



Vincent van Gogh art ALIVE - Atelier des Lumières (Paris, France) STARRY NIGHT

ABOVE VIDEO: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BbgrHnbgoDU>

SONG (Don McLean – Vincent): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4wrNFDxCRzU>

Vincent
By Don McLean

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

Now I understand
What you tried to say to me
And how you suffered for your sanity
And 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
And how you suffered for your sanity
And 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, a bloody rose
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow

Now I think I know
What you tried to say to me
And how you suffered for your sanity
And how you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they're not listening still
Perhaps they never will

<p>Starry, starry night Flaming flowers that brightly blaze _____ in violet haze Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue Colors changing hue Morning fields of amber grain Weathered _____ Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand</p> <p>Now I understand What you tried to say to me And how you _____ And how you tried to set them free They would not listen, they did not know how Perhaps they'll listen now</p>	<p>For they could not love you But still your love was true And when _____ On that starry, starry night You took your life, _____</p> <p>But I could have told you, Vincent This world was never meant for one As beautiful as you</p>	<p>Starry, starry night Portraits _____ 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 _____ The silver thorn, a bloody rose Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow</p> <p>Now I think I know What you tried to say to me And how you _____ And how you tried to set them free They would not listen, they're not listening still Perhaps _____</p>
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DISCUSSION THEMES:

- What do you know of Vincent Van Gogh? How do you imagine him? His life?
- Do you think most of the greatest artists have had troubled souls? Do you think that helps them create their art?
- What does 'art' mean to you? Is there much difference between the art of an average person and that of one who breaks new ground or achieves high levels?
- Some people consider that without contributions and explorations of art, we would not have a true civilization. What are your thoughts on this?
- What do you consider **not** art? Can art be evaluated? Can it be learned or taught?