

Vincent (van Gogh)

1. Star - ry, star - ry night paint your pa - lette blue and gray,
2. Star - ry, star - ry night, fla - ming flow'rs that bright - ly blaze,
3. Star - ry, star - ry night, por - traits hung in emp - ty halls,

5. 1. Look out on a sum - mer's day, with eyes that know the dark - ness in my soul.____
2. swir - ling clouds in vi - o - let haze re - flect in Vin - cent's eyes of Chi - na blue.____
3. frame - less heads on name - less walls, with eyes that watch the world and can't for - get. Like the

8. 1. Sha - dows on the hills, sketch the trees and the daf - fo - dils,
2. Co - lours chang - ing hue, mor - ning fields of ____ am - ber grain,
3. stran - gers that you've met, the rag - ged men in ____ rag - ged clothes,

11. 1. catch the breeze and the win - ter chills, in co - lours on the sno - wy li - nen land.
2. weath - ered fac - es ____ lined in pain, are soothed be - neath the art - ist's lov - ing hand.
3. the sil - ver thorn of ____ blood - y rose, lie crushed and bro - ken on the vir - gin snow.

15. 1. Now I un - der - stand what you tried to say to me
2. Now I un - der - stand what you tried to say to me
3. Now I think I know what you tried to say to me

19. 1. how you suf - fered for your sa - ni - ty, how you tried to set them free, they would not lis - ten, they did
2. how you suf - fered for your sa - ni - ty, how you tried to set them free, they would not lis - ten, they did
3. how you suf - fered for your sa - ni - ty, how you tried to set them free, they would not lis - ten, they're not

23. 1. not know how, per - haps they'll lis - ten now.
2. not know how, per - haps they'll lis - ten [geh zu Ende 2.](#)

26. [hier Ende 2.](#)
2. now. For they could not love you, But still your love was true, and when no

31. 2. hope was left in sight ____ on that star - ry, star - ry night, you took your life, as lov - ers of - ten do;

34. 2. but i could have told you, Vin - cent, this world was nev er meant for one as beau - ti - ful as you.

38. [hier Ende 3.](#)
3. lis - t'ning still, ____ per - haps they nev - er will. ____

Vincent (van Gogh)

Don McLean

1. Starry, starry night paint your palette blue and gray,
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.

2. Starry, starry night, flaming flow'rs 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.

3. 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.

Überblick der Werke von Vincent van Gogh: <https://www.posterlounge.de/kuenstler/vincent-van-gogh/>

dieses Lied gesungen - mit Text: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oxHnRfhDmrk>

