Higher Ground

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1. I’m pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I’m gain-ing ev’ry day; Still pray-ing as I’m on-ward bound, “Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.”

2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-hurled; For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground. Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven’s table land, higher ground.

3. I want to live a-bove the world, Though Sa-tan’s darts at me are bright; But still I’ll pray till heav’n I’ve found, “Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.”

4. I want to scale the ut-most height And catch a gleam of glo-ry

A higher plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

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