

Mansion Over the Hilltop

I. S.

Ira Stanphill

1. I'm sat - is - fied with just a cot - tage be - low, — A lit - tle sil - ver
 2. Tho' oft - en tempt - ed tor - ment - ed and test - ed, And like the proph - et
 3. Don't think me poor or de - sert - ed or lone - ly, I'm not dis - cour - aged,

and a lit - tle gold; But in that ci - ty where the ran - somed will shine,
 my — pil - low a stone; And tho' I find here no — per - ma - nent dwell - ing.
 I'm — heav - en bound; I'm just a pil - grim in — search of a ci - ty,

CHORUS
 I want a gold one that's sil - ver - lined.
 I know He'll give me a man - sion my own. — I've got a man - sion just
 I want a man - sion, a harp and a crown.

o - ver the hill - top, In that bright land where we'll nev - er grow old; — And some - one

yon - der we will nev - er more wan - der, But walk the streets that are pur - est gold.