

Daniel O'Donnell

"Mansion Over the Hilltop"

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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 tempted
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 Lord, deserted or lonely
I'm not discouraged, 'cause I'm heaven bound
I'm just a pilgrim in search of a 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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