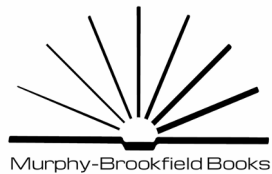


The Family Folk Machine is grateful to these community sponsors of our Fall 2021 session.

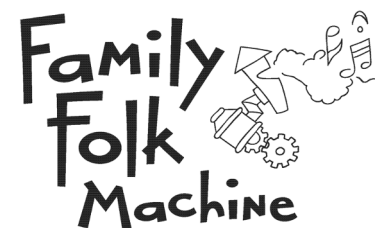


This session of the Family Folk Machine was made possible by a grant from the

**IOWA ARTS COUNCIL**  
IOWA DEPARTMENT OF CULTURAL AFFAIRS



Art by Susan Stamnes



## The Family Folk Machine presents

### Never So Far: A Fall Concert

#### Call It Dreaming Wine

-Samuel Ervin Beam, via Iron &

arr. Jean Littlejohn

*Say it's here, where our pieces fall in place/Any rain softly kisses us on the face/Anywhere means we're running/We can sleep and see 'em coming/Where we drift and call it dreaming/We can weep and call it singing  
Where we pray when our hearts are strong enough/We can bow 'cause our music's warmer than blood/Where we see enough to follow/We can hear when we are hollow/Where we keep the light we're given/We can lose and call it living  
Where the sun isn't only sinking fast/Every night knows how long it's supposed to last/Where the time of our lives is all we have/And we get a chance to say before we ease away: For all the love you've left behind, you can have mine  
Say it's here where our pieces fall in place/We can fear 'cause the feeling's fine to betray/Where our water isn't hidden/We can burn and be forgiven/Where our hands hurt from healing/We can laugh without a reason  
'Cause the sun isn't only sinking fast/Every moon and our bodies make shining glass/Where the time of our lives is all we have/And we get a chance to say before we ease away: For all the love you've left behind, you can have mine*

#### Road to Nowhere Talking Heads

-David Byrne, via the

arr. Jean Littlejohn

*Well, we know where we're going, but we don't know where we've been. And we know what we're knowing, but we can't say what we've seen. And we're not little children, and we know what we want. And the future is certain, give us time to work it out.  
We're on a road to nowhere, come on inside. Taking that ride to nowhere, we'll take that ride. Feeling okay this morning, and you know, we're on a road to Paradise; here we go.  
We're on a ride to nowhere, come on inside. Taking that ride to nowhere, we'll take that ride. Maybe you wonder where you are; I don't care. Here is where time is on our side; take you there.  
There's a city in my mind, come along and take that ride, and it's all right. And it's very far away, but it's growing day by day, and it's all right. Would you like to come along? You could help us sing this song, and it's all right. They can tell you what to do, but they'll make a fool of you, and it's all right. We're on a road to nowhere.*

## Friends of the Family Folk Machine

(donations July 1, 2020 to June 30, 2021)

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Amber and Jeff Capps, in honor  
of the FFM directors  
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Gary and Beth Clarke  
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James and Mary Schepker,  
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Susan and Steve Spears  
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Anne Tanner  
Melinda and Lee Turnbull  
Donna Valiga  
Elaine Waples  
Heather Widmayer and  
Charles Stanier  
Mardee and Jim Wood, in  
honor of Jean Littlejohn

## Family Folk Machine Singers

Alice Boerner  
Glenda Buenger  
Jeff Capps, Adelaide and Louisa  
Aprille Clarke, Miles and Tobin  
Crall  
Libby Conley  
Michael Crow  
Josie Dunnington and Sasha Jakob  
Emily Edrington  
Sara Feldmann and Nora  
Wittenkeller  
Ed Flaherty  
Rose Hanson  
Susan Henke and Star Marcelino  
Denise Kanne  
Dave Larew  
Perry Lenz  
Wendy Levy  
Beth Lewis  
Gene Light  
Ruth Manna  
Brandy Mitchell  
Jane Moeckli, Evelyn and Wyatt  
Mozena  
Jeffrey Morgan  
Jane Murphy  
Katharine Nicholson  
Joan O’Kones  
Lynn and Jerry Partridge  
Mike Partridge and Amy Dobrian,  
Erin Partridge  
Reed Renneckar  
Callista Robertson  
Michael Sauder, Claire and Ben  
Mike Severino-Patterson and Millie  
Severino Shiguango  
Susan Stamnes  
Samantha Turnbull  
Elizabeth Willmore, Gwyn and  
Morgan Brown

## Family Folk Machine Band

Alma Drake, guitar  
Chris Eck, mandolin and  
ukulele  
Evelyn Endris, percussion  
Laurie Haag, cajón  
Tara McGovern, fiddle  
Dave Parsons, bass  
Reed Renneckar, harmonica  
Ben Sauder, fiddle  
Claire Sauder, cello

Many heartfelt thanks to Steve  
Cook of Steve Cook Sound  
Production for running the  
sound for today’s concert.

The FFM thanks Chris Eck for  
providing ukulele instruction  
to the FFM kids this fall!

Thanks to the Iowa City  
Department of Parks and  
Recreation and to the Iowa  
City/Johnson County Senior  
Center for their support of our  
outdoor session. Thanks to  
Emily Edrington, Mike  
Edrington, and Gene Light for  
technical assistance.

## When the Train Comes Along

-trad.

Black spiritual,  
via Elizabeth Cotten and Joachim Cooder, arr. Jean Littlejohn  
and Alma Drake  
*Brandy Mitchell, Joan O’Kones,  
Jeffrey  
Morgan, and Beth Lewis, soloists*

*Some come laughing through their pain*

***Gonna meet you at the station when the train comes along***

*Some come walking in freedom’s name*

***Gonna meet you at the station when the train comes along***

***When the train comes along, when the train comes along; Gonna meet you at  
the station when the train comes along***

*When it comes around the bend, Gonna let everybody on in  
Grief of years is washed away, Darkest night is turned to day  
Doubts and fears are borne along, Sorrow changes into song*

## Hope

-Ysaÿe M. Barnwell

*Josie Dunnington, soloist*

*If we want hope to survive in this world today—if we want peace in the world  
—then every day we’ve got to sing/ walk/work/move/march/teach/sing on.*

## You Are Not Alone

-Jeff Tweedy, via

Mavis Staples

arr. Jean Littlejohn

*You’re not alone, I’m with you, I’m lonely, too. What’s that song can’t be sung  
by two? A broken home, a broken heart, isolated and afraid. Open up, this is a  
raid; I want to get it through to you: you’re not alone.  
You’re not alone. Every night I stand in your place. Every tear on every face  
tastes the same. A broken dream, a broken heart, isolated and afraid. Open up,  
this is a raid; I want to get it through to you: you’re not alone.  
An open hand, an open heart; there’s no need to be afraid. Open up, this is a  
raid; I want to get it through to you: you’re not alone.*

## Nothing More

-Eric Donnelly and

Tim Warren, via

the Alternate Routes, arr. Jon Ranard

*To be humble, to be kind. It is a giving of the peace in your mind. To a stranger,  
to a friend. To give in such a way that has no end.*

*We are love, we are one. We are how we treat each other when the day is  
done. We are peace, we are war. We are how we treat each other and nothing  
more.*

## Ain't No Hole in the Washtub

-Paul Williams

arr.

Aprille Clarke and Alma Drake

*Aprille Clarke and Miles Crall, with Tobin Crall, bass guitar*  
Head full of good thoughts, belly full of grub. Money in your pocket when there ain't no hole in the washtub. Your nails won't break and your toes won't stub when there ain't no hole in the washtub. If you look to the good side, falling down's a free ride, slippin' and a-slidin' in the mud. If your back is hurtin', I can say for certain I'll be there to treat you to a soothing back rub, when there ain't no hole in the washtub. Lunch with the upper crust, dinner at the club. High on the hog when there ain't no hole in the washtub. Watermelon gardens, berries on a shrub. Cookies in the kitchen when there ain't no hole in the washtub. I'll be there to treat you to a soothing back rub, when there ain't no hole in the washtub. If you look to the good side, falling down's a free ride, slippin' and a-slidin' in the mud. So it twists and contorts you, the barrel supports you. You can feed and clothe yourself with a rub-a-dub-dub when there ain't no hole in the washtub.

## I Wake in Joy

-Deb Talan

*I wake in joy; every day in every way I wake in joy.*  
*And we know something about the stars now. And every leaf on Earth already knows, every beast that flies or stays or goes: we're from a universe of branches.*  
*I wake in love; every day in every way I wake in love.*  
*Take the time you need to know. Take the time. You'll know when.*  
*I wake in joy; every day in every way I wake in joy. Awaken me; every day in every way awaken me.*  
*And we know something about the stars now. And every leaf on Earth already knows, every beast that flies or stays or goes: we're from a universe of branches.*

## It Don't Come Easy

-Ringo Starr, arr. Jean Littlejohn

*Got to pay your dues if you want to sing the blues, and you know it don't come easy. You don't have to shout or leap about, you can even play them easy. Forget about the past and all your sorrow; the future won't last, it will soon be your tomorrow. I don't ask for much, I only want your trust, and you know it don't come easy. And this love of mine keeps growing all the time, and you know it just ain't easy. Open up your heart, let's come together. Use a little love, and we will make it work out better. Got to pay your dues if you want to sing the blues, and you know it don't come easy. You don't have to shout or leap about, and you know it don't come easy. Please remember peace is how we make it. Here, within your reach, if you're big enough to take it. I don't ask for much, I only want your trust, and you know it don't come easy. And this love of mine keeps growing all the time, and you know it just ain't easy.*

## Never So Far

Jean Littlejohn

-Greg Brown, arr.

*Mike Severino-Patterson and Jon Ranard, soloists*

*Too many miles there between us. Too many kisses, nowhere to go. Don't want to moan, don't want to fuss. I'm calling you up now just so you'll know: You are never so far that my love can't find you; never so far that I can't see your face. We are never so far, let me remind you, never so far from our loving place. Love is a gift; life is a journey; we'll get 'em together some sweet day. When we're apart, it's all such a yearning. But listen now, darlin', to what I say: You are never so far that my love can't find you; never so far that I can't see your face. We are never so far, let me remind you, never so far from our loving place. I can feel your hand in mine right now. I feel your sweet love in my bones. Let's not cry, let's not fight now; Love will hold us even when we're alone.*

## Cover Me in Sunshine

-Amy Allen and

Maureen

*"Mozella" McDonald, arr. Jon Ranard*

*I've been dreaming of friendly faces, and I've got so much time to kill. Just imagine people laughing—I know that some day we will. And even if it's far away, get me through another day.*  
*Cover me in sunshine, shower me with good times, tell me that the world's been spinning since the beginning and everything will be alright. Cover me in sunshine. From a distance all these mountains are just some little tiny hill. Wildflowers, they keep living while they're just simply standing still. Yeah, I've been missing yesterday, but what if there's a better place?*  
*Cover me in sunshine, shower me with good times, tell me that the world's been spinning since the beginning and everything will be alright. Cover me in sunshine.*

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The Family Folk Machine is directed by Jean Littlejohn with associate directors Alma Drake and Jon Ranard and assistant to the director Claire Sauder. Visit us at [familyfolkmachine.org](http://familyfolkmachine.org) or find us on Facebook. To join us, send a note to [jean@familyfolkmachine.org](mailto:jean@familyfolkmachine.org).

The Family Folk Machine is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization based in Iowa City. We are an intergenerational, non-auditioned choir that welcomes kids and adults of all ages and backgrounds to sing together with a band. The FFM seeks to build community through singing songs with our neighbors, to explore American history and culture through song, to foster individual musical growth, and to pursue excellence as an ensemble.