

Music: Vincent (Starry, Starry Night)
Composed & Performed by Don Mclean

V I N C E N T

VAN GOGH

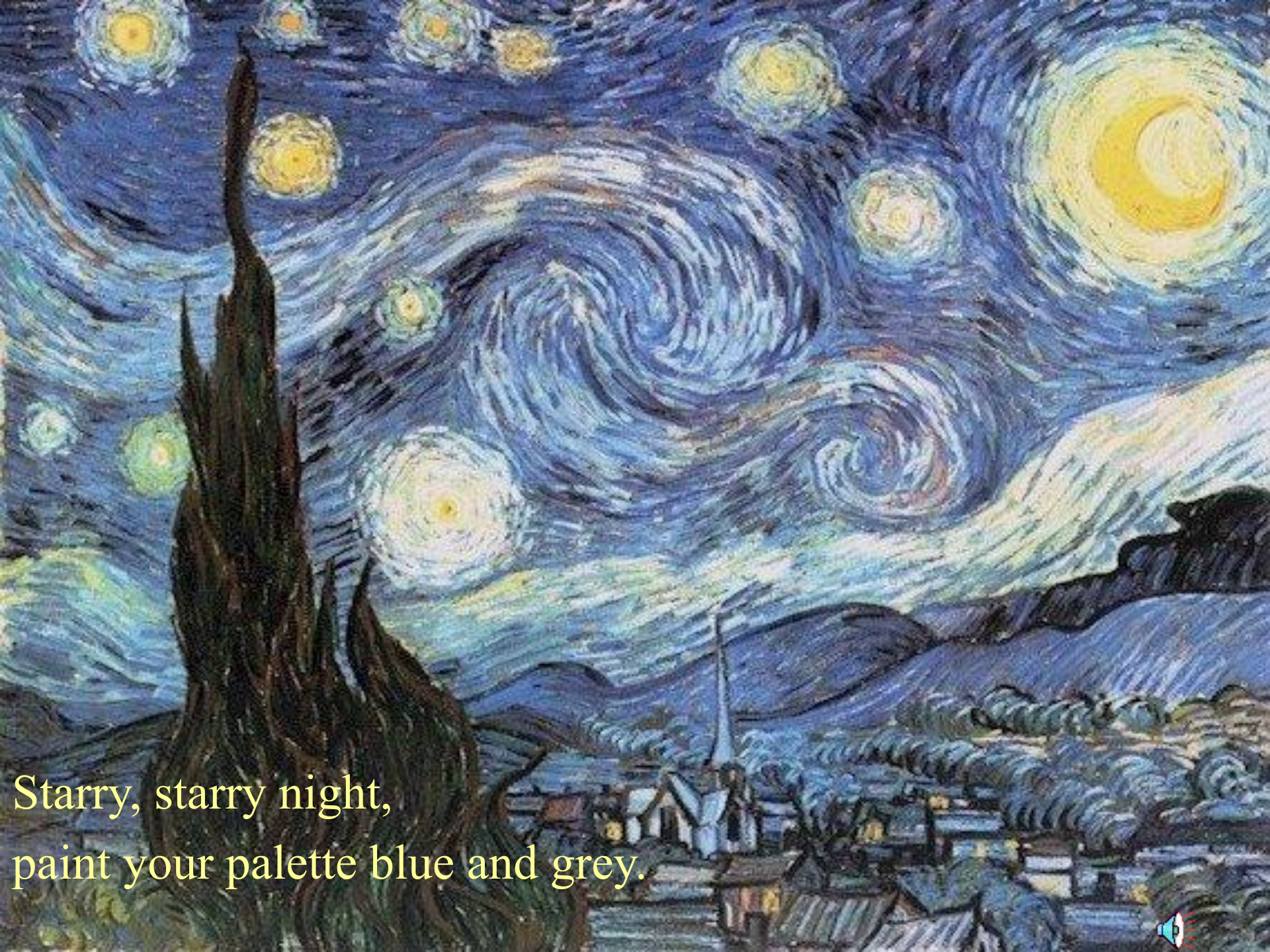
(1853-1890)

Enjoy the paintings with the music and lyrics.

For the greatest impact and the most enjoyment,
please just let the slides advance
automatically in sync with the music.

You'll definitely want your speakers turned on for this.

**Now, press the space bar or mouse click to begin, then
sit back and let the show run itself.**



Starry, starry night,
paint your palette blue and grey.



The image is a highly textured, impressionistic painting of a forest. The brushstrokes are thick and visible, creating a sense of movement and depth. The color palette is dominated by various shades of green, from deep forest greens to bright, almost yellow-green highlights, suggesting sunlight filtering through the leaves. Darker, brownish-green tones define the tree trunks and branches. In the center, a path or stream winds through the trees, leading the viewer's eye into the background. The overall effect is one of a lush, vibrant summer day in a wooded area.

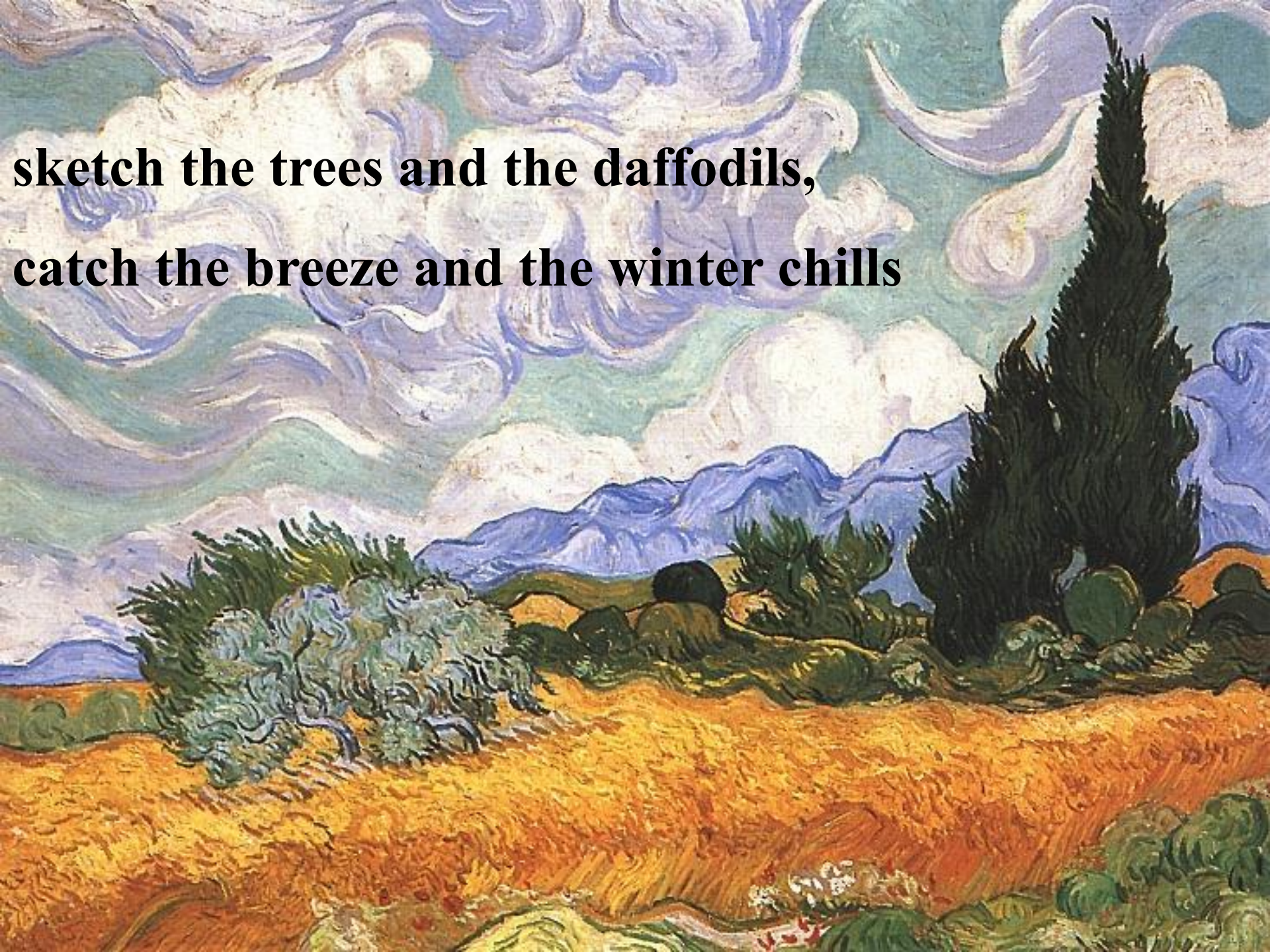
Look out on a summer's day

with eyes that know the darkness in my soul.

Shadows on the hills,



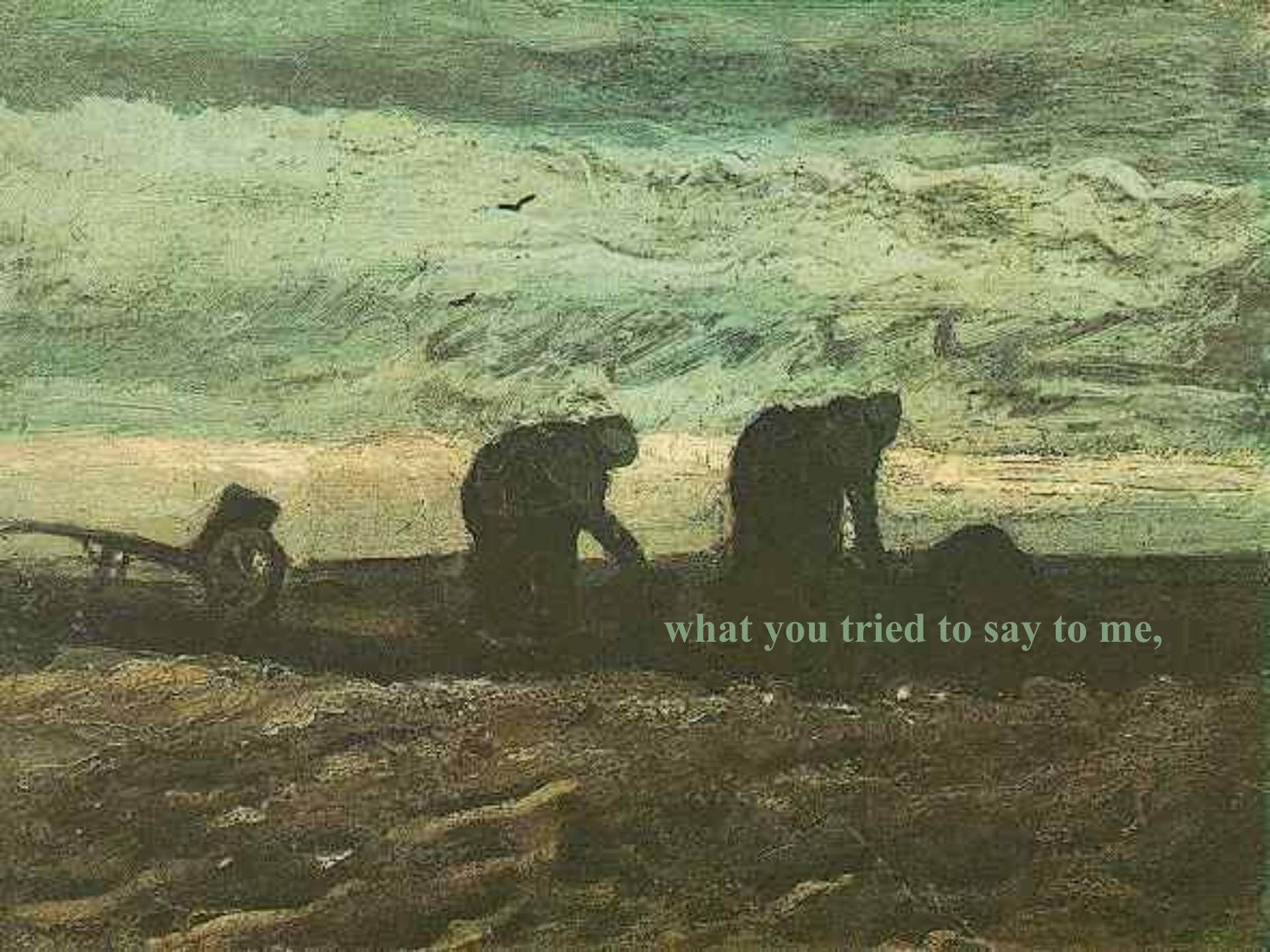
**sketch the trees and the daffodils,
catch the breeze and the winter chills**



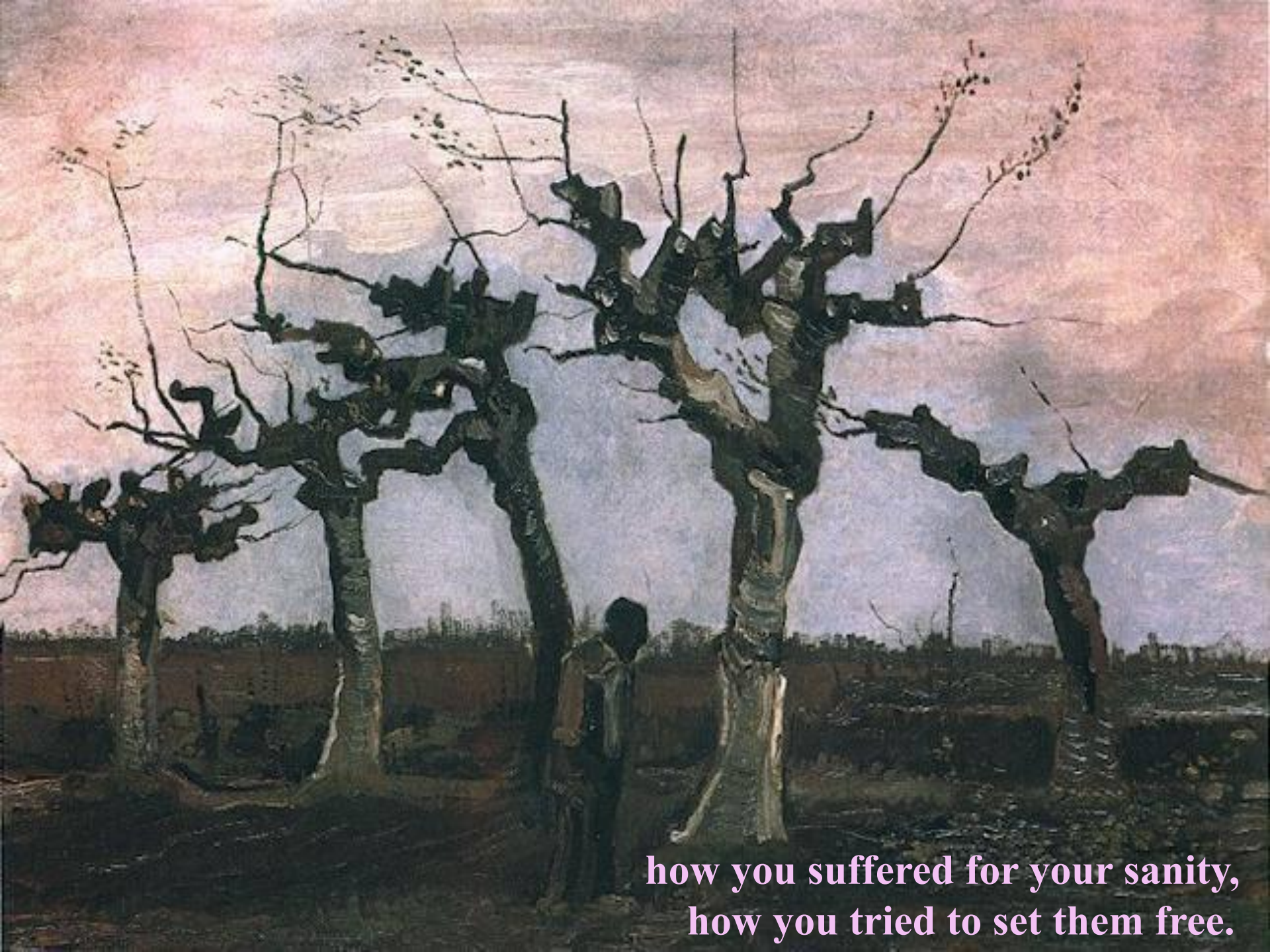
in colors on the snowy linen land.

Now I understand

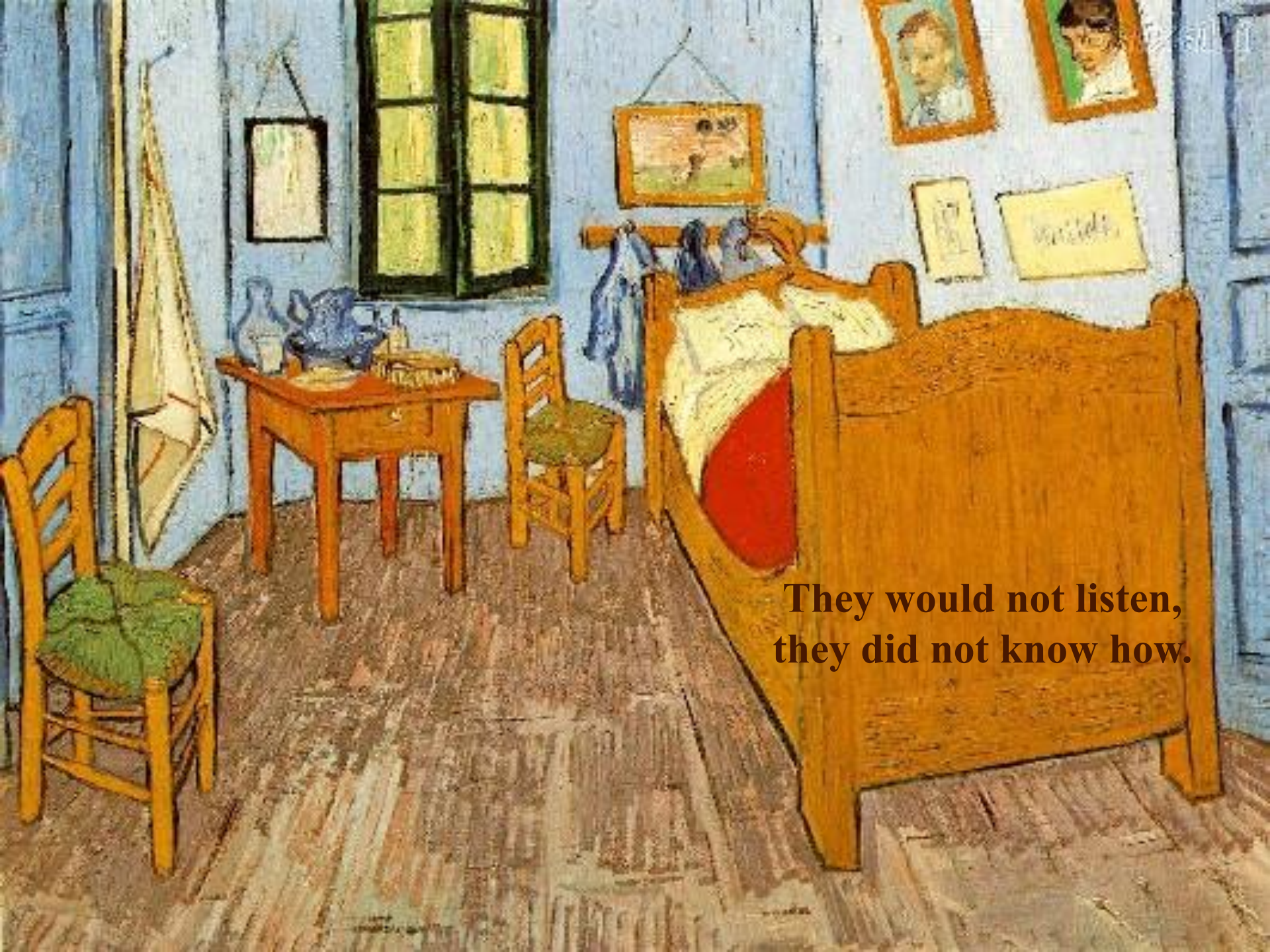




what you tried to say to me,



**how you suffered for your sanity,
how you tried to set them free.**



**They would not listen,
they did not know how.**

perhaps they'll listen now.





Starry, starry night,



flaming flowers that brightly blaze,

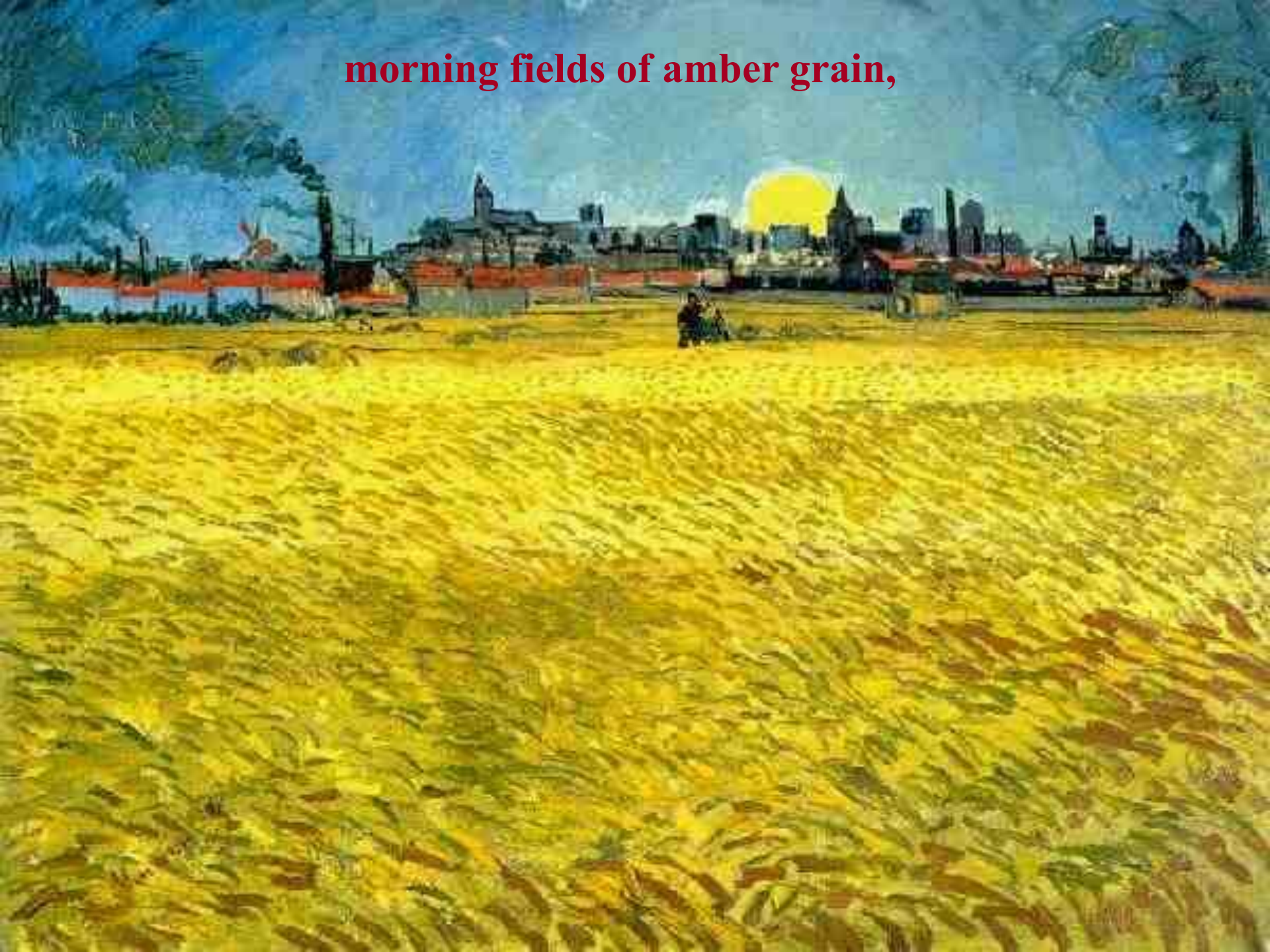


**swirling clouds in violet haze
reflect in Vincent's eyes of China blue.**



Colors changing hue,

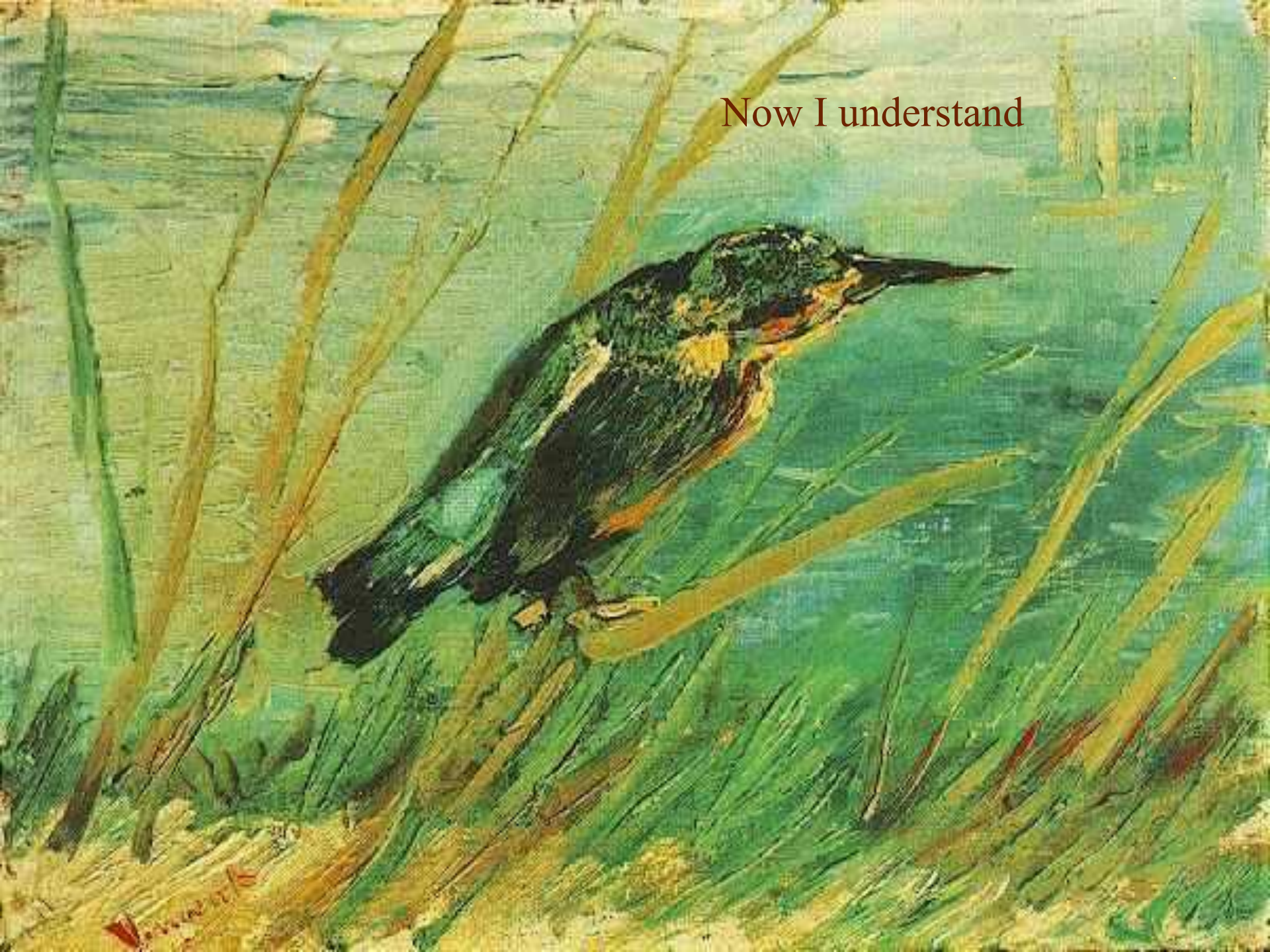
morning fields of amber grain,





**weathered faces lined in pain
are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand.**

Now I understand

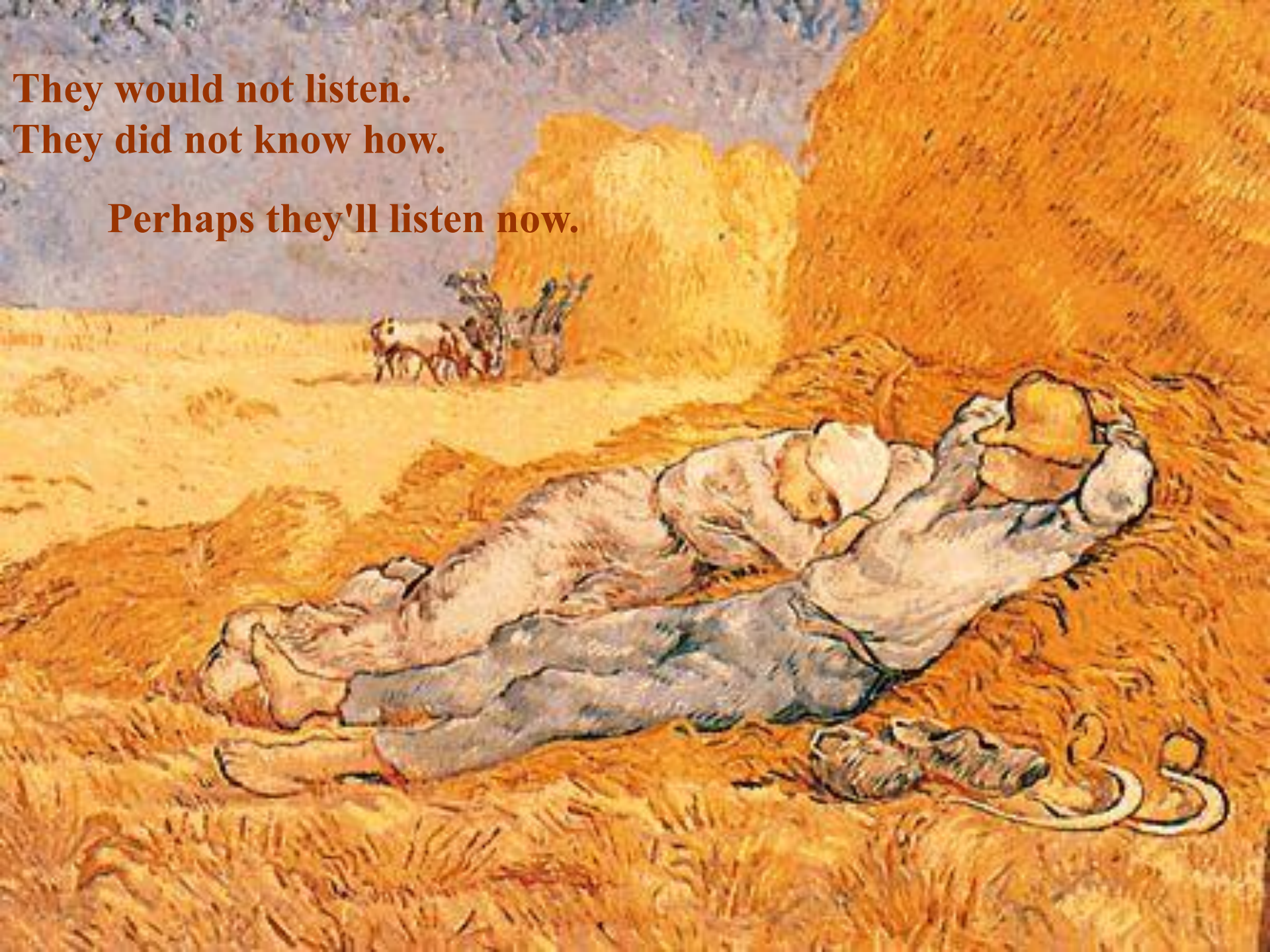


**what you tried to say to me,
how you suffered for your sanity,
how you tried to set them free.**

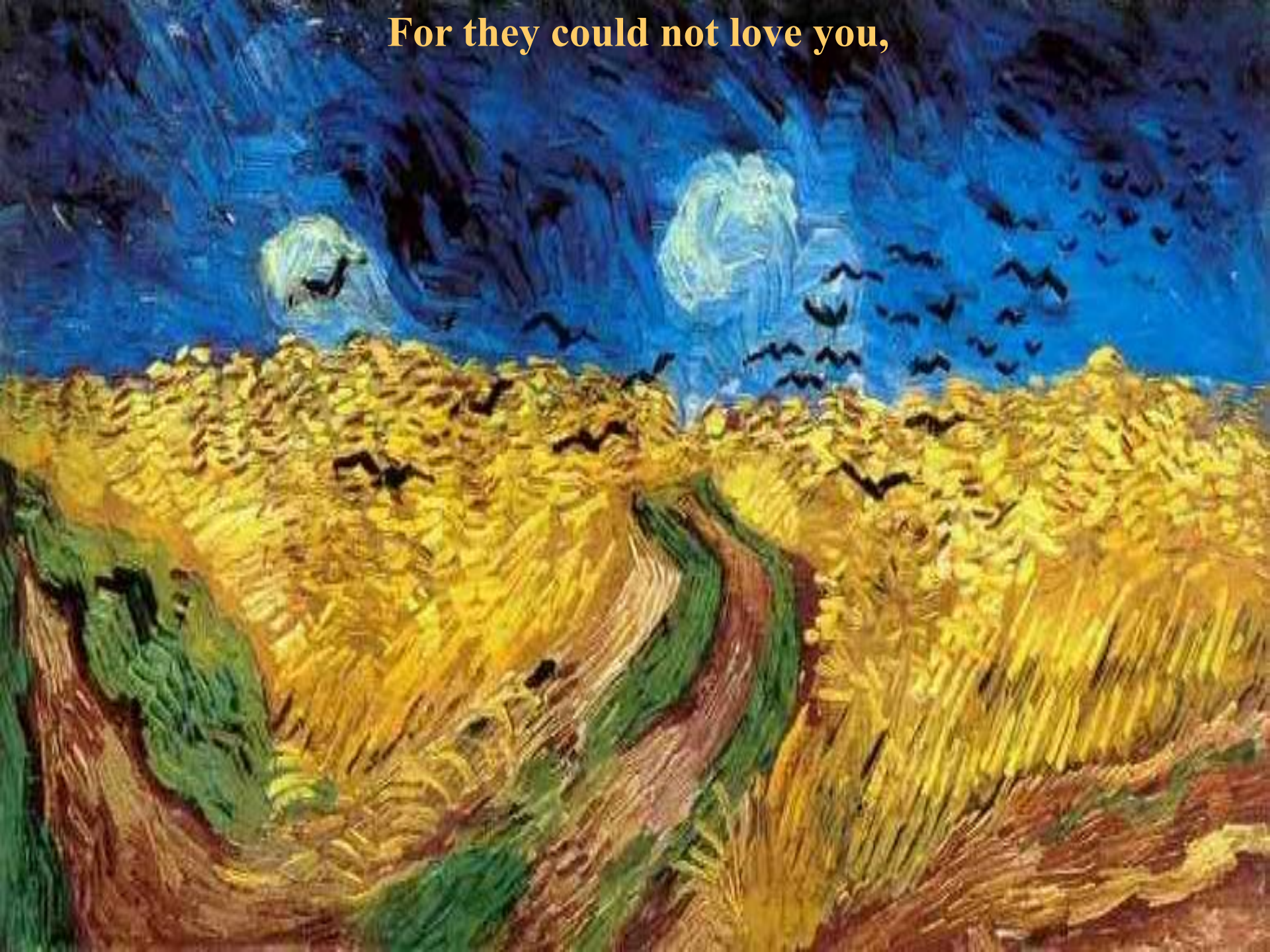


**They would not listen.
They did not know how.**

Perhaps they'll listen now.

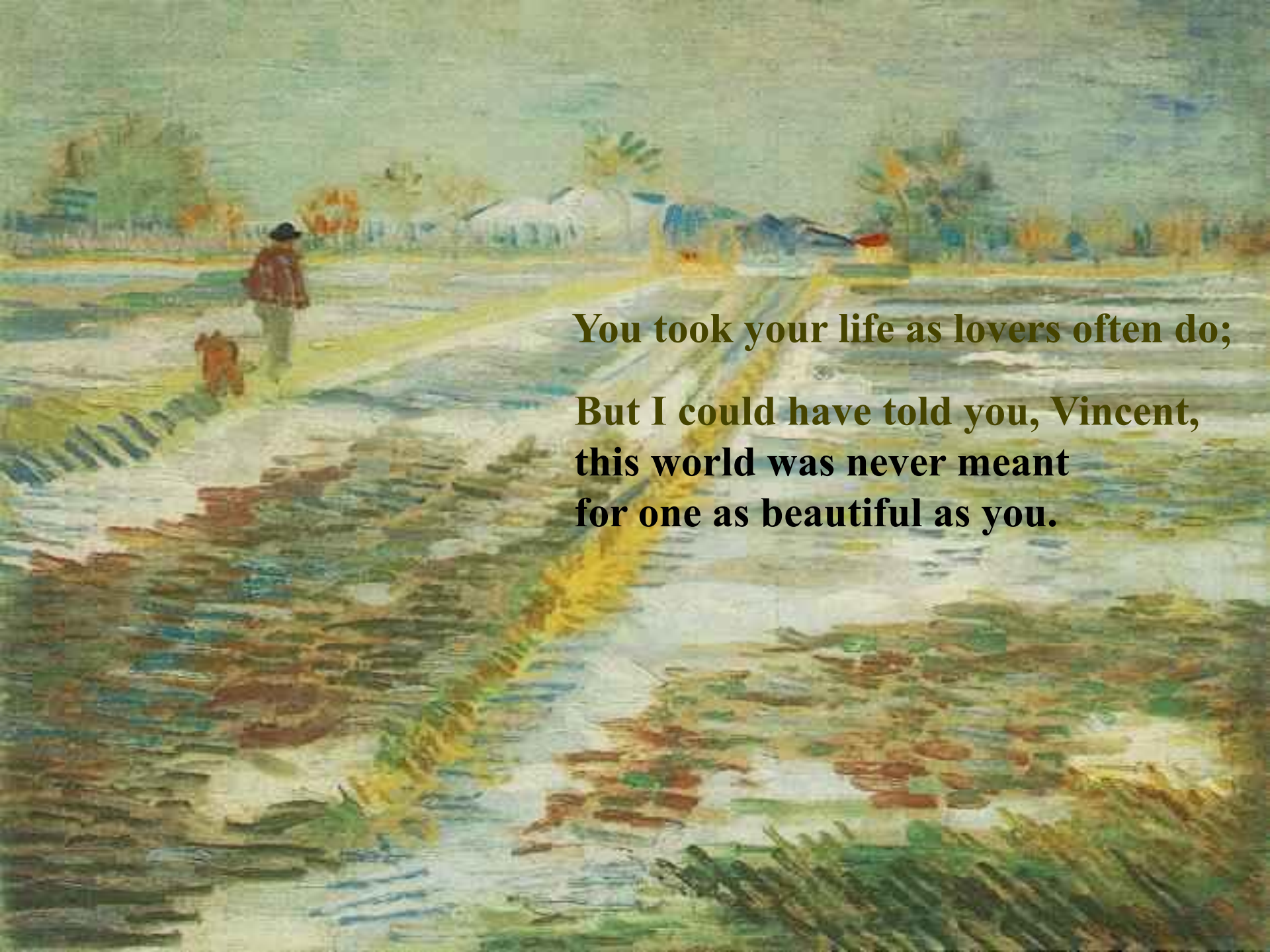


For they could not love you,





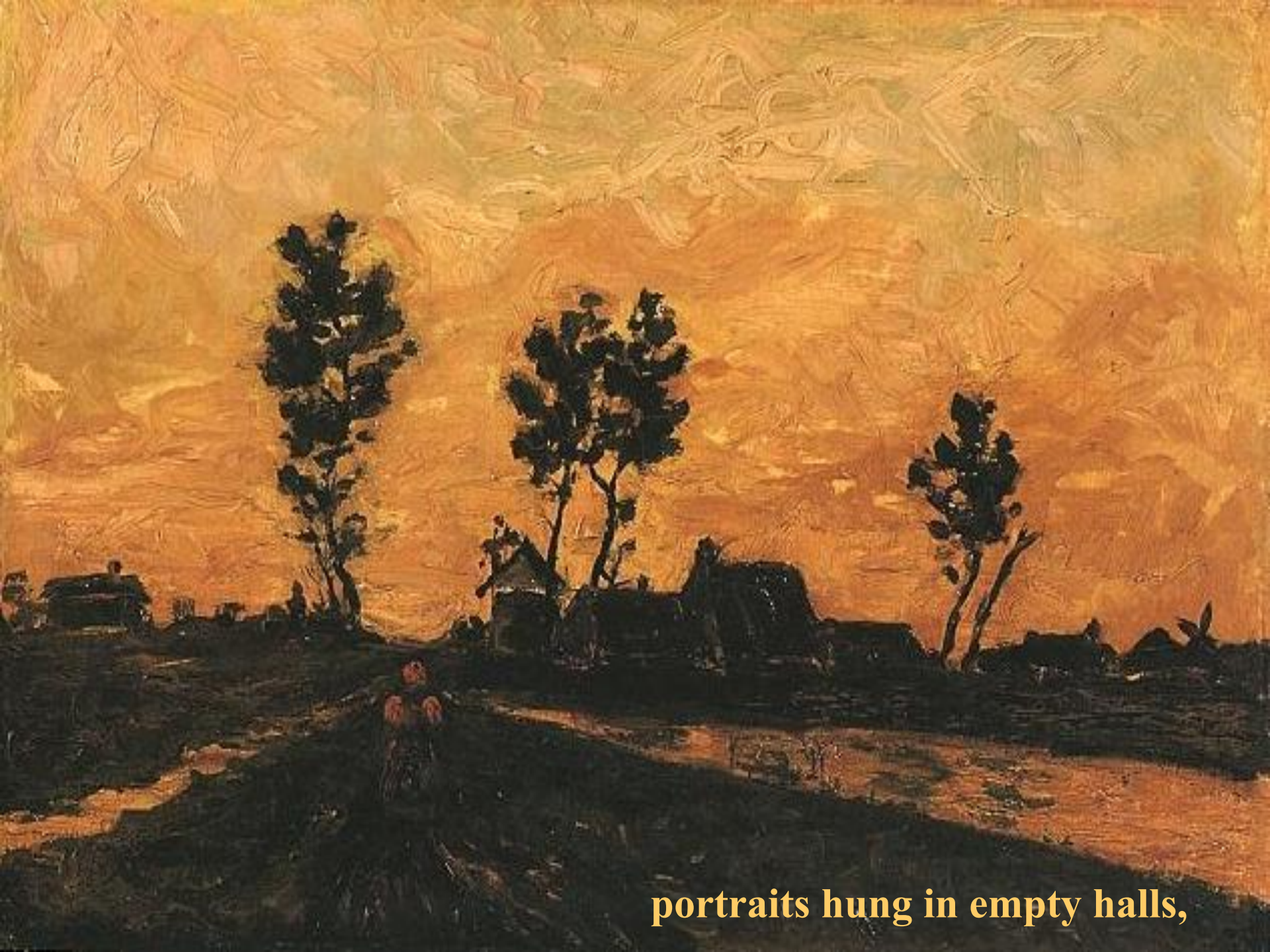
but still your love was true,
and when no hope
was left in sight
on that starry, starry night,



**You took your life as lovers often do;
But I could have told you, Vincent,
this world was never meant
for one as beautiful as you.**

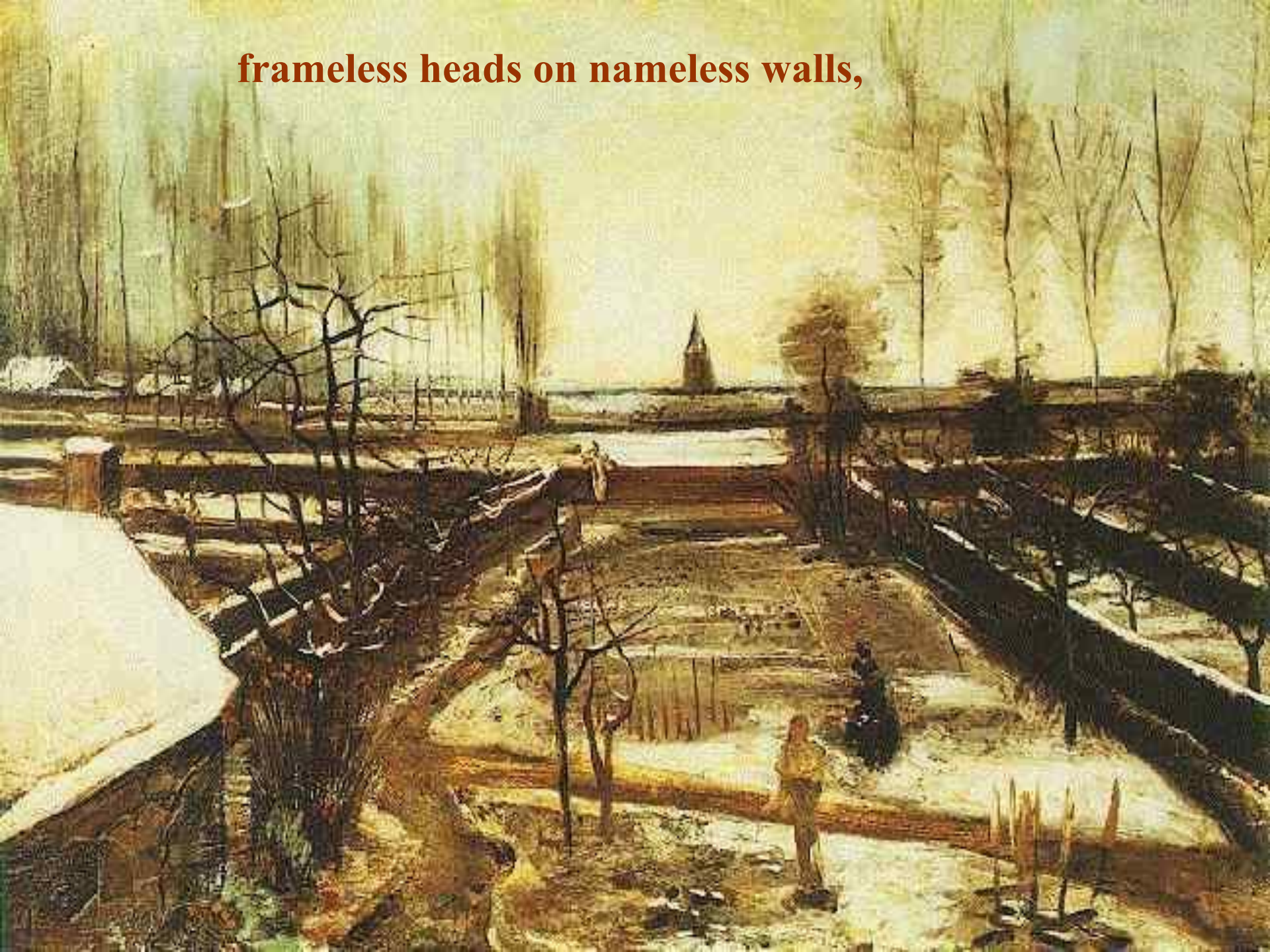


Starry, starry night,



portraits hung in empty halls,

frameless heads on nameless walls,





with eyes that watch the world and can't forget.

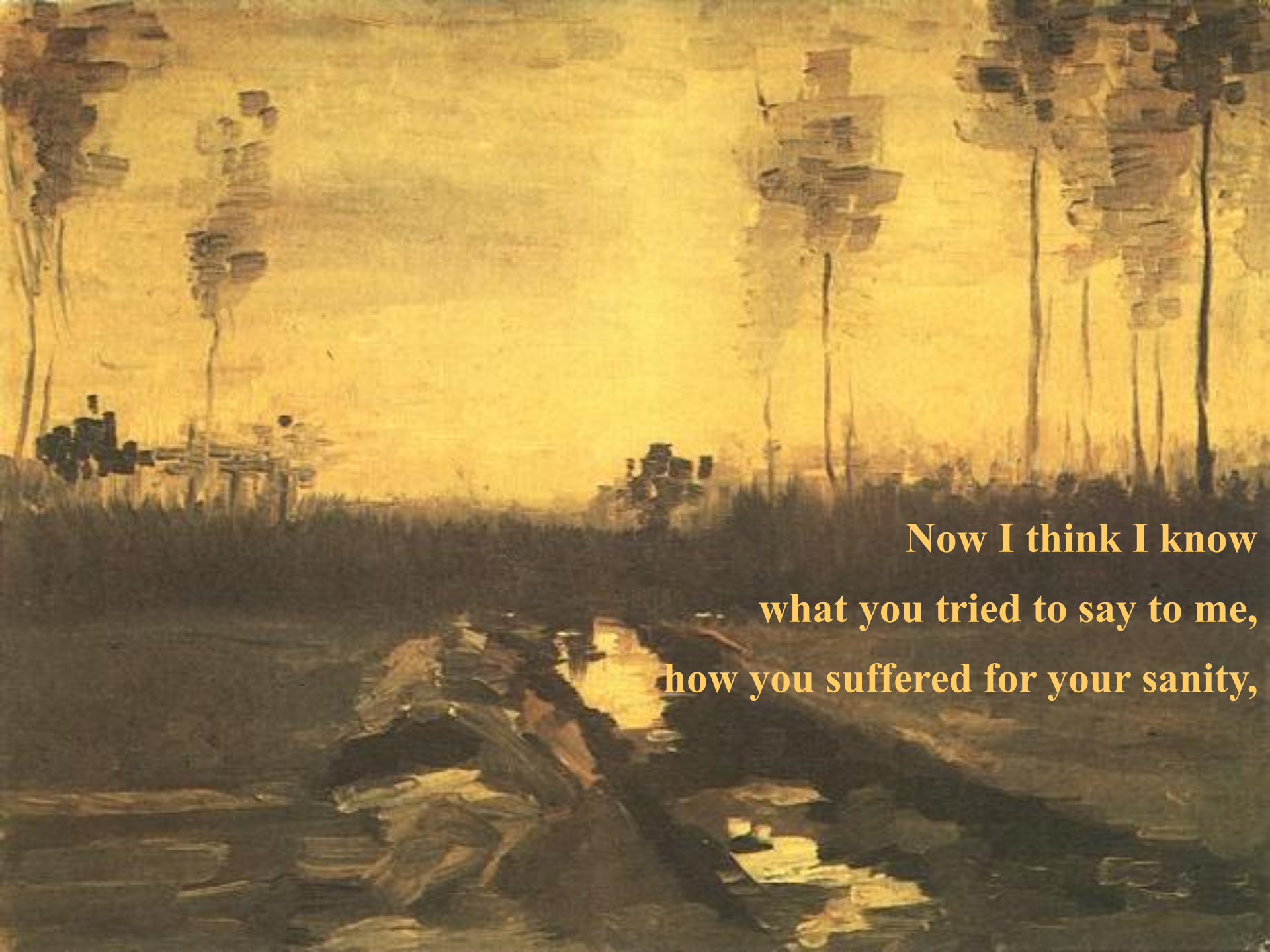
Like the strangers that you've met,



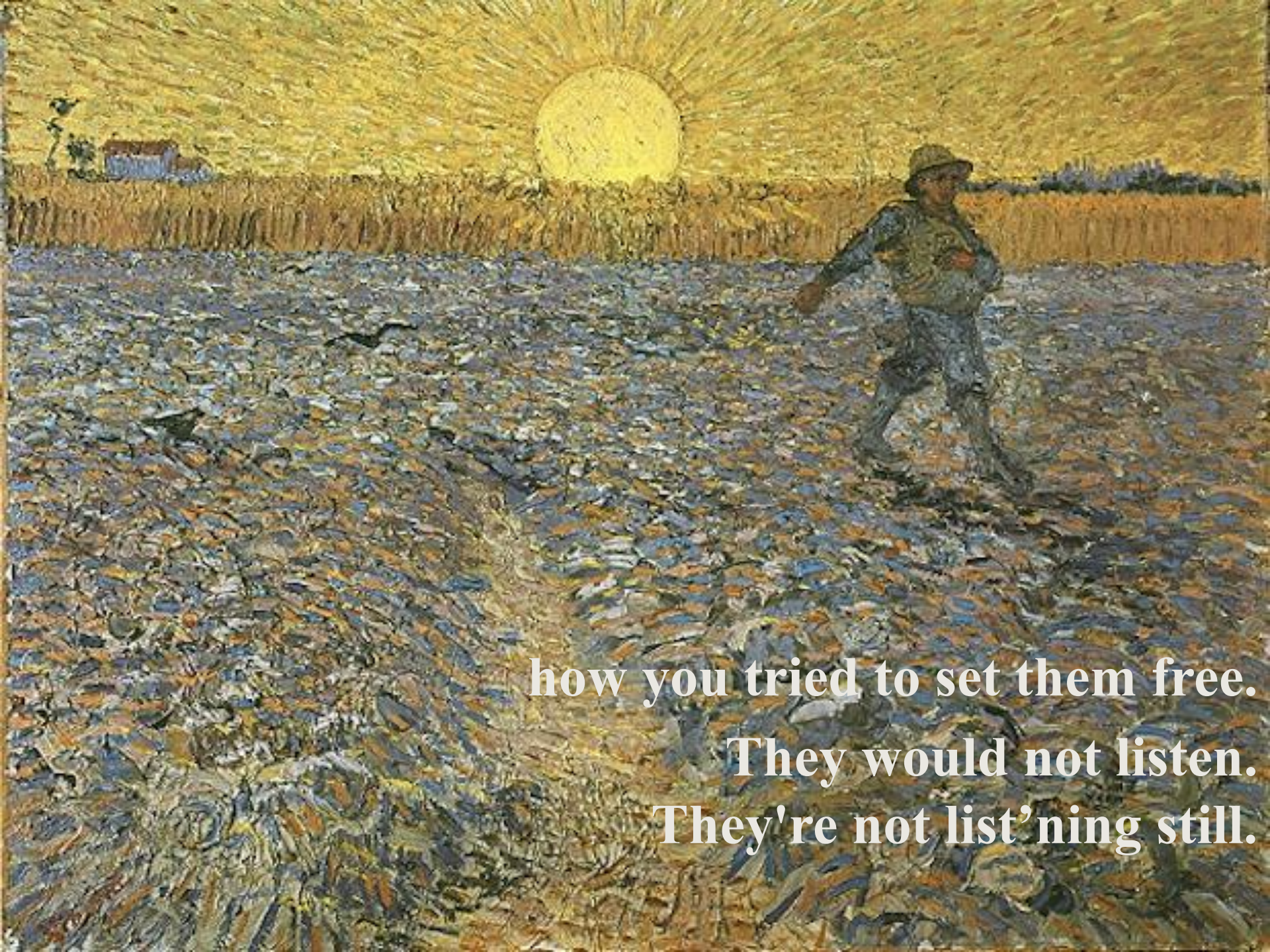
the ragged men in ragged clothes,



**the silver thorn of bloody rose
lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow.**



**Now I think I know
what you tried to say to me,
how you suffered for your sanity,**

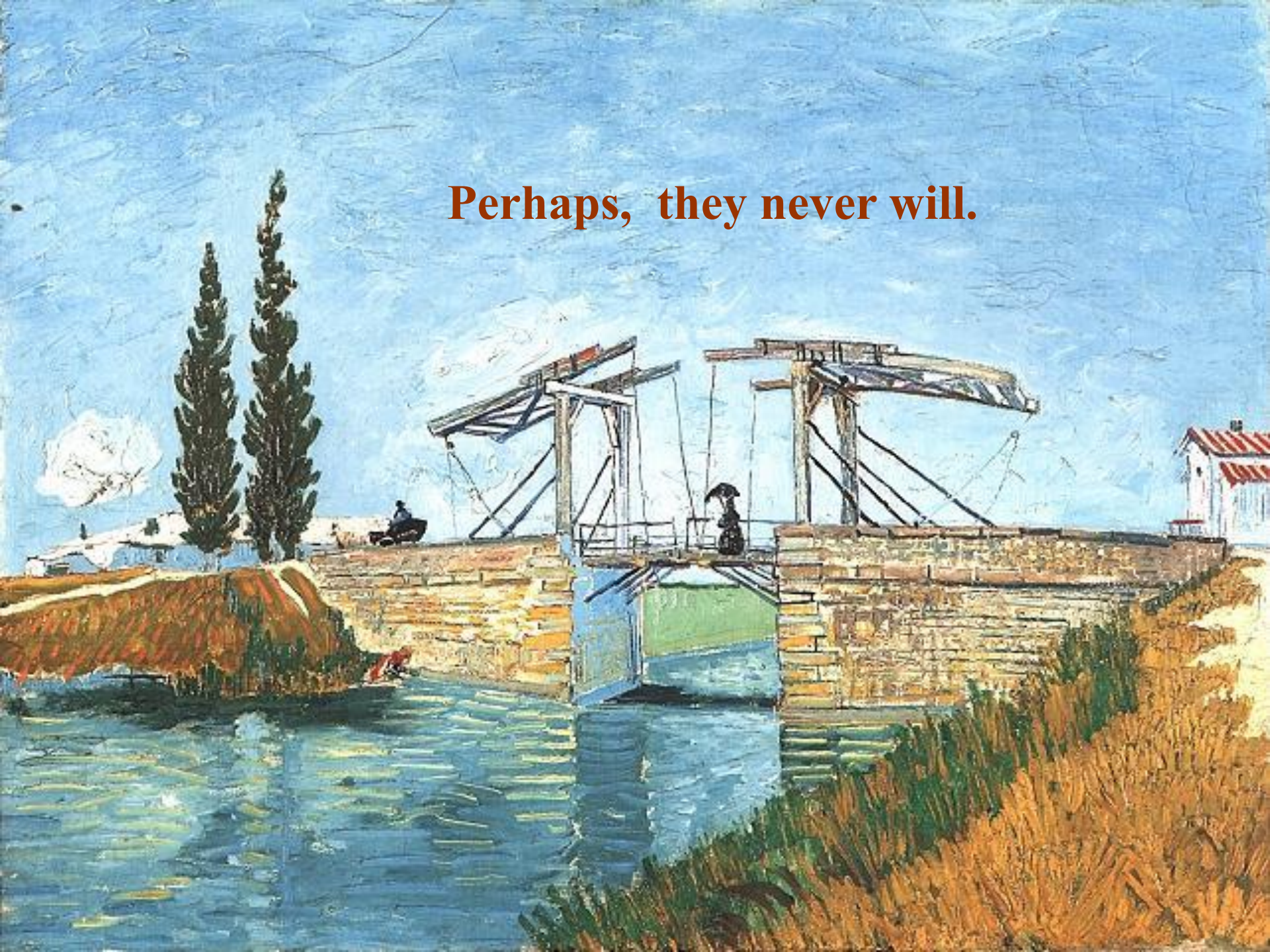


how you tried to set them free.

They would not listen.

They're not list'ning still.

Perhaps, they never will.



VINCENT
VANGOGH



I hope you enjoyed the show. Feel free to share it with others.