

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 arise and fears dis-may;  
 3. I want to live a-bove the world, Though Satan's darts at me are hurled;  
 4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

6

Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."  
 Though 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 heaven I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

11

Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;

16

A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.