O House of Many Mansions

Elisha Norman Gunnison (1837-1880)

George Coles Stebbins, 1900

1. O house of many mansions, Thy doors are open wide, And dear are all the faces on the other side. Thy doors are open wide, And dear are all the

2. O house of many mansions, My weary spirit waits And longs to join the faces up on the other side. Thy ports they are golden, And know those who enter in shall know no more of sorrow. Of weariness and

3. O house of many mansions, O house not made with hands, I sigh for thee while waiting with in these border lands. I know that but in dying, The threshold is crossed over; There shall be no more sorrow In thy forever. The

Refrain

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faces up on the other side.