



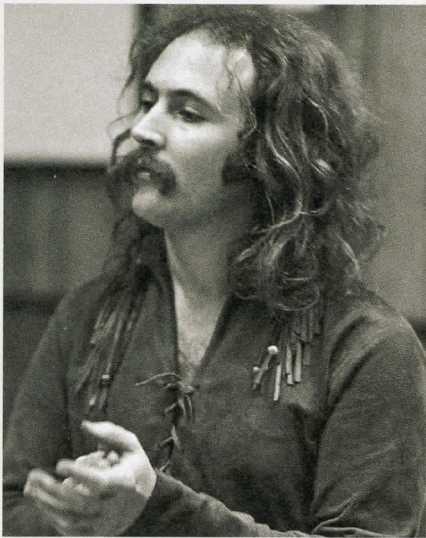
To listen again to Crosby, Stills & Nash's self-titled first album is not so much to take a trip back in time, but a voyage into timelessness. Upon release on May 29th, 1969, it was immediately evident that here was that rarest achievement in rock n' roll: a perfect album. Impeccable musicianship, shimmering vocal harmonies, exquisite arrangements—it was a work of supreme confidence and understatement, as comfortably unadorned as the clothes they wore in Henry Diltz's cover photograph. The album provided a breath of fresh air amidst the over-produced psychedelia of its day, closing out one musical decade and heralding in another.

They were the first "supergroup." Former members respectively of The Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, and The Hollies, all were well acquainted with the pleasures and vices attendant to youthful stardom. Yet each was possessed with the need to escape from the "pop prison" their lives had become, in Graham Nash's words. They were intent upon making a new start in which they could define themselves as artists in an open-ended context that would accommodate the complexities and contradictions of their musical personalities.

The name they chose, in its combination of simplicity and arrogance, was intended to show the group as a confederation of individuals, referred to by Crosby as "the mother ship," and further defined by Stills: "It should certainly be a crushing bore if we did the same old thing all the time. Everybody would have the chance to carry on their solo careers and do what we wanted in any combination." But despite their ruthless emphasis on individual creative sovereignty, this musical blend resulted in a glorious whole, far greater than the sum of its parts. "The weave," as Crosby calls it, was an improbable fusion of intensity and tranquility that inspired in listeners a near-mystical experience.

I'm convinced to this day," Graham Nash has said, "that the inception of Crosby, Stills & Nash was entirely a conspiracy hatched by Cass Elliot. She knew we were a group long before we did." Through a series of slyly arranged introductions and encounters, Cass mothered the group into being, and they acknowledged their debt in 1991 by dedicating their boxed set retrospective to her memory. Ironically, no one can agree on where the three first sang together: Nash and Crosby believe it was at Joni Mitchell's house in Laurel Canyon, while Stills insists it was in Cass's

livingroom. What everyone present does agree upon is the shock of recognition at the exquisitely attuned vocal blend, and the intuitive musical understanding that existed between them. "The sound was magical, an otherworldly harmony, like nothing I'd ever heard before," recalled John Sebastian. "It was scary," Crosby said simply.



A son of a Turkish ambassador, with a penchant for the blues, Ahmet Ertegun founded Atlantic Records in 1947, personally recording such greats as Ray Charles, Blind Willie McTell, The Drifters, and Professor Longhair. Ertegun had kept close contact with Stills following the break up of Buffalo Springfield, paying studio bills whenever Stephen chose to record (famous among these sessions were the "Frozen Noses" demos by Stills and Crosby from 1968.) When Ertegun heard the earliest CSN demos he recognized Nash as the synergistic element needed to complete the sound. Ertegun enlisted David Geffen to maneuver Nash onto Atlantic and quickly signed the group.

After two months of rehearsals with a band, it became obvious we didn't need or want one, so we returned to Los Angeles intent upon recording the album, solo and acoustic," Nash recalls. "We had all the songs in our heads and had worked out every nuance of the vocal harmonies so we knew exactly what we were doing. When we sang together on that first album it was like an epiphany — the heavens opened. It was so right."



The album was recorded under great secrecy. The group imposed a strict no visitors policy, unusual for a time when a party atmosphere prevailed at nearly every recording session. At the very first session at Wally Heider's Recording Studio on Selma Avenue in Los Angeles the basic guitar track to "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" was laid down, precisely as you hear it on this recording. "That acoustic guitar sound I got was a mistake," engineer Bill Halverson recalled. "I used a Neumann U67-2, a great mike. Those old Martins are really dull guitars to record, so I

added all kinds of top, took all the bottom away, and compressed it to try to take the edge off. The problem was that I set the levels during the warm-up, and when Stephen began to play the 'Suite' he did so with so much force that it was ten times as loud, and the compressor just buried. It was a brittle, horribly over-compressed sound, and I thought, 'My career is over.' But when Stephen heard the playback he thought it was the best sound he'd ever gotten. I've had many other guitar players ask for that same sound, and it cannot be duplicated."

Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" was a continuation of the type of song Stills had been experimenting with since his days with the Springfield. Like the unreleased nine-minute version of "Bluebird," (or the obscure tape/guitar jams "Ragas No. 1 & 2" recorded with Neil Young and Bruce Palmer), the "Suite" was a sprawling composition involving elaborate shifts and changes that tugged at the conventional fabric of popular song. Stills had developed an unusual style of writing at that time, using oversized ledger sheets divided into three columns—one for the lyrics, one for the music, and the third for ideas relating to the arrangement. The "Suite" was a romantic paean, a painfully honest graph of Stills' involvement with folksinger Judy Collins: "It poured out of me over many months and filled several notebooks. I had a hell of a time getting the music to fit. I was left with all these pieces of song and I said, 'Let's sing them together and call it a suite,' because they were all about the same thing and led up to the same point. And the little kicker at the end about Cuba was just to liven it up because it had gone on forever and I didn't want it to just fall apart."

The opening moments of "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" set the tone for the album, in its wide

stereo mix: A driving Martin D-45 leads off in the far left channel, countered by an arching, rapid-fire Fender Precision bass — a gift from Crosby — in the right, itself augmented with discreet acoustic guitar spreads and a churning electric lead on a Fender Esquire ("so old it's got a triple digit serial number"). Every instrument on the track is played by Stills. First exposed to Cuban music as a drummer in his high school band in southern Florida, Stephen's sense of Latin syncopation and driving rhythm underlies the "Suite," not only in the "kicker" that concludes the song, but also in the percussive interplay created by the various raps and knocks along the guitar body.

Despite the freshness of the arrangements and the inspired playing in the "Suite," it is the vocal quality of the track that is most arresting. Voices are warm and precise, without sounding mechanical. Halverson shunned the practice of separating each musician in an isolation booth, later mixing the vocals on tape at the control board. He knew from his experience recording the Beach Boys that CSN were best suited to "air mixes," i.e., situating everyone around the same microphone and allowing them to mix themselves, subtly modulating tone, volume and



pitch — a technique that CSN quickly mastered to considerable effect. To this end, Halverson recorded the vocals by simply raising the same microphone used for guitars. (Credit for capturing this sound must in part be shared by Ahmet Ertegun, who upon hearing early mixes sent word to Halverson to bring up the vocals in the mix.)

One hardly realizes what a complete musical landscape Stills has created in the “Suite,” until suddenly it ends and the few brief seconds of silence seem like a void. They are quickly filled with the mutterings of David Crosby, by way of introducing “Marrakesh Express,” written on an actual train journey Nash took in 1966 from Casablanca to Marrakesh. The song opens with a locomotive-like rhythm played by drummer Jim Gordon. “After Graham laid down the vocals he went back and doubled them in part,” Halverson recalls. “I’ve never heard anyone double-track vocals with such precision. In his own quiet way Graham had even more studio experience than either Stephen or David, from many years of work with the Hollies at Abbey Road studios”

Stills contributes a ferocious bass line to “Marrakesh,” and adds a memorable guitar

figure played on a Gibson Les Paul: “I wrote out that solo like a horn chart, with two trumpets in mind, melody and harmony — it’s recorded as two part on separate tracks, a third of a tone apart.” Upon its release, “Marrakesh Express” shot straight to the top of Billboard’s Hot 100.

From its hypnotic opening notes, David Crosby’s “Guinnevere” creates a space unlike any other in rock music. “When all my friends were listening to Elvis Presley, I was listening to 1950s West Coast jazz,” Crosby notes. Later, Crosby’s divergent musical sensibility was further inspired by a close association with Joni Mitchell, whose unusual repertoire of guitar tunings heightened his increasingly oblique musical sense, taking him another step away from standard rock formulas. Fellow musician Joel Bernstein recalls that for Crosby, “the discovery of non-standard tunings was like opening the little door in ‘Alice in Wonderland’.” By literally rearranging the tones on his guitar (the tuning is EBDGAD), Crosby tapped into a creative well-spring that produced “Deja Vu” and “Song With No Words,” within a very short space of time.

Crosby’s penchant for attending the annual Renaissance Fair in Los Angeles on LSD is evident in “Guinnevere,” with its echoes of Arthurian legends, medieval chivalry, courtly love and a hint of the occult. The mystery of who was Guinnevere has been much discussed, with suggestions ranging from Joni Mitchell to Christine Hinton. (“Songs are seldom about one person,” Crosby has enigmatically replied.) The sumptuous acoustic-electric interplay on “Guinnevere,” (a flavor somewhat reminiscent of the Byrds), was created by overdubbing Crosby’s D-45 with his twelve-string electric Guild. Stills contributes another exquisite bass track (earning him a place in Playboy’s Jazz and Pop poll that year for bass playing, along with guitar and arrangement).



Thus, within the first three songs of the album, the essential characteristics of each member were made splendidly clear: Stills the instrumental and production genius, a consummate architect of sound; Nash the quintessential British rocker and master harmonizer; Crosby the introspective searcher, coaxing unthought-of melodies from a strangely-tuned guitar. As Dave Zimmer has noted, “the real harmonic strength of CSN. . . lay in the vocal cords of Crosby and Nash.” Nowhere is this more evident than in “Guinnevere,” where the two voices begin in eerie unison, meander in separate strands and dovetail at phrase endings. This affinity between not just voices but hearts reaffirmed the sense amongst listeners that CSN were not just a group but a brotherhood.

If “Guinnevere” is the perfect example of the Crosby-Nash two part harmony, “You Don’t Have To Cry” and “Helplessly Hoping” show the group’s mastery of three-part singing, worked out in an endless succession of Laurel Canyon livingrooms. Both songs reveal Stills’ roots in country blues. The hard-won purity of the group’s sound can be gleaned by listening to the electric version of “You Don’t Have To Cry,”

recorded in New York City three months earlier, released on the group's 1991 retrospective. Most evident upon comparison is the way in which the natural acoustics of the wooden guitars fuse with the voices to create a seamless, organic sound. Indeed, a central paradox of the album then as now was how something so olden could sound so new.

Nash's "Pre-Road Downs" is a tale of the dissipation that is an unavoidable component of the rock n' roll lifestyle. It became a rocking staple of CSN live shows, although the studio track contains one element that could never be repeated, as Bill Halverson remembers: "After the basic track was laid down, Stills took the 16-track tape and flipped the reel, threading the tape through the recorder backwards. He then overdubbed on electric guitar what sounded to us like the most horrible jumble of notes. When we flipped the tape over again and listened to the playback, here was a searing electric guitar lead running backwards through the song. He literally kept the whole solo in his head and played all the notes and changes backwards." "I just did it the way Jimi taught me," Stills told this writer.

The epic-like "Wooden Ships" was written in the main cabin of Crosby's schooner the Mayan,



the first example of the enduring place boats and the sea would occupy in their work. Crosby explains the scenario: "Paul Kantner invented a weird science fiction story, but one that could happen tomorrow. 'Silver people on the shoreline' are guys in radiation suits. We imagined ourselves as the few survivors, escaping on a boat to create a new civilization." Writer and musicologist Steve Silberman best captured this ethos:

"Of all the celebrated idealism of the 1960s, freedom was the profoundest dream. Beyond the struggles against racism, sexual oppression, war for profit, and all that opposes the spirit, was

a place, flickering just ahead, where people would treat one another gently, "free and easy," with the respect that comes from an understanding that we are all on the same boat. Opening the second side of the album with Stills knocking on the door of the new world on damped strings, "Wooden Ships" stripped the complex struggles of its age to a simplest economy: a sharing of sustenance, a barter of smiles. The song describes what the hate never got to be, a place where brothers and sisters could lead each other by the hand, away from America's militarized madness. The three-voiced chord before the last verse pointed towards that place that is no more obsolete than Dr. King's mountaintop, and still everywhere about us, as long as we keep a lookout for hope, set a course and go. 'Wooden Ships' was the first national anthem of that place."

Long Time Gone" was written the night of Robert Kennedy's assassination. Crosby's lyrics fully capture the fear, loss, and foreboding that would overtake the optimism of their decade, but it was Stills who expressed this musically, as Crosby was quick to acknowledge: "Stills said, 'Let me try to cut "Long Time Gone" for you. Let me try to build the track. I know what you need.' I said, 'I want to play rhythm guitar on it.' He said, 'Take a break. Just go away for an hour.'



He and Dallas cut the track by themselves. Stephen played all the instruments except drums. When we heard the playback I was stunned. I don't know how he did that. It was my song. I had written it. Fine, I'll take credit for that. But Stephen cut the track and did a great job on it." (As the album was going to press, art

director Gary Burden spliced in Dallas Taylor's photo on the back cover, peeking through the door, in acknowledgement of his contribution.)

A moment of calm between two storms, Nash's intimate "Lady of the Island" was written under the influence of "Guinnevere," which Crosby had played for Nash as a demo tape during the Byrds second tour of England in 1967: "David Crosby gave form to my desires in London on that visit," Nash has written in a forthcoming autobiography. "I was getting no creative support from my band mates in the Hollies, so the direction I had to go in became pretty clear." Predictably, "Lady of the Island" was also rejected by the Hollies, as being too sexually explicit for their teenage audience. Nash's rudimentary guitar is refreshingly unembellished, while Crosby's fugue-like harmony in the middle and end sections elegantly delineates the contours of the melody.

The album's closer, "49 Bye-Byes," is a combination of two songs, "49 Reasons" and "Bye Bye Baby." The basic track of the former was recorded in Stills' home studio in a house rented from Peter Tork. As the album begins with Stills' exultant overture to Judy Collins, so it ends with a farewell to their relationship. In one sense,

the entire album can be seen as a romantic offering from the twenty-four-year-old Stills to his lady, a way of saying, "This is who I am, this is what I do."

You better come in my kitchen/ 'cause it's gonna be raining outside," Crosby forewarns at the beginning of "49 Bye-Byes," crooning a bit of Robert Johnson. The safe and cloudless sky had indeed begun to pass: "There's good art on Deja Vu, but you can't put it on and feel like it's a sunny afternoon the way you can with Crosby, Stills & Nash," Crosby told Rolling Stone in 1976. With its prophecy of impending loss, the song proved a portent of some personally very tragic times to come. As the song winds down in a bluesy guitar and organ riff, and a repeat of Muddy Waters' question/threat, "Who do you love?," Stephen Stills brings the album to a close with a searingly final but unsettling guitar note, as if to remind us that beauty is difficult.

RAYMOND FOYE



SUITE: JUDY BLUE EYES

It's getting to the point
Where I'm no fun anymore
I am sorry.
Sometimes it hurts so badly
I must cry out loud
I am lonely.
I am yours, you are mine,
You are what you are
And you make it hard-

Remember what we've said, and done, and felt
about each other
Oh babe, have mercy.
Don't let the past remind us of what we are not now.
I am not dreaming.
I am yours, you are mine, you are what you are.
And you make it hard-

Tearing yourself away from me now,
You are free and I am crying.
This does not mean I don't love you,
I do, that's forever, and always.
I am yours, you are mine, you are what you are.
And you make it hard-

Something inside is telling me that
I've got your secret. Are you still listening?
Fear is the lock, and laughter the key to your heart.
And I love you.

I am yours, you are mine, you are what you are.
And you make it hard,
And you make it hard-

Friday evening, Sunday in the afternoon,
What have you got to lose?



Tuesday mornin', please be gone I'm tired of you.
What have you got to lose?
Can I tell it like it is? Help me I'm sufferin'
Listen to me baby--Help me I'm dyin'.
It's my heart that's a sufferin', it's a dyin'.
That's what I have to lose.
I've got an answer
I'm going to fly away,
What have I got to lose?
Will you come see me Thursdays and Saturdays?
What have you got to lose?

Chestnut brown canary, ruby-throated sparrow.
Sing a song, don't be long.
Thrill me to the marrow.

Voices of the angels, ring around the moonlight,
Asking me, said she so free.
How can you catch the sparrow?
Lacy lilting lyrics, losing love lamenting,
Change my life, make it right.
Be my lady.

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MARRAKESH EXPRESS

Looking at the world through the sunset in your eyes.
Traveling the train through clear Moroccan skies--
Ducks, and pigs, and chickens call,
animal carpet wall-to-wall.
American ladies five-foot tall, in blue.
Sweeping cobwebs from the edges of my mind,
Had to get away to see what we could find.
Hope the days that lie ahead bring us back to where
they've led.
Listen not to what's being said to you.

Don't you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express.
Wouldn't you know we're riding, on the Marrakesh
Expressly taking me to Marrakesh
All aboard the train--

I've been savin' all my money just to take you there.
I smell the garden in your hair.
Take the train from Casablanca going south.
Blowing smoke rings from the corners of my mouth.
Colored cottons hang in the air, charming cobras
in the square, striped djellebas we can wear at home.
Let me hear you now--



Don't you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express.
Don't you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express.
They're taking me to Marrakesh--
All on board the train,
All on board.

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GUINNEVERE

Guinnevere had green eyes, like yours,
Mi'lady, like yours
When she'd walk down through the garden,
in the morning, after it rained.
Peacocks wandered aimlessly,
Underneath an orange tree.
Why can't she see me?
Guinnevere drew pentagrams like yours,
Mi'lady, like yours,
Late at night when she thought that no one
was watching at all.
On the wall.
She shall be free.

As she turns her gaze down the slope
to the harbor where I lay, anchored for a day--
Guinnevere had golden hair, like yours,
Mi'lady, like yours.
Streaming out when we'd ride through the warm wind
down by the bay, yesterday.
Seagulls circle endlessly, I sing in silent harmony,
we shall be free.

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO CRY

In the mornin' when you rise
Do you think of me, and how you left me cryin'?
Are you thinkin' of telephones, and managers,
And where you've got to be at noon?
You are living a reality I left years ago.
It quite nearly killed me.
In the long run it will make you cry.
Make you crazy and old before your time.
And the difference between you and me,
I won't argue right or wrong.



But I have time to cry, my baby.
You don't have to cry.

In the mornin' when you rise
Do you think of me, and how you left me cryin'?
Are you thinkin' of telephones, and managers,
And where you got to be at noon?
You are living a reality I left years ago.
It quite nearly killed me.

In the long run it will make you cry.
Make you crazy and old before your time.
And the difference between you and me,
I can't argue right or wrong,
But I have time to cry, my baby.
You don't have to cry.

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PRE-ROAD DOWNS

I have kissed you
So I'll miss you
On the road I'll be wantin' you.
But I have you 'cause I love you.
And you have me 'cause you love me too. Yeah

Felt forsaken, you'll awaken to joys of livin'
hand in glove, and then I will lend you my will,
and your days will be filled with love.

Don't run the time approaches
hotels and midnight coaches
be sure to hide the roaches

Felt dejected, as expected, you rejected all the
thoughts of words, so I'll pray, with you,
to stay with me forever, and we'll make it work.

Don't run the time approaches
hotels and midnight coaches

hotels and midnight coaches
be sure to hide the roaches

Elevated, you're elated, 'cause I waited a year
for you, if you're thinkin' what I'm thinkin'
then I'm gonna make my love to you.

The time approaches
hotels and midnight coaches
be sure to hide the roaches.

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WOODEN SHIPS

S: If you smile at me I will understand, 'cause that is
something everyone does in the same language.

D: I can see by your coat, my friend, you're from the
other side. There's just one thing I've got to know,
can you tell me please, who won?

S: Say, can I have some of your purple berries?

D: Yes, I've been eating them for six or seven weeks
now, haven't got sick once.

S: Probably keep us both alive.

Wooden ships on the water very free, and easy
You know the way it's supposed to be.
Silver people on the shoreline let us be.
Talkin' 'bout very free, and easy.
Horror grips us as we watch you die.
All we can do is echo your anguished cries.
Stare as all human feelings die.
We are leaving, you don't need us.

Go take a sister, then by the hand.
Lead her away from this foreign land.
Far away, where we might laugh again.
We are leaving, you don't need us.



And it's a fair wind, blowin' warm out of the south
On my shoulder. Guess I'll set a course and go.

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LADY OF THE ISLAND

Holding you close undisturbed before a fire
The pressure in my chest when you breathe in my ear.
We both knew this would happen,
when you first appeared.
My lady of the island.

The brownness of your body in the fire-glow
Except the places where the sun refused to go
Our bodies were a perfect fit, in afterglow we lay,
My lady of the island.

Letting myself wander through the world
inside your eyes.
You know I'd like to stay here until every tear runs dry.
My lady of the island.

Wrapped around each other in the peeping sun.
Beams of sunshine light the stage.

I never want to finish what I've just begun with you.
My lady of the island.

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HELPLESSLY HOPING

Helplessly hoping her harlequin hovers nearby
awaiting a word
Gasping at glimpses of gentle free spirit he runs,
wishing he could fly.
Only to trip at the sound of good-bye.
Wordlessly watching he waits by the window and
wonders at the empty place inside
Heartlessly helping himself to her bad dreams
he worries, did he hear a good-bye? Or even hello?

They are one person.

They are two alone.

They are three together.

They are for each other.

Stand by the stair way, you'll see something
certain to tell you confusion has its cost.

Love isn't lying, it's loose in a lady who lingers,
saying she is lost, and choking on hello.

They are one person.

They are two alone.

They are three together.

They are for each other.

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LONG TIME GONE

It's been a long time comin'
It's goin' to be a long time gone.
And it appears to be a long time,
yes a long, long time before the dawn.
Turn, turn, any corner.
Hear you must hear what the people say.
You know there's something that's goin' on around
here, that surely won't stand the light of day.

And it appears to be a long, appears to be a long
 Time, such a long, long time before the dawn.
 Speak out, you got to speak out against
 the madress, you got to speak your mind,
 if you dare.

But don't try to get yourself elected.
 If you do you had better cut your hair.

'Cause it appears to be a long,
 appears to be a long,
 appears to be a long
 Time, before the dawn.

It's been a long time comin'
 It's going to be a long time gone.

But you know,
 The darkest hour is always just before the dawn.
 And it appears to be a long, appears to be a long,

Appears to be a long
 Time before the dawn.

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49 BYE-BYES

49 reasons all in a line.
 All of them good ones.
 All of them lies.
 Driftin' with my lady
 we're oldest of friends.
 Need a little work, and there's fences to mend.
 Steady girl, be my world.

Till the drifter come, now she's gone.
 I let that man play his hand.
 I let them go, how was I to know?
 I'm down on my knees.
 Nobody left to please.

Now it's over, they left in the spring.
 Her, and the drifter, looking for beautiful things.
 Steady girl, be my world.

Till the drifter come, now she's gone.

I let that man play his hand.
 I let them go, how was I to know?
 Now I'm down on my knees.
 Nobody left to please.

On my knees.
 Feeling wrong.

My mind's gone.
 Bye bye baby
 Write if you think of it maybe
 Know I love you

Go if it means that much to you
 But you can run babe

If the feeling's wrong
 Before too long it's crazy

And you're trapped babe
 And you know that's not where it's at babe
 You're just seein' things through a cat's eye, baby.

That's not my old lady
 Come on and tell me baby
 Who do you love?

Time will tell us
 Who is trying to sell us
 Bye bye baby

Write if you think of it maybe.
 Hey, but you can run baby.

If the feeling's wrong, before to long, it's crazy.
 And you'll try babe, and you'll know that's not
 where it's at now, baby.
 You're just seein' things through a cat's eye, baby.

That's not my ol' lady.
 Come on and tell me baby.

You better tell me, baby
 Who do you, who do you love?

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Client _____ Producer _____
 Artist Crosby Stills Nash Album Title _____

Master Number	Title	Time	Ø	Data
				Record / Playback Characteristics <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NAB <input type="checkbox"/> CCIR <input type="checkbox"/> DOLBY SET TO NAB MARK <input type="checkbox"/> DBX <input type="checkbox"/> Frequency Run <u>will</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Head <input type="checkbox"/> Tail DB Referenced to NAB (185NW) DB Program Peaks <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> MASTER <input type="checkbox"/> Normal Levels <input type="checkbox"/> Mono <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Stereo <input type="checkbox"/> E/O'd Limited Master <input type="checkbox"/> 1/4 Copy <input type="checkbox"/> Safety Duplicating Submaster <input type="checkbox"/> Cassette <input type="checkbox"/> 8 Track <input type="checkbox"/> Quarter Track <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 2 Track <input type="checkbox"/> 16 Track <input type="checkbox"/> 24 Track <input type="checkbox"/> 30 IPS-76CMS <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 15 IPS-36 CMS <input type="checkbox"/> 7 1/2 IPS-19 CMS
	<u>WOODEN SHIPS</u>	<u>5:22</u>	<u>X</u>	
	<u>LADY OF THE ISLAND</u>	<u>2:36</u>	<u>Y</u>	
	<u>Helplessly Hopins</u>	<u>2:37</u>		
	<u>LONG TIME GONE</u>	<u>4:17</u>	<u>X</u>	
	<u>49 BYE BYE'S</u>	<u>5:15</u>		



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	SUITE 'J'	7:22		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> MASTER <input type="checkbox"/> Normal Levels <input type="checkbox"/> Mono <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Stereo <input type="checkbox"/> EQ'd Limited Master <input type="checkbox"/> 1-1 Copy <input type="checkbox"/> Safety
	MARRAKESH EXPRESS	2:36		Duplicating Submaster <input type="checkbox"/> Cassette <input type="checkbox"/> 6 Track
	GUINNEVERE	4:43		<input type="checkbox"/> Quarter Track <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 2 Track <input type="checkbox"/> 16 Track <input type="checkbox"/> 24 Track <input type="checkbox"/> 30 IPS-76 CMS <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 15 IPS-38 CMS <input type="checkbox"/> 7 1/2 IPS-19 CMS
	YOU DONT HAVE TO CRY	2:43		
	PRE ROAD DOWNS	2:59		
STORE WITH CARE	OXIDE DEGRADATION			
	ATTN: - which refers to Marrakesh express			

Catalog No. SD 8229 Matrix No. STA 691575 Side 1 of 2
 Destination: _____ Engineer: _____ Transport No: _____ Date: _____



CROSBY, STILLS & NASH

PRODUCED BY STEPHEN STILLS,
DAVID CROSBY, GRAHAM NASH
 Engineered by Bill Halverson
 at Wally Heider's Studio III, Los Angeles

Art Direction/Design: Gary Burden • Cover photo: Henry Diltz
 Additional photography: Henry Diltz
 Direction: David Geffen • Spiritual guidance: Ahmet Ertegun

Lead guitar, Organ and Bass: Stephen Stills
 Rhythm guitar: David Crosby • Drums: Dallas Taylor

Digitally remastered from the original master tapes
 by Joe Gastwirt at Ocean View Digital
 This album was originally released as
 Atlantic 8229 on May 29, 1969

- SUITE: JUDY BLUE EYES**
 (Stephen Stills; Gold Hill Music, Inc., ASCAP.)
 Also released as a single (Atlantic 2676) on
 September 15, 1969. #21 Pop.
- MARRAKESH EXPRESS**
 (Graham Nash; Nash Notes, ASCAP.)
 Also released as a single (Atlantic 2652) on June
 20, 1969. #28 Pop.
- GUINNEVERE**
 (David Crosby; Stay Straight Music, BMI.)
- YOU DON'T HAVE TO CRY**
 (Stephen Stills; Gold Hill Music, Inc., ASCAP.)
- PRE-ROAD DOWNS**
 (Graham Nash; Nash Notes, ASCAP.)
- WOODEN SHIPS**
 (David Crosby, Stephen Stills, Paul Kantner; Gold Hill Music, Inc.,
 ASCAP/Stay Straight Music/Icebag Music Corp., BMI.)

- LADY OF THE ISLAND**
 (Graham Nash; Nash Notes, ASCAP.)
- HELPLESSLY HOPING**
 (Stephen Stills; Gold Hill Music, Inc., ASCAP.)
 Also released as the flip side of the single
 "Marrakesh Express" on June 20, 1969.
- LONG TIME GONE**
 (David Crosby; Stay Straight Music, BMI.)
 Also released as the flip side of the single
 "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" on September 15, 1969.
- 49 BYE-BYES**
 (Stephen Stills; Gold Hill Music, Inc., ASCAP.)

82552-2



GROSBY, STILLS & NASH

