

1. I'm sat - is - fied with just a cot - tage be - low, A lit - tle sil - ver
 2. Tho' oft - en tempt - ed, tor - ment - ed and test - ed And like the proph - et
 3. Don't think me poor or de - sert - ed or lone - ly, I'm not dis - cour - aged,

and a lit - tle gold; But in that cit - y where the ransomed will shine,
 my pil - low a stone; And tho' I find here no per - ma - nent dwell - ing,
 I'm heav - en bound; I'm just a pil - grim in search of a cit - y.

CHORUS

I want a gold one that's sil - ver lined.
 I know He'll give me a mansion my own. I've got a man - sion just
 I want a man - sion, a harp and a crown.

o - ver the hill - top, In that bright land where we'll nev - er grow old; And some day

yon - der we will nev - er more wan - der But walk the streets that are pur - est gold.