

# A Hundred Million Miracles

Words by  
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd

Music by  
RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato (Uke tacet) Slowly and tenderly

MEI LI:

My fa - ther says that child - ren keep grow - ing;

Piano *mf* *p*

A7 (Uke tacet)

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

DR. LI: They do! — some - how or oth - er they do. MEI LI:

some - how or oth - er they do. A

Più vivo

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

(Drum)

1037-7

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

G D Em7 F#m

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

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

(Uke tuet)

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

(Drum)

mf p

hundred mil - lion mir - a - cles are happ - 'ning ev - 'ry day.

G C A7 D

DR. LI: (speaks)  
Miracle of weather!

D  
Tranquillo (*calmly*)

MEI LI:

When a dark blue cur-tain is pinned by the stars, Pinned by the stars to the

*p* *legato*

Am7 A7 D6  
sky, Ev-'ry flow'r and tree is a treat to see, The air is ver-y clean and dry. Then a

Am7  
wind comes blow-ing the pins all a-way, Night is con-fused and up-set! The-

A7(5b) A7 D DR. LI: (spoken) MEI LI:  
sky falls down like a clum-sy clown, The flow-ers and the trees get wet. Ver-y wet! A

*mf* *p*

(Uke tacet)  
Più vivo

ALL:

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

(Drum)

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

G 8... D Em7 F#m MEI LI:

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

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

(Uke tacet)  
ALL:

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

(Drum)

mf 2'

LIANG:

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

*mp*

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

*poco a poco cresc.*

(Uke tacet)

ki-ang or the Tib-er or the Don. A hun-dred mil-lion mir-a-cles!

*mf*

WANG:

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

*mp poco a poco cresc.*

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*

ALL: (*Uke tacet*) MEI LI

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



*cresc.* *f* *mp*

ALL:   

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



*f*

A7 D G C A7

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

*cresc.*

D

(Uke tacet) MEI LI: Coda (Slowly and tenderly)

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

*f* *p*

A7

(Uke tacet)

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

OTHERS: It will! — some - how or oth - er it will. —

some - how or oth - er it will.

L.H. *mf*