

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

<https://www.fyconline.com/peter-m-blachly>



ALBUM LYRICS

Higher Ground

Sailing On the Ark

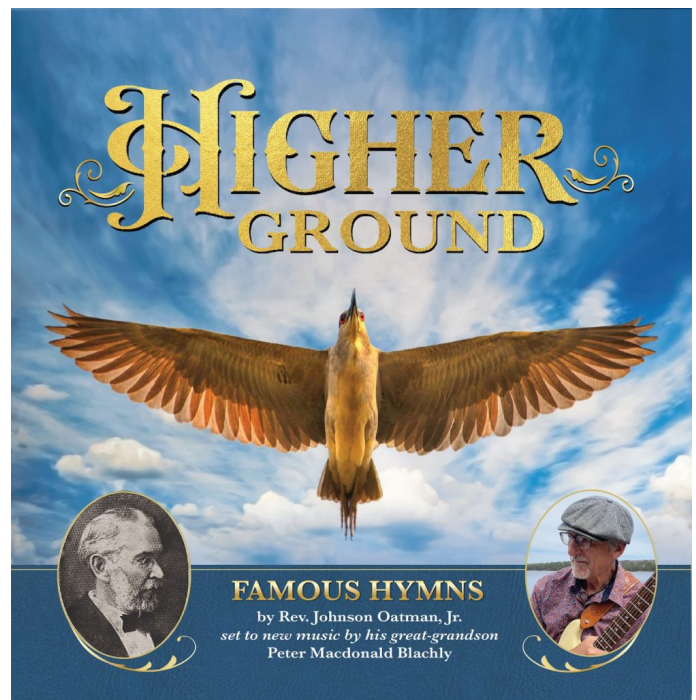
On the floods of despair I was drifting, sinking fast,
Sailing all alone; the seas were stormy.
But a vessel I then found that I knew was heaven
bound,
And it's now upon the Ark that I am sailing

*I am sailing on the Ark, hallelujah praise on high
The waters dark and deep no longer scare me.
So let the storm clouds roll, they can never harm my
soul
When I'm sailing on the Ark of the Almighty.*

On this old and blessed ship there's no danger: she is
fit.
She can sail even when no sun or moon is shining
Foe her compass is trusted sure and her anchor is
secure
And we're safe upon this Ark in which we're sailing

In the ark I have no fear, Satan cannot enter here
With the Captain on the watch and he's never sleeping
It's here we're safe from sin, only angels enter in
As we're riding out the storm that's ever raging.

When the harbor has been reached, we'll have gone across the bar
With the captain's steady hands upon the wheel
For the ship has never foundered, never breached nor lost a spar
And she's kept us safe throughout this long ordeal



Holy Holy Holy Is What The Angels Sing

There is singing up in heaven
such as we have never known,
Where the angels sing the praises
of the Lord upon the throne;
Their sweet harps are ever tuneful
and their voices are always clear,
We pray to be more like them
while we serve the Master here!
*Holy, holy, holy is what the angels sing,
How I long to help them make
the courts of heaven ring;
But sing redemption's story,
And they will fold their wings,
For angels never knew the joys
that such salvation brings.*

But I hear another anthem,
blending voices clear and strong,
For the good Lord has redeemed us
and taught us right from the wrong;
We have come through tribulations
to this land so fair and bright,
In the fountain freely flowing
We have found new life, we have found new life.

Then the angels stand and listen,
for they cannot join that song,
Like the sound of many waters,
Only humans here belong;
For they sing about great trials,
Our battles lost and won,
And we praise the great Redeemer,
who has said to us "Well done!" he's said to us "Well done!"

So, although I'm not an angel,
yet I know that over there
I will join a blessed chorus
that the angels cannot share;
I will sing about compassion,
How the lord above
pardoned our transgressions,
And showered us with love. He's showered us with love.

Higher Ground

I'm pressing on the upward way
New heights I'm gaining every day
Still praying as I'm onward bound
Lord plant my feet on higher ground

*Lord lift me up and let me stand
By faith on heaven's table land.
A higher plane than I have found
Lord plant my feet on higher ground.
Higher, higher, higher, higher!
Lord plant my feet on higher ground*

My heart has no desire to stay
Where doubts arise and fears dismay
Some may dwell where those abound
My prayer my aim is higher ground

I want to live above the world
Though Satan's darts at me are hurled
Faith has caught the joyful sound
The song of saints on higher ground.

I want to scale the utmost height
And catch a gleam of glory bright
Still I pray 'til Heaven's found
Lord plant my feet on higher ground.

It All Comes Back To You

All you give will be received
All you take will be retaken
All you speak will be respoken
Every lie will be forsaken

*'Cause it all comes back to you don't you know
'Cause it all comes back to you
'Cause it all comes back to you every day
Everything that you do.*

All your love will be returned
All your hate comes back to burn you
All you share will be reshared someday
All you pay will be repaid back to you

All the values that you hold define you
Seldom will you go astray
And when the story of your love is told
You know your heart will shine like gold.

Sails are Spread for Glory

My soul keeps singing all day long
One sweet, one blessed story
I'm on a ship that ne'er goes wrong
Whose sails are spread for glory

*It's Hallelujah all the way,
Oh sing and shout the story
I'm on the good old ship today.
Her sails are spread for glory*

Our parents on this same ship sailed
We heard them tell the story
And how the captain never failed
To bring them safe to glory

The ship has carried millions o'er
Her sails with age are hoary
But there is room for millions more
O come and sail for glory

I'll meet you on the other side
Where we'll talk o'er the story
Of how we crossed life's ocean wide
And landed all in glory

Almost Home

Over there across the ocean is our home on high,
Where we will gather in the by and by;
We've got a house above the vaulted dome,
We'll be over soon, we're almost home.
See the lights of the golden city
There is nothing that is quite so pretty as home
You know we're almost home.

Our house is ready in the promised land;
It was built and modeled by the Lord's own hand;
He will lead us when this life is o'er,
Within his kingdom we'll be evermore.
Then our troubles will all be over
Every day we're a little bit closer to home
You know we're almost home!

The road has been weary, and the way's been long,
Our hearts are cheery with the Lord's own song;

We're almost home just a few more miles
Some tribulation and a few more trials
All our troubles will all be over
Every day we're a little bit closer to home
You know we're almost home!

Our friends are watching as we near the shore,
Our song we'll be singing with them evermore;
Through the streets of the city we'll go hand in hand;
Singing praises for the promised land.
All the love in the heart of the city
There is nothing that is quite so pretty as home
You know we're almost home.

If Today Were the End of the World

We are told that a great day is coming,
With the stars like a banner unfurled;
But are you prepared for the judgment
If today were the end of the world?
When the angel shall sound his great trumpet,
On clouds the Lord will descend;
Then the cry will go out, "Time is over,"
Then the world with its turmoil will end.

*If the sun should be turned into darkness,
And the stars from the heavens be hurled,
How would it fare with you, brother,
If today were the end of the world?*

This world will not roll on forever,
Nor the moon in its orbit return;
Then suppose, just suppose, for a moment
That today were the end of the world.
We all know that day will be coming
It's as sure as our birth in this world
We'll be standing before the great Maker
To receive the judgment we've earned.

He'll balance the deeds of a lifetime
The good and the bad that you've done
'Cause faith by itself is no virtue
If our actions leave good deeds undone
The teachings are clear: love your neighbor
Not only the ones that you choose
Give love and respect for the stranger
For the Lord may be wearing his shoes.

Count Your Blessings

When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord has done.

*Count your blessings, name them one by one;
Count your blessings, see what God hath done;
Count your blessings, Count your many blessings, Count your blessings
And then you will see what God has done.*

Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,
And you will keep singing as the days go by. [Refrain]

When you look at others with their lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold;
Count your many blessings, money cannot buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high. [Refrain]

So, amid the conflict, whether great or small,
Do not be discouraged, God is over all;
Count your many blessings, angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end. [Refrain]

The Last Mile of the Way

When I've gone the last mile of the way
I shall rest at the end of the day
For I know there are joys awaiting
When I've gone the last mile of the way
If I walk in the pathway of duty
If I work 'til the close of the day
I shall see the Lord in her beauty
When I've gone the last mile of the way

*When I've gone the last mile of the way
I shall rest at the end of the day
For I know there are joys awaiting
When I've gone the last mile of the way*

If I were to proclaim the glad story,
If I tend to the sheep gone astray
I am sure I will live in glory
When I've gone the last mile of the way [refrain]

If I walk in the pathway of duty

If I work 'til the close of the day
I shall see the Lord in her beauty
When I've gone the last mile of the way [refrain]

Beulah Land

Beulah Land, I long for Beulah Land
Where the angels sing together in the blessed land
I'll be standing on a firm foundation there in Beulah Land.
When the storm clouds roll, they challenge my soul
They're trying to keep me from reaching up to the promised land
It's a long and narrow road that takes us to Beulah land.

I've got a mansion on a rock that is not built of sand
It's a house with many rooms that will forever stand
And there's an Angel Band in Beulah Land.

Beulah land, up in Beulah Land
I'll join my friends and loved ones there in the promised land
Where all the saints and sages gathered there are at God's command
When my time has come to leave this world
I will find my way back home up to Beulah Land
All my troubles will be left behind when I'm in Beulah Land.

All around us toil and strive are always close at hand
But everlasting life awaits us there, with all the saints
in the Promised Land.

I've got a mansion on a rock that is not built of sand
It's a house with many rooms that will forever stand
And there's an Angel Band in Beulah Land.

ALBUM CREDITS

Music by Peter Macdonald Blachly
Lyrics by Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. (except "It All Comes Back to You")

Peter M. Blachly: Vocals, Guitars, Bass, Keyboards, Ukulele
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Chris Molé: Cover Design
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