

From HAMILTON  
**MY SHOT**

VOCAL SOLO

Words and Music by LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA  
 with Albert Johnson, Kejuan Waliek Muchita,  
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 Arranged by MICHAEL BROWN

Moderately, Swing 16ths

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I am not throw-ing a-way my shot! I am

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not throw-ing a-way my shot! Hey yo, I'm just like my coun-try, I'm young,— scrap-py and hun-gry, and I'm

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*Spoken:* 9

not throw-ing a-way my shot! I'm-a get a schol-ar-ship to King's Col-lege. I prob-'ly should-n't brag, but

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dag, I a-maze—and as-ton-ish. The prob-lem is I got a lot of brains but no pol-ish. I got-ta hol-ler just to

13

be heard. With ev-er-y word,— I drop knowl-edge! I'm a dia-mond in the rough, a shin-y piece of coal tryin' to

reach my goal. My pow-er of speech: un-im-peach-a-ble. On-ly nine-teen but my mind is old-er. These

New York Cit-y streets get cold-er, I should-er ev-'ry bur-den, ev-'ry dis-ad-van-tage I have learned to man-age, I don't

have a gun to bran-dish, I walk— these streets fam-ished. The plan is to fan this spark— in-to a flame. But,

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20 dang, it's get-ting dark, so let me spell out the name,— I am the A-L - E-X - A-N - D - E-R. We are meant to be— a col-

23 o - ny that runs in - de - pen - dent - ly.— Mean - while Brit - ain keeps spit - tin' on us end - less - ly.— Es - sen -

25 tial - ly, they tax us re - lent - less - ly,— then King George turns a - round, runs a spend - ing spree.— He ain't

27 ev - er gon - na set his de - scen - dants free,— so there will be a rev - o - lu - tion in this cen - tu - ry. I am

29

not throw - ing a - way my shot. I am not throw - ing a - way my shot. Hey yo, I'm

31 just like my coun - try, I'm young,— scrap - py and hun - gry, and I'm not throw - ing a - way my shot. I am

33 not throw - ing a - way my shot. I am not throw - ing a - way my shot. Hey yo, I'm

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35 just like my coun - try, I'm young,— scrap - py and hun - gry, and I'm not throw - ing a - way my shot. Ev - 'ry - bod - y sing:

38 Hey! Wooh! Ay, let 'em hear ya! Let's go! I said, shout it to the roof-tops!

45

43 Said, to the roof - tops! Come on! Come on, let's go! Rise up! When you're liv - ing on your knees— you

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rise up. Tell your broth - er that he's— got - ta rise up. Tell your sis - ter that she's— got - ta

rise— up. When are these col - o - nies gon - na rise up? When are these col - o - nies gon - na

rise up? When are these col - o - nies— gon - na rise up? When are these col - o - nies— gon - na rise up? Rise— up!

53

I'm past pa-tient-ly wait-in'. I'm pas-sion-ate - ly smash-in' ev-'ry ex-pec-ta-tion, ev-'ry ac-tion's an act of cre-a-tion.

I'm laugh-in' in the face of casu-al - ties and sor-row, for the first time, I'm think-in' past to - mor-row, and I am

not throw-ing a - way my shot. I am not throw-ing a - way my shot. Hey yo, I'm

just like my coun-try, I'm young,— scrap-py and hun-gry, and I'm not throw-ing a-way my shot. We're gon - na

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rise up! Time to take a shot! We're gon - na rise up! Time to take a shot! We're gon - na... It's time to take a shot!

It's time to take a shot! It's time to take a shot! Take a shot! Shot! Shot! A - yo, it's

time to take a shot! Time to take a shot! And I am not throw-ing a-way my, not throw-ing a-way my shot!