're running the dispatch?

Seems like you're

F

F

Gm

Oh no, uh.

...doing fine on your own... Is that the phone?

E♭

Reggaetón

Hold on. Hello? Pick-up on two-eight. Car Thirty Two take the Grand Central Thru-way. You'll...

Dm

F

Get...

thank me later. Hey! pick-up on eighty third and third, fifteen, take Second Ave. a-void the lane merge

Gm

B♭

C/Db
The F.D.R. is slow go-in' un-til the Tri-borough Twenty five, pick-up Missus' Clyde, sixty ninth and Myrtle.

Hurtle up Fordham road, you'll catch all the lights. A couple more to go, dispatch-in' in the heights Hey

Nina! You happy to be back home? Were you happier on your
own?

O-kay. Hey Ni-nna. I heard you rocked all your

That's hard to say.

clases! You still rock those coke bottle glasses?

Yeah.

Not since eleventh grade.

NINA: "What do you mean I've changed?"

Damn, you've changed.

I mean You used to be like,

Am Ep Bbm7
Reggaetón

Shy! When-ever I came by! You never looked me in the eye. And now I'm sorry but

Dm F Gm

damn, you look fly!

You used to be a little thug!

Bb C/Db Dm

"Pon de Replay"

trouble all the time! Now you're all dressed up. And you clean up real nice.

F Gm Bb C/Db

So that happened, yeah.

F Gm Eb
Are you home for the summer?

Did something go

May-be even lon-ger.

F

F

Gm

wrong or

I'm just home for a while.

Check, one two

E6

DbMaj7

three.

It's getting hot outside... turn up the A. C.

Stay here with me.

F.
IN THE HEIGHTS
Piano/Vocal

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW
[Rev. 12/3/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Orchestrated by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

Allegro \( \textit{d=124} \)

VAMP

\[ \text{vanessa:} \]

The ele-va-ted train by my win-

\[ \text{does n't faze me any- more.} \]

The

dow

The

rat-ting screams don't dis-rupt my dreams--

It's let's a-by, in its way
The elevated train drives everyone insane but I don’t mind.
Oh, no. When I bring back boys they can’t tolerate the noise, and that's okay,
'cause I never let them stay. And one
day, I'm hop-pin' that elevated train and I'm riding away!

It won't be long now!

The
boys around the way hotter at me when I'm walking down the street.

Their mach...

is mo pride doesn't break my stride it's a com...

pliment, so they say...
boys around the way
don't mind.
in the mood,
whistling 'cause he has

hol- ler at me ev- ry day but I
Oh, no.
it will not be with some dude
no- thing to say,
or who's

If I'm
Who is

Piano/Vocal

#4. It Won't Be Long Now [Rev. 12/31/00]
honking at me from his Chevrolet!

One day, I'm hop-pin' in a limou-sine and I'm dri-ving a-way!

It won't be long now!
Piano/Vocal

VANESSA: “Ay, Usnavi, help! SOS!”

USANVI:

morning—Vanessa!

If it isn’t the loveliest girl in the place.

USANVI: “Another late night, eh? Whoever you were with, he’s got nothing on these biceps. I bench press six gallons of milk and two cases of Malta Goya.”

VANESSA: “It was my mom. They shut off our power. Again.”

You got some schmutz on your face.
USNAVI: "Whole milk. Very sweet. Little bit of cinnamon."
VANESSA: "Mm. Just like my abuela used to do."
USNAVI: "That's what all the ladies say. I remind them of their grandma."

SONNY:

USNAVI/SONNY:

morning! Good morning!
SONNY:

USNAVI/SONNY:

DANIELA: (Screaming from the salon.)
"VANESSSSSSSSAAA! I'm thirsty, coffee!"
VANESSA: “Can I get a diet coke, a pineapple soda, and packing tape?”
USNAVI: “No problem.” (He goes to get the stuff.)

SONNY: “Uh, my cousin over there with his tongue hanging out, has been meaning to ask you…”
VANESSA: “Yes?”

SONNY: “What a lady such as yourself might be doing tonight?”
VANESSA: “Does your cousin dance?”
SONNY: “Like a drunk Chita Rivera.”
VANESSA: “Tell him to pick me up at nine.”

Southern Hip-Hop;
Half-Time Feel

USANVI:

Oh snap! Who’s that? Don’t touch me, I’m too hot! Yes!
SONNY:
Si-gue, si-gue!

Que pa-so? Here I go. So dope y tu lo sa-bes. No pa-re!

G(add9)  A(add4)  G(add9)

Frea-ky, frea-ky!

Did you see me?

What a way to begin the wee-kend

A(add4)

Son-ny, an-thing you want is free man. And my dea-ry be-lov-ed Do-min-i-can Re-
You!

public I haven't forgotten

gonna see this honey make a little

Blue!

money and one day we'll hop Jet

but until that fatefu; day I'm

grateful I got a destination.

I'm running to make it home cause home's
VANESSA:

_what Vanessa's running away from._

I'm running to make it home cause home's what Vanessa's running away from.

Calmer

_neighborhood salon_ is the place I'm working for the moment_

let ring

As I cut their hair, ladies talk and share Every day,
who's doing who and why... The neighborhood su-lon doesn't pay me what I wanna be making but I don't mind. As I

sweep the curb I can hear those turbo engines blazing a trail through the sky.

I look up and think about the years gone by. But one._
day.  'I'm walkin' to J. F. K. and I'm gonna fly!

It won't be long now! Any day...
In The Heights
Piano/Vocal

PLAN B
[Rev. 12/1/06]

Music and Lyrics by:
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Arranged by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

CUE:
KEVIN:

KEVIN:

Benny, go outside. BENNY:
This is a family meeting.

Hey...

Bm
Bm/C#

She's fine! Goodbye! NINA:

Nina are you... BENNY:

Benny, you can stay...

Bm/D
G Maj7
A7
Bm
KEVIN:

Keep your eyes off my daughter and go outside.

right next door if you need me.

CAMILA:

What's going on?

Are you all right?

NINA:

What have you done since you've been

Hang on,
KEVIN:

Do you need help?

gone?

What can we do?

please--

G²

A (add9)

Will you just listen to me?

I'm not

Bm

C⁷♭

C/E

E♭
a local college, get a job, and then I'm here.

I'm coming home, just like you wanted, I don't want to stay.

Pero Nina, Como puede ser!

na be so far a way, so...

Don't say I didn't try hard enough! It just wasn't the place
Como puede ser!

for me. It'll be okay, don't worry 'bout me, I'm home

and I have figured out Plan B!

KEVIN:

Plan B?

CAMILA:

I don't understand. You said you were
And when did you plan to tell your mother and me?

And why did you all

We spoke on the phone. You said things were fine, you were happy.

Of a sudden decide that you're here to stay?
NINA:
That's not the is.
So I can't come home?

CAMILA:
Of course you can come back.

home! But why the surprise?
home! And why all the lies?
Look your fa-ther in the eyes.  

NINA:  

I'm al-right,  

I just-

Please don't bull-shit me!  You think I don't know when my own daughter's ly-

Bbm  Bpm  Bpm/F  Ebm/F  F7  Bpm  Ebm?  Bpm/F

ING?  You couldn't wait to fly away!  You would wave

NINA:  

What I'm trying to say-

Ebm/F  F7  Bbm  Gb/Bb
at the planes from our fire escape! NINA:

We can't afford it! Papi, please! This is better for all of us,

Am I the only one who sees we can't afford this! Papi, you're not sleeping! Mama, you don't have to complain. Every time we talk I hear the strain in your

...
Don't say that we don't work hard enough! And don't tell me what I voice!

It's gonna be all right!

Bm  Em  D/F♯  G  F♯  Bm  Em  D/F♯

I can't do! No way, I am still the man of this house!

It's gonna be all right!

G  F♯  Bm  G/B

I'm gonna make it right!

G  F♯  Bm  G/B

And I take care of you!

CAMILA:

But honey, it's true.

D  F♯7
What?

We've done the best... that we can... do...

Bm Em Bm


NINA
(To KEVIN.)
It'll be okay.

We can't afford... it any more... We can't afford... it any...

Em Bm Em


KEVIN Cancel tonight.
CAMILA No, papi, we already invited people!
NINA Dad...
CAMILA (To NINA.)
He just needs to be alone.

CAMILA (To NINA.)
Let's get started on dinner.

- more.

- more.
In The Heights
Piano/Vocal

INÚTIL
[Rev. 12/1/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Moderato, non-rubato \( \frac{d}{=90} \)

This is n't happening.

Use less.

Just like my father was before me.
And every day he cut the cane. He came home late and prayed for rain.

Prayed for rain.

And on the days when nothing came, my father's face was lined with shame.
He'd sit me down beside him and he'd say,

"My father was a farmer. His father was a farmer,

And you will be a farmer." But I told him, "Pa-

pi, I'm sorry, I'm going farther. I'm getting on a plane..."
And I am gonna change the world some day."

He stood there, staring at me, use—

Today—

my daughter's home... and I am use—
And as a baby she amazed me with the things she learned each day.

She used to stay on the fire escape while all the other kids would play.
And I would stand beside her and I'd

say: "I'm proud to be your father, cuz' you work so much hard-
er. And you are so much smarter than I was at your age."

And I always knew that she would fly a
way. That she was gonna change the world some day.

I will not__

be the reason that my family can't succeed__

I will do what it takes. They'll have ev'}
- ry thing they need. Take a way what is mine:

She will un der stand in time. And she will climb!

She will soar!

Or all my work All my life will have been use -
96,000
[Rev. 12/1/06]

IN THE HEIGHTS
Piano/Vocal

Music and Lyrics by:
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Orchestrated by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

Hip-Hop; Swing 16ths

BENNY:

GRAFFITI PETE:

USNAVI:

SONNY:

Nin-ety six thou-sand

Damn!

Nin-ety six thou-sand

Music Box

Damn!

Synth Bass

USNAVI:

SONNY:

That's a-lot of so-da

Nin-ety six thou-sand

BENNY:

USNAVI:

Yo.

If

I won the lot-to to-mor-row

Well I know I wouldn't bot-her go-in' on no spen-din' spree.

I'd
pick a business school and pay the entrance fee! Then maybe if you're lucky, you'll stay friends with me! I'll be a
businessman, richer than Nina's Daddy! Donald Trump and I on the links and he's my caddy! My

money's makin' money, I'm goin' from Po' To Mo' Dough! Fuck the bling, I want the brass ring, like Frodo!

Oh no, here goes Mister Bragga-doc-ci-o Next thing you know, he's lying like Pinocchio
BENNY:

Well if you're scared of the bull, stay out the ro-de-o!

GRAFFITI PETE:

Yo, I got more hoes than a phone book in To-ky-o!

USNAVI:

Ooh, you bet-ter stop tal-kin' you're not rea-dy it's get-ting hot and hea-vy, and you're al-re-a-dy swe-aty

GRAFFITI PETE:

Y.Y.

USNAVI:

I'm sor-ry was that an ans-wer? Shut up, Go home And pull ya damn pants up!

Yo-Yo
As for you, Mister Frodo of the Shire
Nine-ty six G's not e-nough to re-tire

BENNY:

I'll

You'll have a knapsack full of jack after taxes!

have e-nough to knock your ass off its ax-is!

SONNY:

Nin-ety six thou-sand

Nin-ety six thou-sand
Ninety six thousand Ninety six thousand

BENNY:

For real.

though. imagine how it would feel goin' real slow Down the high-way of life with no

Am9

Dm9

Get.

— regrets
And no brea-kin' your neck for re-spect or a pay - check For real

F Maj9

E7sus

though, I'll take a break from the wheel and we'll throw The big-est block par-ty, ev-ery
body here
A weekend when we can breathe, take it easy.

CARLA:
Check

straight 16ths
drum break

Dance Hall
(Double-Time)

one two three What would you do with ninety six g's? I mean if it's just be-

DANIELA:

Who me?

D^5 dance-hall
tween you and me

Es-a pre-gunta es tri-cky!

With nin-

ty six g's

I'd start my life with a brand new lease

Atlantic City with a

Daniela:

Carla:

Or may-be just bleach.

Vanessa:

Malibu breeze And a brand new weave

Y'all are Freaks.
Music Box

Silly when we get into these crazy hypotheticals You really want some bread then go ahead create a set of goals And

BODEGA

Half-Time (d=4)

PIRAGUA GUY:

What you doin?

cross them off the list as you pursue em'. And with those ninety six I know exactly what I'm doin'.

u-no: Devote my energies to holdin' twenty g's As money for Sonny to study wherever he pleases And
Jesus when I see that he completes his Senior thesis And gets his degree
I'll hand him the keys to this piece and finally leave this

And I could give A-bue-la Clau-dia the rest of it Just fly me down to San-to Do-min-go, I'll make the best of it

SONNY:

No.

You really love this business? Tough, Merry Christmas. You're now the youngest tycoon in Washington Hiznis.
SONNY:

With ninety six thousand, I'd finally fix housin', give

the barrio computers and wireless web browsin', how can our children get a good education? Spend

money on schools, teach 'em 'bout gentrification. The rent is escalatin' in Washington Heights and nobody

fights, I'd like to lead demonstrations over these rights. So many lives lost in the struggle for Health Care, too
Many on welfare, when there's plenty of wealth there.
I'd cash my ticket and picket, invest in protest.

Never lose my focus till the city takes notice! And you know this, man!
I'll never sleep because the

ghetto has a million promises for me to keep!

VANESSA:
If I win the lottery, you'll never see me again.
I'll be downtown.

Damn we only joking say broke then.

Get a nice studio, get out of the barrio.

BENNY:

For real...

If I win the lottery, you'll won-

though, imagine how it would feel goin' real slow Down the highway of life, with no...
I've been here I've been here

And no breakin' your neck for respect or a paycheck For real

It's

D♭ C sus C

I'll be downtown.

though, I'll take a break from the wheel and we'll throw

The biggest block party, everybody

silently when we get into these crazy hypothetics You really want some bread then go ahead create a set of goals And

SONNY/DANIELA: CARLA: SONNY/DANIELA: CARLA: DANIELA:

Ninety-Six Thousand! No me diga! Ninety-Six Thousand! No me diga! No-

Fm B♭m
see you around!

body here

A weekend when we can breathe, take it easy. For real,
cross them off the list as you pursue em', And with those ninety six I know precisely what I'm doin' it's

SONNY/CARLA:

venty-seis mill!

No me diga!

Why oh! Check

Dance Hall
(Double-Time)

If I win the lottery,

though, imagine how it would feel goin' real slow

Down the silly when we get into these crazy hypotheticals You really want some bread then go a-

one two three MEN, +W1/W2 with ninety six g's

And with the dol Lah dol Lah,

Fm
You won't see a lot
high-way of life with no re-grets And no breakin' your neck.
head create a set of goals And cross them off the list as you pursue em'. And with those ninety
between you and me
We get to hol-iah hol-iah.
We rock the hot Impa-la.

of me!
I'll be
for re-spect or a pay-check For real though, I'll take a
six I know pre-cisely what I'm do-in'
It's silly when we get into these

Why oh! With ninety six 9's
Why oh!
break from the wheel and we'll throw The biggest block party, every-
crazy hypotheses You really want some bread then go ahead create a set of goals And
a brand new lease

We movin' on to-mor-rah We rock be-yond ma-ña-na,

see you a-round!

bo-dy here A wee-kend when we can breathe,
cross them off the list as you pur-sue em', And with those ninety-six I know pre-cisely what I'm

Mal-i-bu breeze

Why

We drop the Ma-ma dra-ma. We stop at the Ba-ha-mas!

Ab Csus
_Around!_  take it easy._  Ooh, whoa, ho!

do-in'! And with those ninety-six I know precisely what I'm do-in'!

oh!

We drink Piña Coladas! Shop until we bum-ba clot Drop it like it's hot!

Reggaetón (Tempo I')

VANESSA:

I'll be down -


Gm  EbMaj7  Bb
USNAVI:
Yo! We could Jet-set and hob-knob!
Ha! Cherry Lee __ with the drop-top!

WHO-o-ana!

BENNY:

SONNY:
Yo! And the checks would be nonstop!
The revolution goes on__Pa!
No more a-larmclocks! No more long shots!

WHO-o-o-a!

USNAVI/BENNY/SONNY:

Whoa, oh__ oh!
Whoa, oh__ oh!
No more pawn shops! Com- in' out on top!

Whoa, oh, oh. Whoa, oh, oh, oh!

COMMUNITY:

Nin-ety six thou-sand

USNAVI:

“Maaas...”

Nin-ety six thou-sand

Nin-ety six thou-sand

BENNY:

That's what's up!

rit.
PACIENCIA Y FE
[Rev. 11/30/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA
Orchestrated by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

Freely; Colla voce

CLAUDIA:

Ca - lor. Ca - lor. Ca - lor!

Rall.

Ay. Ma-ma! The summer's hot test day!
#8 Paciencia Y Fe [Rev. 11/30/06]

Pa-cien-cia y fe!

Ay, ca-ra-jos, it's hot!

Ma-má would say, “Pa-cien-cia y fe!” It was

hot-ter at home in La Vi-bo-ra— The Wash-ing-ton Heights of Ha-va-nal
crowded city of faces as dark as mine!

Back as a child in La Vibora, I chased the birds in the plaza.
Praying, Mama, you would find work. Combing the stars in the
sky for some sort of sign!

Ay, Ma-ma, so many stars in Cuba...

Nueva York we can't see beyond our street-lights...
To reach the roof you gotta bribe the Su-pa...

Ain't...

no Cassiopia in Washington Heights...

But

ain't no food in La Vibo-ra...

I remember

nights, anger in the streets, hunger at the windows.

Women folding
clothes, playing with my friends in the summer rain...

Mamá needs a job, Mamá says we're poor, one day you say "Vamos a Nueva York..."

And Nueva York was far, but Nueva York had work, and so we came...
now, I lie awake
A million years, too late

I talk to you, imagining what you'd do,
Remembering what we went through...

Nueva York! Ay, Ma-ma! It wasn't like today, you'd say:
“Paciencia y fe”

off the boat in America

Freezing in early December

crowded city in Nineteen Forty Three!
Learning the ropes in America
In español, I remember

Cm  Bb  Eb  Bb/D  Cm  G7

Dancing with Mayor La Guardia
All of society

Cm  Bb/D  Eb  Eb/G

welcoming Mami and me!
Ha!

Cm  G7/B  Csus  C
Pacien-cia y fe!

You better clean this mess!

You better learn inglés!

You better not be late!

You better pull your weight!

Are

Cm

Eb  G7/D  Cm

Cm
you better off than you were with the birds of La Vi-bo-ra?

beds, trying to catch a break, struggling with English

Listening to

friends, finally got a job working as a maid. So we cleaned some
homes, polishing with pride, scrubbing the whole side
of the Upper East The days into weeks, the weeks into years, and here I
stayed.

And

Paciencia y fe!
Paciencia y fe!
Paciencia y fe!

Csus C C
as I feed these birds, My hands begin to shake, And

as I sing these words, My heart's about to break, And Ay,

Ooh, Ooh, ooh, and Ay, Mamá!

Mamá, what do you do when your dreams come true?

And Ay, Mamá!
I've spent my life inheriting dreams from you.

Aah.

What do I do with this winning ticket?
What can I do but pray?

I

buy my loaf of bread.
Continue with my day.

And
see you in my head imaginIng what you'd say

birds, they fly a way Do they fly to La Vi-bo-ra?
Big; Dictated

Rall.

Calor, calor, calor!
¡NO ME DIGA!

[Rev. 12/3/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Arranged by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

VAMP

DANIELA: Gorgeous! Linda! Tell me something I don't know.
CARLA:CARLA/DANIELA:

VANESSA:

Eb Ab Bb Ab Eb Eb Ab Cm Bb
e-ja! Succi-a! Ca-bro-na! Tell me some-thing I don't know.

lit-tle off the top. A lit-tle on the side. A lit-tle bit of news you've heard a-round the bar.

Tell me some-thing I don't know.

Bue-no, you didn't hear this from me. But some lit-tle bir-die told
VANESSA:

me.

Us-n-a-vi had sex with Yo-lan-da!

NINA:

Ay,

No me di-ga!

Cm
Abm
Eb
Abm/Cb

no!

He'd nev-er go out with a skank like that.

Please

Eb
Abm
Eb

D♭
Cm
Abm

DANIELA:

tell me you're jo-king. O-kay!

Just wanted to see what you'd
ALL: "Wooooo!"

say!

ALL:

Tell me something I don't know? Mmm-hmm-

VANESSA: "What, I don't care..."

DANIELA:

So

hmm.

Ay, bendita!

CARLA: Nima! How's life as an intellectual? Did anything happen, like,

Flugelhorn

Eb Ab Dm Eb Db
DANIELA: sexual? In college they learn new "techniques"...
CARLA/ VANESSA: Uh, No me diga!

Cm Abm Eb Abm/Cb

DANIELA: no! I don't have much news to report on that—Poor

Eb Abm Eb

CARLA: thing, you're surrounded by geeks! At home all we get are the

Db Cm Abm
freaks!

ALL: Tell me something I don't know.

Trumpet

Carla: cute and quick with a joke, but Yo, he's broke!

ALL: Tell me something I don't know.

Daniela: hand-somest men, never call your ass again!

Tell me something I don't know!
nicer the car, the smaller they are.

Tell me something I don’t know!

men any better out where you are?

Ohhh,

Pe-ro Ni-na it’s true... we always knew you’d go the genius route!
VANESSA:
"I'll bet you impressed them all out west, you were always the best."

CARLA:
"no doubt! We want front row seats for your graduation."

CARLA/VANESSA:
"And we'll scream and shout."

DANIELA:
"They'll call your name. And we'll scream and shout."
ALL: “No me diga?”
NINA: “Excuse me.” (She exits.)

You guys, I dropped out.

DANIELA: “That’s a shitty piece of news.”
CARLA: “I can’t believe it…”
VANESSA: “That girl never quit anything.”

DANIELA: “We have the Xerox, she got straight A’s…”
CARLA: “Maybe it was too much pressure?”

VANESSA: “Pressure? She was the New York champion of Teen Jeopardy!”
DANIELA: “And I did her hair!”
CARLA: “Well, how could this happen?”

DANIELA:
CARLA/

I don’t know....

I don’t know....

C F G F C F
I don't know...

Tell me something I don't know!

Qué se yo?
WHEN YOU’RE HOME

[Rev. 12/1/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Orchestrated by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

IN THE HEIGHTS
Piano/Vocal

NINA:
I used to think we lived at the top of the world,
When the world was just a

sub-way map.
And the One-slash Nine climbed a dot- ted line to my
BENNY: place. There's no nine train now. Right. I used to think the Bronx

NINA: was a place in the sky. When the world was just a subway map. And my

BOTH: thoughts took shape. On that fire escape... Can you remind

NINA:

BENNY: me of what it was like at the top of the world? Come with
We begin July with a stop at my corner fire hydrant.

NINA:

You would open it every summer.

I would bust it with a wrench till my face got drenched.
'til I heard the sirens, Then I ran like hell! Yeah, I You ran like hell!

ran like hell! To your Father's dispatch window. Hey, let me in.

I remember well!

yo! They're coming to get me. Then your You were always in constant trouble.
Dad would act all snide, but he let me hide. You'd be there inside.

Life was

G  Gsus²  D/F♯  Dsus²/F♯

Nina, ev'rything is easier cuz' you're easier then.

A⁵  E  A  E/G♯

home.

The street's a little kinder cause you're

F♯m  E  D  C♯
home.  Can't you see that the days seem clearer. Now that you are here or is it me.  Maybe it's just me.

We gotta go I wanna show you all I know. The sun is setting and the light is getting low.
May - be.

go - ing to Cas - tle Gar - den?

A/C#  
Em7(no5)

may-be not, but way to take a shot, when the day is hot I got a per-fect sha - dy spot a lit-tle ways a-way that ought-a

G(add9)  
D7/F#

cool us___ down___  Wel-come back to___ town___

Cool us___ down___  Now,

A5  
E/G#
And Us-
back in high school, when it darkened, you'd hang out in Bennett Park and-

fill

nawi would bring his radio...

As I walked home from senior studies, I'd

With the volume high. You
see you rapping with your buddies. I walked on by...
Piano/Vocal

#10. When You're Home

When you're

When you're

When you're
Piano/Vocal

The summer nights are cooler when you're home.

Now that you're here, home!

When you're home!

And that song, you're hearing. Is the neighborhood just cheering you along with me.

Ooh, ooh, ooh.
What's wrong...

Don't say that.

Don't say that!

Bm7

Fm7(b5)

Bb+7

NINA:

When I was younger, I'd imagined what would happen if my

Ebm7

Db6

Cbmaj7

Bb+7

Fm7(b5) Bb7/D

parents had stayed in Puerto Rico.

Ebm

Cb(add9)

Gb

Bb7(b9)

I had a hunger for a life beyond Manhattan. To do

Ebm7

Db6

Cbmaj7

Bb+7

Fm7(b5) Bb7/D
something, make a difference for my people; My people,

I got to Stanford asking questions, finding answers. While my

parents struggled just to pay the bills on time. And

now I'm home, I mean I had to come back home. But the
neighborhood's not cheering. Cuz' real life is interfering.

can't afford to be three thousand miles away.

BENNY: Then can I

say, I couldn't get my mind off you all day. Now
listen to me! You are gorgeous, brilliant, and totally resilient. And if you don't know, then listen again. You are gonna change the world and then, we're all gonna brag and say we
knew you when. Yeah! This was your home.

Welcome home. Welcome

I'm home! When you're here with me.

A E F#m7 D(add9) A E
Welcome home!

I used to think we lived at the top of the world!

I'm home!

Poco Rit.

You're finally home!

I'm home!

I'm home!

Cmaj7/E

Fmaj7

G/F
IN THE HEIGHTS
Piano/Vocal

¡PIRAGUA!
[Rev. 12/11/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Arranged and Orchestrated by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

Bright Salsa

PIRAGUA GUY:

Aay—— que ca-lor, que ca-lor—— que ca-lor, que ca——

A     C#m7     D     E

lo-o-or! Oh! Pira——

A     C#m7     D     E

guah, pira-gua! New—— block of ice, pira-gua! Pira——

A     C#m7     D     E
Piano/Vocal

-2-

#11. Piragua! [Rev. 12/11/06]

-gua, pir-agua! So sweet and nice, pir-agua!

A C7m7 D E

Ten-go de man-go, ten-go de par-cha, de pi-na, de fre-sa!

A C7m7 D E

Ten-go de chi-na, de li-món, de pe-so y de pe-se-ta! Hey! Pir-

A C7m7 D E

-gua, pir-agua! New block of ice, pir-agua! Pir-

A C7m7 D E
Piano/Vocal

- 3 -

aguá, pi-ra-gua! So__ sweet and nice, pi-ra-gua!

A C#m7 D E

It’s hotter than the islands are to-night.

A E F#m D

And Mr. Softee’s trying to shut me down.

A E F#m D

But I keep scraping by the fading.
Mi 'pa-na, this is my town!
Pi-ra-gua, pi-ra-gua!
Keep scraping by, pi-ra-gua!
Pi-ra-gua, pi-ra-gua!
Keep scraping by, pi-ra-gua!
Keep scraping by, keep scraping by!
Lai lo le lo lai! Lai lo le lo lai!
scraping by, keep scraping by! Lai lo le lo lai! Keep scraping by!

A C#m7 D E

Pi - ra - gua!
IN THE HEIGHTS
Piano/Vocal

CLUB NUMBER
[Rev. 11/1/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Orchestrated by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN
CLUBBERS:

Vanessa

D7

USNAVI:

Damn, this is... nice! I really like what they've done with the lights! So, the hot club in
Washington Heights! You might be right, this music's tight, Yo, did I mention that you

look great to-night. Because you do you really...

VANESSA:

Us na vi, re

USNAVI:

Relax. Que relaxed? I'm relaxed. So you've

COPPEL:

lax!

We pa! Vanessa!
been here before. I don't go out I get so busy with the store.

Ya-dada it's a brand new chore. My arms are sore, no time for the dance floor, But maybe you and me should

hang out some more. I'm such a dork, but I—

VANESSA: Let's go get a—
Something sweet.
You know me. A little bit of cinnamon.

COUPLE:

We pa! Valensal!
BENNY:
Here's to getting fired!

USNAVI:
To killing the mood!

Cheers!

After five long years!

Cheers!
fin' lly get ting Va-nes sa! Here, fix your col lar... Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!

do-ing shots on a week end! L' Cha-aim! Hey

As long as you buy 'em, L' Cha-aim!

you! You! You wan na dance? O kay, I took my

Who? Who, me? Naw, man...

D+7
chance... It's cool, it's cool, Hey, if you want to... I'm fine! I'm fine!
You don't mind?

Yo!
Who's... Va-nes-sa tal-kin' to?
Some tall dude!
Some tall dude?!

Jealous, I ain't jealous, I can't
That's fucked up, She's tryin' to make you jealous!
take all these fell-as whatever!
NINA: Benny, can we take a walk outside?

BENNY: And there she is!

NINA: I'm so sorry, I didn't know.

Who let you in?
I'm gonna make it

This is the girl who cost us our jobs today!

right!

A toast to the end of all I know!

CMaj7

B7(69)

You've had enough!

To the girl who has it all!
That's not fair.
Well why don't you run home to Daddy? He
loves to remind me that I'll never be good enough for your

You don't know me!

fam'ly...
For you...
I thought you were
Poor you.

diff 'rent!
Sa - lud!
big roaring glisses

Vanes - sa let me get the next one! Van - es - sa let me in - ter - ject some! The
way you sweat, the way you flex on the floor; It makes me want you more!

Vanessa, let me get the next one! Vanessa, let me interject some! The
way you sweat, the way you flex on the floor; It makes me want you more!

USNAVI:

Bartender! Let me get an Amaretto Sour for this ghetto flower! How are you so pretty?

You complete me, You had me at hello, you know you need me. Truly, madly, deeply, let's get freaky.

Oh I get it you're the strong and silent type Well, I'm the Caribbean island type and I can drive you wild all night.
But I di-gress! Say some-thing so I don't stress. No ha-blo in-gles. Yes!

DRUM BREAK
Jose, Vanessa & Nina

TRUMPET BLOW!!!

A | G | D | E

A | G | D | E

A | G | D | E
"The Confrontation"

"Merengue"

Accel. poco a poco
"The Fight"

Piano/Vocal

#13. Club Number [Rev. 11/1/06]
Ni-nan, where'd you go? I can't find you!

Yo! I can't see! Quit sho-vin mo-ther fuck-er it's an o-ven. And we

Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no!

Gm Eb Bb D

Ni-nan, Take it slow, I'm behind you.

got ta back out. This is a black-out! Chill, for real, or we're gonna get killed!

Oh, no! Oh, no!

Gm Eb Bb D

Oh, no! Oh, no!
KEVIN:
Calling all taxis! Ev'ry-one relax please...

SONNY:
What's going on? What's going on? Suddenly I find the electricity is gone.

Oh, no! Oh, no!

Gm Eb Bb D

KEVIN:
Calling all taxis! Ev'ry-one relax please...

SONNY:
What's going on? What's going on? I got to check the store make sure that nothing's going wrong!

Oh, no! Oh, no!

Oh, no! Oh, no!

Gm Eb Bb D
**Piano/Vocal/Trumpet**

**BENNY:**

Some- bo- dy bet- ter o- pen these God- damn doors!

**VANESSA:**

Yo! I can't see! Quit sho- vin' mo- ther- fuck- er it's an o- ven. And we

What's go- ing on? What's go- ing on? Got- ta find Us- na- vi tell him what is go- ing on!

Oh, no! Oh.

Oh, no! Oh, no!

**BENNY:**

Some- bo- dy bet- ter o- pen these God- damn doors!

**VANESSA:**

doors!

**USNAVI:**

got- ta re- lax, and we got- ta face facts,

Noth- ing is on! Noth- ing is on! And I can't find Us- na- vi

Oh.

Oh, no! Oh.

Oh, no!

**Gm**  **Eb**  **Bb**  **D**
USNAVI: Nina where'd you go, Nina where'd you go.

NINA: Vannes sa, Nina where'd you go.

Has anyone seen Benny?

Cm/Ep  D/F♯  Gm²  D/A

Ni - na where'd you go. I can't find you!

Nina sa, I got ta go...

Benny...

VANESSA:

Us na vi help.

Cm/Ep  D/F♯  Gm²  D/A
Nina where'd you go, Nina where'd you go.

Nessa, Nessa.

Has anyone seen Benny?

Nina where'd you go, I can't find you.

Nessa, I gotta go.

Benny...

Us

Nessa, Nina.

Cm/Eb  D/F#  Gm²  D/A

Cm/Db  Gm²  D/A
It's Independence day and I cannot pretend and stay the same.

As I walk away alone.

Please find Nina! Find Camila!

If you see my family bring them home!

Yo! Yo! They throw in'
bot-tles in the street! Peo-ple loo-tin’ and shoo-tin’. Son-ny, they wan-na see a rob-be-ry we

They gon-na

Naw, man, I can’t leave, we got ta guard the store!

I got a base-ball bat on a rack in the back.

cou-ple ro-man can-dies, we can di-struct the van-dals!

Hey yo I see some thugs com-in’, man, we
Gimme a light, I'll be right back. Back up! Back up! Back up!

 gon-na get jacked up!

Look at the fire-works...

Light up the night sky...

Gm Eb² Dm F
Gm Eb² Bb F
Look at the fire-works...

Light up the night sky...

CARLA:

Hold on, no one panic! The crowd is manic, And ev-ry-bo-dy's

screaming and howling and shouting and slap-ping and ev-ryone's fran-tic! It's hap-pee-ing too soon, I'm hop-pee-ing that the
moon
daniela:
mi-ra mi- amor,
haz me un fa-vor!
Des-pier-ta-le A-hue-la
Y a lo me-jor el-lo tiene u-nu ve-la!
gm,
\[\begin{align*}
\text{E}_b & \quad \text{B}_b & \quad \text{D} \\
\end{align*}\]

way
daniela:
E-stu-ve ba-lan-do cuan-do vi-no el a-pa-gon!
A-qui hay gen-te pe-ro no se qui-es son!
gm,
\[\begin{align*}
\text{E}_b & \quad \text{B}_b & \quad \text{D} \\
\end{align*}\]

usnavi:
A-bue-la are you al-right?
home...
look at the fire-works...
gm,
\[\begin{align*}
\text{E}_b^2 & \quad \text{D}_m & \quad \text{F} \\
\end{align*}\]
CLAUDIA:
The stars are out tonight!

Light up the night sky...

Gm Eb\(^2\) Bb F

USNAVI:
You're not alone tonight.

Look at the fireworks...

Cm Eb\(^2\) Dm F

CLAUDIA:
I'm not alone tonight.

Light up the night sky...

Gm Eb\(^2\) Bb F

to harmonize (if stem)
ABUELA:
Us na vi, please promise me you'll guard this all your life!

USNAVI:
Abuela, I've never seen this much money in my life!

ABUELA:

NINA:

BENNY:

Cm/Eb  D/F♯  Gm²  D/A

Nina there you are!
You don't know anything to-night!

You cost me everything to-night!

Cm/ Eb        D/F#        Gm2        D/A

I can find my way home.

Then find your way out, you.

Without you!

Without you!

home!
Look at the fireworks...

Look at the fireworks...

Look at the fireworks...

Light up the night sky.... En Washington...

Light up the night sky.... En Washington...

Light up the night sky.... En Washington...

Light up the night sky.... En Washington...
In The Heights
Piano/Vocal

SUNRISE
(Spanish Lesson)
[Rev. 12/3/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Arranged by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN
NINA:
Are you ready to try again?
Here we go.
Okay.

I think I'm ready.

C
D
Em
Dsus

li - to.
Ga - lli - na.
La - pie.
Plu - ma.
Good!
Ven-

Chic-ken.
Hen.
Some-thing.
Pen.

G
D
C
G
D
G

ta - na.
Puerto.
Ma - es - tra.
Y pi - so.

Win-dow.
Door.
Some-thing.
Floor.

G
D
C
G
D
G
You did all right.

Three out of four!

Teach me a little more.

C G D G C G D


Heat.__ Last night. Pain.__

C/G A² Em D


Call me. Blue. Love me. Well.

C D Em D
Bes - a - me____________ A - ga - rra - me________

how do you ev'ry kis_s me? And how do you say hold____ me?

C/G A\(^2\) Em D G Am

Al a - ma - nec - er________ At sun - rise________

An - y - thing at________

C E Bm/D E

all can hap - pen just____ be - fore____ the sun - rise________

all can hap - pen just____ be - fore____ the sun - rise________

C E Bm/D E
Piano/Vocal

---

PIRAGUA GUY:

Sunrise.

SONNY:

He leaves me alone for one night and the window's bro-

I need coffee now.

G/F

C

Em/B

Am7

D

CARLA/DANIELA:

Sunrise.

G. PETE/PIRAGUA:

Sunrise.

BENNY:

I don't know.

KEVIN:

Ken.

Nina.

E

E/D
NINA: 3

Yo no se 3 Que ha-ce-r. A-ho-ra que te en-con-tre.

What to do. Now that I've found you.

D/A B2 F#m E

Que di-ra?

What will he say? When he sees me a-round you? So

D E F#m E

A-yu-da-me. Pro-me-te-me.

how do you say help me? And how do you say promise me?

D/A B2 F#m E A Bm
Promise me you'll stay beyond the sunrise, anything at all can happen just before the sunrise.

Al amanecer.

Al amanecer.

Graffiti Pete:

Sun
PIRAGUA GUY: "Al anochecer."

CLAUDIA: "Sunrise."

SONNY/G.FETE: "Sunrise."

VANESSA: "Sunrise."

CARLA/DANIELA: "It won't be long now."

DANIELA: "Where's my coffee?"

CARLA: "Sunrise."
Al a-ma-ne-ce-r.

PIRAGUA GUY:

VANESSA:

KEVIN:

SONNY:

DANIELA:

CARLA/DANIELA:

CARLA:

the night gives way.

(SONNY):

D  F\#m/C\#  Bm7  E  A  A/G
In The Heights
Piano/Vocal/Trumpet

THINK OF THE STORIES
[Rev. 12/3/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Arranged by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

CUE:
CAMILA: On the desk, Kev. Right now we find
Nina, together. Later we deal with you and me.

Bright Salsa

USNAVI:

A- buelai!! Are you okay?

\[ \text{Music notation begins here} \]
CLAUDIA:

Pacien-cia y fe!

USNAVI:

Let me see it again!

CLAUDIA:

I kept it safe.

USNAVI:

So we survived the night.

What happens today?
CLAUDIA:
A third for you.

USNAVI:
Uh-huh, uh-huh! Uh-huh, uh-huh!

A third for me!

No pare! Sigue, sigue!

The rest for Sonny.

Eb\(^9\) F(add9) Gm(add9)

Eb\(^9\) F(add9) Bb Dm/A G\(^7\)
And with our share of the money,
And with our share of the money.

CLAUDIA:
Dream of the seaside air

See me beside you there!

Think of the hundreds of stories we will
share!

You and I!

BOTH:

Ay... Now you can sell your

mf

store!

Open a bar by the
shore!

I've told you hundreds of

Stories about home;

Make some more...

BOTH:

More...

G7/B
Yo! I know just where to go! There's a little beach named Playa Rincon, with no roads. You need a rowboat or motorbike to reach this beach and it's just a stone's throw from home. My folks' home. Before I was born. Before they passed on and left me on my
own, in New York, with the gro-c'ry store. They would talk a-bout home, I listened close-ly for the way they

whispered to each oth-er bout the war-mer win-ter wea-ther. In-se-p'ra-ble, they ev-en

got sick to-ge-ther. But they nev-er got bet-ter... Passed aw-ay last De-cem-ber. And

left me with these mem-o-ries like dy-in' em-bers from a dream I can't re-mem-ber... And
ever since then it's like another day deeper in debt with different dilemmas. The

store's a fuckin' mess, and I can't speak to Vanessa. So Abuela, whatever, let's spend

that money together!

Poco rubato

CLAUDIA:

Remember the story of your name? It was en-
graved on a pass-ing ship— on the day— your fam-i-ly came—

fath-er said— "Us-na-vi; That's— what we'll name the ba-by."

real-ly said— "U.-S. Na- vy," but hey...

worked with what— they gave— me— o-kay...
The page contains sheet music with the text:

**CLAUDIA:**

They'd be so proud of you today.

**USNAVI:**

Uh-huh, uh-huh! Uh-huh, uh-huh!

Then by the end of July,

Uh-huh, uh-huh! Uh-huh, uh-huh!

Out where the sea meets the sky,
Think of the hundreds of stories

we'll create,

A brand new life by the sea

As long as you're there with me?
Piano/Vocal/Trumpet

#16. Think Of The Stories - [Rev. 12/3/06]

Ay, you and I!
Sipping a cold Pre-si-dent-e. Len-ta-men-te with mi ge-nie!

Rall.
You and
And whatever we do it's You and

f

ff

Bbmaj7
ATENCION

[Rev. 3/2/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Arranged by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

Gently \( \text{G} = 108 \)

Roll down your windows.

G C G C

Turn up your radios. Un momento, por favor.

G Am Em Dsus D
Please drive slow

Let everybody know.
Dña Claudia passed away at noon today.

And she was an extraordinary woman.

She was here before us all.
Ma-ny knew her as the wo-man who fed the birds. But

Cm  F  Bb  Ab7  G7

she was so much more. And so to-day I ask for your A-te-ri-on. A-te-ri-on. Roll down your win-dows.

G  C  G  C

Turn up your ra-di-os. Un mo-men-to por fa-vor.

G  Am  Em  Dsus D

SEGUETO
"THE DAY GOES BY"
IN THE HEIGHTS
Lead Sheet

THE DAY GOES BY
[Rev. 12/7/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Arranged and Orchestrated by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

CAMILLA:

G C G
The day goes by. The shadows fall.

C Em C G
When all our lights are gone.

D D♭7 Em C G
We pack some bottles.

SONNY:

How do we go on?

G P/PIRAGUA
C G C 12
And when it's dark we find some candles. And wonder where you are...

KEVIN/CAMILLA:

C 11
And when it's dark we find.

G BENNY/NINA:

C 14 D D♭15 Em C
I wonder where you are to-night.

G 18 C +USNAVI 19 G BENNY/NINA:

USNAVI:

22 Cm
I wonder where you are to-night. I wonder where you are to-night.
the evening changes.

SONNY:
The shadows grow.

She finally won.

KEVIN/CAMILLA:

SONNY/BENNY:

We stare through windows...

And now she's gone...

And now she's gone...

kevin/camilla:

and now she's gone...

kevin/camilla:

SONNY:

From here.

DANIELA/CARLA:

She's gone.

i wonder where we go.

kevin/camilla:

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

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I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.

I wonder where we go.
I see you everywhere I go...

I shine a light outside your window...

I'm at your window...

ALL: The day goes by...

And when it goes...
We say goodbye, we say adios...

Tonight.

I wonder where you are tonight.

Tonight.

W4/Sonya
I wonder where you are tonight.

I wonder where you are tonight.

I wonder where you are.

I wonder where you are.

I wonder where you are.
EVERYTHING I KNOW
[Rev. 11/30/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Orchestrated by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

VAMP

In this

al - bum, there's a pic - ture of A - bue - la in Ha - va - na. She is

hold - ing a rag doll, un - smil - ing, black and white. I
wonder what she's thinking. Does she know that she'll be leaving for the city on a cold, dark night?

And on the day they ran, Did she dream of endless summer?

Did her mother have a plan, Or did they just go?
Did somebody sit her down and say, "Claudia, get ready. To
leave behind, everything you know."

In this album there's a picture of the ladies at Dania-
ela's. You can
tell it's from the Eighties by the volume of their hair. There's Us

navi as a baby, 'Eighty Seven, Halloween! If it

happened on this block, A-bue-la was there.
Ev'ry afternoon I came, She'd make sure I did my homework.

She could barely write her name, But even so...

She would stare at the paper and tell me, "Bueno, let's review."

Why don't you tell me everything you____
Ev’rything I know.

What do I know?

In this
folder___ there's a picture from my high school graduation. With the

program, mint condition, and a star beside my name. Here's a

picture, of my parents, as I left for California. She saved

everything we gave her—Every little scrap of paper. And our

Eb/Bb
lives are in these boxes. While the woman who held us is gone.

But we go on. We grow.

So hold tight, Abuela, if you're up there. I'll make you proud of everything I know.
Thank you for everything!

know.
IN THE HEIGHTS
Piano/Vocal

HEAR ME OUT
[Rev. 12/1/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Orchestrated by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

Moderato  \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 84

BENNY:

\( \text{Yo! Your need to stop talking now. Y'll have got me stressed!} \)

\( \text{I've been watching y'all fight for too long and I'm puttin' this bull-shit to rest!} \)

\( \text{Ni-na.} \)

\( \text{Apologize to your father.} \)

\( \text{Kevin Say you're sorry today Sir!} \)

\( \text{C/E} \)

\( \text{C} \)
I've been listening to you all my life Now be quiet till I've had my say! For real...

though, Nina, your father is my greatest hero. The closest thing to a Dad I'll ever know.

And I don't ever wanna miss an opportunity to say so. And your attitude Should be no less than absolute gratitude Y'all are family, and nothing else should
matter, dude! You know how lucky you are? Yes! Good! That's what's up!

But hear me out. I'm not finished. Let me speak my mind.

Hear me out. I'm just getting started. Don't leave me behind. Cuz

NINA:  BENNY:
life's too short to hang your head and leave important things unsaid.

And

I don't wanna have to shout. So hear me out

Ke-vin you've known me since I was ten years old. When I rocked the cornrows and baggy Gir-baads. You

gave me a job, got me brand new clothes so I'm a let you know what ev-ery-one al-re-a-dy knows. I've
I may not be rich or Latin. But damn-it I'm the hard-dest wor-kin' man in all of Man-hai-tan!

I'm a man. I'm a man!

But hear me out. I'm not fin-ished! Let me speak my mind!

Hear me out! That's just the warm-up. I won't fall be hind!! Cuz
I'm not going to bed to-night without my having set things right! It's difficult to talk about, so hear me out!

Straight 16ths

That was the easy part. You may wanna go get some water.

Now that you know I'm the man. You should know. I'm also the man for your daughter.
I don't know what the future holds. I don't know what's in store.

All I ask is your blessing, cuz I'm not messing around anymore.

For real

Swing 16ths

though I think I may-be sort of love you for real though. My socio-economic status is real

low. But I'll do what I must for your trust this ain't lust this is much much more!
And I'm at your door!  

But in California when I'm staring at the sea, Will you wait for me?

BENNY: "What?"
NINA: "I'm going back to Stanford."

BENNY: "Right... You should...  
Well, thanks for listening..." (He goes to leave.)
NINA: "Benny."

BENNY: "I'm still here!"
NINA: "So am I. The summer's young."

BENNY: "That's what's up!"
In The Heights
Piano/Vocal/Trumpet

FINALE
[Rev. 12/7/06]

Music and Lyrics by
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Arranged by
ALEX LACAMOIRE
BILL SHERMAN

BOLERO SINGER:

Note vay - as. Si me de - jas.

Am G⁶ FMaj⁷ E⁷(b⁹) Am G⁶ FMaj⁷ E⁷(b⁹)
ros en mis recuerdos, para siempre, para siempre, para siempre, para siempre, para siempre, para siempre

out on Washington Heights, and now the crack of dawn, The black-out goes on and on and on...

Son-ny's out back, sorting the trash, as I think about the past with a sack full of cash...
A-bue-la woul-da wan-ted me up on a beach with mar-ga-ri-tas in my reach, and may-be that’s how it ough-ta be... 

I-ma-gine me lea-vin’ to-day on a Seven-Four-ty-Sev-en board-ing J. F. K....

Next top J. F. K. End of the line...

NINA:  

Ni-na this is on-ly the be-gin-ning.
NINA: I can't believe you said all that! Standing up to my father.

BENNY: Guess what? I'd do it again. I'd do it again.

NINA: I'll be on a plane all day. And I will try to make my way out west to California.
NINA:
Please don’t say good-bye.

BENNY:
Nina, don’t be afraid to fly.

You are gonna change the world some day.

CARLA:
The hydrants are open, Cool breezes blow...

DANIELA:
The hydrants are open, Cool breezes blow...

KEVIN:
Good

PIRAGUA MAN:
Fir-a

C9
Gm
F9
Ab
Bb
The hydrants are open, Cool breezes blow...

morning...

Pir-a-gua! Pir-a-gua! New block of ice. Pir-a-gua! So...

C⁹ Gm⁷

51

Good

sweet and nice, Pir-a-gua! Pir-a-gua! Pir-a-gua! Pir-a-

FMaj⁷ Fm⁷/Ab Bb⁹
The hydrants are open, Cool breezes blow...

morning...

-gua! Pir-a-gua! New block of ice. Pir-a-gua!

CAMILA:

Siem
Fugel.

Se-gui-

C⁹ similé Gm⁷

---

Good

sweet and nice, Pir-a-gua! ³Pir-a-gua! Pir-a-gua! Pir-a-

ras en mis recuerdos para siem pre.

F⁹

Fm⁷/Ab Bb⁹
The hy - drants are o - pen. Cool bree - zes blow - ing...

mor - ning...

Pir - a - gua! New block of ice. Pir - a - gua! So - gnal

Sien VANESSA:

I'll be down town,

mf

C

Gm7/C

USNAVI:

There's a sweet and nice, Pir - a - gua! Pir - a - gua! Pir - a - gua!

ras en mis re - cuer - dos pa - ra siem pre.

It won't be long now!

F9/C

Ab Bb

To harp and flute
breeze off the Hudson. And just when you think you're sick of living here the memory floods in. The

morn-ing light off the fire es-capes. The nights in Ben-nett Park blas-ting Big Pun tapes. I'm a

miss this place, to tell you the truth: Ke-vin dis-pen-sin' wis-dom from his dis-patch booth; And at dawn,

the la-dies of the sa-lon: Now we're all mo-vin on. But who's gon-na no-tice we're gone? When our
job's done. As the evening winds down to a crawl, son. Can I ease my mind when we're

all done. When we've resigned in the long run. What do we leave behind? Most of

all, I miss Abue-la's whispers. Do-in' the lot to pick six every Christmas. In five years,

when this whole city's rich folks and hipsters, Who's gonna miss this raggedy little bus'ness?
GRAFFITI PETE  What it do?  Great sunlight this morning.
SONNY  Cuz!  We been up all night!
USNAVI  (To SONNY.)  What did I tell you about this punk?
SONNY  You have to commission an artist while his rate is still good.

GRAFFITI PETE  The first work in my new series.  Roll down the grate!

(USNAVI rolls down the grate.  There is a huge beautiful mural of ABUELA CLAUDIA that says REST IN PEACE.  Silence.  Usnavi is still.)
GRAFFITI PETE: He hates it.
SONNY: Shh. He's forming an artistic opinion.

(GO)

USNAVI:

You did this last night?

GRAFFITI PETE:

Yeah.

SONNY:

Yeah.

SONNY: Cancel my flight.

GRAFFITI PETE:

Nice!

C/F

Ab

Bb

Gm7

Listen up guys— you got a job. I'm not play-in'. You got-ta go now, tell the whole block I'm stay-in! Y—
All go ahead, tell everyone we know! Son-ny. Al-right, go!

Yeah, I'm a street-light. Chillin' in the heat. I illu-mi-nate the sto-ries of the peo-ple in the street.

Some have hap-py en-dings, Some are bit-ter-sweet. But I know them all and that's what makes my life com-plete.

We're
And if not me, Who keeps our leg-a-cies? Who's gon-na keep the cof-fee sweet with Clau-dia's re-ci-pes? home!

A-bue-la, rest in peace, you live in my me-mo-ries, Son-ny's got-ta eat, and this cor-ner is my des-i-ny. CARLA/DANIELA:

Brings out the best in me, we pass a test and we keep pres-sin' and yes in-deed, you know I'll nev-er leave.
If you close your eyes that hydrant is a beach. That siren is a breeze, that fire escape's a leaf on a palm tree!

A-bue-la, I'm sorry. But I ain't go-in' back because I'm tell-ing your sto-ry. And home!

home!

D                        Am
every time I feel that wind blow, I'll think of the wisdom you'd give from your window and I'm Sonny

home! Where the coffee's non stop and I drop this hip hop in my Mom and Pop shop I'm

home! home! We're We're

home! We're We're

D/A Am9
home! Where people come, people go. Let me show all of these people what I know. There's no place like

home!

home!

home!

Oh!

home!

And let me set the record straight! I ain't step-pin' till I ask Vanessa for a second date! I'm

Home!

cresc. poco a poco

Bb/D

C/E
home! Where it's a hun-dred in the shade, but with pa-tience and faith, we re-main un-a-fraid, I'm
Home!

Bb/F
C/G

home! Where the music fills the air, take the train to the top of the world, and I'm there, I'm Home!

Home!

sub. p

sub. p

sub. p

sub. p

Bb
C/Bb
Bb
D