



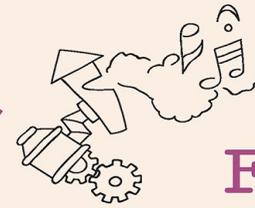
NOVEMBER

- 12 The Wood Brothers**
with DUG
- 13 Dan Soder**
- 14 From the top of the Hill:
Beaker Street Live!**
with Big Mo
- 15 Truthsgiving**
CO-PRESENTED BY:
Great Plains Action Society
- 16 Molly Tuttle**
with Joshua Ray Walker &
Cecilia Castleman
- 19 Rodney Crowell**
with William Elliott Whitmore
- 23 Community
Partner Celebration**

DECEMBER

- 3 Building Tour**
Free & Open to the public!
- 4-7 The Nutcracker**
CO-PRESENTED BY:
Nolte Academy
- 10 Asleep at the Wheel**
with Streamline Deluxe
- 11 Magic Dust:
The Songs of Dave Moore**
SOLD OUT
- 12 Winterland**
- 13 Bawdy Bawdy Ha Ha**
with the Blake Shaw Quintet
- 19 Eufórquestra:
Home For The Holidays**
with Big Begonias

Family Folk Machine



Fall Concert



Sunday, Nov. 9
Englert Theatre
3pm

Free!

Art by Susanna Rodriguez

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.



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RSFIC is an Iowa City foundation building long-term, systemic resilience. We support Family Folk Machine because it's a healthy and fun way for people to grow solidarity and de-grow individualism. There aren't many places that provide such good practice for working together to create something beautiful. Thanks to everyone that makes it happen!

If you're looking for other types of opportunities to build solidarity out of joy, sign up for our newsletter at rsfic.org/newsletter



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IT'S TIME TO...

Svitlana Volkogon, soloist

Svitlana Volkogon
arr. Jean Littlejohn and Alma Drake

You packed your life in a single suitcase.
Your kids are still crying, their tears on your face.
The choice that you made was never your own.
Sirens are screaming, but feelings won't show.
And now it's time to cry with the rain.
Time to embrace and accept your pain.
Find a place in your heart that still believes in kindness, yourself, in impossible dreams.
All your achievements are left behind.
You don't know what new life you will find.
You worked so hard, now you start from below.
But planting a seed means watching it grow.
And now it's time to walk with the rain, to face every shadow, to call out your pain.
Find a place in your heart that still holds trust.
To start once again and do what you must.
You try to reclaim all you have lost.
Your strength comes from smiles of the ones you lost most.
You sure know the price of all you hold dear.
And this night is special with no more fear.
And now it's time to dance with rain, to breathe in the freedom, to let go of pain.
Find a place in your heart where hope still grows.
To write a new story that nobody knows.

VESNICKO MÁ POD SUMAVOU/HRÁLY DUDY U PODUDY

trad. Czech
via Ed. Jedlicka
translated by Marie Pribylová
English versions and arrangement by Alma Drake and Jean Littlejohn

Ned Epps, Kate Fox, Joe Klingelutz, Mary Trachsel, Annette Vernon, and Heather Widmayer, dancers

–The singers fondly remember the beauty of their home village and the beauty of the natural landscape in the Šumava region of Czechia. In the lively second song, the singers hear bagpipes and consider their marriage prospects –

WORLD TO THEIR DOOR (BILY BROTHERS)

Dave Moore
choir arr. by Jean Littlejohn

Special guest Dave Moore

with Oriana Volkogon, Liliana Kapp, Sashko Volkogon, Greta Schwenker, Craig Kessler, Beatrice Harper, and Margot Rodgers, soloists

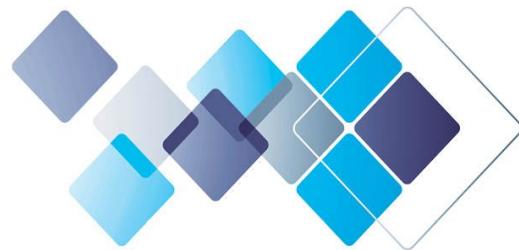
–Dave's song celebrates the Bily family, a Czech-descended family from Spillville, Iowa, for the astounding clocks that Frank and Joseph carved but also for their values–

IOWA WALTZ

Greg Brown
Spanish translation by Nicole Upchurch, with Miriam Alarcón Avila
new verse by Alma Drake
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Home in the midst of the corn, in the middle of the U.S.A.
Here's where I was born, and here's where I'm going to stay.
Iowa, Iowa, winter, spring, summer, and fall;
Come and see, come dance with me to the beautiful Iowa Waltz.
We take care of our own, take care of our young, make hay while the sun shines;
Growing our crops, singing our songs from planting until harvest time.
We have a dream that the waters are clean, and the air is healthy and pure.
Where the young folks can thrive, where love is alive, and freedom for all is assured.
Iowa, Iowa, winter, spring, summer, and fall;
Come and dream, come dance with me to the beautiful Iowa Waltz.

For program notes on today's songs, please visit familyfolkmachine.org



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 Reed Rennecker
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 Peggy Taylor
 Jim Throgmorton
 Mary Trachsel
 Claire Trettin, Charlotte and Theodore

Annette Vernon
 Mykola and Svitlana Volkogon, Sashko and Oriana
 Will Wilkinson and Tavi
 Elizabeth Willmore and Morgan Brown

FAMILY FOLK MACHINE BAND

Alma Drake, guitar
 Craig "Pappy" Klocke, everything
 Jon Ranard, keyboard
 Hemlock Stanier, violin and psaltery
 Ben Sauder, violin
 Geb Thomas, bass

LEADERSHIP

Jean Littlejohn, Director
 Alma Drake, Associate Director
 Jon Ranard, Associate Director
 Hemlock Stanier, Assistant to the Director
 Nicole Upchurch, Kids' Program Instructor

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 The Family Folk Machine Board
 Susanna Rodriguez, original poster art
 Susan Stamnes, publicity and website
 Marc Janssen, jam sessions
 Gene Light, equipment transport
 Kevin Kaufman, equipment transport

The Old Capitol Chorus, choral risers
 Glenda Buenger, rehearsal track CDs
 All FFM members, past and present
 Emily Edrington, audio/visual support
 Screen printing volunteers!
 Kalmia Strong and the PS1 Press Co-op
 Marty Miller, treasurer
 David Griggs, sousaphone

Our guest artists Eugenio Solis and Dave Moore!

Family Folk Machine: DREAMING IOWA

POWER AND GLORY

Morgan Brown and Jeffrey Morgan, soloists

Come on and take a walk with me through this green and growing land.
Walk through the meadows and the mountains and the sand.
Walk through the valleys and the rivers and the plains.
Walk through the sun and walk through the rain.
Here is a land full of power and glory, beauty that words cannot recall.
O, her power shall rest on the strength of her freedom, her glory shall rest on us all.
From Colorado, Iowa, the Carolinas too, Virginia and Alaska, from the old to the new,
Texas and Ohio and the California shore.
Tell me, who could ask for more?
Yet she's only as rich as the poorest of the poor, only as free as a padlocked prison door.
Only as strong as our love for this land, only as tall as we stand.
But our land is still troubled by those who have to hate.
They twist away our freedom and they twist away our fate.
Fear is their weapon, and treason is their cry. We can stop them if we try.

ANCIENT LIGHT

Aoife Maria O'Donovan, Sarah Ellen Jarosz, and Sara Watkins
via I'm with Her
arr. Jean Littlejohn and Alma Drake
Lynn Partridge, soloist

Better get out of the way, gonna figure out what I want to say, I've been a long time coming.
Making my way through the weeds, branches tug at my sleeves, I've been a long time gone.
No more crying, I'm not gonna put up a fight.
When I get there, I'll be swimming in the ancient light.
Dry leaves under my shoes, I've got nothing to lose, and now the clouds roll in.
In the dark I'm gathering, while everything's unraveling, I am building a fire.
Sparks and smoke rings fill up the night.
When it catches, I'll be swimming in the ancient light.
We are gonna go to the other side. Let the tears roll, Mother eagle.
Thinking of who came before, I hear them knock at the door, they've been a long time coming.
When I let them in, I feel their breath on my skin, they've been a long time gone.
We'll be dancing, oh what a sight.
When they get here, we'll be swimming in the ancient light.
I'll be swimming in the ancient light.

ARCHAEOLOGY OF YOU/THOUGHTS OF CHILDHOOD

Words: anonymous 19th century,
from the Edwin Ford Piper collection
Music and additional lyrics: Susan Starnes
arr. Jean Littlejohn and Alma Drake

Margot Rodgers, Oriana Volkogon, Sashko Volkogon, Greta Schwenker, Morgan Brown, and Liliana Kapp, soloists

Who are you, stranger? Words on brittle paper—I want to know the archaeology of you.
Oh, sweet are the thoughts of my childhood, as they come in the stillness of
night. They bring back the cot and the wildwood, and the brook with its waters
so bright. The birds that awoke us so early with their songs on the old maple
tree. The blossoms with dewdrops so pearly, still they come in the silence to
me.
Who are you, stranger? Whispers in the ether—I want to know the archaeology of you.
Oh! That was the freshness of springtime where no thoughts of the winter invade.
No weariness then tolled its sad chime, or dull care on our pathway had laid. We
wandered in joyfulness ever, where in dreams now of present delight from labor
our thoughts we can sever, and return in the stillness of night.
Who are you, stranger? Time-shifting traveler—I want to know the archaeology of you.

Phil Ochs
arr. Chris Eastburn
further arr. Jean Littlejohn and Alma Drake

UNSER QUARTETT!

Music: Carl Engel
Text: Dr. R. W. Miller
English translation and versification by Sebastian Sauder,
Alma Drake, and Jean Littlejohn

—The singers reflect on the joys of getting together to sing (and drink!) and express their love for music—

I WISH I WAS A MOLE IN THE GROUND

trad.
via Doc Watson
FFM kids with Nicole Upchurch

JOHN HENRY

trad.
arr. Jean Littlejohn
Will Wilkinson and Ned Epps, soloists

John Henry was a little baby, sitting on his papa's knee.
He picked up a hammer and a little piece of steel, saying
Hammer's gonna be the death of me, Lord, Lord, hammer's gonna be the death of me.
The captain said to John Henry, Gonna bring that steam drill 'round.
Gonna bring that steam drill out on the job. Gonna **whop that steel on down, Lord, Lord.**
Whop that steel on down.
John Henry told his captain, A man ain't nothin' but a man. But before I let your steam drill beat me down I'd **die with a hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord. I'd die with a hammer in my hand.**
John Henry said to his shaker, Shaker, why don't you sing? I'm throwing thirty pounds from my hips on down.
Just **listen to that cold steel ring, Lord, Lord, Listen to that cold steel ring.**
The Shaker said to John Henry, Well, I think this mountain's caving in!
John Henry said to his shaker, Man, that ain't **nothing but my hammer sucking wind, Lord, Lord.**
Nothing but my hammer sucking wind.
The man that invented the steam drill, he thought he was mighty fine.
But John Henry made fifteen feet, and the **steam drill only made nine, Lord, Lord.**
Steam drill only made nine.
John Henry hammered in the mountain, his hammer was striking fire.
But he worked so hard he broke his poor heart, and he **laid down his hammer and he died, Lord, Lord.**
He laid down his hammer and he died.
John Henry, he had him a woman, her name was Polly Ann.
John Henry took sick, and he went to his bed,
Polly Ann drove steel like a man, Lord, Lord. Polly Ann drove steel like a man.
They took John Henry to the graveyard, and they buried him in the sand.
And every locomotive comes a-roaring by says, **There lies a steel driving man, Lord, Lord.**
There lies a steel driving man.

POLLY ANN'S HAMMER

Allison Russell and Amythyst Kiah
via Our Native Daughters

John Henry had a woman, Polly Ann, Polly Ann.
John Henry had a woman, Polly Ann, Polly Ann.
When John was sick, Polly drove steel like a man, like a man.
When John was sick, Polly drove steel like a man, Lord, like a man.
“Polly, can you lift that hammer?”
“Yes, I can, yes, I can. I can swing it, I can strike it harder than any man can.”
When Polly had a small baby on her knee, grabbed a hammer in her left hand:
“Ain't no one as strong as me.
This little hammer killed John Henry, won't kill me, won't kill me.
This little hammer killed your daddy. Throw it down and we'll be free.”

CUCURRUCUCÚ PALOMA

Tomás Méndez Sosa
Special guest Eugenio Solis

—This song is a beautiful portrayal of someone whose beloved has died
and who finds their mourning echoed in the song of a dove—

UNSTEADY YOUTH

Alexis Stevens
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Jenna Ladd and Annette Vernon, soloists

We'll go for a walk out in spite of the cold, where the sidewalks are paved in words over gold.
In that Iowa way of thinking out loud, we'll say, There is something for us in this town.
We'll go to a bar on the north side of town where the unsteady youth won't be hanging around.
And we'll talk 'til the lights send us out homeward bound.
You are the best thing I've found in this town.
And I have seen all the lights on the prairie go dim, on the nights when the Mill was just churning out gin.
It's here in what I say and it's there in what I do, in the city that loves to remind me of you.
We'll walk on the hills where the hickory grows, see the little red fox's head covered in snow,
And the sweet angel face that's turned black as a crow.
When you tell me you're leaving, I'll tell you I know.
'Cause I have seen all the lights on the prairie go dim, on the nights when the Mill was just churning out gin.
It's here in my blood and it's there in my bones, in the city that found you then left me alone.
So have you seen the lights on the prairie go dim, on the nights when the Mill was just churning out gin?
They come every year and they go just the same, in the city that loves you, then forgets your name.
In the city of Iowa City, IA.

EMMA BIG BEAR

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

Kristi Abuissa and Kate Fox, soloists

High on a bluff in the Great River snow I stand chilled to the bone, not from weather.
The mounds and your likeness bring tears to my eyes, weaving past, present together.
Emma Big Bear chose to live her own way, like the Red Ocher people before her.
Buried in mounds that lent her their name, she honored their ways and no other.
Grant me conviction to hold what I know, though time marches on like the river's flow.
Emma Big Bear, your strength please impart, to weave with the pace of my own beating heart.
Emma refused to play by the rules, she strove to cultivate balance.
Like Nature, she held a much broader view, for the good of all things on the planet.
She built her own home, she grew her own food, in the summer she ate what she gathered.
Nursing her daughter with herbs and songs, weaving her family together.
Marquette and McGregor remember Big Bear. Her tale and her baskets are legend.
One small story of courage and strength could have been lost and not mentioned.
Big Bear's spirit reminds us to stand for our truth, a walker of boundaries porous.
I'll honor her memory my own little way, by walking the wetlands and forests.

DEPORTEE

Words: Woody Guthrie
Music: Martin Hoffmann
arr. Jean Littlejohn and Alma Drake

Mike Severino-Patterson, Amel Ali, and Sam Taylor, soloists

The crops are all in, and the peaches are rotting;
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps.
They're flying us back to the Mexican border to pay all our money to wade back again.
Some days I'm illegal, some days I'm not wanted. My work contract's out so I have to move on.
More than six hundred miles to that Mexican border. They chase us like mad dogs, like outlaws, like thieves.
Goodbye to you, Juan, goodbye, Rosalita; adios, mis amigos, Jesús and María;
I don't have a name when I ride this big airplane;
All they will call us will be deportees.
We died in your hills, and we died in your valleys. We died in your deserts, and died on your plains.
We died in your trees and died in your bushes. Both sides of the Río, we died just the same.
The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon. A fireball of lightning that shook down the hills.
I see all my good friends just scattered like dry leaves. The radio says they are just deportees.
Is this the best way to grow your big orchards?
Is this the best way to grow your good fruit?
To fall like dry leaves and rot on the topsoil,
And to be called by no name except deportees?

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

Thank you for joining us today for the first installment of Dreaming Iowa, our year-long look into Iowa's past and toward our future. What sort of place is Iowa, and what sort of place has it been through its history of statehood? Starting in 2019, a group of Folk Machinists started considering Iowa's history through traces of our musical past, and what we found was a rich legacy of multiculturalism. We touch the tip of this iceberg in today's program with nods to the history of Mexican immigration to Iowa (which started in the 1840s), and the waves of Czech and German immigration. We pull in the long history of prosperous Black communities in Iowa with the Black string-band favorite "John Henry," and we celebrate Iowa heroes like the Bily family in Spillville and Emma Big Bear. We are especially honored to present a song by FFMer Svitlana Volkogon that tells the story of her family's recent journey from Ukraine to Iowa. We're already looking forward to the second part of Dreaming Iowa on Sunday, May 3!

We are so grateful to the librarians, archivists, and historians who have helped us with this project, including David Muhlana at the National Czech and Slovak Museum & Library, the German American Heritage Center and Museum in Davenport, Felicite Wolfe at the African American Museum of Iowa, Mary Bennett and the State Historical Society of Iowa, the Migration is Beautiful/Barrios Project from the Iowa Women's Archives, Marty Boller's "Our Iowa Heritage" site, the Rita Benton Music Library at the University of Iowa, and Special Collections at the University of Iowa.

Jean

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for supporting today's concert
with a *Community Grant!*



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Jeffrey and Cheli