



RUSH

SECTOR ONE



RUSH



RUSH

- 1 **Finding My Way** 5:07
- 2 **Need Some Love** 2:21
- 3 **Take A Friend** 4:27
- 4 **Here Again** 7:36
- 5 **What You're Doing** 4:24
- 6 **In The Mood** 3:37
- 7 **Before And After** 5:36
- 8 **Working Man** 7:10

All songs published by Core Music Publishing (SOCAN world ex USA / SESAC USA)

All songs composed by Lee & Lifeson except 'In The Mood' composed by Lee

* Recorded at Toronto Sound Studios

† Recorded at Eastern Sound • Remixed at Toronto Sound.

Remix Engineer — Terry Brown

Remastered at Masterdisk, N.Y.

Produced by Rush • Executive Production — SRO

All arrangements by RUSH

Album cover design by Paul Weldon

For best results play at maximum volume.

Personnel:

GEDDY LEE — Lead Vocals & Bass

ALEX LIFESON — Guitars & Vocals

JOHN RUTSEY — Drums & Vocals

Road Crew — Ian Grandy & Liam Birt

Of course not to forget all those who have made this possible. Jeff Franklin • Ira Blacker • Sol Saffian •

Greg McCutcheon • Wally Meyrowitz • Marsha Weiss •

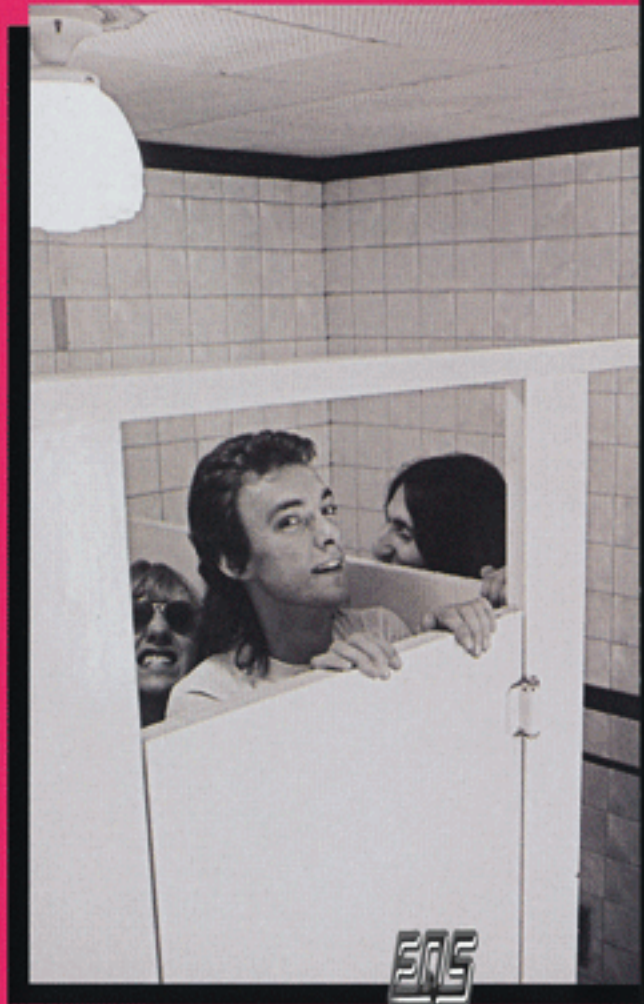
Joe McHugh • Lezlee Monchak • Bob Roper • Peter Taylor •

Glenn McLaren

Thanks to Mike & Jules Belkin for their early belief

With Special Thanks to Donna Halper of WMMS in Cleveland for getting the ball rolling

A Moon Production Inc/Personal Direction: Ray Danniels of S.R.O. Productions, Toronto, Canada





FLY BY NIGHT

- 1 **Anthem** 4:26 (Lee-Lifeson-Peart)
- 2 **Best I Can** 3:28 (Lee)
- 3 **Beneath, Between, & Behind** 3:05
(Lifeson-Peart)
- 4 **By-Tor & The Snow Dog** 8:40
I At The Tobes Of Hades
II Across The Styx
III Of The Battle
IV Epilogue (Lee-Lifeson-Peart)
- 5 **Fly By Night** 3:22 (Lee-Peart)
- 6 **Making Memories** 3:00
(Lee-Lifeson-Peart)
- 7 **Rivendell** 5:01 (Lee-Peart)
- 8 **In The End** 6:53 (Lee-Lifeson)

Produced by RUSH and Terry Brown

Engineered by: Terry Brown

Assistant Engineer: John Woloschuk

Arrangements: RUSH and Terry Brown

Recorded and Mixed at: Toronto Sound Studios,
Toronto, Canada

Road Master: Howard "Herns" Ungerleider

Road Crew: Ian Grandy, Liam Birt, J. D. Johnson

Remastered at: Masterdisk, New York

Remastering: Andy VanDette

Cover Concept: RUSH

Cover Painting: Eraldo Carugati

Art Direction: Jim Ladwig/AGI Chicago

Design: Joe Kotleba

Management: Ray Danniels and Vic Wilson /

S.R.O. Productions Ltd., Toronto, Canada

Executive Production by Moon Records,
owned and operated by S.R.O. Productions Ltd.

All selections published by Core Music Publishing
(SOCAN world ex USA / SESAC USA)

By-Tor Characters inspired by: Herns

Belated Mention: Mr. O. Scar


Continuing Thanks to: Cliff Burnstein, Donna Halper,
Don Shafer, and to all who have helped

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FOR BEST RESULTS PLAY THIS ALBUM



RUSH



CARESS OF STEEL

CARESS OF STEEL

- 1 **Bastille Day** 4:42
- 2 **I Think I'm Going Bald** 3:43
- 3 **Lakeside Park** 4:12
- 4 **The Necromancer** 12:37
 - I Into The Darkness
 - II Under The Shadow
 - III Return Of The Prince
- 5 **The Fountain Of Lament** 20:06
 - I In The Valley
 - II Didacts & Narpets
 - III No one At The Bridge
 - IV Panacea
 - V Bacchus Plateau
 - VI The Fountain

All songs written by Lee, Lifeson and Peart

Rush are

Geddy Lee — bass and vocals.

Alex Lifeson — 6 and 12 string, electric and acoustic guitars, classical guitar, steel guitar.

Neil Peart — percussion.

Bastille Day

There's no bread let them eat cake
 There's no end to what they'll take
 Flaunt the fruits of noble birth
 Wash the salt into the earth
 But they're marching to Bastille Day
 La guillotine will claim her bloody prize
 Free the dungeons of the innocent

The king will kneel, and let his kingdom rise

Bloodstained velvet, dirty lace
 Naked fear on every face
 See them bow their heads to die
 As we would bow as they rode by

And we're marching to Bastille Day
 La guillotine will claim her bloody prize
 Sing, o choirs of cacophony
 The king has kneeled, to let his kingdom rise

Lessons taught, but never learned
 All round us anger burns
 Guide the future by the past
 Long ago the mould was cast

For they marched up to Bastille Day
 La guillotine — claimed her bloody prize
 Hear the echoes of the centuries
 Power isn't all that money buys

Beamsville, Pittsburgh, Louisville

I Think I'm Going Bald

I looked in the mirror today
 My eyes just didn't seem so bright
 I've lost a few more hairs;
 I think I'm going bald
 I think I'm going bald
 Seems like only yesterday
 We would sit and talk of dreams all
 Dreams of youth



And simple truths
Now we're so involved
So involved with life

Walk down vanity fair
Memory lane everywhere
Wall Street shuffles there
Dressed in flowing hair

Once we loved the flowers
Now we ask the price of the land
Once we would take water
But now it must be wine
Now we've been
And now we've seen
What price peace of mind
Take a piece of my mind

My life is slipping away
I'm aging every day
But even when I'm grey
I'll still be grey my way

Saginaw, Fort Wayne, Lansing

Lakeside Park

Midway hawkers calling
Try your luck with me
Merry-go-round wheezing
The same old melody
A thousand ten cent wonders
Who could ask for more
A pocketful of silver

The key to heaven's door

Lakeside Park
Willows in the breeze
Lakeside Park
So many memories
Laughing rides
Midway lights
Shining stars on summer nights

Days of barefoot freedom
Racing with the waves
Nights of starlit secrets
Crackling driftwood flames
Drinking by the lighthouse
Still we saw the magic
Fading every year



Everyone would gather
On the twenty fourth of May
Sitting in the sand

To watch the fireworks display
Dancing fires on the beach
Singing songs together
Though it's just a memory
Some memories last forever

South Bend, Saginaw, Terra Haute, Cincinnati

The Necromancer

A Short Story by Rush

Into Darkness

As grey traces of dawn tinge the eastern sky, the three travellers, men of Willow Dale, emerge from the forest shadow. Fording the River Dawn, they turn south, journeying into the dark and forbidding lands of the Necromancer. Even now the intensity of his dread power can be felt, weakening the body and saddening the heart. Ultimately they will become empty, mindless spectres. Stripped of will and soul. Only a thirst for freedom gives them hunger for vengeance...

Silence shrouds the forest
As the birds announce the dawn
Three travellers ford the river
And southward journey on
The road is lined with peril
The air is charged with fear
The shadow of his nearness
Weighs like iron tears

Under The Shadow

Shreds of black cloud loom in overcast skies,

the Necromancer keeps watch with his magic prism eyes. He views all his lands and is already aware of the three helpless invaders trapped in his lair...

Brooding in his tower
Watching o'er his land
Holding every creature
Helplessly they stand
Gaze into his prisms
Knowing they are near
Lead them to the dungeons
Spectres numb with fear
They bow defeated

Return of the Prince

Enter the Champion, Prince By-Tor appears to battle for freedom from chains of long years. The spell has been broken...the Dark Lands are bright, the Wraith of the Necromancer soars away... in the night

Stealthily attacking
By-Tor slays his foe
The men are free to run now
From labyrinths below
The Wraith of Necromancer
Shadows through the sky
Another land to darken
With evil prism eye...

Los Angeles, Toronto

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor op



The Fountain of Lamneth

In The Valley

I am born
I am me
I am new
I am free
Look at me
I am young
Sight unseen
Life unsung...

My eyes have just been opened
And they're open very wide
Images around me
Don't identify inside
Just one blur I recognize
The one that soothes and feeds
My way of life is easy
And as simple are my needs

Yet my eyes are drawn toward
The mountain in the east
Fascinates and captivates
Gives my heart no peace
The mountain holds the sunrise
In the prison of the night
Till bursting forth from rocky chains
The valley floods with light

Living one long sunrise
For to me all things are new
I've never watched the sky grow pale

Or strolled through fields of dew
I do not know of dust to dust
I live from breath to breath
I live to climb that mountain to
The Fountain of Lamneth

Beamsville, Atlanta

Didacts & Narpets

Listen...

Beamsville, Toronto

No-one At The Bridge

Crying back to consciousness
The coldness grips my skin
The sky is pitching violently
Drawn by shrieking winds
Seaspray blurs my vision
Waves roll by so fast
Save my ship of freedom
I'm lashed helpless to the mast

Call out for direction
And there's no one there to steer
Shout out for salvation
But there's no one there to hear
Cry out supplication
For the maelstrom is near
Scream out desperation
But no one cares to hear

Remembering when first I held
The wheel in my own hands



I took the helm so eagerly
And sailed for distant lands
But now the sea's too heavy
And I just don't understand
Why must my crew desert me
When I need a guiding hand

Beamsville, Dallas, South Bend

Panacea

The whiteness of confusion
Is unfolding from my mind
I stare around in wonder
Have I left my life behind

I catch the scent of ambergris
And turn my head... surprised
My gaze is caught and held
And I am helpless, mesmerized

Panacea – liquid grace
Oh let me touch your fragile face
Enchantment falls around me
And I know I cannot leave

Here's a meaning for my life
A shelter from the storm
Pacify my troubles with
Her body soft and warm
Naked in our unity
A smile for every tear
Gentle hands that promise me
Comfort through the years
Yet I know I must be gone

Before the light of dawn

Panacea – passion pure
I can't resist your gentle lure
My heart will lie beside you
And my wandering body grieves

Beamsville, Corpus Christi, Atlanta

Bacchus Plateau

Another endless day
Silhouettes of grey
Another glass of wine
Drink with eyes that shine
To days without that chill at morning
Nights time out of mind

Draw another goblet
From the cask of '43
Crimson misty memory
Hazy glimpse of me
Give me back my wonder
– I've something more to give
I guess it doesn't matter
– There's not much more to live

Another foggy dawn
The mountain almost gone
Another doubtful fear
The road is not so clear
My soul grows ever weary, and...
The end is ever near

Atlanta, Beamsville, Northampton Penn.

The Fountain

Look... the mist is rising
And sun is peeking through
See, the steps grow lighter
As I reach their final few
Hear, the dancing waters
I must be drawing near
Feel, my heart is pounding
With embattled hope and fear

Now, at last I fall before
The Fountain of Lamneth
I thought I would be singing
But I'm tired... out of breath
Many journeys end here
But, the secret's told the same
Life is just a candle
And a dream must give it flame

The key, the end, the answer
Stripped of their disguise
Still it's all confusion
And tears spring to my eyes
Though I've reached a signpost
It's really not the end
Like Old Sol' behind the mountain
I'll be coming up again...

I'm in motion
I am still
I am crying
I am still
I'm together

I'm apart
I'm forever
At the start

Still... I am

Beamsville, Chicago, Dallas, Lansing, Detroit, Louisville

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Produced by Rush and Terry Brown
Engineered by Terry Brown
Arrangements by Rush and Terry Brown
Recorded and mixed at Toronto Sound Studios,
Toronto, Canada.
Roadmaster – Mr. 'Herns' Ungerleider.
Roadcrew – Ian 'Rio' Grandy, Liam 'L.B.L.B.' Birt,
J.D. 'Kool Mon' Johnson.

Art direction: AGI
Graphics by Hugh Syme
Management – Ray Danniels
Executive production – Moon Records

Thanks to us for making it all possible.
A special hullo to Ape Friendly, Big Macho, M. Louis,
Mr. Eisen, The Texas Heartbreaker, Sal de Bain,
the Black Oak, Rick & the Shermans, Wolfman Marcus,
Hot Sam, C.B. & J.B., Doc Cooper, The Opner and
Sophisto Joe.
A personal thank you, Terry, for your intimate courtesy and
native grace of favour.

Dedicated to the memory of Mr. Rod Serling





The album cover for Rush's 2112 features a dark, starry space background. At the top, the word "RUSH" is written in a stylized, blue-outlined font. Below it, the number "2112" is written in a large, purple-outlined font. At the bottom, there is a glowing, red, circular object that resembles a planet or a nebula with a dark, swirling center. In the top right corner, there is a small logo for "UNIVERSAL" with three red diagonal lines above it.

RUSH 2112

2112

1 2112 – 20:33

I Overture

(Lee–Lifeson–Peart)

II The Temples Of Syrinx

(Lee–Lifeson–Peart)

III Discovery

(Lifeson–Peart)

IV Presentation

(Lifeson–Peart)

V Oracle: The Dream

(Lee–Lifeson–Peart)

VI Soliloquy

(Lee–Lifeson–Peart)

VII Grand Finale

(Lee–Lifeson–Peart)

2 A Passage To Bangkok 3:35

(Lee–Lifeson–Peart)

3 The Twilight Zone 3:20

(Lee–Lifeson–Peart)

4 Lessons 3:53

(Lifeson)

5 Tears 3:35

(Lee)

6 Something For Nothing 3:59

(Lee–Peart)

2112

Lyrics by Neil Peart

With acknowledgement to the genius of Ayn Rand

I Overture

And the meek shall inherit the Earth.

II The Temples of Syrinx

....“The massive grey walls of the Temples rise from the Heart of every Federation city. I have always been awed by them, to think that every single facet of every life is regulated and directed from within! Our books, our music, our work and play are all looked after by the benevolent wisdom of the priests....”

We've taken care of everything

The words you read

The songs you sing

The pictures that give pleasure

To your eye

One for all and all for one

Work together

Common sons

Never need to wonder

How or why

We are the priests

Of the Temples of Syrinx

Our great computers

Fill the hallowed halls

We are the priests



Of the Temples of Syrinx
All the gifts of life
Are held within our walls

Look around this world we've made
Equality
Our stock in trade
Come and join the Brotherhood
Of Man

What a nice contented world
Let the banners
Be unfurled
Hold the Red Star proudly
High in hand

III Discovery

...."Behind my beloved waterfall, in the little Room that was hidden beneath the cave, I found it. I brushed away the dust of the years, and picked it up, holding it reverently in my hands. I had no idea what it might be, but it was beautiful"....

...."I learned to lay my fingers across the wires, and to turn the keys to make them sound differently. As I struck the wires with my other hand, I produced my first harmonious sounds, and soon my own music! How different it could be from the music of the Temples! I can't wait to tell the priests about it!...."

What can this strange device be?
When I touch it, it gives forth a sound
It's got wires that vibrate, and give music
What can this thing be that I found?

See how it sings like a sad heart

And joyously screams out its pain
Chords that build high like a mountain
Or notes that fall gently, like rain

I can't wait to share this new wonder
The people will all see its light
Let them all make their own music
The priests praise my name on this night

IV Presentation

...."In the sudden silence as I finished playing, I looked up to a circle of grim, expressionless faces. Father Brown rose to his feet, and his somnolent voice echoed throughout the silent Temple Hall."....

...."Instead of the grateful joy that I expected, they were words of quiet rejection! Instead of praise; sullen dismissal. I watched in shock and horror as Father Brown ground my precious instrument to splinters beneath his feet...."

I know it's most unusual
To come before you so
But I've found an ancient miracle
I thought that you should know
Listen to my music
And hear what it can do
There's something here as strong as life
I know that it will reach you

The Priest:

Yes we know
It's nothing new

It's just a waste of time
We have no need for ancient ways
Our world is doing fine
Another toy
That helped destroy
The elder race of man
Forget about your silly whim
It doesn't fit the plan

I can't believe you're saying
These things just can't be true
Our world could use this beauty
Just think what we might do

The Priests:

Don't annoy us further
We have our work to do
Just think about the average
What us have they for you?

V Oracle: The Dream

...."I guess it was a dream, but even now it all seems so vivid to me. Clearly yet I see the beckoning hand of the oracle as he stood at the summit of the staircase"....

...."I see still the incredible beauty of the sculptured cities, and the pure spirit of man revealed in the lives and works of this world. I was overwhelmed by both wonder and understanding as I saw a completely different way to life, a way that had been crushed by the Federation long ago. I saw now how meaningless life had become with loss of all these things...."

I wandered home through silent streets
And fell in a fitful sleep
Escape to realms beyond the night
Dream – can't you show me light

I stand atop a spiral stair
An oracle confronts me there
He leads me on, light years away
Through astral nights, galactic days

I see the work of gifted hands
Grace this strange and wondrous land
I see the hand of man arise
With hungry mind and open eyes

They left our planets long ago
The elder race still learn and grow
Their power grows with purpose strong
To claim the home, where they belong

Home to tear the Temples down
Home to change –

VI Soliloquy

...."I have not left this cave for days now, it has become my last refuge in my total despair. I have only the music of the waterfall to comfort me now. I can no longer live under the control of the Federation, but there is no other place to go. My last hope is that with my death I may pass into the world of my dream, and know peace at last."





The sleep is still in my eyes
The dream is still in my head
I heave a sigh, and sadly smile
And lie awhile in bed

I wish that it might come to pass
Not fade like all my dreams
Just think of what my life might be
In a world like I have seen

I don't think I can carry on
This cold and empty life
My spirits are low, in depths of despair
My lifeblood
Spills over....

VII Grand Finale

A Passage To Bangkok

Lyrics by Neil Peart

Our first stop is in Bogota
To check Colombian fields
The natives smile and pass along
A sample of their yield
Sweet Jamaican pipe dreams
Golden Acapulco nights
Then Morocco, and the East,
Fly by morning light

We're on the train to Bangkok

Aboard the Thailand Express
We'll hit the stops along the way
We only stop for the best

Weathered in smoke in Lebanon
We burn the midnight oil
The fragrance of Afghanistan
Rewards a long day's toil
Pulling into Katmandu
Smoke rings fill the air
Perfumed by a Nepal night
The Express gets you there

The Twilight Zone

Lyrics by Neil Peart

A pleasant faced man steps up to greet you
He smiles and says he's pleased to meet you
Beneath his hat the strangeness lies
Take it off, he's got three eyes
Truth is false and logic lost
Now the fourth dimension is crossed

You have entered the Twilight Zone
Beyond this world strange things are known
Use the key, unlock the door
See what your fate might have in store
Come explore your dreams' creation
Enter this world of imagination

Wake up lost in an empty town
Wondering why no one else is around



Look up to see a giant boy
You've just become his brand new toy
No escape, no place to hide
Here where Time and Space collide

Lessons

Lyrics by Alex Lifeson

Sweet memories Flashing very quickly by
Reminding me Giving me a reason why
I know that My goal is more than a thought
I'll be there When I teach what I've been taught

You know we've told you before
But you didn't hear us then
So you still question why
You didn't listen again

Sweet memories I never thought it would be like this
Reminding me Just how close I came to missing
I know that This is the way for me to go
You'll be there When you know what I know

Tears

Lyrics by Geddy Lee

All of the seasons
And all of the days
All of the reasons
Why I've felt this way
So long
So long

The lost in that feeling
I looked in your eyes
I noticed emotion
And that you had cried
For me
I can see

What would touch me deeper
Tears that fall from eyes
That only cry?
Would it touch you deeper
Than tears that fall from eyes
That know why?

A lifetime of questions
Tears on your cheek
I tasted the answers
And my body was weak
For you
The truth

Something For Nothing

Lyrics by Neil Peart

Waiting for the winds of change
To sweep the clouds away
Waiting for the rainbow's end
To cast its gold your way
Countless ways
You pass the days

You don't get something for nothing
You don't get freedom for free
You won't get wise
With the sleep still in your eyes
No matter what your dream might be

Waiting for someone to call
And turn your world around
Looking for an answer to
The questions you have found
Looking for
An open door

What your own is your own kingdom
What you do is your own glory
What you love is your own power

What you live is your own story
In your head is the answer
Let it guide you along
Let your heart be the anchor
And the beat of your own song

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Recorded and mixed at Toronto Sound Studios,
Toronto, Canada
Roadmaster-Howard (Herns) Ungerleider
Roadcrew-Major Ian Grandy, L.B.L.B.,
Skip (Detroit Slider) Gildersleeve

Graphics-Hugh Syme

Management-Ray Danniels
Executive Production-Moon Records

A very special thank you to Ray, Vic, Terry, Howard, Ian,
Liam, Skip, and Hugh for sharing the load.

Special thanks to (insert your name here)

Special guest Hugh Syme-keyboards on 'Tears'

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RUSH

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

2 RECORD SET

RECORDED LIVE



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

- 1 **Bastille Day** 4:58
(Lee-Lifeson-Peart)
- 2 **Anthem** 4:56
(Lee-Lifeson-Peart)
- 3 **Fly By Night / In The Mood** 5:04
(Lee-Peart) / (Lee)
- 4 **Something For Nothing** 4:03
(Lee-Peart)
- 5 **Lakeside Park** 5:04
(Lee-Lifeson-Peart)
- 6 **2112** 15:50
 - I **Overture**
(Lee-Lifeson-Peart)
 - II **The Temples Of Syrinx**
(Lee-Lifeson-Peart)
 - III **Presentation**
(Lifeson-Peart)
 - IV **Soliloquy**
(Lee-Lifeson-Peart)
 - V **Grand Finale**
(Lee-Lifeson-Peart)
- 7 **By-Tor And The Snow Dog** 11:58
 - I **At The Tobes Of Hades**
 - II **Across The Styx**
 - III **Of The Battle**
 - IV **Epilogue**
(Lee-Lifeson-Peart)
- 8 **In The End** 7:07
(Lee-Lifeson)

- 9 **Working Man / Finding My Way** 15:02
(Lee-Lifeson)
- 10 **What You're Doing** 5:40
(Lee-Lifeson)

RECORDING

Recorded at Massey Hall, Toronto June 11, 12, 13, 1976
Produced by Rush and Terry Brown
Engineered by Terry Brown
Recorded by the Fedco Mobile Unit
Mixed at Toronto Sound Studios, Toronto, Canada
Tape operator — Ken Morris

THE SHOW

Roadmaster and stage lighting director — Howard (Herns) Ungerleider
Concert sound engineer and centre stage technician — Major Ian Grandy
Stage right technician — Liam (Leebee) Birt
Stage left technician — Skip (Slider) Glidersleeve
Concert sound by National Sound Inc. — Tom (Joe) Linthicum, Julian (Julio) Wilkes, Jim (Bozo) Swartz, Mike (Lurch) Hirsch
Concert lighting by Atlantis Systems — Tim Pace, Tom (Domenic) D'Ambrosia, Mark (Angelo) Cherry
Concert Presentation by CHUM FM and Martin Onrot
Booking Agency — ICM (International Creative Management)
Responsible Agent — Greg McCutcheon
Canada — Music Shoppe International
Responsible Agent — Doug Brown
Personal Management — Ray Danniels
Executive production — Moon Records

Graphics — Hugh Syme

All selections published by Core Music Publishing
(SOCAN world ex USA / SESAC USA)



A personal thank you for good times on the road, to the Cities and people of Seattle, Portland, San Antonio, Cleveland, Detroit, and (of course) Toronto. Also to Larry Bailey, Rick Ringer, Shelley Grafman, Steve Sybesma and Sunshine, Windy City, Joe Anthony, Lou Roney, Mel Sharp, Charlie Applegate, Roger and Ginny Sayles, Jim and Julie Stritmatter, Uncle Cliff Burnstein, Mike Bone, Jim Taylor, Peter Talbot and the Vashon Islanders, Steve Shutt, Rod Serling, Rhonda Ross, The Sunset Marquis, June and Ward Cleaver, The Sleeping Broom, Miss Anne, The Bag, The Lizzies, Chivas Regal, Tennis, Dead Fly Cookies, and Becker's Chocolate Milk.

Also thanks to Walt Johnston and Gibson Guitars for musical instrument contributions.

This album consists of the show which we brought to you during our North American Tours of 1976. It is an anthology of what we feel to be the high points of our concerts and recordings up to this time.

It is not perfect, but it is faithful to us and to you. We have tried to strike a careful balance between perfection and authenticity, and to create a finished work that you may enjoy, and we may be proud of. This album to us signifies the end of the beginning, a milestone to mark the close of chapter one, in the annals of Rush.

To all our friends everywhere, we thank you for your friendship and support, and wish you success in all your aspirations.

Dev Geddy Neil



BOX SET CREDITS

Supervised by Jeff Fura

5.1 Surround Sound Mixed by Richard Chycki
at Mixland, Ontario

5.1 Surround and Stereo Mastering

by Andy VanDette at Masterdisk, NY

Head Archivist: François Lamoureux at FogoLabs Corp.

DVD Production Facility: Craigman Digital

Menu Design: Craig Anderson

Authoring: Craig Anderson and David Dieckmann

Art Direction: Michele Horie, Vartan

Design: Mike Diehl

Photo Research: Jo Almeida

Photos: Bruce Cole, Fin Costello, Richard Fegley,

Gerard Gentil, David Street

Slipcase portrait: Deborah Samuel

Production Manager: Michele Horie

Product Manager: Rob Jacobs

Publicity: Sujata Murthy

Management: Ray Danniels

at SRO Management, Inc., Toronto

Special thanks: Pegi Cecconi, Andy Curran,

Anna LeCoche, Meghan Symysk, Herb Agner,

Hilary Remnant, Heather Kanipe, Elliot Kendall,

Andrew Labarrere, Beatriz Pace, everyone at

SRO/Anthem, Strobosonic, UMD and UMe.

Also available:

Sector 2 / B0015889-00 • Sector 3 / B0015890-00



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