

Broadway's Pulitzer Musicals 101: *Hamilton* (2016)

Book, Music & Lyrics by Lin-Manuel Miranda

ACT I

“Alexander Hamilton”

AARON BURR:

How does a bastard, orphan, son of a whore and
a
Scotsman, dropped in the middle of a forgotten
spot in the Caribbean by providence
impoverished, in squalor,
grow up to be a hero and a scholar?

The ten-dollar, founding father without a father
got a lot farther by working a lot harder,
by being a lot smarter,
by being a self-starter,
by fourteen, they placed him in charge of a
trading charter.

THOMAS JEFFERSON:

And every day while slaves were being
slaughtered and carted
away across the waves, he struggled and kept
his guard up.
Inside, he was longing for something to be
a part of,
the brother was ready to beg, steal, borrow
or barter.

JAMES MADISON:

Then a hurricane came, and devastation
reigned,
our man saw his future drip, dripping down
the drain,
put a pencil to his temple, connected it to
his brain,
and he wrote his first refrain, a testament
to his pain.

BURR:

Well, the word got around, they said, “This
kid is insane, man”
took up a collection just to send him to the
mainland.
“Get your education, don't forget from whence
you came, and
the world is gonna know your name. What's
your name, man?”

ALEXANDER HAMILTON:

Alexander Hamilton.
My name is Alexander Hamilton.
And there's a million things I haven't done,
But just you wait, just you wait . . .

ELIZA HAMILTON:

When he was ten his father split, full of it,
debt-ridden,
Two years later, see Alex and his mother,
bed-ridden,
half-dead, sittin in their own sick,
the scent thick,

COMPANY:

And Alex got better but his mother went quick.

GEORGE WASHINGTON:

Moved in with a
cousin, the cousin
committed suicide.
Left him with nothin'
but ruined pride,
Somethin' new inside,
A voice saying,
“You gotta fend for yourself.”
he started retreatin'
and readin' every
treatise on the shelf.

BURR:

There would've
been nothin' left
to do
for someone less
astute,
he woulda been dead
or destitute
without a cent of
restitution,
started workin',
clerkin' for his late
mother's landlord
tradin' sugar cane
and rum and all the
things he can't afford
scammin' for every
book he can get his
hands on.
plannin' for the
future, see him now as
he stands on

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the bow of a ship
headed for a new land,
In New York you can be a new man—

COMPANY:
In New York you can be a new man—

Alexander Hamilton,
We are waiting in the
wings for you.

You could never back down,
You never learned to take your time!
Oh, Alexander Hamilton
When America sings for you,
will they know what you overcame?
Will they know you rewrote the game?
The world will never be the same, oh.

BURR:
The ship is in the harbor now,
see if you can spot him.
Another immigrant,
comin' up from the bottom.
His enemies destroyed his rep,
America forgot him

MULLIGAN/LAFAYETTE:
We fought with him.

LAURENS:
Me? I died for him.

WASHINGTON:
Me? I trusted him.

ELIZA, ANGELICA, MARIA REYNOLDS:
Me? I loved him.

BURR:
And me? I'm the damn fool that shot him.

COMPANY:
There's a million things I haven't done,
but just you wait!

BURR:
What's your name, man?

COMPANY:
Alexander Hamilton!

"My Shot"

HAMILTON:
I am not throwing away my shot!
I am not throwing away my shot!
Hey yo, I'm just like my country,
I'm young, scrappy and hungry,
and I'm not throwing away my shot!
I'm 'a get a scholarship to King's College,
I prob'ly shouldn't brag, but dag, I amaze
and astonish.
The problem is I got a lot of brains but no polish.
I gotta holler just to be heard.
With every word, I drop knowledge!
I'm a diamond in the rough, a shiny piece of coal
tryin' to reach my goal. My power of speech:
unimpeachable.
Only nineteen but my mind is older.
These New York City streets get colder, I shoulder
ev'ry burden, ev'ry disadvantage
I have learned to manage, I don't have a gun
to brandish,
I walk these streets famished.
The plan is to fan this spark into a flame.
But damn, it's getting dark, so let me spell
out the name.
I am the—

HAMILTON/LAFAYETTE/MULLIGAN/LAURENS:
A-L-E-X-A-N-D
E-R— we are— meant to be . . .

HAMILTON:
A colony that runs independently.
Meanwhile, Britain keeps shittin' on us
endlessly.
Essentially, they tax us relentlessly,
then King George turns around, runs a
spending spree.
He ain't ever gonna set his descendants free,
so there will be a revolution in this century.
Enter me!

LAFAYETTE/MULLIGAN/LAURENS
(He says in parentheses)

HAMILTON:
Don't be shocked when your hist'ry book
mentions me.
I will lay down my life if it sets us free.
Eventually, you'll see my ascendancy,

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And I am not throwing away my shot.
And I am not throwing away my shot.
Hey yo, I'm just like my country,
I'm young, scrappy and hungry
And I'm not throwing away my shot

HAMILTON/MULLIGAN/LAURENS/LAFAYETTE:

I am not throwing away my shot.
I am not throwing away my shot.
Hey yo, I'm just like my country,
I'm young, scrappy and hungry
and I'm not throwing away my shot.
It's time to take a shot!

LAFAYETTE:

I dream of life without a monarchy
The unrest in France will lead to 'onarchy?
'Onarchy? How you say, how you say, 'anarchy?'
When I fight, I make the other side panicky.
With my—

HAMILTON/LAURENS/LAFAYETTE/MULLIGAN:

Shot!

MULLIGAN:

Yo, I'm a tailor's apprentice,
and I got y'all knuckleheads in loco parentis.
I'm joining the rebellion cuz I know it's my chance
to socially advance, instead of sewin' some
pants!
I'm gonna take a—

HAMILTON/LAURENS/LAFAYETTE/MULLIGAN:

Shot!

LAURENS:

But we'll never be truly free
until those in bondage have the same rights
as you and me,
you and I. Do or die. Wait till I sally in
on a stallion with the first black battalion
have another—

HAMILTON/LAURENS/LAFAYETTE/MULLIGAN:

Shot!

BURR:

Geniuses, lower your voices
You keep out of trouble and you double your
choices.
I'm with you, but the situation is fraught.
You've got to be carefully taught:

If you talk, you're gonna get shot!

HAMILTON:

Burr, check what we got.
Mister Lafayette, hard rock like Lancelot,
I think your pants look hot,
Laurens, I like you a lot.
Let's hatch a plot blacker than the kettle callin'
the pot . . .
What are the odds the gods would put us all
in one spot,
Poppin' a squat on conventional wisdom, like
it or not,
a bunch of revolutionary manumission
abolitionists?
Give me a position, show me where the
ammunition is!

Oh, am I talkin' too loud?
Sometimes I get over excited, shoot off at
the mouth.

I never had a group of friends before,
I promise that I'll make y'all proud.

LAURENS:

Let's get this guy in front of a crowd.

[HAM/LAUR/LAF/MULL/ENSEMBLE:

I am not throwing away my shot.
I am not throwing away my shot.
Hey yo, I'm just like my country
I'm young, scrappy and hungry
and I'm not throwing away my shot.

[. . .]

LAURENS:

Rise up!
When you're living on your knees, you rise up.
Tell your brother that he's gotta rise up.
Tell your sister that she's gotta rise up.

LAURENS AND ENSEMBLE:

When are these colonies gonna rise up?

HAMILTON

I imagine death so much it feels more like
a memory
When's it gonna get me?
In my sleep? Seven feet ahead of me?
If I see it comin', do I run or do I let it be?
Is it like a beat without a melody?

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See, I never thought I'd live past twenty.
Where I come from some get half as many.
Ask anybody why we livin' fast and we
Laugh, reach for a flask,
we have to make this moment last, that's plenty.

Scratch that.

This is not a moment, it's the movement
where all the hungriest brothers with
something to prove went?
Foes oppose us, we take an honest stand,
we roll like Moses, claimin' our promised land.
And? If we win our independence?
'Zat a guarantee of freedom for our
descendants?
Or will the blood we shed begin an endless
cycle of vengeance and death with no
defendants?
I know the action in the street is excitin',
But Jesus, between all the bleedin' 'n fightin'
I've been readin' 'n writin'.
We need to handle our financial situation.
Are we a nation of states? What's the state of
our nation?
I'm past patiently waitin'. I'm passionately
smashin' every expectation,
Every action's an act of creation!
I'm laughin' in the face of casualties and sorrow
For the first time, I'm thinkin' past tomorrow,

HAMILTON AND COMPANY:

And I am not throwing away my shot.
I am not throwing away my shot.
Hey yo, I'm just like my country,
I'm young, scrappy and hungry
and I'm not throwing away my shot.

HAMILTON/LAURENS/LAFAYETTE/MULLIGAN:

We're gonna rise up! Time to take a shot!
We're gonna rise up! Time to take a shot!

And I am—
Not throwing away my—

COMPANY:

Not throwin' away my shot!

"You'll Be Back"

KING GEORGE:

You say
the price of my love's not a price that you're
willing to pay.
You cry
in your tea which you hurl in the sea when you
see me go by.
Why so sad?
Remember we made an arrangement when
you went away,
now you're making me mad.
Remember, despite our estrangement, I'm
your man.

You'll be back. Soon you'll see.
You'll remember you belong to me.
You'll be back. Time will tell.
You'll remember that I served you well.
Oceans rise, empires fall,
we have seen each other through it all,
and when push
comes to shove,
I will send a fully armed battalion
to remind you of my love!

Da da da dat da dat da da da ya da
da da dat da ya da! [etc.]

You say our love is draining and you can't go on.
You'll be the one complaining when I am gone . . .
And no, don't change the subject
cuz you're my favorite subject.
My sweet, submissive subject,
my loyal, royal subject
Forever and ever and ever and ever and ever . . .

You'll be back,
like before.
I'll fight the fight and win the war
for your love.
for your praise,
And I'll love you till my dying days.
When you're gone
I'll go mad,
so don't throw away this thing we had
Cuz when push comes to shove,
I will kill your friends and family to remind
you of my love
Da da da, etc.

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“That Would Be Enough”

ELIZA:

Look around, look around at how lucky we are
to be alive right now.

Look around, look around . . .

HAMILTON:

How long have you known?

ELIZA:

A month or so

HAMILTON:

Eliza, you should have told me.

ELIZA:

I wrote to the General a month ago.

HAMILTON:

No

ELIZA:

I begged him to send you home.

HAMILTON:

You should have told me.

ELIZA:

I'm not sorry

ELIZA:

I knew you'd fight

Until the war was won.

HAMILTON:

The war's not

done.

ELIZA:

But you deserve a

chance to meet

your son

Look around, look

around at how lucky we are

to be alive

right now.

HAMILTON:

Will you relish being a poor man's wife

unable to provide for your life?

ELIZA:

I relish being your wife.

Look around, look around . . .

Look at where you are.

Look at where you started.

The fact that you're alive is a miracle.

Just stay alive, that would be enough.

And if this child

Shares a fraction of your smile

or a fragment of your mind, look out world!

That would be enough.

I don't pretend to know

the challenges you're facing.

The worlds you keep erasing and creating in

your mind.

But I'm not afraid.

I know who I married.

So long as you come home at the end of
the day

that would be enough.

We don't need a legacy.

We don't need money.

If I could grant you peace of mind,

If you could let me inside your heart . . .

Oh, let me be a part of the narrative

in the story they will write someday.

Let this moment be the first chapter:

where you decide to stay

and I could be enough

and we could be enough

that would be enough.

“History Has Its Eyes on You”

WASHINGTON:

I was younger than you are now

when I was given my first command.

I led my men straight into a massacre.

I witnessed their deaths firsthand.

I made every mistake,

I felt the shame rise in me,

And even now I lie awake,

WASHINGTON:

Knowing history has

its eyes

on me.

LAURENS/
MULLIGAN:

Whoa . . .

Whoa . . .

Whoa . . .

Yeah

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HAMILTON/
WASHINGTON:
History has
its eyes
on me.

COMPANY:
Whoa . . .
Whoa . . .
Whoa . . .
Yeah

WASHINGTON:
Let me tell you what I wish I'd known
When I was young and dreamed of glory:
You have no control:

WASHINGTON AND COMPANY:
Who lives, who dies, who tells your story.

WASHINGTON:
I know that we can win.
I know that greatness lies in you.
But remember from here on in,

WASHINGTON, HAMILTON AND MEN:
History has its
Eyes on you.

COMPANY:
History has its eyes on you.

“What Comes Next”

KING GEORGE:
They say
The price of my war's not a price that they're
willing to pay.
Insane.
You cheat with the French, now I'm fighting
with France and with Spain.
I'm so blue.
I thought that we'd made an arrangement
When you went away.
You were mine to subdue.
Well, even despite our estrangement, I've got
A small query for you:

What comes next?
You've been freed.
Do you know how hard it is to lead?

You're on your own.
Awesome. Wow.
Do you have a clue what happens now?

Oceans rise.
Empires fall.
It's much harder when it's all your call.

All alone, across the sea.
When your people say they hate you, don't
Come crawling back to me

Da da da dat da dat da da da
Da ya da
Da da dat
Da da ya da . . .

You're on your own . . .

“Dear Theodosia”

BURR:
Dear Theodosia, what to say to you?
You have my eyes. You have your mother's name.

When you came into the world, you cried and
it broke my heart.

I'm dedicating everyday to you.
Domestic life was never quite my style.
When you smile, you knock me out, I fall apart.
And I thought I was so smart.

You will come of age with our young nation.
We'll bleed and fight for you, we'll make it
right for you
If we lay a strong enough foundation
we'll pass it on to you, we'll give the world to
you, and you'll blow us all away . . .
someday, someday.
Yeah you'll blow us all away,
someday, someday.

HAMILTON:
Oh Phillip, when you smile I am undone.
My son.
Look at my son. Pride is not the word I'm
looking for.
There is so much more inside me now

Oh Phillip, you outshine the morning sun.
My son.
When you smile, I fall apart.
And I thought I was so smart.
My father wasn't around.

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BURR:
My father wasn't around

HAMILTON:
I swear that
I'll be around for you.

I'll do whatever it takes.

BURR:
I'll be around for you.

I'll make a million
mistakes.

BURR/HAMILTON:
I'll make the world safe and sound for you . . .
You'll come of age with our young nation.
We'll bleed and fight for you, We'll make it
right for you

If we lay a strong enough foundation
we'll pass it on to you, we'll give the world to
you, and you'll blow us all away . . .
someday, someday.
Yeah, you'll blow us all away,
someday, someday.

ACT II

"What'd I Miss"

[BURR]
1789
How does the bastard orphan,
immigrant decorated war vet
unite the colonies through more debt?
Fight the other founding fathers til he has to
forfeit?
Have it all, lose it all,
You ready for more yet?
Treasury Secretary. Washington's the President,
ev'ry American experiment sets a precedent.
Not so fast. Someone came along to resist him.
Pissed him off until we had a two-party system.
You haven't met him yet, you haven't had the
chance,
'cause he's been kickin' ass as the ambassador
to France
but someone's gotta keep the American promise.
You simply must meet Thomas. Thomas!

COMPANY:
Thomas Jefferson's coming home!

Thomas Jefferson's coming home Lord he's
been off in Paris for so long!
Aaa-ooo!
Aaa-ooo!

JEFFERSON:
France is following us to revolution,
there is no more status quo.
But the sun comes up and the world still spins.

I helped Lafayette draft a declaration
then I said, "I gotta go,
I gotta be in Monticello." Now the work at
home begins . . .

So what'd I miss?
What'd I miss?
Virginia, my home sweet home, I wanna give you
a kiss.
I've been in Paris meeting lots of different
ladies . . .
I guess I basic'ly missed the late eighties . . .
I traveled the wide, wide world and came back to
this . . .

There's a letter on my desk from the President.
Haven't even put my bags down yet.
Sally be a lamb, darlin', won'tcha open it?
It says the President's assembling a cabinet
And that I am to be the Secretary of State, great!
And that I'm already Senate-approved . . .
I just got home and now I'm headed up to New
York.

ENSEMBLE:
Headin' to New York!
Headin' to New York!

JEFFERSON:
Lookin' at the rolling fields
I can't believe that we are free.

Ready to face
whatever's awaiting
me in N.Y.C.

But who's waitin' for me when I step in the place?
My friend James Madison, red in the face.

He grabs my arm and
I respond
"What's goin' on?"

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MADISON:

Thomas, we are engaged in a battle for our nation's very soul.
Can you get us out of the mess we're in?

Hamilton's new financial plan is nothing less than government control.
I've been fighting for the South alone.
Where have you been?

JEFFERSON:

Uh . . . France.

MADISON:

We have to win.

JEFFERSON:

What'd I miss?
What'd I miss?
Headfirst into a political abyss!

I have my first cabinet meeting today
I guess I better think of something to say

I'm already on my way,
let's get to the bottom of this . . .

WASHINGTON:

Mr. Jefferson, welcome home.

HAMILTON:

Mr. Jefferson? Alexander Hamilton.

[WASHINGTON AND ENSEMBLE]

Mr. Jefferson, welcome home

COMPANY:

Mr. Jefferson, welcome home
Sir, you've been off in Paris for so long!

JEFFERSON:

So what did I miss?

"The Room Where It Happens"

BURR:

Two Virginians and an immigrant walk into a room.

BURR AND ENSEMBLE:

Diametric'ly opposed, foes.

BURR:

They emerge with a compromise, having opened doors that were

BURR AND ENSEMBLE:

Previously closed,

ENSEMBLE:

Bros.

BURR:

The immigrant emerges with unprecedented financial power,
a system he can shape however he wants.
The Virginians emerge with the nation's capital.
And here's the pièce de résistance:

No one else was in
the room where it happened.
The room where it happened.
The room where it happened.
No one else was in the room where it happened.
The room where it happened.
The room where it happened.

No one really knows how the game is played.
The art of the trade,
How the sausage gets made.
We just assume that it happens.
But no one else is in the room where it happens.

BURR AND COMPANY:

Thomas claims—

JEFFERSON:

Alexander was on Washington's doorstep one day
in distress 'n disarray.

BURR AND COMPANY:

Thomas claims—

JEFFERSON:

Alexander said—

HAMILTON:

I've nowhere else to turn!

JEFFERSON:

And basic'ly begged me to join the fray.

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BURR AND COMPANY:

Thomas claims—

JEFFERSON:

I approached Madison and said—

“I know you hate ‘im, but let’s hear what he has to say.”

BURR AND COMPANY:

Thomas claims—

JEFFERSON:

Well, I arranged the meeting.

I arranged the menu, the venue, the seating.

BURR:

But!

No one else was in—

BURR AND COMPANY:

The room where it happened.

The room where it happened.

The room where it happened.

BURR:

No one else was in—

BURR AND COMPANY:

The room where it happened

The room where it happened

The room where it happened

BURR:

No one really knows how the parties get to yesssss.

The pieces that are sacrificed in

Ev’ry game of chesssss.

We just assume that it happens.

But no one else is in

the room where it happens.

BURR AND COMPANY:

Meanwhile—

BURR:

Madison is grappling with the fact that not ev’ry issue can be settled by committee.

COMPANY:

Meanwhile—

BURR:

Congress is fighting over where to put the capital—

BURR:

It isn’t pretty.

Then Jefferson approaches with a dinner and invite,

And Madison responds with Virginian insight:

MADISON:

Maybe we can solve one problem with another and win a victory for the Southerners, in other words—

JEFFERSON:

Oh-ho!

MADISON:

A quid pro quo.

JEFFERSON:

I suppose.

MADISON:

Wouldn’t you like to work a little closer to home?

JEFFERSON:

Actually, I would.

MADISON:

Well, I propose the Potomac.

JEFFERSON:

And you’ll provide him his votes?

MADISON:

Well, we’ll see how it goes.

JEFFERSON:

Let’s go.

BURR:

No!

COMPANY:

—one else was in

The room where it happened

The room where it happened

The room where it happened

No one else was in

the room where it happened.

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The room where it happened.
The room where it happened.

BURR:
My God!

BURR AND COMPANY:
In God we trust.
But we'll never really know what got discussed.
Click-boom then it happened.

BURR:
And no one else was in the room where it
happened

COMPANY:
Alexander Hamilton!

BURR:
What did they say to you to get you to sell New
York City down the river?

BURR:
Did Washington know about the dinner?
Was there Presidential pressure to deliver?
Or did you know, even then, it doesn't matter
where you put the U.S. Capital?

HAMILTON:
Cuz we'll have the banks,
we're in the same spot.

BURR:
You got more than you gave.

HAMILTON:
And I wanted what I got.
When you got skin in the game, you stay in the
game.
But you don't get a win unless you play in the
game.
Oh, you get love for it. You get hate for it.
You get nothing if you . . .

HAMILTON AND COMPANY:
Wait for it, wait for it, wait!

HAMILTON:
God help and forgive
me.
I wanna build
Something that's

gonna
outlive me

HAMILTON/JEFFERSON/MADISON/
WASHINGTON:
What do you want, Burr?
What do you want, Burr?

If you stand for nothing,
Burr, then what do you fall for?

BURR:
I
wanna be in
the room where it happens.
The room where it happens.
I
wanna be in
the room where it happens.
The room where it happens.

[BURR]
I
Wanna be
In the room where it happens
I wanna be
I wanna be
I've got to be
I've got to be
in the room
In that big ol' room

COMPANY:
The art of the compromise—

BURR:
Hold your nose and close your eyes.

COMPANY:
We want our leaders to save the day—

BURR:
But we don't get a say in what they trade away.

COMPANY:
We dream of a brand new start—

BURR:
But we dream in the dark for the most part.

BURR AND COMPANY
Dark as a tomb where it happens

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BURR:

I've got to be in
the room . . .
I've got to be . . .
I've got to be . . .

Oh, I've got to be in
the room where it happens . . .
I've got to be, I've gotta be, I've gotta be . . .
In the room!

"I Know Him"

KING GEORGE:

They say
George Washington's yielding his power and
stepping away.
'Zat true?
I wasn't aware that was something a person
could do.
I'm perplexed.
Are they gonna keep on replacing whoever's in
charge?
If so, who's next?
There's nobody else in their country who looms
quite as large . . .

John Adams?!

I know him.
That can't be.
That's that little guy who spoke to me
all those years ago.
What was it, eighty-five?
That poor man, they're gonna eat him alive!
Oceans rise.
Empires fall.
Next to Washington, they all look small.
All alone,
watch them run.
They will tear each other into pieces,
Jesus Christ, this will be fun!

Da da da dat da dat da da da da ya da
Da da da dat dat da yaaaaa!

"President John Adams"
Good Luck.

"Hurricane"

HAMILTON:

In the eye of a hurricane
there is quiet
for just a moment,
a yellow sky.

When I was seventeen a hurricane
destroyed my town.
I didn't drown.
I couldn't seem to die.

I wrote my way out,
wrote everything down far as I could see.
I wrote my way out.
I looked up and the town had its eyes on me.

They passed a plate around.
Total strangers
moved to kindness by my story.
Raised enough for me to book passage on a
ship that was New York bound . . .

I wrote my way out of hell.
I wrote my way to revolution.
I was louder than the crack in the bell.
I wrote Eliza love letters until she fell.
I wrote about The Constitution and defended
it well.
And in the face of ignorance and resistance,
I wrote financial systems into existence.
And when my prayers to God were met with
indifference
I picked up a pen, I wrote my own deliverance.

In the eye of a hurricane
there is quiet
for just a moment,
a yellow sky

I was twelve when my mother died.
She was holding me.
We were sick and she was holding me.
I couldn't seem to die.

I'll write my way out . . .
Write ev'rything down, far as I can see . . .
I'll write my way out . . .
Overwhelm them with honesty.

Broadway's Pulitzer Musicals 101: *Hamilton* (2016)

Book, Music & Lyrics by Lin-Manuel Miranda

WASHINGTON/ELIZA/ANGELICA/
MARIA:
History has its eyes on you.

HAMILTON]
This is the eye of the hurricane, this is the only
way I can protect my legacy . . .

COMPANY (EXCEPT HAMILTON):
Wait for it, wait for it, wait for it, wait . . .

HAMILTON:
The Reynolds Pamphlet.

“Burn”

ELIZA:
I saved every letter you wrote me.
From the moment I read them
I knew you were mine.
You said you were mine.
I thought you were mine.

Do you know what Angelica said when we saw
your first letter arrive?
She said,
“Be careful with that one, love.
He will do what it takes to survive.”

You and your words flooded my senses.
Your sentences left me defenseless.
You built me palaces of paragraphs,
you built cathedrals.
I'm re-reading the letters you wrote me.
I'm searching and scanning for answers
in every line,
for some kind of sign,
and when you were mine
the world seemed to

Burn.
Burn.

You published the letters she wrote you.
You told the whole world how you brought
this girl into our bed.
In clearing your name, you have ruined our lives.
Do you know what Angelica said
When she read what you'd done?
She said,
“You have married an Icarus.
He has flown too close to the sun.”

You and your words, obsessed with your
legacy . . .
Your sentences border on senseless,
and you are paranoid in every paragraph
how they perceive you,

You, you, you . . .

I'm erasing myself from the narrative.
When future historians wonder
how Eliza reacted when you broke her heart.
You have torn it all apart.
I am watching it
burn.
Watching it burn.
The world has no right to my heart.
The world has no place in our bed.
They don't get to know what I said.
I'm burning the memories,
Burning the letters that might have redeemed
you.
You forfeit all rights to my heart.
You forfeit the place in our bed.
You?!! sleep in your office instead,
with only memories
of when you were mine.
I hope that you burn.

“It's Quiet Uptown”

ANGELICA:
There are moments that the words don't reach.
There is suffering too terrible to name.
You hold your child as tight as you can
and push away the unimaginable.
All the moments when you're in so deep,
it feels easier to just swim down,

The Hamiltons move uptown
and learn to live with the unimaginable.

HAMILTON:
I spend hours in the garden.
I walk alone to the store,
and it's quiet uptown.
I never liked the quiet before.
I take the children to church on Sunday,
a sign of the cross at the door,
and I pray.
That never used to happen before.

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ANGELICA & WOMEN:

If you see him in the street, walking by
himself, talking to himself,
have pity.

HAMILTON:

Phillip, you would like it uptown.
It's quiet uptown.

ANGELICA & WOMEN:

He is working through the unimaginable.

MEN:

His hair has gone gray. He passes every day.
They say he walks the length of the city.

HAMILTON:

You knock me out, I fall apart.

COMPANY:

Can you imagine?

HAMILTON:

Look at where we are.
Look at where we started.
I know I don't deserve you Eliza.
But hear me out. That would be enough.

If I could spare his life,
If I could trade his life for mine,
he'd be standing here right now
and you would smile, and that would be
enough.
I don't pretend to know
the challenges we're facing.
I know there's no replacing what we've lost
and you need time.
But I'm not afraid,
I know who I married.
Just let me stay here by your side,
That would be enough.

COMPANY:

If you see him in the street, walking by her
side, talking by her side, have pity.

HAMILTON:

Eliza do you like it uptown? It's quiet uptown.

COMPANY:

He is trying to do the unimaginable.

See them walking in the park, long after dark,
taking in the sights of the city.

HAMILTON:

Look around, look around, Eliza.

COMPANY:

They are trying to do the unimaginable.

ANGELICA:

There are moments that the words don't reach.
There's a grace too powerful to name.
We push away what we can never understand,
we push away the unimaginable.

They are standing in the garden,
Alexander by Eliza's side.
She takes his hand.

ELIZA:

It's quiet uptown.

COMPANY:

Forgiveness. Can you imagine?

Forgiveness. Can you imagine?

If you see him in the street, walking by her
side, talking by her side, have pity.
They are going through the unimaginable.

"Your Obedient Servant"

BURR:

How does Hamilton,
an arrogant,
immigrant, orphan,
bastard, whoreson,
somehow endorse
Thomas Jefferson, his enemy,
a man he's despised since the beginning,
just to keep me from winning?
I wanna be in the room where it happens—
The room where it happens.
The room where it happens.

You've kept me from—
The room where it happens.
For the last time.

Dear Alexander:

I am slow to anger,
but I toe the line

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as I reckon with the effects
of your life on mine.
I look back on where I failed,
and in every place I checked,
the only common thread has been your
disrespect.
Now you call me "amoral,"
a "dangerous disgrace,"
if you've got something to say,
name a time and place,
face to face.

I have the honor to be Your Obedient Servant,
A dot Burr.

HAMILTON:
Mr. Vice President,
I am not the reason no one trusts you.
No one knows what you believe.
I will not equivocate on my opinion,
I have always worn it on my sleeve.
Even if I said what you think I said,
you would need to cite a more specific
grievance.
Here's an itemized list of thirty years of
disagreements.

BURR:
Sweet Jesus

HAMILTON:
Hey, I have not been shy.
I am just a guy in the public eye
Tryin' to do my best for our republic.
I don't wanna fight,
But I won't apologize for doing what's right.

I have the honor to be Your Obedient Servant,
A dot Ham.

BURR:
Careful how you proceed, good man.
Intemperate indeed, good man.
Answer for the accusations I lay at your feet or
prepare to bleed, good man.

HAMILTON:
Burr, your grievance is legitimate.
I stand by what I said, every bit of it.
You stand only for yourself.
It's what you do.
I can't apologize because it's true.

BURR:
Then stand, Alexander.
Weehawken. Dawn.
Guns. Drawn.

HAMILTON:
You're on.

BURR AND HAMILTON:
I have the honor to be Your Obedient Servant
A dot Ham./A dot Burr.

"Who Lives, Who Dies, Who Tells Your Story"

WASHINGTON:
Let me tell you what I wish I'd known
when I was young and dreamed of glory.
You have no control:

Who lives,
who dies,
who tells your story?

BURR:
President Jefferson:

JEFFERSON:
I'll give him this: his financial system is a
work of genius. I couldn't undo it if I tried.
And I tried.

WASHINGTON AND COMPANY:
Who lives,
who dies,
who tells your story?

BURR:
President Madison:

MADISON:
He took our country from bankruptcy to
prosperity. I hate to admit it, but he doesn't get
enough credit for all the credit he gave us.

WASHINGTON AND COMPANY:
Who lives,
who dies,
who tells your story?

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ANGELICA:

Every other founding father story gets told.
Every other founding father gets to grow old.

BURR:

And when you're gone, who remembers
your name?
Who keeps your flame?

COMPANY:

Who tells your story?
Who tells your story?

WOMEN:

Eliza.

ELIZA:

I put myself back in the narrative.

WOMEN:

Eliza.

ELIZA:

I stop wasting time on tears.
I live another fifty years.
It's not enough

COMPANY:

Eliza.

ELIZA:

I interview every soldier who fought by your side.

MULLIGAN/LAFAYETTE/LAURENS:

She tells our story.

ELIZA:

I try to make sense of your thousands of pages of
writings.
You really do write like you're running out of—
Time.

ELIZA:

I rely on—
Angelica.
While she's alive—

ELIZA AND ANGELICA:

We tell your story.

ELIZA:

She is buried in Trinity Church.

Near you.

ELIZA:

When I needed her most, she was right on—
Time.

And I'm still not through.

I ask myself, "What would you do if you had
more—
Time."

The Lord, in his kindness,

He gives me what you always wanted.

He gives me more—

Time.

I raise funds in D.C. for the Washington
Monument.

WASHINGTON:

She tells my story

ELIZA:

I speak out against slavery.
You could have done so much more if you only
had—
Time.

And when my time is up, have I done enough?

Will they tell our story?

COMPANY:

Will they tell your story?

ELIZA:

Oh. Can I show you what I'm proudest of?

COMPANY:

The orphanage.

ELIZA:

I established the first private orphanage in New
York City.

COMPANY:

The orphanage.

ELIZA:

I help to raise hundreds of children.
I get to see them growing up.

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COMPANY:

The orphanage.

ELIZA:

In their eyes I see you, Alexander.

I see you every—

Time.

ELIZA:

And when my time is up,

Have I done enough?

Will they tell my story?

ELIZA:

Oh, I can't wait to see you again.

It's only a matter of—

Time.

COMPANY:

Will they tell your story?

Who lives, who dies, who tells your story?

Will they tell your story?

Who lives, who dies—

Who tells your story?,