

Paciencia Y Fe

Olga Merediz, 'In The Heights' Original Broadway Company

ABUELA CLAUDIA

Calor! Calor! Calor!

Calor! Calor! Calor!

Ay Mama!

The summer's hottest day

Paciencia y fe

Paciencia y fe

Ay carajo, it's hot!

But that's okay

Mama would say,

"Paciencia y fe"

It was hotter at home in La Vibora

The Washington Heights of Havana

A crowded city of faces the same 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, Mama, so many stars in Cuba

En Nueva York we can't see beyond our streetlights

To reach the roof you gotta bribe the supa

Ain't no cassiopeia in Washington Heights

But ain't no food in La Vibora

I remember nights, anger in the streets, hunger at the windows

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

Mama needs a job, Mama 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

And now I'm wide awake

A million years too late

I talk to you, imagining what you'd do

Remembering what we went through

Nueva York! Ay Mama!

It wasn't like today, you'd say,

"Paciencia y fe

NEW YORKERS

Paciencia y fe

ABUELA CLAUDIA

Paciencia y fe."

NEW YORKERS

Paciencia y -

ABUELA CLAUDIA

Fresh off the boat in America

Freezing in early December

A crowded city in 1943

Learning the ropes in America

En español I remember

Dancing with Mayor Laguardia

All of society welcoming Mami and me! Ha!

EMPLOYERS

You better clean this mess!

ABUELA CLAUDIA

Paciencia y fe...

EMPLOYERS

You better learn ingles!

ABUELA CLAUDIA

Paciencia y fe...

EMPLOYERS

You better not be late

You better pull your weight

Are you better off than you were with the birds of La Vibora?

ABUELA CLAUDIA

Sharing double 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 of the upper east side.

The days into weeks, the weeks into years, and here I stayed

NEW YORKERS

Paciencia y fe...

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ABUELA CLAUDIA

And as I fed these birds

My hands begin to shake

And as I say these words

My heart's about to break

And ay Mama

What do you do when your dreams come true?

I've spent my life inheriting dreams from you

I've made it through. I survived.

I did it. Now do I leave, or stay?

Alright, Mama, Okay.

Paciencia y fe!

NEIGHBORS

Calor, Calor, Calor!

Songwriters: Miranda Lin-manuel