Vincent (Starry, Starry Night)
by Don McLean (1971)

Intro:
G  Gsus4  Am  C  D7  Em  A7  F  Gmaj7  F7  E7
*optional

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

.  .  .  .  |C  .  .  .  |D7  .  .  .  .  |G\  
Look out on a summer’s day—— with eyes that know the dark-ness in my soul——

Sha-dows on the hills—— sketch the trees and the daffo-dils——

Catch the breeze and winter chills—— in colors on the snowy linen land——

Chorus1:

Now I under-stand—— what you tried to say—— to me——

Em  .  .  .  .  |Am  .  .  .  |D7  .  .  .  .  |Em\  
How you suffered for your sani-ty—— How you tried to set them free

——  ——  ——  |A7  .  .  .  |D7  .  .  .  .  |G  C  |G\  
They would not listen, they did not know how—— perhaps they’ll listen now——

Starry, starry night—— flaming flowers that brightly blaze——

.  .  .  |C  .  .  .  |D7  .  .  .  .  |G\  
Swirling clouds in violet haze reflect in Vincent’s eyes of China blue——

Colors changing hue—— morning fields of amber grain——

.  .  |C  .  .  .  |D7  .  .  .  .  |G  
Weathered faces lined in pain—— are soothed be-neath the artist’s loving hand——

Chorus1:

Now I under-stand—— what you tried to say—— to me——

Em  .  .  .  .  |Am  .  .  .  |D7  .  .  .  .  |Em\  
How you suffered for your sani-ty—— How you tried to set them free

——  ——  ——  |A7  .  .  .  |D7  .  .  .  .  |G  C  |G\  
They would not listen, they did not know how—— perhaps they’ll listen now——
Bridge: 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

Starry, starry night—— portraits hung in empty halls——

Frameless heads on nameless walls—— with eyes that watch the world and can’t for-get

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——

Chorus 2:

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 listening still——

Per-haps they never will——

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v3b - 4/11/17)