

B \flat Trumpet

The Sound of Silence - Cm

Trumpet - Dm

Paul Simon

$\text{♩} = 100$

Trpt Dm 2 Dm C C
 Hel-lo dark-ness my old friend, I've come to

9 Dm Dm $\text{B}\flat$ F
 talk with you a - gain. Be-cause a vi-sion soft-ly creep-ing

16 F $\text{B}\flat$ F F $\text{B}\flat$
 left its seeds while I was sleep-ing. And the vi-sion that was

23 F Dm C
 plant-ed in my brain still re - mains with-in the sound of

32 Dm Dm **Verse 2** C C
 si-lence. In rest-less dreams I walked a - lone, nar-row

39 Dm Dm $\text{B}\flat$ F
 streets of cob-ble stone. 'Neath the ha-lo of a street lamp,

46 F $\text{B}\flat$ F $\text{B}\flat$
 I turned my col-lar to the cold and damp. When my eyes were stabbed

52 $B\flat$ F Dm
Tpt

by the flash of a neon light that split the night and touched the

60 C Dm Dm Verse 3 C C
Tpt

sound of silence.

69 Dm Dm $B\flat$ F F $B\flat$ F
Tpt

80 F $B\flat$ F Dm Dm
Tpt

91 C Dm Verse 4 Dm C C
Tpt

And in the naked light I saw ten thousand

100 Dm Dm $B\flat$ F
Tpt

people maybe more. People talking without speaking,

107 F $B\flat$ F F $B\flat$
Tpt

people hearing without listening, people writing songs that

115 F Dm Dm C
Tpt voices ne-ver share. And no-one dared dis-turb the sound

123 Dm Verse 5 Dm C C
Tpt of silence. "Fools," said I, "you do not know silence,

131 Dm Dm Bb F
Tpt like a can-cer, grows. Hear my words, that I might teach you.

138 F Bb F F Bb
Tpt Take my arms, that I might reach you." But my words, like

145 F 2 Dm C
Tpt si-lent rain-drops, fell. And ech-oe'd in the wells

154 Dm Verse 6 Dm C C
Tpt of silence. And the peo-ple bowed and prayed to the

162 Dm Dm Bb F
Tpt ne-on god they made. And the sign flashed out its warn-ing

169 F B♭ F F

Tpt

in the words that it was form-ing. And the sign said, "the

175 B♭ B♭ F F

Tpt

words of the prophets are writ-ten on the sub-way walls and ten-e-ment

181 Dm F F rit. C Dm

Tpt

halls and whis-pered in the sounds of silence."

189

Tpt

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