Cliff Richard, Higher Ground

My heart has no desire to
Stay where doubts arise
And fears dismay.
Though we must dwell
Where these are bound
I must go on to higher ground.

I want to scale the
Utmost hight and catch
A gleam of glory bright.
For faith has caught
The joyful sound,
The song of life on higher ground.

Lord, lift me up
And let me stand my feet
On heaven's stable land.
Oh, greater plane
That I have found.
Oh, plant my feet on higher ground.

I'm treading on the
Upward way, new hights
I'm gaining every day,
Still praying as I'm homeward bound:
Oh, plant my feet on higher ground.