Mansion over the hilltop

| C . . . | F . . . | C . . . | . . . . |

I'm satisfied with just a cottage below

| G . . . | . . . . | C . . . | . . . . |

A little silver, and a little gold

| C . . . | F . . . | C . . . | . . . . |

But in that city, where the ransomed will shine

| G . . . | . . . . | C . F . | C . . . |

I want a gold one, that's silver lined

**| F . . . | . . . . | C . . . | . . . . |**

**I've got a mansion just over the hilltop**

**| G . . . | . . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . |**

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

**| F . . . | . . . . | C . . . | . . . . |**

**And someday yonder, we'll never more wander**

**| G . . . | . . . . | C . F . | C . . . |**

**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

**| F . . . | . . . . | C . . . | . . . . |**

**I've got a mansion just over the hilltop**

**| G . . . | . . . . | C . . . | C7 . . . |**

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

**| F . . . | . . . . | C . . . | . . . . |**

**And someday yonder, we'll never more wander**

**| G . . . | . . . . | C . F . | C . . . |**

**But walk on streets that are purest gold**