

CONSECRATION

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# Higher Ground

*I press toward the mark for the prize... in Christ Jesus. Philipians 3:14*

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way; New heights I'm gain-ing ev-'ry day;  
 2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;  
 3. I want to live a-bove the world Though Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;  
 4. I want to scale the ut-most height And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I'm on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."  
 Tho' some may dwell where these a-bound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground.  
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.  
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

*Refrain*

Lord, lift me up and let me stand By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land.

A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.