Higher Ground

1. I’m pressing on the upward way, New heights I’m gaining every day;
   I’m onward bound, “Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.”
   Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven’s table-land,

2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts are hurled;
   My prayer, my aim is higher ground.
   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 are hurled;
   The song of saints on higher ground.

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

Words by Johnson Oatman
Music by Charles H. Gabriel