

MANSION OVER THE HILLTOP

I'm sat-is-fied with . . . just a cot-tage be-low

A lit-tle sil-ver . . . and a lit-tle gold

But in that ci-ty . . . where the ran-somed will shine

I want a gold one . . . that's sil-ver lined

(chorus)

I've got a man-sion . . . just over the hill-top

In that bright land where . . . we'll never grow old

And some-day yon-der . . . we will nev-er-more wan-der

But walk the streets that . . . are pur-est gold

Don't think me poor or . . . de-serted or lone-ly

I'm not dis-cour-aged . . . I'm hea-ven bound

I'm just a pil-grim . . . in search of a cit-y

I want a man-sion, . . . a harp and a crown

(chorus)