

B♭ Trumpet

The Sound of Silence - Gm

Trumpet - Am

Paul Simon

♩ = 100

Am 2 Am G G

Trpt Hel-lo dark-ness my old friend, I've come to

9 Am Am F C

Tpt talk with you a - gain. Be-cause a vi-sion soft-ly creep-ing

16 C F C C F

Tpt left its seeds while I was sleep-ing. And the vi-sion that was

23 C Am G

Tpt plant-ed in my brain still re - mains with-in the sound of

32 Am Am Verse 2 G G

Tpt sil-ence. In rest-less dreams I walked a - lone, nar-row

39 Am Am F C

Tpt streets of cob-ble stone. 'Neath the ha-lo of a street lamp,

46 C F C F

Tpt I turned my col-lar to the cold and damp. When my eyes were stabbed

52 F C Am

Tpt by the flash of a ne-on light that split the night and touched the

60 G Am Am **Verse 3** G G

Tpt sound of silence.

69 Am Am F C C F C

Tpt

80 C F C Am

Tpt

90 Am G Am **Verse 4** Am G

Tpt And in the na-ked light I saw

99 G Am Am

Tpt ten thou-sand peo-ple may-be more. Peo-ple talk-ing with-out

105 F C C F C C

Tpt speak-ing, peo-ple hear-ing with-out list'ning, peo-ple

112 F C

Tpt

writ-ing songs that voices ne-ver share. And no-one dared

120 Am Am G Am Verse 5 Am

Tpt

dis-turb the sound of si-lence. "Fools," said

127 G G Am Am

Tpt

I, "you do not know si-lence, like a can-cer, grows. Hear my

135 F C C

Tpt

words, that I might teach you. Take my arms, that I might

140 F C C F C 2

Tpt

reach you." But my words, like si-lent rain-drops, fell.

150 Am G Am Verse 6 Am

Tpt

And ech-oed in the wells of si-lence. And the

158 G G Am Am

Tpt

peo-ple bowed and prayed to the ne-on god they made. And the

166

Tpt

sign flashed out its warn-ing in the words that it was form-ing.

F C C F C

173

Tpt

And the sign said, "the words of the pro-phets are writ-ten on the sub-way walls

C F F

179

Tpt

and ten-e-ment halls and whis-pered in the sounds of

C C Am C C rit. G

187

Tpt

si - lence."

Am

3