

A HUNDRED MILLION MIRACLES

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN
in association with JOSEPH FIELDS
present

FLOWER DRUM SONG

Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd

Book by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd and JOSEPH FIELDS

Based on the Novel by C.Y. LEE

Directed by
GENE KELLY

PRICE
75c



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A Hundred Million Miracles

Words by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato **Slowly and tenderly**

(Uke tacet) **MEI LI:**

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

Piano *mf* *p*

Riv-ers keep flow-ing too. *(Uke tacet)* 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, *(Drum)* *A*

1037-7

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hun-dred 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

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

(Uke tacet) (Drum)

mf p

8...

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

G C A7 D DR. LI: (speaks)
Miracle of weather!

Tranquillo (*calmly*)

MEI LI:

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

p *legato*

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

Am7 A7 D6

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

Am7

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

A7(5b) A7 D DR. LI: (spoken) MEI LI:

mf *p*

(Uke tacet)
Più vivo

ALL:

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

(Drum)

8...!

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

G 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, A

(Drum)

mf 2'

8...!

LIANG:

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

mp

Chords: G, C, A7, D

Em7

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

Em7

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

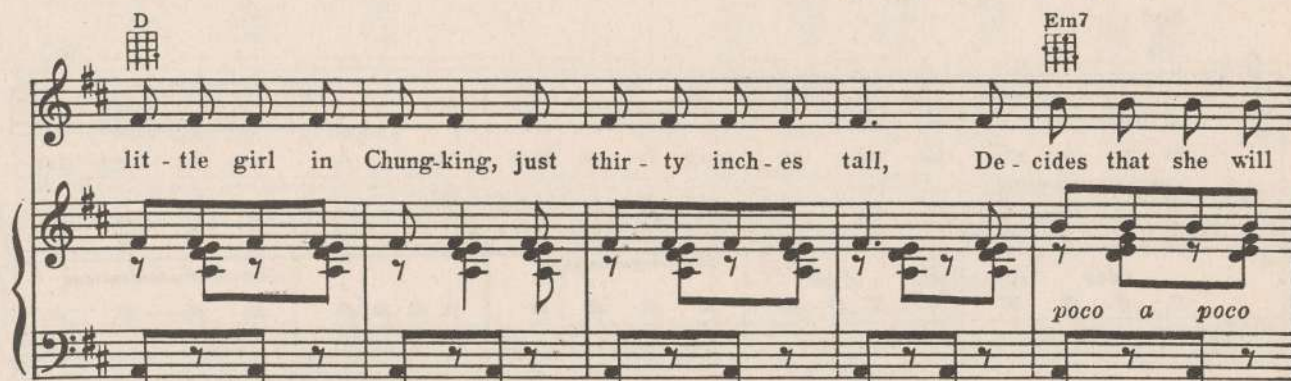
mf *mp*



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

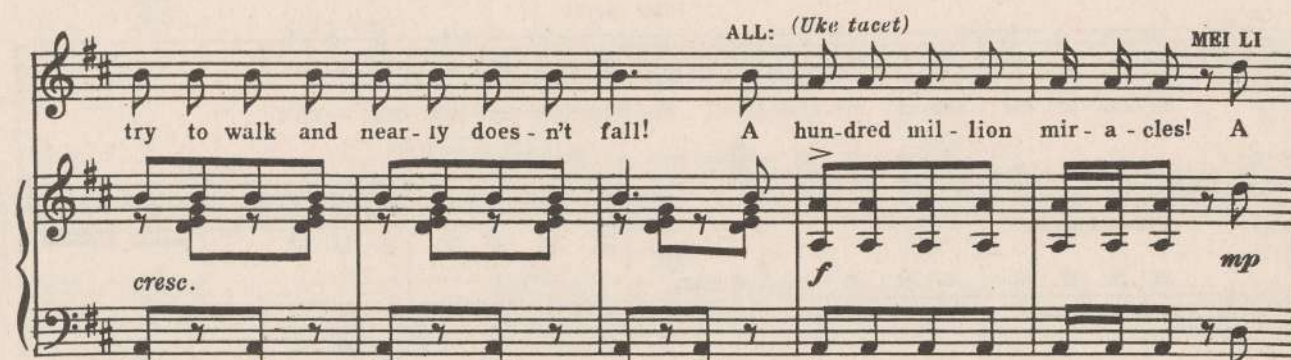
poco a poco



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. *mp*