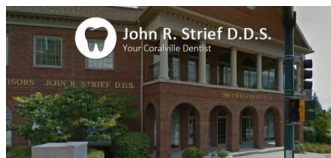
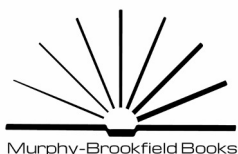


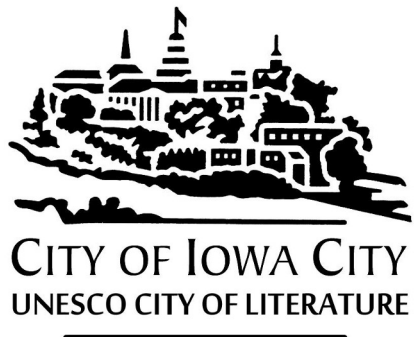
The Family Folk Machine is grateful to these sponsors
of our spring concert:



DR. SUZANNE STOCK
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Thank you to the City of Iowa City for supporting
this concert with a Public Art Matching Grant!



Art by Susan Stammes

Saturday, May 13, 2023 3:00 p.m.
Englert Theatre

A spring 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 presents

Love in the Harmony: A Tenth Anniversary Concert

Mr Blue Sky

Jeff Lynne, arr. Jon Ranard

Craig Kessler, soloist

Sun is shining in the sky, there ain't a cloud in sight. It's stopped raining, everybody's in a play and don't you know it's a beautiful new day. Running down the avenue, see how the sun shines brightly in the city, on the streets where once was pity. Mister Blue Sky is living here today.

Mister Blue Sky, please tell us why you had to hide away for so long. Where did we go wrong?

Hey you with the pretty face, welcome to the human race, a celebration, Mister Blue Sky's up there waiting and today is the day we've waited for.

Hey there Mister Blue, we're so pleased to be with you. Look around, see what you do: everybody smiles at you.

Mister Blue, you did it right, but soon comes Mister Night, creeping over, now his hand is on your shoulder. Nevermind, I'll remember you this way.

Loon

Oen Kennedy, arr. Chris Eastburn and Jean Littlejohn

Morgan Brown, soloist

Let this song be a loon; let it swim and sing under the moon; let its feathers zip up tight for an underwater flight into deep blue. Let this water always be clear; let its inspiration always be here; let me understand the sound of the water flowing down over a million stones.

If it comes to me in the midnight hour, will I answer to its call? Will I wake up from this dream that I've been living? Will I keep my heart open? Will I strengthen my devotion to the light?

This morning a loon called my name, and I'm overjoyed, I'll never be the same. I can still see that light from the waning of the night and the morning star. And this loon has given a chance to my soul, who was waiting to dance like a child in the sun on a naked, joyous run into the water's arms.

And it came to me in the midnight hour, and I answered to its call, and I woke up from this dream that I'd been living; and I kept my heart open like a shiny, wavy ocean in the moonlight.

Gonna keep my heart open, gonna strengthen my devotion.

Let this song be a loon

Let it swim and sing under the moon

Let its feathers zip up tight for an underwater flight into deep blue

...

And I kept my heart open, like a shiny, wavy ocean.

Family Folk Machine Singers

Kristi Abuissa
Susan Ahrens
Laura Bergus
Karyn Berlin, Lainey and Lily Maas
Glenda Buenger
Laura Christenson
Aprille Clarke, Tobin and Callum Crall
Michael Crow
Josie Dunnington and Sasha Jakob
Emily Edrington
Sara Feldmann
Susan Henke and Star Marcelino
Linda Johansen
Denise Kanne
Craig Kessler and Janet Lessner
Dave Larew
Perry Lenz
Wendy Levy
Gene Light
Liz Lundberg and Prudence
Ruth Manna
Autumn McConeghey and Emmet
Marty Miller
Jane Moeckli
Bob Montgomery
Jeffrey Morgan
Jane Murphy
Sara Newhart
Kat Olivier and Louise
Lynn and Jerry Partridge
Mike Partridge, Amy Dobrian, and Erin
Bonnie Penno
Cecelia Proffit and Conor Hilton,
Harper and Emerson

Chip Ross
Joanna and Alia Sabha
Michael Sauder, Sebastian and Ben
Kara Schwee
Mike Severino-Patterson and Lisan
Susan Stamnes
Martha Szyllberg and Alina
Samantha Turnbull
Elizabeth Willmore, Sam and
Morgan Brown

Family Folk Machine Band

Alma Drake, guitar
Christopher Eck, mandolin
Laurie Haag, cajón and drums
Sasha Jakob, cello and ukulele
Craig Kessler, soprano saxophone
Jean Littlejohn, keyboard
Christine Moad, bass
Jeffrey Morgan, ukulele and fire
extinguisher
Jane Murphy, ukulele
Mary Neumann, violin
Katherine Olivier, flute
Jon Ranard, keyboard
Reed Renneckar, harmonica
Ben Sauder, violin
Sebastian Sauder, cello
Mike Severino-Patterson, trumpet
Susan Stamnes, ukulele
Martha Szyllberg, viola

The FFM thanks Nicole Upchurch and Christine Moad for teaching songwriting classes to the FFM this spring!

Thanks to Hospers and Brother Printers for donating printing services! Thanks as always to the Englert staff!

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 fall 2023 session, send a note to jean@familyfolkmachine.org this summer.

The Traveling Kind

Rodney Crowell and EmmyLou Harris
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Dave Larew, soloist

We don't all die young to save our spark from the ravages of time, but the first and last to leave their mark someday become the traveling kind. In the wind are names of poets past; some were friends of yours and mine. And to those unsung, we lift our glass: may their songs become the traveling kind. We were born to brave this tilted world with our hearts laid on the line; be it way-crossed boy or red-dirt girl, the song becomes the traveling kind. There are mountains worth their weight in gold mere mortals dare not climb; come, ye wanderers, sainted, sinners both, and claim them for the traveling kind. When the music slowly starts to fade into the light's last soft decline, let us lie down in that evening shade and rest among the traveling kind. And the song goes on for the traveling kind.

Lean on Me

Bill Withers, arr. Bruce Teague and Jon Ranard

Iowa City Mayor Bruce Teague, special guest soloist

Sometimes in our lives, we all have pain, we all have sorrow; But if we are wise, we know that there's always tomorrow.

Lean on me when you're not strong, and I'll be your friend; I'll help you carry on. For it won't be long 'til I'm gonna need somebody to lean on.

Please swallow your pride if I have things you need to borrow, for no one can fill those of your needs that you won't let show.

Lean on me when you're not strong, and I'll be your friend; I'll help you carry on. For it won't be long 'til I'm gonna need somebody to lean on.

You just call on me, brother, when you need a hand; we all need somebody to lean on. I just might have a problem that you'll understand; we all need somebody to lean on.

If there is a load you have to bear that you can't carry, I'm right up the road—I'll share your load if you just call me.

Lean on me, you can lean on me.

Lovely Day

Bill Withers and Skip Scarborough, arr. Jean Littlejohn

Sara Newhart, Susan Henke, Star Marcelino, and Liz Lundberg, soloists

When I wake up in the morning, love, and the sunlight hurts my eyes, and something without warning, love, bears heavy on my mind, Then I look at you, and the world's all right with me. Just one look at you, and I know it's gonna be a lovely day.

When the day that lies ahead of me seems impossible to face, and someone else instead of me always seems to know the way, Then I look at you, and the world's all right with me. Just one look at you, and I know it's gonna be a lovely day.

Forest Lullaby

Susan Stamnes and Alma Drake
arr. Alma Drake and Jean Littlejohn

Kristi Abuissa, soloist

Hush now, little child, dream of the River that flows so wild from mountain to timber. Hush now, my babe, dream of the trees that fill the landscape from mountain to sea. Hush now, small one, we have all we need, you shall lack for none unless we meet greed. Shout now, little child, if greed takes the river, you shall be wild! Demand and deliver! Shout now, my soul, if greed takes the trees, you shall stand tall in solidarity. Hush now, little child, safe in your dreaming, and when you arise, turn your cries to singing.

Wash My Eyes

Greg Brown, arr. Jean Littlejohn

Jeffrey Morgan, soloist

Wash my eyes, that I may see yellow return to the willow tree; Open my ears, that I may hear the river running swift and clear. And please, wash my eyes. And please, open my ears.

Wash this world that is one place and wear a mad and a fearful face; Let the cruel raging cease, let these children sleep in peace. And please, wash this world. And please, let these children sleep in peace.

My Roots Go Down

Sarah Pirtle

My roots go down, down into the earth. I am a pine tree on a mountainside. I am a willow, swaying in the storm. I am a wildflower, reaching for the sun. I am a waterfall, skipping home.

Gentle Arms of Eden

Dave Carter, arr. Chris Eastburn

Josie Dunnington, Aprille Clarke, Gene Light, Alia Sabha, Sasha Jakob, Perry Lenz, and Wendy Levy, soloists

On a sleepy, endless ocean when the world lay in a dream, there was rhythm in the splash and roll but not a voice to sing; So the moon fell on the breakers and the morning warmed the waves 'til a single cell did jump and hum for joy as though to say:

This is my home. This is my only home. This is the only sacred ground that I have ever known. And should I stray in the dark night alone, rock me Goddess in the gentle arms of Eden.

Then the day turned bright and rounder, 'til the one turned into two and two into ten thousand things and old things into new. And on some virgin beach-head one lonesome critter crawled, and he looked about and shouted out in his most astonished drawl:

This is my home...

Then all the sky was buzzing and the ground was carpet green, and the wary children of the woods went dancing in between; And the people sang rejoicing when the fields were glad with grain, this song of celebration from their cities on the plain...

Now there's smoke across the harbor and factories on the shore, and the world is ill with greed and will and enterprise of war; But I will lay my burdens in the cradle of your grace and the shining beaches of your love and the sea of your embrace...

Hoping Machine

Woody Guthrie, James Olliges Jr., Jay Farrar,
Anders Parker, and Will Johnson; arr. Jean Littlejohn

Mike Severino-Patterson, soloist

Don't let anything knock your props out from under you. Always keep your mind clear; let your plans come out of mistakes: These are the plans that nothing can tear down, made out of things that have already been torn down.

Whatever you do and wherever you go, don't lose your grip on life—and that means don't let any earthly calamity knock your dreamer and your hoping machine. Music is the language of the mind that travels. It carries the key to the laws of time and space. Lonesome train whistling down the silent wail of wind; life is the sound, creation has been a song.

Whatever you do and wherever you go, don't lose your grip on life—and that means don't let any earthly calamity knock your dreamer and your hoping machine out of order.

Quick to manufacture new schemes and ideas; faster than any turn a tide can wash you out. Word is the music and the people are the song; tomorrow's chances feel like a singing god.

Little Bird

Deb Talan and Steve Tannen, arr. Jean Littlejohn

Laura Christenson, Sam Brown, and Kara Schwee, soloists

Sometimes it's hard to say even one thing true, and all eyes have turned aside, they used to talk to you; and people on the street seem to disapprove, so you keep moving away and forget what you wanted to say.

Little bird, brush your gray wings on my head. Say what you said, say it again: they tell me I'm crazy, but you told me I'm golden.

Sometimes it's hard to tell the truth from a lie; nobody knows what's in the hold of your mind. We are all buildings and people inside, never know who'll walk through the door—is it someone that you've met before?

I know what I know, the wind in the trees and the road that goes winding under. From here I see rain, I hear thunder. Somewhere there's sun and you don't need a reason.

Sometimes it's hard to find a way to keep on; quiet weekends, holidays, you come undone. Open your window and look upon all the kinds of alive you can be. Be still; be light; believe me.

When I Fall

Steve Earle, arr. Jean Littlejohn

Mike Partridge, Amy Dobrian, and Erin Partridge, soloists

Late at night on some dark, deserted highway on my way to another lonesome town, I thought I might see the first light of a new day as it lay like fool's gold on the ground.

But whenever I'm feeling low, I won't have to cry alone, I know, 'cause you will answer when I call. If I soar above the clouds and then I come crashing back to earth again, you will catch me when I fall.

All these years I've watched you trip and stumble, there were times that I feared that you were lost. But every tear that I dried after you tumbled comes to mind when I'm considering the cost.

In my heart there's a place for you to run to anytime you're tired and hurt and blue. For my part, I have only to remind you: you will find me waiting when you do.

Be the Change

Susan Werner, arr. Jon Ranard

Josie Dunnington and Conor Hilton, soloists

I remember my mother: she made a better life for every child in sight and us, and everybody on the bus. And I remember my father: he worked hard, but he worked fair so everyone could share in success, 'cause that's how you do it, yes— You've got to be the change you want to see in the world.

I take after my sister: stood tall, her head held high, spoke truth and shook the sky with words that nobody'd ever heard. And I take after my brother: stood proud in six-inch beels, fought fierce for his ideals of love everybody's worthy of.

You've got to shine a light, shine shine into the night. Seize the day, every little thing you do, every little word you say, every him and her and they!

Colors

Eric Burton, arr. Jean Littlejohn

Sasha Jakob and Christine Moad, soloists

I woke up to the morning sky first, baby blue just like we rehearsed. When I get up off this ground, I shake the leaves back down to the ground 'til I'm clean. They I walked where I'd be shaded by the trees, by a meadow of green for 'bout a mile, I'm headed to town in style.

With all my favorite colors; my sisters and my brothers, they see 'em like no other, all my favorite colors. It's a good day to be, a good day for me, good day to see my favorite colors.

Now, take me to the other side; little bitty bluebirds fly in gray clouds or white walls or blue skies, we're gonna fly, feel alright. The least I can say, I anticipate a homecom' parade as we renegade in the morning, right on.

Love in the Harmony

Alma Drake, with Lynn Partridge and Michael Crow
arr. Alma Drake and Jean Littlejohn

Alma Drake, Lynn Partridge, and Michael Crow, soloists

My guitar, always been my best friend; it's never far from my heart and from my hands. It's kept me going through some dark and troubled things. There's no knowing how much I owe these six strings.

Oh, music takes us by surprise—suddenly we need it more than breathing. Oh, music heals us by and by, and we all find love in the harmony.

My guitar came to me when I was young, she became a sweet refuge in my room. She found my voice, like a heartwood in a tree, gently rooted, growing free.

And when I ignored the music inside for too long, I knew it had to find its way. And then I heard these voices raised in sweet song, and I knew I'd found my harmony.

Music is the special magic of our time, a simple equation: melody plus rhythm and rhyme. It's kept us going through some dark and troubled years; we'll keep singing while there are ears to hear.