

# A HUNDRED MILLION MIRACLES

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato  
N.C.

Slowly and tenderly  
MEI LI:

My fa - ther says that chil - dren keep grow - ing,

*mf* *p*

Bb7b5 A7

N.C.

Riv - ers keep flow - ing, too. My fa - ther says he does - n't know why, But

DR. LI: They dol — Some - how or oth - er they do.

MEI LI:

some - how or oth - er they do. A

*p*

Più vivo

D5

N.C.

hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles, A

(Drum)

*8vb*

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G
D
Em7
F#m

hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles are happ-'ning ev - 'ry day, And those who

G+
A7
D
Em7
F#m
G+
A7
F

say they don't a - gree Are those who do not hear or see.

A7/E
N.C.
D5
N.C.

A hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles, A

(Drum)

*mf* *p*

8vb

G
G/F#
C/E
A7
D

hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles are happ'ning ev - 'ry day. When a

DR. LI: (*speaks*)  
Miracle of weather!  
MEI LI:

*p*

Tranquillo (calmly)

D(add9) D6 D(add9) Am7/D

dark blue cur-tain is pinned by the stars, Pinned by the stars to the sky, Ev - 'ry

*legato*

A7/D D6

flow'r and tree is a treat to see, The air is ver - y clean and dry, Then a

D6/9 D6 D6/9 Am7/D

wind comes blow-ing the pins all a - way, Night is con-fused and up - set! The

A7b5/D# A13 D DR. LI: MEI LI:

(Spoken)

sky falls down like a clum - sy clown, The flow-ers and the trees get wet. Ver - y wet! A

*mf* *p*

Più vivo  
N.C.

ALL:

hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles, A

(Drum)

8vb

MEI LI:

hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles are happ'ning ev - 'ry day, And when the

G D Em7 F#m

wind shall turn his face, The pins are put right back in place!

G+ A7 D Em7 F#m G+ A7 F

A hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles, A

(Drum)

A7/E D5

ALL: N.C. N.C.

mf p

LIANG:

hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles are happ-'ning ev - 'ry day! \_\_\_\_\_ In

*mp*

G G/F# C/E A7 D

ev - 'ry sin - gle min - ute so much is go - ing on, A - long the Yel - low

*poco a poco cresc.*

Em7/D

Riv - er or the Tib - er or the Don, A hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles!

*mf*

(Drum)

8vb

N.C. D5


WANG:

A swal - low in Tas - man - ia is sit - ting on her eggs, And sud - den - ly those

*mp*

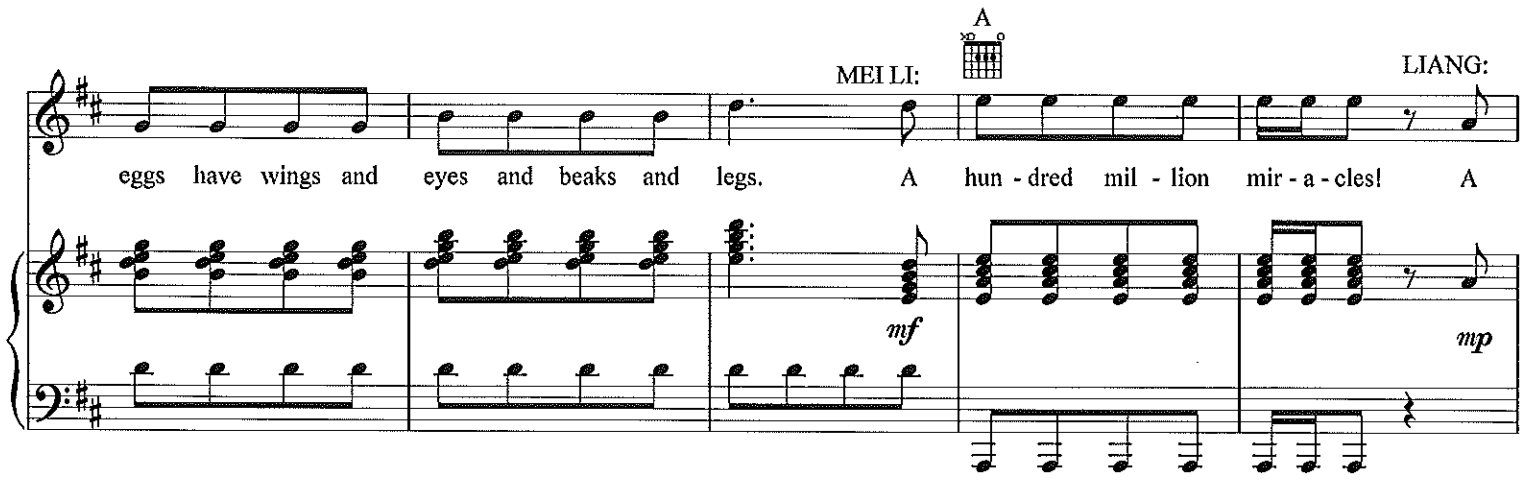
*poco a poco cresc.*

Em7/D

MEI LI:  LIANG:

eggs have wings and eyes and beaks and legs. A hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles! A

*mf* *mp*



lit - tle girl in Chung - king, just thir - ty inch - es tall, De - cides that she will

*poco a poco cresc.*






ALL: N.C. MEI LI:

try to walk and near - ly does - n't fall! A hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles! A

*f* *mp*

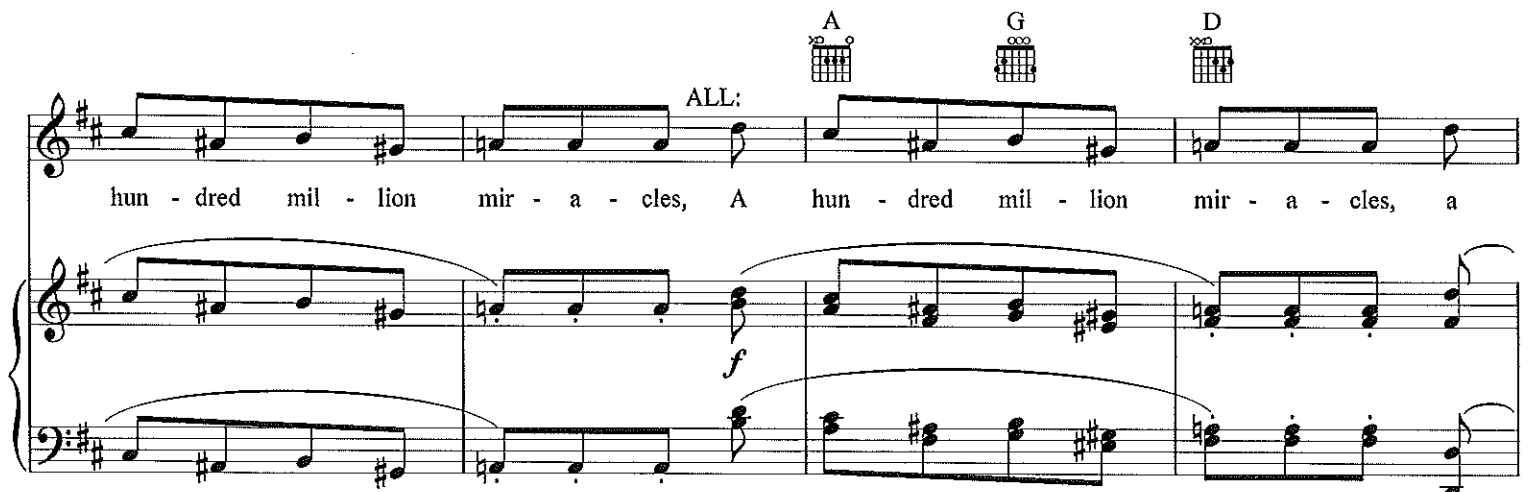


ALL:

hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles, A hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles, a

*f*



A7 D G G/F# C/E A7

hun - dred mil - lion mir - a - cles are happ - 'ning ev - 'ry

*cresc.*

D MEILI: N.C. Coda (slowly and tenderly)

day! My fa - ther says the sun will keep ris - ing

*p*

Bb7b5 A7 N.C.

o - ver the east - ern hill. My fa - ther says he does - n't know why but

D OTHERS: It will! Some - how or oth - er it will.

some - how or oth - er it will.

L.H. *mp*