

B♭ Trumpet

The Sound of Silence - Am

Trumpet - Bm

Paul Simon

♩ = 100

Trpt

Bm 2 Bm A A

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

9 Bm Bm G D

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

16 D G D D G

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

23 D Bm A

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

32 Bm Bm Verse 2 A A

silence. In rest-less dreams I walked a - lone, nar-row

39 Bm Bm G D

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

46 D G D G

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

52 G D Bm
Tpt by the flash of a ne-on light that split the night and touched the

60 A Bm Bm Verse 3 A A
Tpt sound of silence.

69 Bm Bm G D D G D
Tpt

80 D G D Bm Bm
Tpt

91 A Bm Verse 4 Bm A
Tpt And in the na-ked light I saw

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

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

112 G D
Tpt writ-ing songs that voices ne-ver share. And no-one

119 Bm Bm A Bm Verse 5 Bm
Tpt dared dis-turb the sound of si-lence. "Fools," said

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

135 G D D
Tpt words, that I might teach you. Take my arms, that I might

140 G D D G D
Tpt reach you." But my words, like si-lent rain-drops, fell.

148 2 Bm A Bm
Tpt And ech-oad in the wells of si-lence.

157 Verse 6 Bm A A Bm
Tpt And the peo-ple bowed and prayed to the ne-on god they made.

164 Bm G D D

Tpt

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

171 G D D G

Tpt

form-ing. And the sign said, "the words of the prophets are

177 G D D Bm

Tpt

writ-ten on the sub-way walls and ten-e-ment halls and

183 D D rit. A Bm 3

Tpt

whis-pered in the sounds of si-lence."