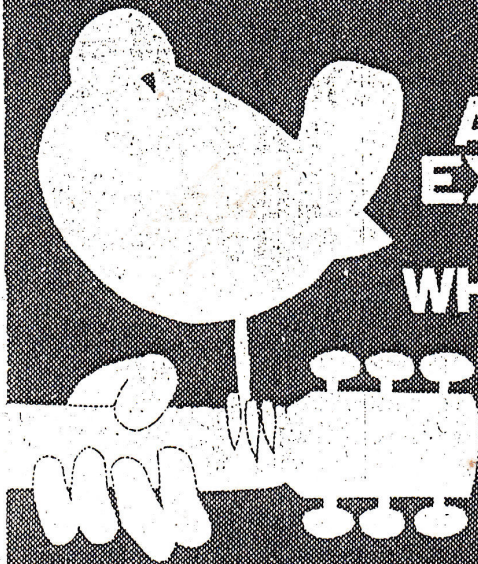


WOODSTOCK MUSIC & ART FAIR
presents

AN
AQUARIAN
EXPOSITION

in
WHITE LAKE, N.Y.

3 DAYS
OF PEACE
& MUSIC



FRI., AUG. 15

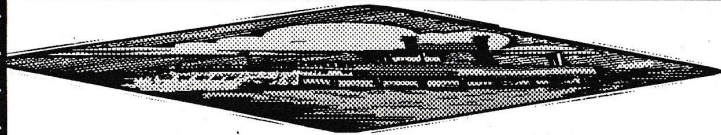
full moon for splashy fen

by Tuberider, Durban

The three thousand-odd music fans who took the trouble to attend this year's epic three-day Splashy Fen festival in the Drakensberg had an unforgettable, transcendental experience. The weather was PERFECT, the mountains MAJESTIC, the music MAGIC, the vibes MELLOW, the ambience COSMIC. With campfires dotted across the prairie, the line-up of folkies, country-ites, jazz and Latinos kept the people groovin' at just the right level of enjoyment that was appropriate to the surroundings. Upwardly mobile execs mingled with the hippies, off-duty farmers rubbed shoulders with hardened rockers, kids romped with parents while city ravaged jorlers wilfully inhaled lungfulls of CLEAN mountain air. Stars of the show were Tony Cox, Steve Newman, Ladysmith Black Mambazo, Latin Heat, the Vintage Male Voice Quartet, the Milky Way and the Full Moon.

Splashy Fen is an annual event, and you are advised to attend next year's bash. It's SA's only true festival, and it's safe.

Courtesy of Flipside / Chris Chapman



FAIRYGOLD

David Marks 1964

(p)(c)Acuff-Rose/Milne Music 1967/ GMP 1974

Shiny Shiny FairyGold
I've searched for you along these river sands
Shiny Shiny FairyGold
Never passed through my hands

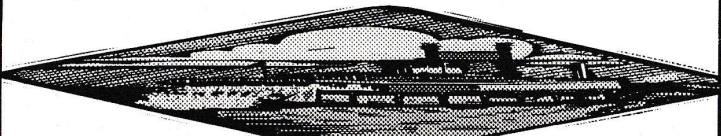
Along these surging waters
down the mighty Vaal
To Barclay West
50 years of digging
50 years of sleeping with no rest

Are all the diamonds I have seen
Like the diamonds in the sky I want to own?
I know I can not keep them
For soon among them I will make my home..

Shiny Shiny FairyGold
I've searched for you along these river sands
Shiny Shiny FairyGold
Never passed through my hands

Along these diamond rivers
In 50 years of digging I have seen
How some men made their fortunes
Many died while searching for their dream

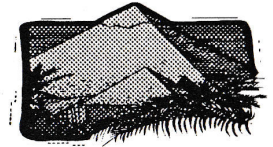
White & Blue & Yellow
Fairy Gold I have seen in my day
But all the Diamonds I have seen
Were just enough to see me on my way



MOUNTAINS OF MEN

Words & Music David Marks (p)(c) Southern Music (1963)

The Land was barren
the Lion's domain
There he was King
over all he'd reign
Then came our fathers
to dig from the ground
They built us Mountains
to Show what they
found.....



They stand in our country
We see them & then
We say they are Dust, but they're not
They are Mountains of Men
Bam'ezweni Lethu Sibabona Njalo
Sicabang' Ukuth' Uthulu, Kant' Akunjalo
Izintaba (Izindunduma) Zamadoda

They used to work here
the young and the Old
Black men & white men
to mine out the gold
Some made their
fortunes
many just died
But they left us
something
to remember them
by.....

They stand in our country
We see them & then
We say they are Dust, but they're not
They are Mountains of Men
Bam'ezweni Lethu Sibabona Njalo
Sicabang' Ukuth' Uthulu, Kant' Akunjalo
Izintaba (Izindunduma) Zamadoda

Many more riches
were soon to be seen
Men slaved & died
to build us a dream
Those men in the mines
they worked the earth's crust
These Mountains are priceless all be they of dust

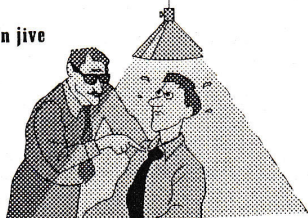
They stand in our country
We see them & then
We say they are Dust, but they're not
They are Mountains of Men
Bam'ezweni Lethu Sibabona Njalo
Sicabang' Ukuth' Uthulu, Kant' Akunjalo
Izintaba (Izindunduma) Zamadoda

let the bad times roll

(david marks) (p)(c)3rd ear music 1974

the headlines & the radio like junk 'n jive
across civilized wastes of time
how we jump for help & scream for joy
never dancing out of line
why the rising costs of loving
keeps the faith & fist uptight

hear the jingle in the jungle on the radio tonight



**LET THE BAD TIMES ROLL
LET'S GET THEM OVER WITH QUICK!**

**I DON'T WANT THE CHANGES THAT ARE COMING TO STICK
IF YOU WANT TO STOP THE REVOLUTION LET THE WHEELS GO
RRROUNOUNOUND**

GIVE THE HEADS ON TOP A TURN TO GET THEIR FEET ON THE GROUND

how did we all get here & who got here first?
the answers are endless & nobody's quenching our thirst
but now that we are here what do we do
do you come drinking with me do i go drowning with you?

deepest of afrika you're at your darkest now
we're all dying to save you but who knows how
there's no further for the glory or the glitter to glow
building little shirley temples and importing christmas snow

CHORUS

we are bleeding & we're breaking & we're bending behind backs
praying & *pretending no one's leaking thru the cracks
we are pointing all our fingers but we're not blocking any holes
so we don't here the rumble when the bad times roll....

we save the black & the white red cross first aid
to divide the stars & the stripes amongst the boys brigade
thru a man of the cloth who keeps his profits & shares
between the devil & the deep-blue see-through she wears.....so....

CHORUS

**(INTO AD LIB PARTOVER IN A FLASH.....IT WON'T HURT THAT BAD &
"LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL" SEND-UP....
EXPLOSION.....DIE STEM - OLD ANTHEM)**

(p)(c) 3eM 1996

