

Sound of silence

Simon and Garfunkel arr. Dan Wattis

$\text{♩} = 100$ **A**

f

Hel-lo dark-ness my old friend, I've come to talk with you a - gain.

11

ff

Be-cause a vi-sion soft-ly creep-ing left its seeds while I was sleep-ing. And the

20

vi-sion that was plant-ed in my brain still re - mains with-in the sound

B

30

ff

of si-lence. In rest-less dreams I walked a - lone, nar-row streets of cob-ble stone.

40

'Neath the ha-lo of a street lamp, I turned my col-lar to the cold and damp.

49

When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a ne-on light that split the night

C

58

and touched the sound of si-lence. And in the na-ked light I saw

67

ten-thous-and peo-ple may-be more. Peo-ple talk-ing with-out speak-ing, peo-ple

76

hear-ing with-out list'-ning, peo-ple writ-ing songs that voi-ces ne-ver share.

86 D

And no-one dared dis-turb the sound of si-lence. "Fools," said I, "you do not

96

know si-lence, like a can-cer, grows. Hear my words, that I might teach you.

106

Take my arms, that I might reach you." But my words, like si-lent rain-drops, fell.

116 E

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

126

peo-ple bowed and prayed to the ne-on god they made. And the sign flashed out its

135

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

144

pro-phets are writ-ten on the sub-way walls and ten-e-ment halls and whis-pered

152

in the sounds *mp* of si-lence."