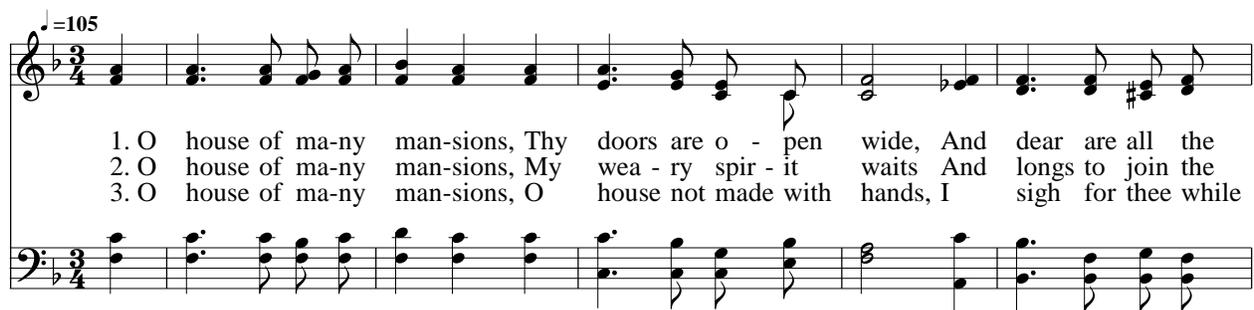


O House of Many Mansions

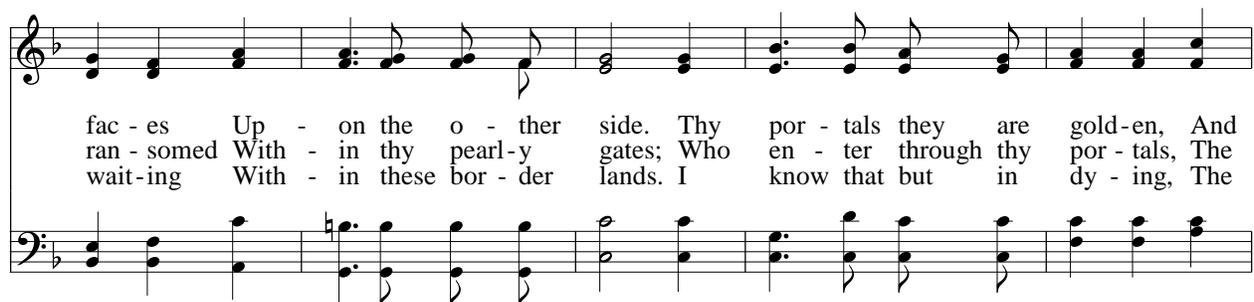
Elisha Norman Gunnison (1837-1880)

George Coles Stebbins, 1900

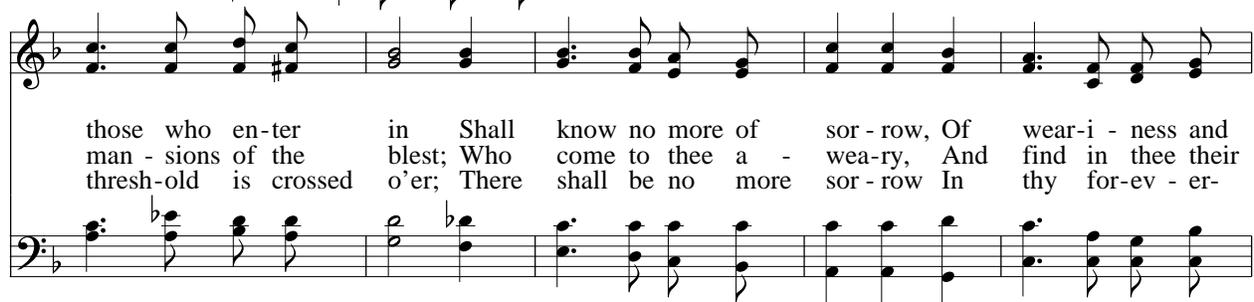
$\text{♩} = 105$



1. O house of ma-ny man-sions, Thy doors are o - pen wide, And dear are all the
2. O house of ma-ny man-sions, My wea - ry spir - it waits And longs to join the
3. O house of ma-ny man-sions, O house not made with hands, I sigh for thee while

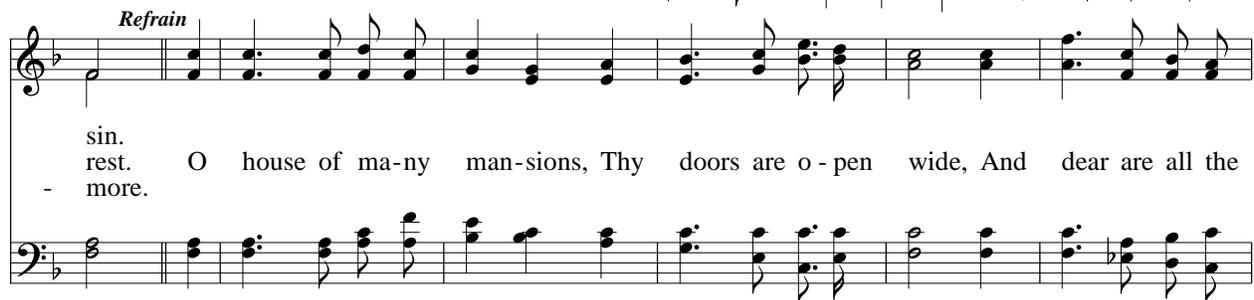


fac - es Up - on the o - ther side. Thy por - tals they are gold - en, And
ran - somed With - in thy pearl - y gates; Who en - ter through thy por - tals, The
wait - ing With - in these bor - der lands. I know that but in dy - ing, The

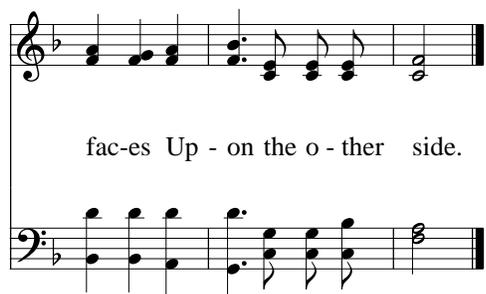


those who en - ter in Shall know no more of sor - row, Of wear - i - ness and
man - sions of the blest; Who come to thee a - wea - ry, And find in thee their
thresh - old is crossed o'er; There shall be no more sor - row In thy for - ev - er -

Refrain



sin.
rest. O house of ma-ny man-sions, Thy doors are o - pen wide, And dear are all the
- more.



fac - es Up - on the o - ther side.