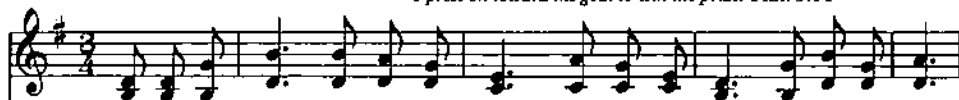


Higher Ground 399

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

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 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 pray'r, 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."

*Refrain*

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.

