**I’M PRESSING ON THE UPWARD WAY**

1. I'm pressing on the upward way,   
New heights I'm gaining every day;   
Still praying as I onward bound,   
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."   
  
**Chorus**  
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.   
  
  
2. My heart has no desire to stay   
Where doubts arise and fears dismay;   
Tho' some may dwell where these abound,   
My prayer, my aim, is higher ground 

**Chorus**  
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.   
  
  
  
3. I want to live above the world   
Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;   
For faith has caught the joyful sound,   
The song of saints on higher ground. 

**Chorus**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.   
  
  
4. I want to scale the upmost height,   
And catch a glimpse of glory-bright;   
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found,   
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

**Chorus**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. 