Words and music: Ira Stamphill

Mansion Over the Hilltop

C                   F     C
I’m satisfied with just a cottage below,
G7                 C
A little silver and a little gold;
F                   C
But in that city where the ransomed will shine,
G7               C
I want a gold one that’s silver lined.

Chorus:

F                     C
I’ve got a mansion just over the hilltop,
G7                      C
In that bright land where we’ll never grow old;
F                        C
And someday yonder we will never more wander,
G7                C
But walk the streets that are purest gold.

Though often tempted, tormented, and tested,
And like the prophet my pillow’s a stone;
And though I find here no permanent dwelling,
I know He’ll give me a mansion my own

Don’t think me poor or deserted or lonely;
I’m not discouraged, I’m heaven bound.
I’m just a pilgrim in search of a city,
I want a mansion, a harp, and a crown.