

Higher Ground

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

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1. I'm press - ing 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 arise and fears dis - may;
 3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Sa - tan's darts at me are hurled;
 4. I want to scale the ut - most height, And catch a glimpse of glo - ry bright;

Still pray - ing as I on - ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, 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, lead me on to high - er ground."

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's table - land, A high - er

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