

Music: Vincent (Acoustic) Composed & Performed by
Don Mclean

V I N C E N
T

VANGOG

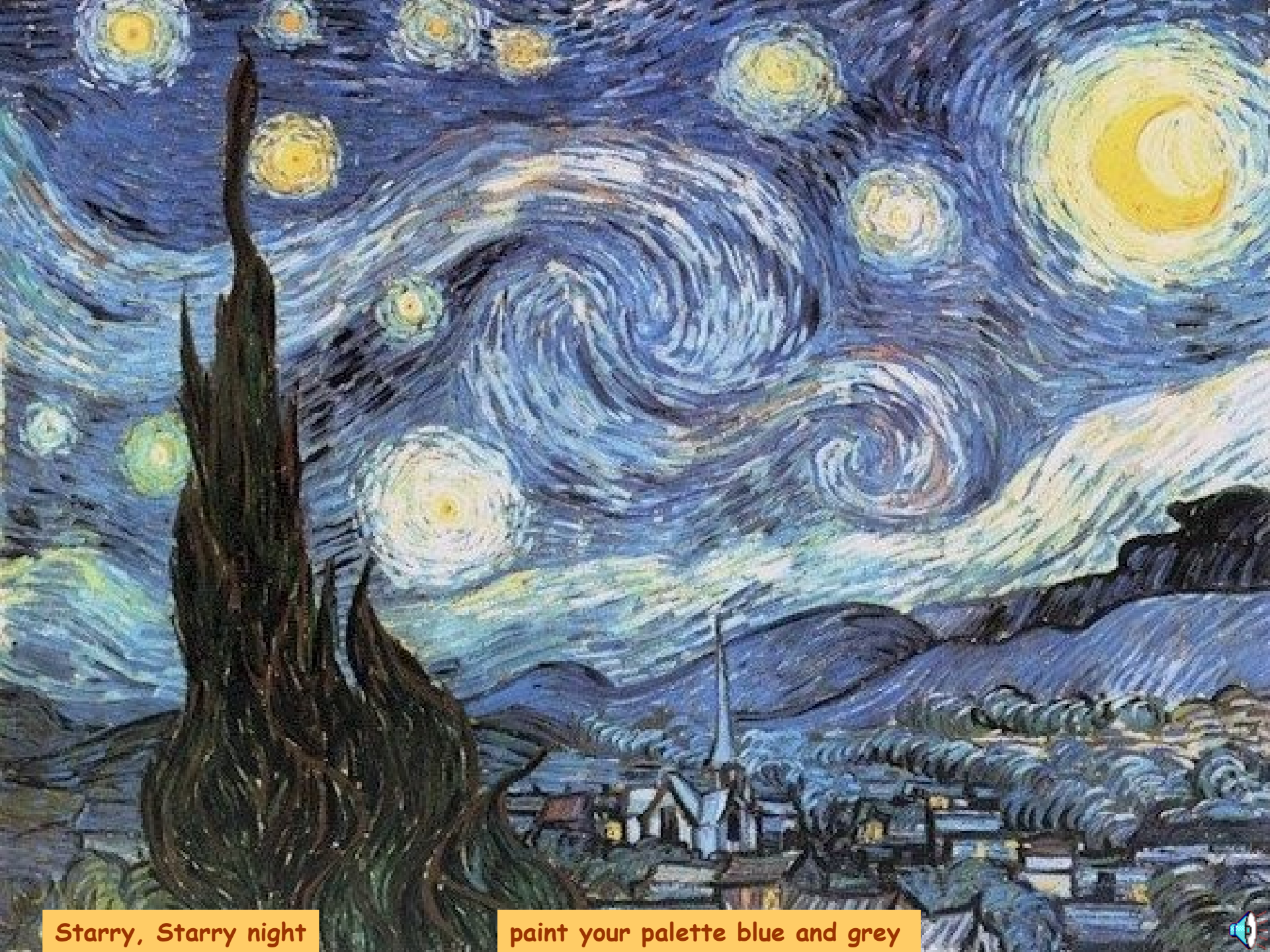
H
(1853-1890)

Enjoy the pictures with the music and lyrics.

Slides will advance automatically.

Have Fun !

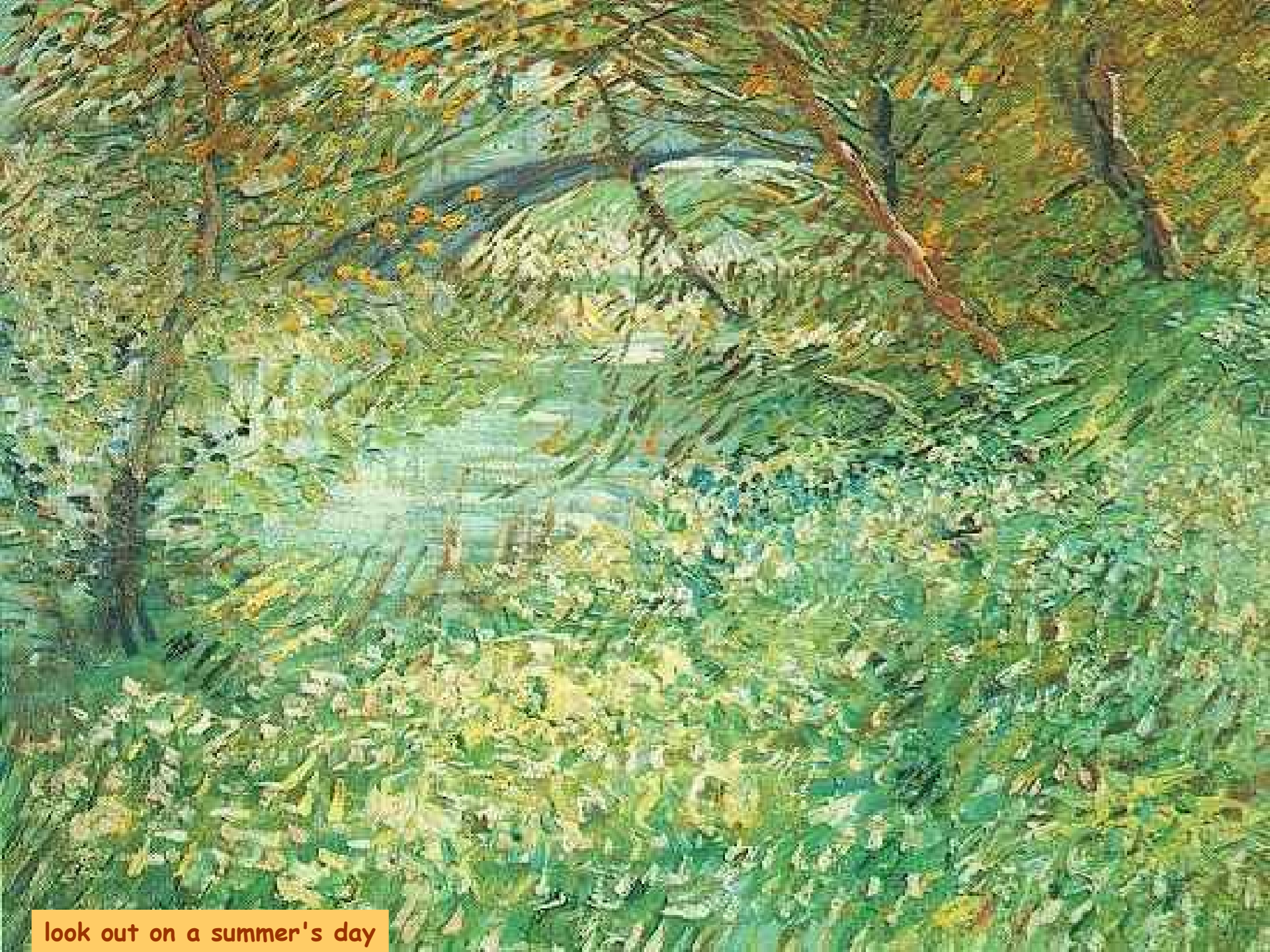




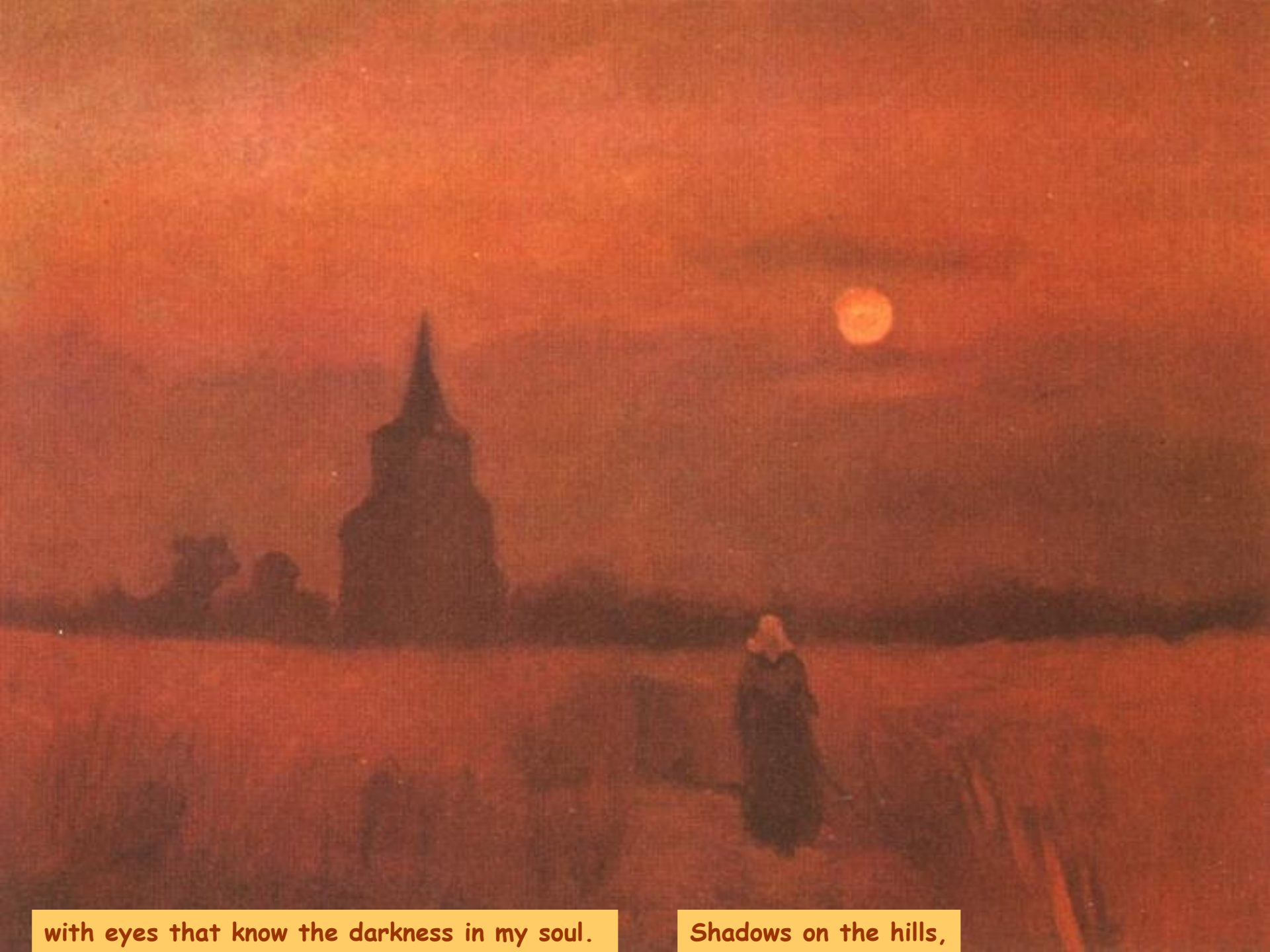
Starry, Starry night

paint your palette blue and grey



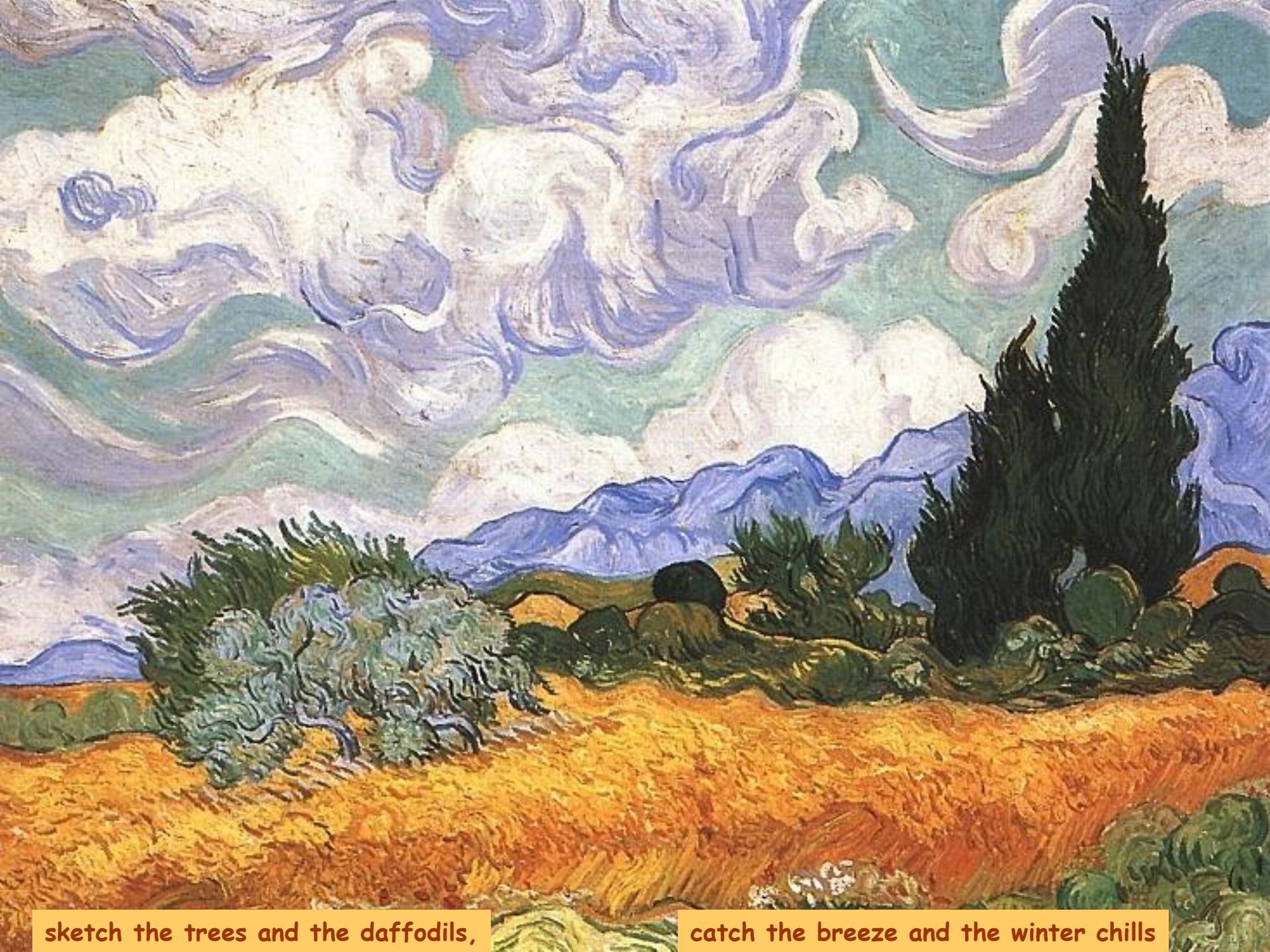


look out on a summer's day



with eyes that know the darkness in my soul.

Shadows on the hills,



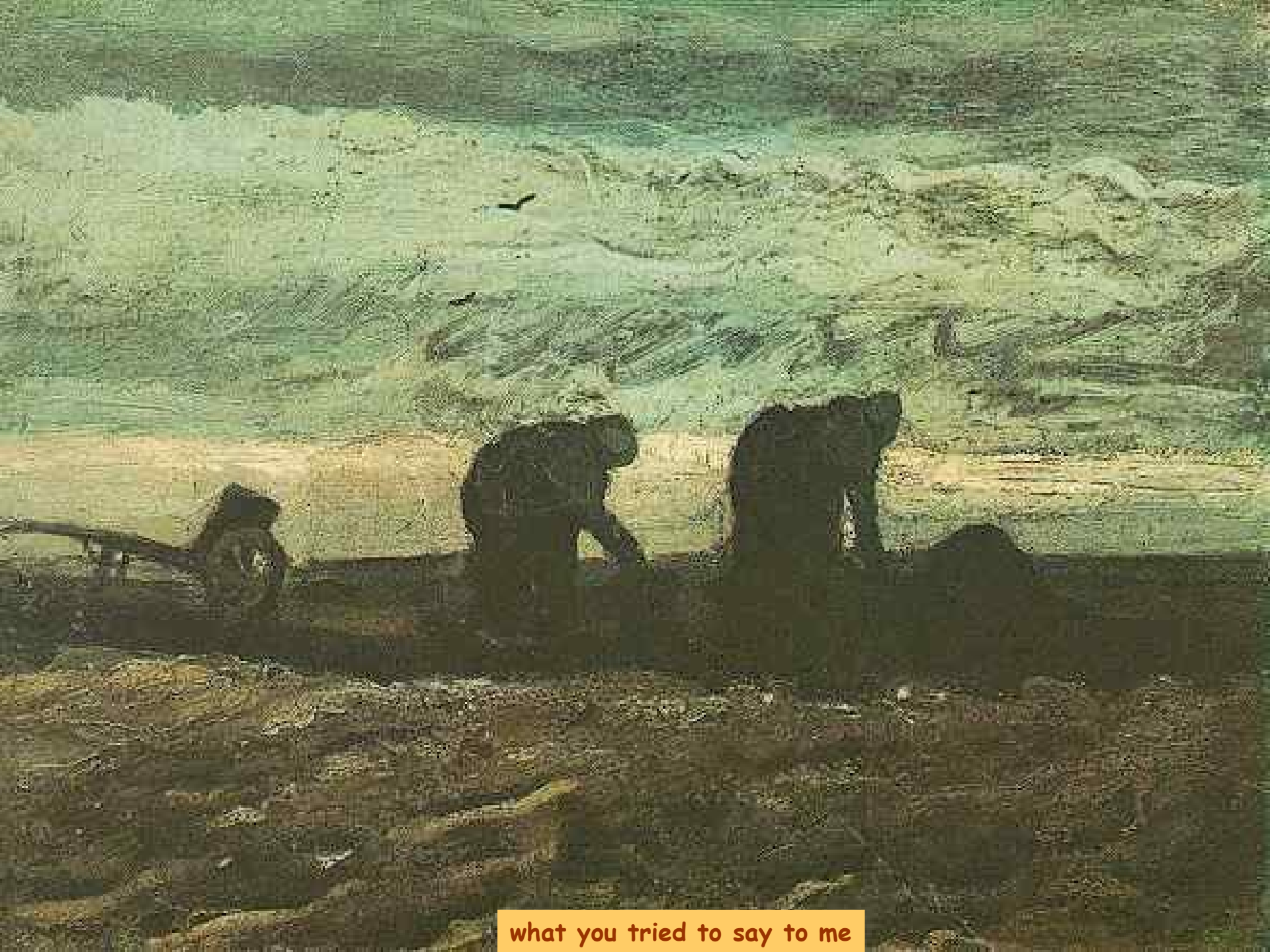
sketch the trees and the daffodils,

catch the breeze and the winter chills

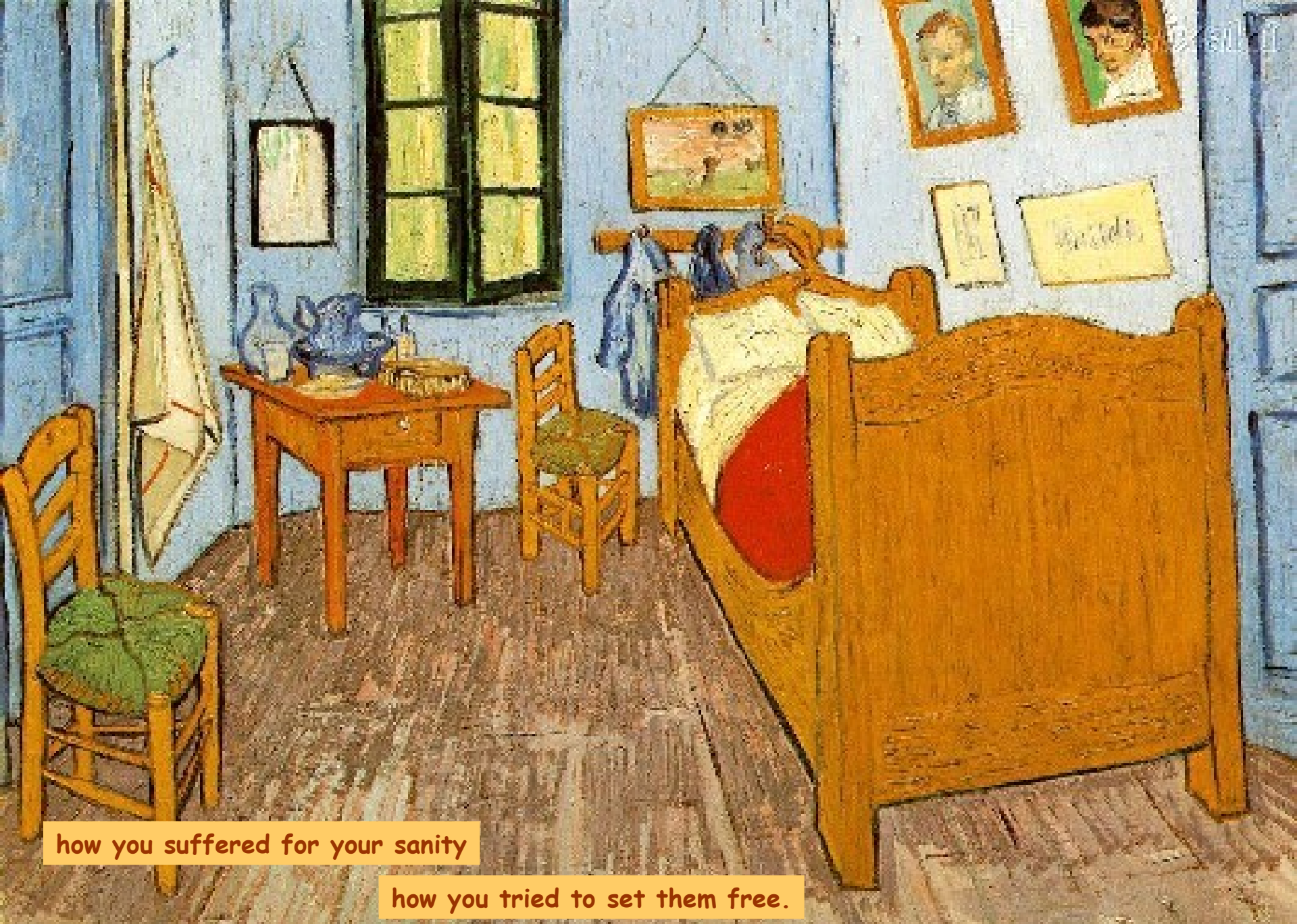


in colors on the snowy linen land.

And now I understand



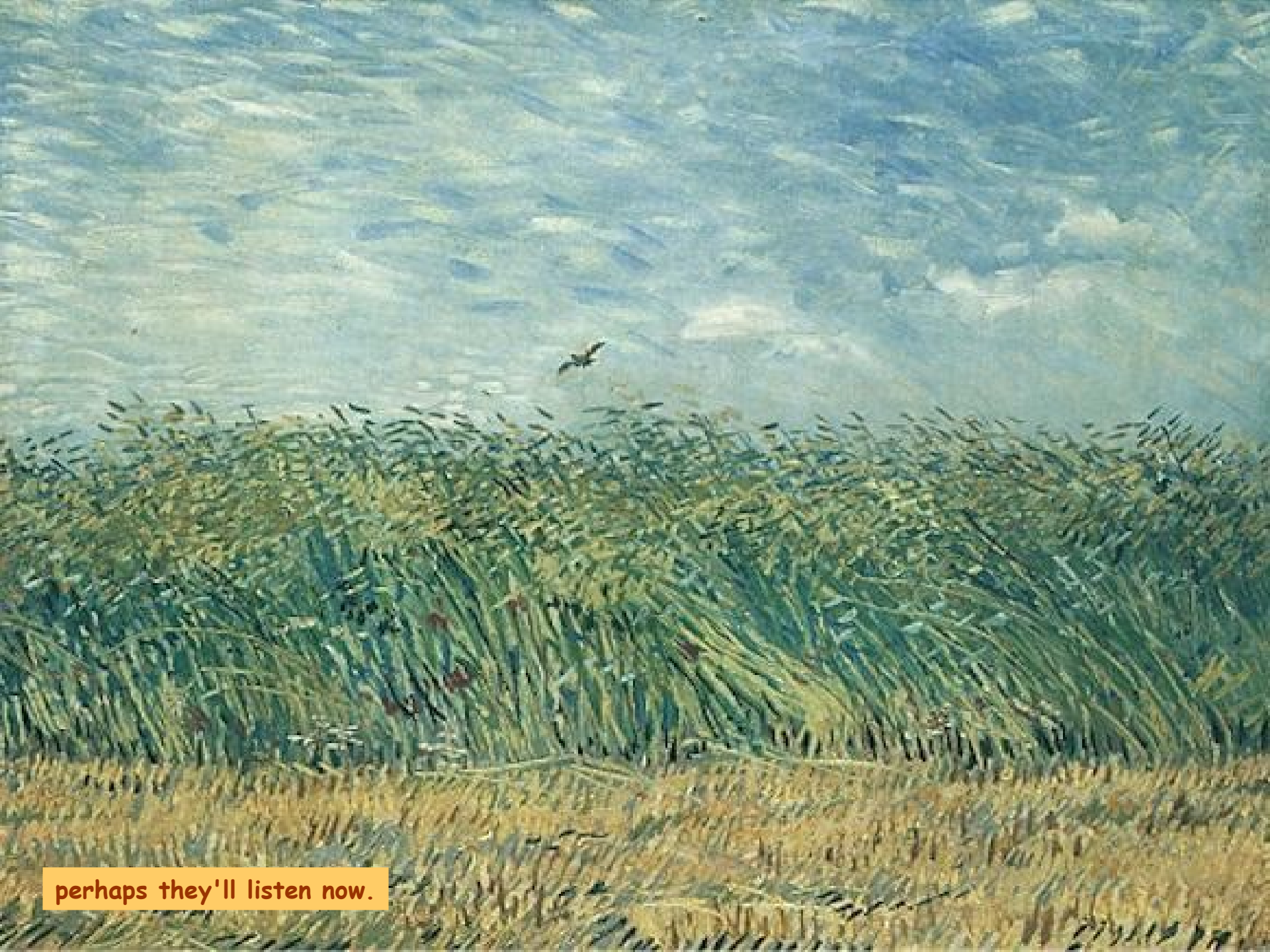
what you tried to say to me



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.

And 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.



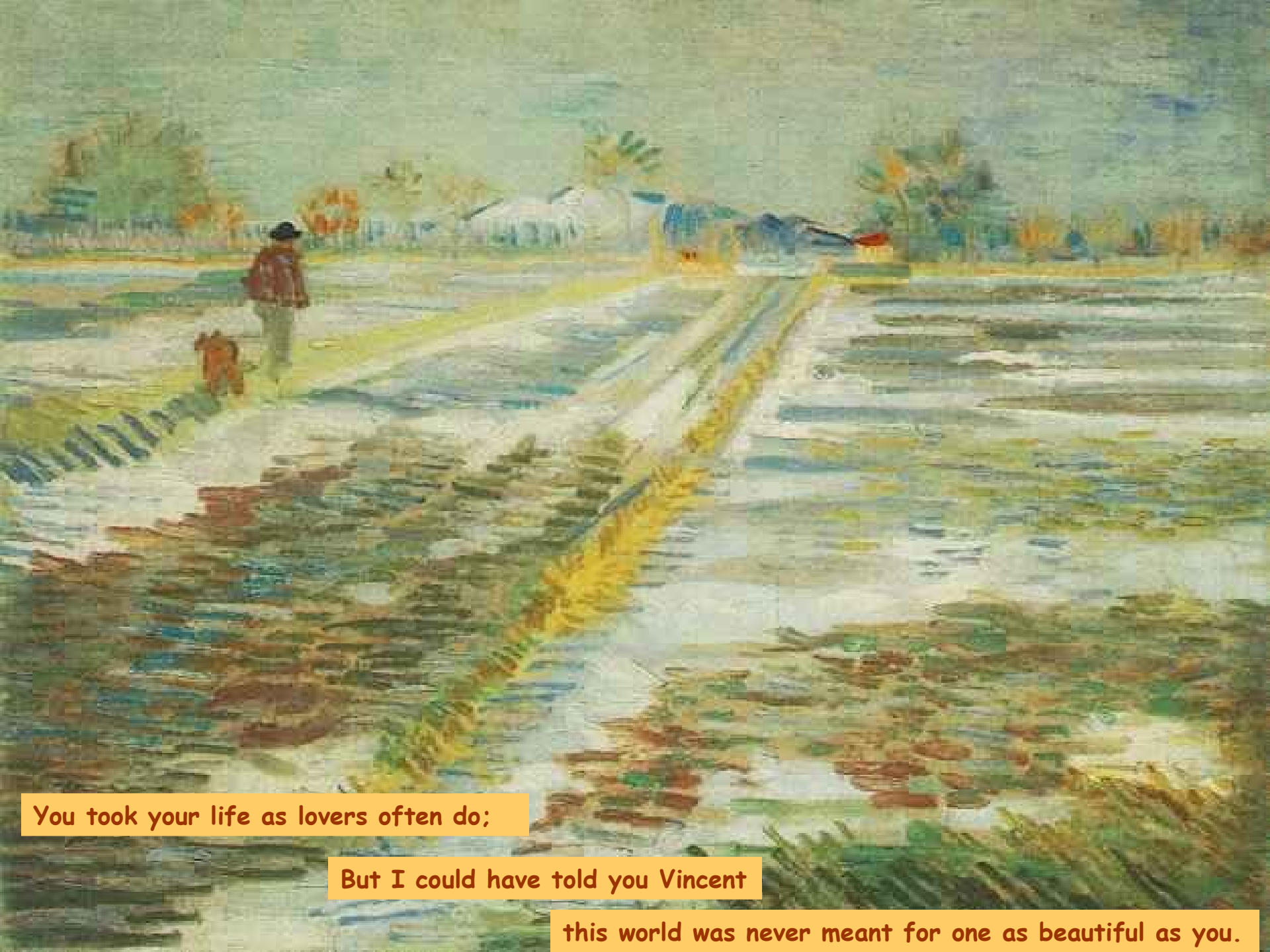
For they could not love you

A sepia-toned photograph of a person standing in a forest of tall, thin trees. The person is positioned in the lower center of the frame, looking towards the camera. The trees are tall and slender, with bare branches, suggesting a winter or late autumn setting. The ground is covered in fallen leaves or snow. The overall mood is quiet and contemplative.

but still your love was true

and when no hope was left in sight

on that starry starry night.



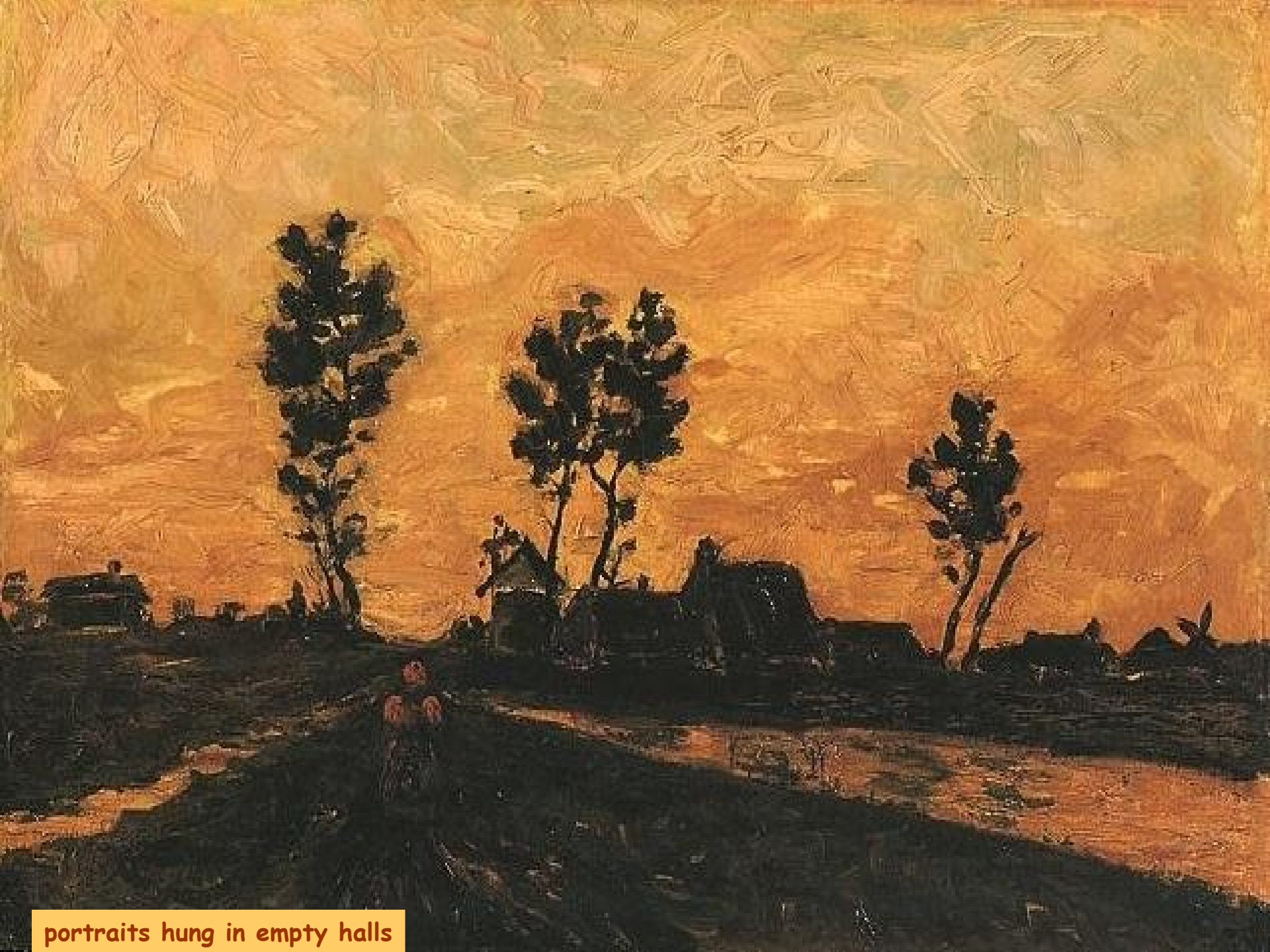
You took your life as lovers often do;

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 stranger that you've met



the ragged men in ragged clothes



the silver thorn of bloody rose

lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow.



And 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
VAN GOGH



You can wait for music to end, or....
Press Esc to end the presentation.
Hope you enjoyed the show and had fun !

The End הסוף

English

(Intro + Indian Theme)

עברית

Wait for music to start. Enjoy the pictures with the music.

Slides will advance automatically, after 10 seconds.

Click or press a key to advance manually.

Have Fun !