

# Mansion Over The Hilltop

"...and the street of the city was pure gold..."

-Rev. 21:21

I. S.  
C - 4 - MI↑

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 pro - phet  
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 cit - y where the ransomed will shine, \_\_\_  
my \_\_\_ pil - low a stone; \_\_\_ And tho' I find here no \_\_\_ per - man - ent dwell - ing,  
I'm \_\_\_ heav - en bound; \_\_\_ I'm just a pil - grim in - search of a cit - y,

## 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 robe and a crown. \_\_\_

o - ver the hill - top, In that bright land where we'll never grow old; \_\_\_ And someday

yon - der we will nev - er more wander But walk on streets that are purest gold. \_\_\_