The Higher Level

1. Pilgrims travelling to yon city, Turn to Christ your weary eyes;
2. Hath He saved you, doth He keep you? Let Him have His blessed will;
3. Do you falter neath the pressure Of some heavy weight of care?
4. Joy is high, but peace is higher, Hope is bright, but faith is grand;

Walk no longer in the lowlands; To a higher level rise.
Trust His goodness; trust His wisdom; Storm or sunshine, trust Him still.
Climb today to faith's high level, You will find the Master there.
We may reach these higher levels, Guided by the Master's hand.

Chorus

Climb by faith to higher levels, Leave the valley far below;

Rise to higher heights of service; the Master's image grow.

Words by Flora Kirkland
Music by I. H. Meredith