Higher Ground

“I press on toward the goal to win the prize.” (Phil. 3:14)

1. I'm pressing on the upward way. New heights I'm gaining every day;
2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a glimpse of glory bright;

Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's table-land, A higher
plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.