

Not a move, Or flinch to make; The day is still, And yet to break. A wave upon the beach,
I'm sure is;

The sound of silence,

On the shore.

The birds up in the tree,

This night;

Will chirp and squawk,

In pale moon light.

The sound of silence,

Is it bliss;

Not one disturbed,

A touch less kiss.

Oh stillest night,

Of perfect quiet;

A peace before,

The morn.

Awake just as,

The sun will rise;

To noon day,

From quiet more reborn.