

# The Sound of Silence – Simon & Garfunkel (1966) Disturbed (2015)

Arr: Jean Judge

## Tenors

**Intro:** (Sops & Altos) oo-oo-oo-oo-oo

.....  
.....

Because a vision softly-y creep-ing  
Left its seeds while I wa-as sleep-ing  
And the vision that was planted in my brain  
Still remains  
Within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone,  
Narrow streets of cobble stone  
'Neath the halo of a-a street lamp  
I turned my collar to the cold and damp  
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light  
That split the night  
And touched the sound of silence.

Ooo-ooo  
Ooo-ooo  
Speaking  
Listening  
Ooo-ooo-ooo  
Oo-oo-oo  
Disturb the sound of silence.

"Fools" said I, "You do not know  
Silence like a cancer grows  
Hear my words that I mi-ight teach you,  
Take my arms that I mi-ight reach you."  
But my words like silent raindrops fell,  
Oo-oo oo oo  
And echoed in the wells of silence.

And the people bowed and prayed  
To the neon god they made.  
And the sign flashed out its warning,  
In the words that it was forming, and the sign said:  
"The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls  
And tenement halls  
And whispered in the sound of silence ... ooo

## Basses

Hello darkness my old friend,  
I've come to talk with you again,  
Because a vision softly-y creep-ing,  
Left its seeds while I wa-as sleep-ing.  
And the vision that was planted in my brain  
Still remains  
Within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone,  
Narrow streets of cobble stone  
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Dm dm dm-dm dm  
Dm dm dm-dm dm  
Dm dm-dm, dm dm-dm  
Dm dm-dm, dm dm  
Dm dm-dm, dm dm-dm  
Dm dm-dm, dm dm-dm-dm  
Dm, dm dm-dm, dm dm-dm, dm, dm

Dm dm dm-dm dm  
Dm dm dm-dm dm  
Dm dm-dm, dm dm-dm  
Dm dm-dm, dm  
Dm dm-dm, dm dm-dm  
Dm dm-dm, dm dm-dm-dm  
Dm dm-dm, dm dm-dm, dm dm-dm dm dm

And the people bowed and prayed dm dm-dm  
To the neon god they made dm dm-dm  
And the sign flashed out it's war - - ning  
In the words that it was for - - ming, and the sign said:  
"The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls  
And tenement halls  
And whispered in the sound of silence .... ooo