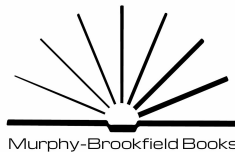


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Carry On: Songs for Living



Art by Michael Crow

Sunday, November 13, 2022 3:00 p.m.
Englert Theatre

A fall concert by the

In partnership with



The Family Folk Machine is a non-auditioned, intergenerational, nonprofit choir. We build community through singing songs with our neighbors, explore American history and culture through song, foster individual musical growth, and pursue excellence as an ensemble.

The Family Folk Machine is directed by Jean Littlejohn with associate directors Alma Drake and Jon Ranard and assistant to the director Sebastian Sauder. Visit us at familyfolkmachine.org or find us on Facebook. To join our 10th-anniversary session in January, send a note to jean@familyfolkmachine.org.

The Family Folk Machine presents

Carry On: Songs for Living

One Fine Day

-David Byrne and Brian Eno,
via the Brooklyn Youth Chorus
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Elizabeth Caldwell, soloist

Saw the wandering eye inside my heart; Shouts and battle cries from every part; I can see those tears, every one is true; When the door appears, I'll go right through. I stand in liquid light, like everyone; I built my life with rhymes, to carry on; And it gives me hope to see you there; The things I used to know, that one fine, One fine day.

In a small dark room, where I will wait; Face to face I find, I contemplate; Even though we all are made of clay; Everything can change, that one fine day.

Then before my eyes, is standing still; I beheld it there, a city on a hill; I complete my tasks, one by one; I remove my masks when I am done. Then a peace of mind fell over me; In these troubled times, I still can see; We can use the stars to guide the way; It is not that far, that one fine day.

I've Been Dazed

-Brian Burton, Dean Josiah, and
Michael Kiwanuka, arr. Jean Littlejohn

Erin Partridge, soloist

I've been dazed, my pride is gone; My mistake, guess I'll move on. London days, it's cold outside; Lost my way, you know I've tried. Won't you carry on? Help me carry on.

*My heart said to me Time is a healer
Love is the answer I'm on my way
My heart said to me Time is a healer
Truth is the answer I'm on my way*

On My Way

-Booker T. Jones and Valerie June Hockett
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Went to a beautiful place one time, Didn't care nothing 'bout a nickel or a dime; Sat there watching the river roll by, Spend my whole life with a tear in my eye. Lord, and I'm on my way; Oh and it won't be long; Mm and I'm holding on. Gravity getting the best of me, It won't be long just as far as I can see; Ashes to ashes, we all fall down; No use fighting what's sealed and bound. Pushin' my weight against stone walls, playin' a guitar given by grandpa; He never learned to pick one tune, gave his soul to heaven in the month of June.

Family Folk Machine Singers

Kristi Abuissa
Susan Ahrens
Laura Bergus
Glenda Buenger
Dan Christian
Aprille Clarke, Tobin and Callum Crall
Michael Crow
Emily Edrington
Sara Feldmann
Susan Henke and Star Marcelino
Denise Kanne
Craig Kessler and Janet Lessner
Jocelyn Koolbeck and Corrina
Dave Larew
Perry Lenz
Wendy Levy
Gene Light
Ruth Manna
Marty Miller
Jane Moeckli
Jeffrey Morgan
Jane Murphy
Sara Newhart
Katharine Nicholson
Kat Olivier and Louise
Lynn and Jerry Partridge
Mike Partridge and Erin
Bonnie Penno
Cecelia Proffit and Conor Hilton,
Harper and Emerson

Reed Renneckar
Tom and Maricel Rogers and
Hannah
Michael Sauder, Sebastian and Ben
Mike Severino-Patterson
Susan Stamnes
Samantha Turnbull
Elizabeth Willmore, Gwyn and
Morgan Brown

Family Folk Machine Band

Alma Drake, guitar
Laurie Haag, cajón
Jean Littlejohn, keyboard
Tara McGovern, fiddle
Dave Parsons, bass
Jon Ranard, keyboard
Reed Renneckar, harmonica
Ben Sauder, fiddle and viola
Sebastian Sauder, cello

The FFM thanks Nicole Upchurch
for teaching a beginning ukulele class
to the FFM kids this fall!

Thanks to Underground Printing for
supporting our FFM shirts and to
Hospers and Brother Printing for
donating printing services! Thanks as
always to the Englert staff!

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(donations July 1, 2021 to June 30, 2022)

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Happy Doesn't Have to Have an Ending

-They Might Be Giants
arr. Sebastian Sauder, Ben Sauder, and Jean Littlejohn
Choreography by Aprille Clarke

Hip hip hippie hippie me today, happy hippie hippie me today

I'm a long-haired hippie kitten; I'm on a secret mission; I've got a message for the people of the world:

You've got to know happy doesn't have to have an ending! Don't stop the good times when they start; Come on now! You've got to know happy doesn't have to have an ending. Remember this before we part: You've got to sing out loud when the music starts; You've got to shake your tail when you hear this part. Come on now!

I'm a long-haired hippie kitten; I'm on a secret mission to make a valentine for everyone on Earth. I'm sitting in my window with my kitten arms akimbo; my paw is tired from this Valentine's work.

Gavotte's a kind of dance and it really comes from France and it's like a minuet but moderately fast. Other cats come around here just to gavotte with me and you too. Put to rest the rumors that a hippie cat can't dance!

You've got to know happy doesn't have to have an ending! You've got to make room for too much fun; Come on now! You've got to know happy doesn't have to have an ending. We've got the stars, we've got the sun. You've got to smile a while when it feels all right; you've got to jump around, and we'll dance all night. Come on now!

Hip hip hippie hippie me today, happy hippie hippie me today. Boom! Comin' out of my room. Got a valentine for Mr. Peter Tork; a delivery for Mr. Peter Tork.

Keep On Keepin' On

-Curtis Mayfield, via Silk Road Ensemble
and Rhiannon Giddens, arr. Jon Ranard

Jeffrey Morgan and Lynn Partridge, soloists

Left foot forward, right foot next. Show your strength, body taller; this ain't the time to rest. Exercise your rights while you got 'em! No time to waste. Teach 'em all that matters in this big race. We've gotta just

keep on keepin' on.

I took the road less traveled, I even went too far. I started to unravel; yeah, it got so hard. Better keep going in that direction, if we dissipate. My people lift me up with what we create. That's how we keep on keepin' on.

When the weight of the world is on your shoulders, and it all seems to get you down; and it's hard 'cause you want to be bolder, but the elements keep knocking you around. If you plant your feet firmly in the ground, remember that life is free and even often so profound, you're making memories and not a life of reverie. Take the lead and spread the love and joy around!

Keep on keepin' on.

Knuckleheads

-Paul Hatem
arr. Chris Eastburn

Craig Kessler and Gene Light, soloists

The world is full of knuckleheads; Whatcha gonna do about it?

Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do? Any way you think about it, whatcha gonna do? Just take a look around, whatcha gonna do?

Don't forget about the pin heads and flat heads, air heads and fat heads, sleepyheads and bat heads. Don't forget about the freak shows, peep shows, no shows, creep shows—whatcha gonna do?

The world is full of knuckleheads, chuckleheads, muscle heads and motorheads, whatcha gonna do? The world is full of meat heads, cheese heads, boneheads and mutton heads, whatcha gonna do?

Don't forget about the head lice, field mice, look once, think twice, act nice, pay the price.

Don't forget about the pushovers, roll-overs, do-overs, sleep-overs—whatcha gonna do?

Look Up

-Dave Richard Bassett and Joy Oladokun
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Susan Stamnes, soloist

Sometimes your life feels like a broken rollercoaster, a thousand useless moving parts.

Sometimes you spend your nights too scared of getting closer, Hiding out in the back seat of your car. You tell yourself it's raining; the clouds are in your head. You tell yourself it's better to jump before you fall again, before you lose it all again:

Look up! Do you see the sunlight? Look up! There's flowers in your hair.

Hold on! 'Cause somebody loves you. You know trouble's always gonna be there. Don't let it bring you to your knees; Look up.

Mondays aren't always bright. Some days, you lose the fight. But life can be beautiful if you let it be. Tomorrow keeps haunting you with all kinds of mystery. It's a blank page for your poetry if you let it be.

Say Something

-Bridget Kearney, Benjamin Lazar Davis,
and Stevo Atambire, arr. Jean Littlejohn

Dark lines underneath your eyes; something is on your mind, I know. Let me help you unwind and straighten up your spine from inside.

Say something, why don't you say something? We're never gonna get it right 'til we say something loud. Say something; rise up and say something; and lay the troubles of your mind on me: say it out loud.

Power would want you to doubt what you can say out loud, but I don't. How long will you wait, as time seals your fate? Say something.

Today's concert is dedicated to the memory of our beloved friend
and charter FFM singer Rose Hanson. We miss you, Rose!

You've Got a Friend

-Carole King, via James Taylor
arr. Jon Ranard

Sung by Emily Light Edrington and Gene Light

When you're down and troubled, and you need some loving care; and nothing, nothing is going right; Close your eyes and think of me, and soon I will be there to brighten up even your darkest night.

You just call out my name, and you know, wherever I am, I'll come running to see you again. Winter, spring, summer, or fall, all you have to do is call, and I'll be there.

You've got a friend.

If the sky above you grows dark and full of clouds, and that old north wind begins to blow, keep your head together and call my name out loud. Soon you'll hear me knockin' at your door.

Now, ain't it good to know that you've got a friend, when people can be so cold?

They'll hurt you, yes, and desert you, and take your soul if you let them.

Oh, but don't you let them.

Thank You for Being a Friend

-Andrew Gold
arr. Jon Ranard

Thank you for being a friend. Traveled down a road and back again. Your heart is true, you're a pal and a confidant. I'm not ashamed to say I hope it always will stay this way. My hat is off, won't you stand up and take a bow.

And if you threw a party, and you invited everyone that you knew, you would see the biggest gift would be from me, and the card attached would say:

Thank you for being a friend.

If it's a car you lack, I'd surely buy you a Cadillac; whatever you need, any time of the day or night. And when we both get older, with walking canes and hair of gray, Have no fear, 'cause even though it's hard to hear, I will stand real close and say: Thank you for being a friend.

Killing the Blues

-Rowland Jon Salley, via John Prine
and Robert Plant/Alison Krauss
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Glenda Buenger, Mike Severino-Patterson, and Susan Henke, soloists

Leaves were falling, just like embers, in colors red and gold; they set us on fire, burning just like a moonbeam in our eyes.

Somebody said they saw me swinging the world by the tail, bouncing over a white cloud, killing the blues.

Now I am guilty of something I hope you never do because there is nothing sadder than losing yourself in love.

Now you ask me just to leave you; to go out on my own and get what I need to.

You want me to find what I already had.

Cut the Cornbread, Mama

-Dana Ferris, arr. Jon Ranard

I see an old green car coming around the bend, I hear the engine purring and a-humming. It's some of our neighbors and some of our kin: Cut the cornbread, Mama, company's coming!

They're getting closer now, gonna make the hill. I hear somebody singing and a-strumming. The one with the banjo is our cousin Bill. We'll get cider from the cellar, and we'll have a bite to eat. Then we'll sing and dance and raise a little Cain. Then we'll sit a spell and talk a spell; talk about if it's gonna rain.

They've all been here before; they're coming back again, while the old green car is still a-running. No time to do the chores or get the milk cow in.

They're coming through the yard, what a sight to see. They've got the chickens and the geese a-running. We all know what a good time there's gonna be: Cut the cornbread, Mama, company's coming!

Turn, Turn, Turn

-Pete Seeger/Ecclesiastes
arr. Alma Drake and Jean Littlejohn

Jane Moeckli, soloist

To everything, turn, turn, turn, there is a season, turn, turn, turn, and a time for every purpose under heaven.

A time to be born, a time to die. A time to plant, a time to reap. A time to kill, a time to heal. A time to laugh, a time to weep.

A time to build up, a time to break down. A time to dance, a time to mourn. A time to cast away stones, a time to gather stones together.

A time of war, a time of peace. A time of love, a time of hate. A time you may embrace, a time to refrain from embracing.

A time to gain, a time to lose. A time to rend, a time to sew. A time to love, a time to hate. A time of peace, I swear it's not too late!

The Point of It

-Georgia Mia Hubley, Ira David Kaplan,
and James George McNew (Yo la Tengo)
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Sung by Jean Littlejohn and Sebastian Sauder

When you're screaming in my ear, what's the point of it? When you're sure no-one can hear, or none that you'll admit;

Say that we're afraid, say that we were wrong; Maybe that's okay, if we're not so strong; that's the point of it.

When you choose to hide your eyes, take me out of here; Finding comfort in our lives before it disappears;

Say that we're afraid, say we're not the ones; Maybe that's okay, if we're not so young; that's the point of it.

When I'm standing next to you, that's the point of it; When there's no-one but us two, that's the point of it;

Say that we're afraid, say the night is cold; Maybe that's okay, if we're getting old, if we're not so strong, if our story's told: That's the point of being loved.