

Mansion Over the Hilltop

Daniel O'Donnell

I'm satisfied with just a cottage below
A little silver and a little gold
But in that city, where the ransomed will shine
I want a gold one, that's silver lined I've got a mansion just over the hilltop
In that bright land where we'll never grow old
And someday yonder, we'll never more wander
But walk on streets that are purest gold Though often tempted, tormented and tested
And like the prophet my pillow is stone
And though I find here no permanent dwelling
I know he'll give me a mansion my own I've got a mansion just over the hilltop
In that bright land where we'll never grow old
And someday yonder, we'll never more wander
But walk on streets that are purest gold 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 that city
I want a mansion, a harp, and a crown I've got a mansion just over the hilltop
In that bright land where we'll never grow old
And someday yonder, we will never more wander
But walk on streets that are purest gold

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