

# Mansion Over the Hilltop

I.S.

Ira Stanphill

Lead

8 *unison* 1. I'm sat - is - fied with just a cot - tage be - low A lit - tle sil - ver and a lit tle  
*parts* 2. Tho of - ten tempt-ed, tor- mented and tested And, like the proph-et, my pil-low a  
 3. Don't think me poor or de- sert-ed or lone-ly I'm not dis - cour - aged I'm heav en

Tenor

8

Baritone

*unison* 1. I'm sat - is - fied with just a cot - tage be - low A lit - tle sil - ver and a lit tle  
*parts* 2. Tho of - ten tempt-ed, tor- mented and tested And, like the proph-et, my pil-low a  
 3. Don't think me poor or de- sert-ed or lone-ly I'm not dis - cour - aged I'm heav en

Bass

8

*v1 T1/B2* *v1 T2/B1*

4 *parts*

8 gold But in that cit - y where the ran - somed will shine I want a gold one that's sil ver  
 stone, And tho I find here no per - ma - nent dwell-ing, I know He'll give me a man-sion my  
 bound I'm but a pil - grim in search of the cit-y I want a man - sion, a harp and a

8

gold But in that cit - y where the ran - somed will shine I want a gold one that's sil ver  
 stone, And tho I find here no per - ma - nent dwell-ing, I know He'll give me a man-sion my  
 bound I'm but a pil - grim in search of the cit-y I want a man - sion, a harp and a

8 *last time repeat ad lib. accel and key change*

8 lined.  
 own. I've got a man - sion just o - ver the hill - top In that bright land where we'll never grow  
 crown.

8

lined.  
 own. I've got a man - sion just o - ver the hill - top In that bright land where we'll never grow  
 crown.

12

8 old And some day yon - der we will never more wan - der But walk on streets that are pur-est gold.  
 8 old And some day yon - der we will never more wan - der But walk on streets that are pur-est gold.  
 8 old And some day yon - der we will never more wan - der But walk on streets that are pur-est gold.  
 8 old And some day yon - der we will never more wan - der But walk on streets that are pur-est gold.