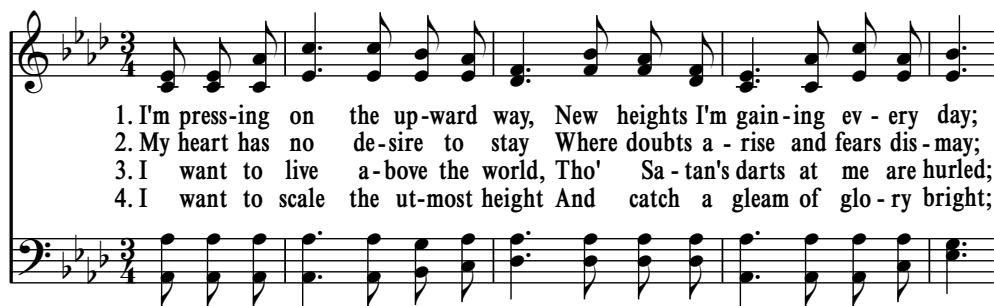


name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, see what God hath done.

## 397. Higher Ground

*"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Php. 3:14*



1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev - ery 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, Tho' 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."  
Tho' some may dwell where these 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, lead me on to high-er ground."

### Chorus



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.