

Mansion Over the Hilltop

Ira F. Stanphill



1. I'm sat - is - fied with just a cot - tage be - low, a lit - tle
2. Though oft - en tempt - ed, tor - ment - ed and test - ed and, like the
3. Don't think me poor or de - sert - ed or lone - ly; I'm not dis -



sil - ver and a lit - tle gold, but in that cit - y where the ran - som'd will
proph - et, my pil - low a stone, and tho I find here no per - ma - nent
cour - aged, I'm heav - en bound. I'm just a pil - grim in search of a



shine, I want a gold one that's sil - ver - lined. I've got a
dwel - ling, I know He'll give me a man - sion my own.
cit - y, I want a man - sion, a harp and a crown.



man - sion just ov - er the hill - top, in that bright land where we'll nev - er grow old;



and some - day yon - der we will nev - er - more wan - der, but walk the streets that are pur - est gold.