HIGHER GROUND

WORDS BY JOHNSON OATMAN
MUSIC BY CHARLES H. GABRIEL

1. I’m pressing on the upward way, New heights I’m gaining every day; Still praying as I’m onward bound, “Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.”

2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts a-darts at me are hurled; For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.

3. I want to live above the world, Tho’ Satan’s bound, My prayer, my aim is higher ground. “Lord, lead me on to 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, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven’s table land.

Chorus

A higher plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.
His Yoke Is Easy

1. I've found my Lord and He is mine, He won me by His love;
2. No other Lord but Christ I know, I walk with Him alone;
3. He's dearer to my heart than life, He found me lost in sin;
4. My flesh recoiled before the cross, And Satan whispered there,
5. I've tried the road of sin and found its prospects all deceive;

I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him above.
His streams of love forever flow, With my heart, His throne.
He calmed the sea of inward strife, And bid me come to Him.
"Thy gain will not repay the loss, His yoke is hard to bear."
I've proved the Lord and joys abroad, More than I could believe.

Chorus

His yoke is easy, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so:

His service is my sweetest delight, His blessings ever flow.

WORDS BY D. S. WARNER
MUSIC BY B. F. WARREN