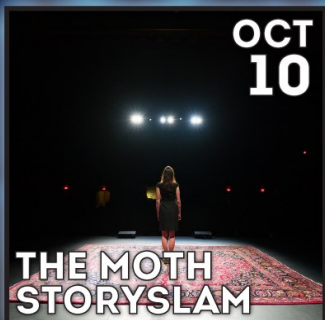


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Family Folk Machine



**Dreaming of Justice:
Songs for a Crowded Table**



IN CONCERT

Sunday, May 12, 2024 at 3 p.m.

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I'M READY

Liz Willmore, Aprille Clarke, and Lynn Partridge, soloists

Tracy Chapman
arr. Jon Ranard

*I want to wake up and know where I'm going; say I'm ready. I want to go where the rivers are overflowing; I'll be ready.
I'm ready to let the rivers wash over me.
If it's love flowing freely, I'm ready. If the waters can redeem me, I'm ready.
I'm ready to let the rivers wash over me.*

CROWDED TABLE

Brandi Carlile, Lori McKenna, and Natalie Nicole Hemby
arr. Jon Ranard

Sam Brown, Sasha Jakob, and Alia Sabha, soloists

*You can hold my hand when you need to let go.
I can be a mountain when you're feelin' valley low.
I can be a streetlight showing you the way home.
'Cause you can hold my hand when you need to let go.
I want a house with a crowded table, and a place by the fire for everyone.
Let us take on the world while we're young and able, and bring us back together when the day is done.
If we want a garden we're gonna have to sow the seeds.
Plant a little happiness, let the roots run deep.
If it's love that we give, then it's love that we reap.
If we want a garden we're gonna have to sow the seeds.
The door is always open, your picture's on my wall.
Everyone's a little broken, and everyone belongs. Yeah, everyone belongs.*

DREAMING OF JUSTICE (world premiere) / I'LL TAKE YOU THERE

LaTasha DeLoach/Alvertis Isbell, via the Staple Singers
arr. Kylie Buddin and Jon Ranard

LaTasha DeLoach (aka LaLa DeLo), soloist

*I've been dreaming of justice. Where will it come from, who's gonna stand and fight?
All my friends support from a distance, but I'm in need of assistance.
I can't do it without you neighbor, brother, sister, friend; we're all in this till the end.
It's not for me and you, it's for everyone.
I wake up thinking how life could be if we had the leaders we need to stand up and see injustice everywhere.
We can't win without you and me, that's we. We can't win without us standing arm and arm.
We're gonna make it. There's no turning back, only justice.
So wake me up when we get there. Wake me up when the fight is over.
Wake me up, and my brother, my sister, my child, and my daughter, we're gonna stand hand in hand as we fight.
So dream on, dream on, my brothers, my sisters. We're gonna win, we're gonna win in the end.
So wake me up when it's over. Just wake me up. Just wake me up. Just wake me. I'll take you there.
I know a place ain't nobody crying, ain't nobody worried, ain't no smiling faces lying to the races.
I'll take you there. Just wake me up. I'll take you there.*

The Family Folk Machine is honored to be featuring the talents of LaTasha DeLoach (aka LaLa DeLo) in today's concert. Holding a bachelor's and master's degree in social work from the University of Iowa, LaTasha is a trailblazer and committed leader, passionate about fostering equitable and inclusive communities while embedding principles of social justice and systemic change, all while uplifting underrepresented voices by championing safe spaces where everyone feels valued, understood, and empowered. The current Coordinator of the Iowa City Senior Center, LaTasha also channels her passion as a singer and songwriter. We are privileged to present the world premiere of "Dreaming Of Justice", LaTasha's original song about hope, representation, and justice for all, paired with "I'll Take You There", an iconic and inspirational anthem by the Staple Singers.

FAMILY FOLK MACHINE SINGERS

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 Eddie Allen
 Amanda Axley
 Laura Bergus
 Glenda Buenger
 Jeffrey C. Capps
 Laura Christenson
 Aprille Clarke and Callum Crall
 Libby Conley
 Michael Crow
 Elizabeth Cusick
 Celia Dunnington
 Josie Dunnington and Sasha Jakob
 Emily Edrington
 Michele England
 Sara Feldmann
 Ed Flaherty
 Nancy Footner
 Lily French, James Smith, and Lila French-Smith
 Renee Harper and Beatrice
 Susan Henke and Star Marcelino
 Sandy Hong and River Hong-Noerper
 Linda Johansen
 Denise Kanne
 Craig Kessler and Janet Lessner
 Jenna Ladd
 Dave Larew
 Perry Lenz
 Shawna Levy
 Gene Light
 Ruth Manna
 Joe McGee
 Marty Miller
 Jane Moeckli
 Jeffrey Morgan
 Jane Murphy
 Mindy Myers and Orion Orrico
 Laurie Neuerburg and Micah
 Kat Nydam Olivier and Louise

Lynn and Jerry Partridge
 Mike Partridge and Amy Dobrian, Erin Partridge
 Cecelia Proffit and Conor Hilton,
 Harper and Emerson Hilton
 Reed Renneckar
 David Rust
 Alia Sabha
 Michael Sauder
 Mike Severino-Patterson and Lisan
 Harper Sherwood-Reid
 Christine Sobocinski and Nora
 Susan Stamnes
 Martha Szyberg and Alina
 Elizabeth Willmore, Sam and Morgan Brown

FAMILY FOLK MACHINE BAND

Kylie Buddin, electric guitar
 Alma Drake, guitar
 Laurie Haag, cajón, drums, and percussion
 Craig Kessler, soprano saxophone
 Craig "Pappy" Klocke, various instruments
 Jean Littlejohn, keyboard
 Laurie Neuerburg, flute
 Mary Neumann, violin
 Katherine Olivier, flute
 Jon Ranard, keyboard
 Ben Sauder, violin
 Sebastian Sauder, cello
 Mike Severino-Patterson, trumpet
 Martha Szyberg, viola
 Geb Thomas, bass guitar
 Nicole and Waelyn Upchurch, ukulele

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Jean Littlejohn, Director
 Alma Drake, Associate Director
 Jon Ranard, Associate Director
 Sebastian Sauder, Assistant to the Director

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Dear Baz,

Thanks for all your hours and years of volunteer work for the Folk Machine!

The FFM never would have existed without you, and we are going to miss you very much. Thanks for your vision and leadership and good humor and willingness to try all kinds of things.

The Machine will always bear your imprint.

Love,
 Jean and the FFM



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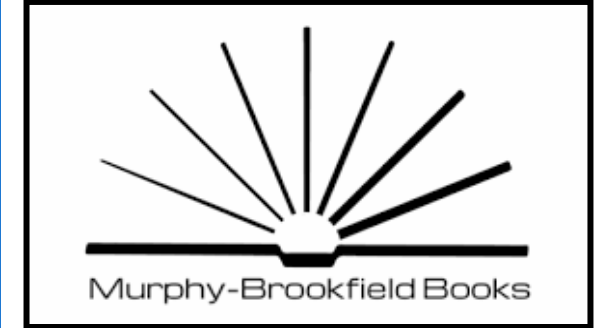


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The Family Folk Machine presents

DREAMING OF JUSTICE: SONGS FOR A CROWDED TABLE

BE THE LIGHT (Inspired by Amanda Gorman’s “The Hill We Climb”)

Lea Morris

There is always a light when we are ready to see it

There is always a light when we are ready to be it

To see the light, to be the light, to raise our eyes in the dark of night

To climb this hill, together we will

Shine your light in the darkness

Let your bright heart burn out loud and be a gift in the world. Be the light!

WORKING ON A WORLD

Iris Dement
arr. Jean Littlejohn

I got so down and troubled I nearly lost my head.

I started waking every morning filled with sadness, fear, and dread.

The world I took for granted was crashing to the ground, and I realized I might not live long enough to ever see it turn around.

Oh, but then I got to thinking of the ones who came before, of all the sacrifices that they made to open up so many doors; doors I got to walk through on streets paved for me by people who were working on a world they never got to see.

Now I’m working on a world I may never see. I’m joining forces with the warriors of love who came before and will follow you and me. I get up in the morning knowing I’m privileged just to be working on a world I may never see.

I don’t have all the answers to the troubles of the day, but neither did all our ancestors—they persevered anyway. When I see a little baby reaching out its arms to me, I remember why I’m working on a world I may never see.

WELCOME TABLE

trad. Black Spiritual
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Lila French-Smith, Perry Lenz, Louise Olivier, Susan Henke, Star Marcelino, and Orion Orrico, soloists

I’m gonna sit at the welcome table, oh I’m gonna sit at the welcome table one of these days. I’m gonna sit at the welcome table, sit at the welcome table one of these days, one of these days.

We’re gonna bend that arc toward justice...

We’ll be kind to all our neighbors...

All the people holding hands together...

We’re gonna love each other’s freedom...

We’re gonna help each other grow and thrive...

DRAGGIN’ THE LINE

Tommy James and Robert King
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Making a living the old hard way. Taking and giving my day by day.

I dig snow and rain and the bright sunshine, dragging the line.

My dog Sam eats purple flowers. Ain’t got much, but what we’ve got’s ours.

We dig snow and rain and the bright sunshine, dragging the line.

I feel fine, I’m talking about peace of mind. I’m gonna take my time.

I’m getting the good sign, dragging the line.

Loving the free and feeling spirit of hugging a tree when you get near it.

Digging the snow and rain and the bright sunshine, dragging the line.

I LIKE SPRING (world premiere)

Nicole Upchurch and the FFM Kids, Spring 2024

I like winter - I like sprinter - I like spring

Winter is blizzards of fluffy, white snow; coming home to family, hot chocolate and marshmallows

Sprinter is an alleyway covered in slush; fresh, chilly air turns my face to a flush

Spring brings buzzing bees and cherry trees; spring brings rainbows sparkling, rain, and positivity

FIX THIS PLACE (world premiere)

Alma Drake and Michael Crow
arr. Alma Drake and Jean Littlejohn

Jeffrey Morgan, Morgan Brown, Mike Partridge, and Martha Szyllberg, soloists

Old Pete Seeger lived along the Hudson River, ‘cause he loved that Dirty Stream and he was worried about the water. In 1969 they launched the Sloop Clearwater, and in ‘72 sailed to Washington and persuaded with a concert. He and Bob-by Kennedy became the Water-Keepers: “Think Globally! Act Locally!” still inspires the people.

We can fix this place, together we can do it. We can fix this place, if we put our hearts into it. Well, we might not be able to fix the whole world, but we sure can fix this place.

Doctor Samantha Tol studied seagrass off the coast that were plagued by a fungus, oh, they thought that grass was toast. But Doctor Samantha figured out that the seeds that were eaten by sea turtles and pooped into the sea were immune to the fungus: Hooray for turtle poop! Now that seagrass holds more carbon than the rainforests do.

Mister Ron Finley, called the Gangster Gardener, decided to bring beauty to Los Angeles South Central by planting gardens in old, abandoned lots. But City Hall didn’t like it so they called in the cops. Ron Finley fought the city and the gardens won, like flowers growing through the cracks of concrete in the sun.

Well now, humans have not been the greatest of tenants on this planet that made us, maybe we should do some penance. It seems overwhelming, but like Pete used to say, “Think Globally! Act Locally!” and we’ll surely find the way, ‘cause the turtles and other critters can’t fix it all alone. We need to think and act so we’ll all still have a home. We sure can fix this place!

STAND UP FOR ME

Storm Large
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Laurie Neuerburg, soloist

Stand up for me, and we’ll stand together. I’m the sky above you, and I love you, every one. Stand up for me, for your great-grandmother, for your father, brother, and each other, and everyone.

Be the light, be the answer. Be the music in the dark. Stand up for me, and I’ll stand beside you. I’m the light that guides you from inside you and everyone.

Be the way, and be the laughter. Be the reason for the sun to rise.

Stand up for me, and I’ll stand beside you. I’m the light that guides you from inside you and everyone.

HIGHER GROUND

Stevie Wonder
arr. Alma Drake and Jean Littlejohn

Dave Larew, soloist

People keep on learning; soldiers keep on warring; World keep on turning, ‘cause it won’t be too long.

Powers keep on lying while your people keep on dying; World keep on turning, ‘cause it won’t be too long.

I’m so darn glad I got to try it again ‘cause the last time around I thought that this was the end.

I’m so glad that I know more than I knew then. Gonna keep on trying ‘til I reach my highest ground.

Teachers keep on teaching; preachers keep on preaching; World keep on turning, ‘cause it won’t be too long.

Lovers keep on loving; believers keep on believing; sleepers, just stop sleeping, ‘cause it won’t be too long.

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

trad., via Huddie Ledbetter, via Midnight Special
arr. Jean Littlejohn; new words by Alma Drake and Jean Littlejohn

Glenda Buenger, Mike Severino-Patterson, Janet Lessner, and Craig Kessler, soloists

Well, you wake up in the morning, hear the big bell ring, go a-marching to the table, you see the same old thing: knife and fork are on the table, nothing in my pan; say anything about it, have a-trouble with the man.

Let the midnight special shine a light on me, let the midnight special shine a light on me. Turn your lamps down low, wherever you may be. Let the midnight special shine its ever-loving light on me.

Yonder come Miss Rosie, how in the world do you know? Well, I know her by her apron and the dress she wore; umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand, well, she's gonna tell the governor, "Please turn a-loose my man."

Train pulled into the station on a summer night, me and my family starting a brand-new life. The green fields a-rolling as we looked around, lots of friendly faces welcoming us to town. But now I pray for my children and those whose skin ain't white—will they live in freedom? Or will they fear the night? A meanness has come here, like the winter rain. I'm starting to wonder if we should have got off that train.

YET TO BE

Marcus Hummon and Rhiannon Giddens
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Kristi Abuissa and Gene Light, soloists

She was born on the farm, working the clay; she ran off when she was sixteen. Down a long country road with nowhere to go, she knew that she had to leave. She hopped a one-way train with a ticket to ride in the third class back with the others. She watched the farm fade away, just hoping and praying she'd have a better life than her mother's.

It's a long, long way from where we've been; the here and now is better than it was back then. Today may break your heart, but tomorrow holds the key. We've come so far, but the best is yet to be.

He was born on the farm, but he didn't want to stay; his daddy said he was a fool. So he crept away in the dead of night and got a steamer out of Liverpool. Well, it's far, far away from the green fields at home to the wild Atlantic gray. He was hoping for work, and he prayed for the love waiting half a world away.

She was mopping the floor, he was working the bar—it was a divine collision of the human heart. It was east of her and west of him; they were wishing on the same bright star. And then the baby was a brand new start. In the hollow of his hand the road is rising up to meet them.

NINA CRIED POWER

Sasha Jakob, Josie Dunnington, and Celia Dunnington, soloists

Andrew Hozier-Byrne
arr. Jean Littlejohn

It's not the waking, it's the rising. It is the grounding of a foot uncompromising. It's not forgoing of the lie, it's not the opening of eyes, it's not the waking, it's the rising.

It's not the shade; we should be past it. It's the light, and it's the obstacle that casts it.

It's the heat that drives the light, it's the fire it ignites, it's not the waking, it's the rising.

It's not the song, it is the singing. It's the heaven of the human spirit ringing. It is the bringing of the light, it is the bearing of the rhyme, it's not the waking, it's the rising.

And I could cry, "Power!" Nina cried power, Billie cried power, Mavis cried power. Curtis cried power, Patti cried power, Nina cried power.

It's not what's in front, but who's beside you. It's all that came before and what it provides you—all those who held the line, who wouldn't bow down and resign. It's not the waking, it's the rising.

And I could cry, "Power!" Nina cried power, Lennon cried power, Stevie cried power. Huddie cried power, Tracy cried power, Nina cried power.

Power has been cried by those stronger than me, straight into the face that tells you to rattle your chains if you love being free.

Oh, I could cry, "Power," 'cause power is my love when my love reaches to me. Tara cried power, Seeger cried power, Marvin cried power. Rhiannon cried power, LaTasha cried power, Brandi cried power, Billie, Dylan, Woody, Nina cried power.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

The idea for this concert came from the recently released song "Crowded Table," by the country supergroup The Highwomen. At a time when forces around us are trying to remove, erase, and exclude whole groups of people, we want to say there's "a place by the fire for everyone" and that everyone belongs. "Welcome Table" is song with a venerable history that echoes a similar theme, dreaming of a time and place where everyone can be seated as equals. We are honored today to be the back-up choir for LaTasha DeLoach's "Dreaming of Justice," which looks for that same world where justice is a reality. LaTasha's call to action is mirrored in Hozier's "Nina Cried Power," which pays tribute to musicians who have risen up against injustice.

A choir is a mini-society in which we join our voices together to create something good. I hope you will join your spirit with ours today as we offer these songs about being the light, loving nature enough to want to fix this place, dreaming, standing up, and welcoming everyone to the table. And if you'd like to join us on stage next time, the Machine will rev up for fall in mid-August. Get in touch (jean@familyfolkmachine.org) if you'd like to sing with us!

Jean

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Sam Knutson, audio support and guidance
Jeffrey C. Capps, songwriting workshop leader

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