

SOCIAL
with a **purpose**

Staying connected,
even while staying
physically apart.

Sing along with Joanne and Riley



Joanne is a London, Ontario musician who was trained in a program called “Music for Healing and Transition.” Joanne makes therapeutic and soothing music that is fun for everyone and a great activity for people living with Alzheimer’s disease and dementia. Sing along to classic songs such as “Clementine” and “Little Liza Jane”



Watch the video and sing
along by visiting:

[https://www.youtube.com/
watch?v=FoqhjUHL1TI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FoqhjUHL1TI)

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He's Got The Whole World in His Hands G

He's got the whole world in his hands..... 4 x's

He's got you and me brother,
in his hands...

He's got you and me sister,
in his hands.....

He's got the itty, bitty baby,
in his hands....

He's got the sun and the moon,
in his hands...

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Henry the Eight D

I'm Henry the Eighth, I am,
Henry the Eighth I am, I am.

I got married to the widow next door.
She's been married seven times before.

And every one was a Henry.
It wouldn't be a Willie or a Sam.
I'm her eighth old man named Henry.

Henry the Eighth, I am!
Henry the Eighth, I am!

Second verse, same as the first.
A little bit louder and a little bit worse!

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Home On The Range G3

Oh give me a home,
where the buffalo roam,
where the deer and the antelope play.

Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word.
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range.
Where the deer and the antelope play.

Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word.
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

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I Gave My Love A Cherry G3

I gave my love a cherry, that has no stone.

I gave my love a chicken, that has no bone.

I told my love a story, that has no end.

I gave my love a baby, with no cryin'.

How can there be a cherry, that has no stone.

How can there be a chicken, that has no bone.

How can there be a story, that has no end.

How can there be a baby, with no cryin'.

A cherry when it's bloomin', it has no stone.

A chicken when it's pippin', it has no bone.

The story of I love you, it has no end.

A baby when it's sleepin', has no cryin'.

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It's Long Way To Tipperary C3

It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go.

It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know!

Goodbye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester square!

It's a long long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile.

While you've a lucifer to light your fag, smile boys,
that's the style.

What's the use of worrying? It never was worth while.

So pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
and smile, smile, smile.

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I've Been Working On The Railroad G4

I've been working on the railroad, all the live long day.

I've been working on the railroad, just to pass the time away.

Don't you hear the whistle blowing, rise up so early in the morn.

Don't you hear the captain shouting, Dinah blow your horn.

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, someone's in the kitchen
I know. Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strumming on the
old banjo.

Fee, fi, fiddly- I – oh. strumming on the old banjo.

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Let Me Call Sweetheart C2

Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.

Let me hear you whisper,
that you love me too.

Keep the lovelight glowing
in your eyes so true.

Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.

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Let The Rest Of The World Go By G4

With someone like you a
pal so good and true.

I'd like to leave it all
behind and go and find.

Some place that's known to God alone,
just a spot to call our own.

We'll find perfect peace,
where joys will never cease.

Out there, beneath the kindly skies.

We'll build a sweet little nest,
somewhere out in the west.

And let the rest of the world go by.

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Little Brown Jug C4

1. My wife and I lived all alone in a little brown jug we called our own. She loves gin and I love rum, I tell you we have lots of fun! Ha,ha, ha ...you and me, little brown jug don't I love thee. (2x)
2. When I go toiling on the farm, I take little jug right under my arm. Place it under a shady tree, little brown jug tis you and me.
3. Tis you that makes my friends my foes, tis you that makes me wear old clothes. But here you are so near my nose, tip her up and down she goes.

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Liza Jane G

I've got a friend in Baltimore, little Liza Jane
Streetcars running by her door, little Liza Jane

Oh little Liza, little Liza Jane
Oh little Liza, little Liza Jane

I've got a friend in San Antone, little Liza Jane
Tumbleweeds and cactus grow, little Liza Jane

I've got a friend in Providence, little Liza Jane
Bluebird sitting on the fence, little Liza Jane

I've got a friend in Toronto, little Liza Jane
Walk and feel the cold winds blow, little Liza Jane

I've got a friend in Niagara falls, little Liza Jane
Where sunflowers grow so tall, little Liza Jane