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.”

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