

The Sound of Silence

Paul Simon

$\text{♩} = 100$



f

Hello darkness my old friend, I've come to talk with you a - gain.



Because a vision soft-ly creeping left its seeds while I was sleeping. And the



vision that was planted in my brain still re - mains within the sound



of silence. *ff* In restless dreams I walked a - lone, narrow streets of cob-ble



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



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



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



ten thousand peo-ple maybe more. People talk-ing without speaking, people



hear-ing with-out list'ning, people writing songs that voices ne-ver share.



And no-one dared disturb the sound of silence. "Fools," said

95
Art I, "you do not know silence, like a cancer, grows. Hear my words, that I might

104
Art teach you. Take my arms, that I might reach you." But my words, like

113
Art silent raindrops, fell. And echoed in the wells of silence.

124
Art And the peo-ple bowed and prayed to the neon god they made. And the

134
Art sign flashed out its warning in the words that it was forming. And the

142
Art sign said, "the words of the prophets are written on the subway walls and tene-ment

149
Art *f* halls and whispered *mp* in the sounds of silence."
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