

Cykl: Pòmiónë przedzegwioné - 5
Mansion Over the Hilltop
Ira F. Stanphill

I'm satisfied with just a cottage below
A little silver and a little gold
But in that city where the ransomed will shine
I want a gold one that's silver lined

I've got a mansion just over the hilltop
In that bright land where we'll never grow old
And some day yonder we will never more wander
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 but a pilgrim in search of the city
I want a mansion, a harp and a crown

I've got a mansion just over the hilltop
In that bright land where we'll never grow old
And some day yonder we will never more wander
But walk on streets that are purest gold

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Mòja mie chëczka
Lepszô je òd pałaców
Prostëchnô stegna,
Co prowadzy bez próg
Nen sajtuszk chleba
Mëmczy rãkã krajóny
I stółczk, co na nim
Sedzysz jak król...

A czedë Pón mie
Czejs do nieba zawòłò
Pùdã z redotã,
Dze załisknie wid...
Miészëskò grzéchów
Szmërgnã biésóm na stronã
I czësto letczy
Sã pòtkóm z Nim...

Mòże jem biédny
Nié za baro spòsobny
Ale móm drëcha
Mòjim drëchã je Bóg...
W mòji wanodze
Chòcò grãdzy kam drobny

Wiedno doprzyńdã,
Bò nie jem sòm!

A czedë Pón mie
Czejs do nieba zawòłò
Pùdã z redotã,
Dze załisknie wid...
Miészëskò grzéchów
Szmërgnã biésóm na stronã
I czësto letczy
Sã pòtkóm z Nim...

Tómk Fópka, Chwaszczëno, 21 lëpińca 2023 rokù, gòdz. 7.56 p.p.