**I’M PRESSING ON THEE ONWARD 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 Canaan’s tableland;  
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;  
Though 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 Canaan’s tableland;  
A higher plane than I have found,  
 Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

3.I want to live above the world,  
Though 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 Canaan’s tableland;  
A higher plane than I have found,  
 Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

4.I want to scale the utmost height  
And catch a gleam of glory bright;  
But still I’ll pray till rest I’ve found,  
“Lord, lead me on to higher ground.”

**Chorus**

 Lord, lift me up, and let me stand  
By faith on Canaan’s tableland;  
A higher plane than I have found,  
 Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.