Higher Ground

Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1898
Charles Hutchinson Gabriel

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

2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts arise and fears diss hurled; For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground. Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven’s table land, A higher ground.

3. I want to live above the world, Though Satan’s darts at me are bright; But still I’ll pray till heav’n I’ve found, “Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.”

4. I want to scale the utmost height And catch a gleam of glory I’m pressing on the upward way, New heights I’m gaining every day; Still praying as I’m on ward bound, “Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.”

5. Though some may dwell where those are bound, My prayer, my aim, is higher plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

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