

Higher Ground

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1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-'ry day—
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a - rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Though Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



Still pray-ing as I'm on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Thosomemay dwell where those a - bound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy - ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."



Lord, lift me up and let me stand By faith on heav-en's ta-ble land; A high-er



plane than I have found—Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.

