

HIGHER GROUND.

547

John Newton Merritt

J.M.

1. Al - might - y God in Heav'n a - bove to Thee I lift my eyes, I feel thy Spir - it and Thy love which say a - wake a - rise.

Through-out the dark - ness
And when my Mak - er

2. Like swirl - ing leaves my fleet - ing days are scat - tered by the wind, I want to sing e - ter - nal praise to Christ my God and Friend.

Through
And

Through-out the dark - ness
And when my Mak - er

Through-out the dark Thou guard Thou guardst my bed a - round Now lead me in the morn - ing light to dwell on High - er Ground.
And when my Mak - er calls And Ga - briel's trump shall sound I'll pitch my tent no more to roam from Heav - en's High - er Ground.

of the night Thou gaurd, Thou guardst my bed a - round Now lead me on to High - er Ground.
calls me home And Gabe And Ga - briel's trump shall sound No more to roam from High - er Ground.

out the dark, through-out the dark - ness of the night Thou guardst my bed a - round Now lead me in the morn - ing light to dwell on High - er Ground.
when my Mak - er, when my Mak - er calls me home and Ga - briel's trump shall sound, I'll pitch my tent no more to roam from Heav - en's High - er Ground.

night
calls

Thou guardst my bed a - round
And Ga - briel's trump shall sound,

Now lead me in the morn - ing light to dwell on High - er Ground.
I'll pitch my tent no more to roam from Heav - en's High - er Ground.