I'm pressing on the upward way
Longings — For Growth in Christ

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining every day; Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground." (C) Lord, lift me up, and let me stand By faith on Canaan's table-land; A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

2. My heart has no desire to stay
Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
Though some may dwell where these abound,
My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.

3. I want to live above the world,
Though Satan's darts at me are hurled;
For faith has caught the joyful sound,
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 rest I've found,
"Lord, lead me on to higher ground."