

HE'LL BE THERE



— Dedicated To The Memory Of Will Rogers *—*

Published by
ROY R. ROGERS
CARTHAGE, MISSOURI

"A TRIBUTE"

The world most humbly bowed her head
In sorrow and in grief,
To mourn and meditate her loss,
A loss beyond belief.

A mind that could not be replaced,
A life we all enjoyed
Had passed on from this sinful world
To leave an aching void.

An advocate of things worth while;
Through wit and humorous vein
He taught the weary world to smile.
All honor to his name.

One cannot do the things he's done
And say the words he said,
And be completely passed and gone
When numbered with the dead.

His spirit lives and ever shall,
An ever shining light,
To lead and guide his fellow men
Along the path of right.

So let us fill another niche
Within our hall of fame,
And on its lasting tablet then
Engrave Will Rogers' name.

As tribute to this splendid life
Remembering all the while,
No matter what our problem be,
To meet it with a smile.

Roy R. Rogers,
"Poet Laureate of the Ozarks,"
Carthage, Mo.

He'll Be There

TUNE GUITAR

E A D G B E
Put Capo on 1st Fret

Words and Music by
ROY R. ROGERS

Valse Moderato

Piano introduction for the song, consisting of two staves of music in 3/4 time, marked 'Valse Moderato'. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb).

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "In the lit - tle town of Clare-more — In Ok - la - hom - a State — Was The ci - ties bright lights called him — Yes called him to the stage — And We saw him in the talk - ies — His smil - ing face a - glow — We".

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "born a hum - ble cow - boy — To be num - bered with the great — He there his wit - ty say - ings — Soon reached the print - ed page — He was heard his wit and hum - or — Come o'er the ra - di - o — But".

E^b E^b7 A^b E^b

soon he came a top hand With sad-dle horse or gun And
 fast be - com - ing fa - mous And as his for - tune grew He
 now he's took his last ride Went sail - ing homé on high To

E^b A^b E^b B^b7 E^b B^b7 E^b A^b B^b7 E^b E^b7

prac - ticed throw - ing a fan - cy loop, While calm - ly chew - ing gum, Oh when it's
 shared it with his fel - low men, As all real great men do. Oh when it's
 spread his joy in heav - en for The range boss of the sky. Oh when it's

CHORUS A^b E^b E^b B^b7 E^b

Round-up time in heav-en he'll be there He'll be smil - ing as he
 Round-up time in heav-en he'll be there He'll be smil - ing as he
 Round-up time in heav-en he'll be there He'll be smil - ing as he

A^b E^b E^b B^b F⁷ B^b7 E^b

climbs the gold - en stair He'll great Saint Pe - ter at the gate,
 climbs the gold - en stair He'll great Saint Pe - ter at the gate.
 climbs the gold - en stair Saint Pe - ter'll meet him at the gate. And

E^b7 A^b A^b E^b B^b7 E^b A^b E^b

Shucks I hope I aint too late, When it's round-up time in heav-en
 Shucks I hope I aint too late, When it's round-up time in heav-en
 pass him in a - mong the great, When it's round-up time in heav-en

B^b7 E^b A^b E^b E^b7 E^b A^b E^b

He'll be there. Oh when it's there.
 He'll be there. Oh when it's there.
 He'll be there. Oh when it's there.