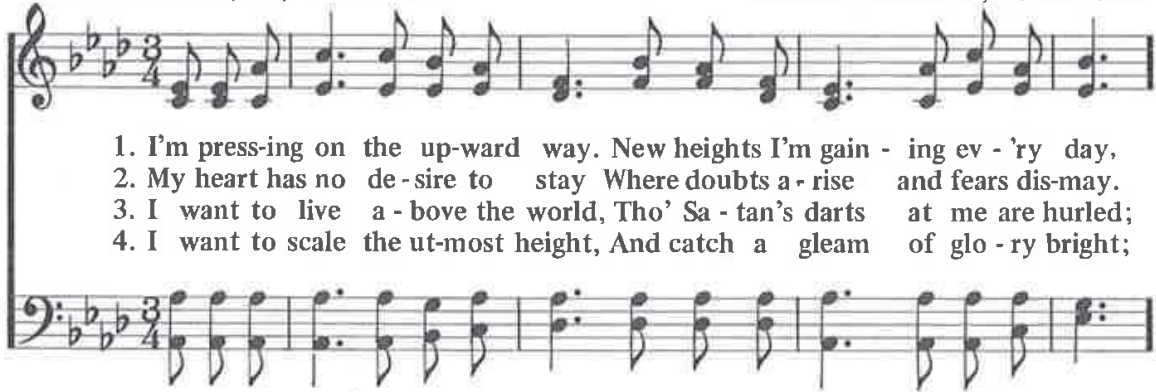


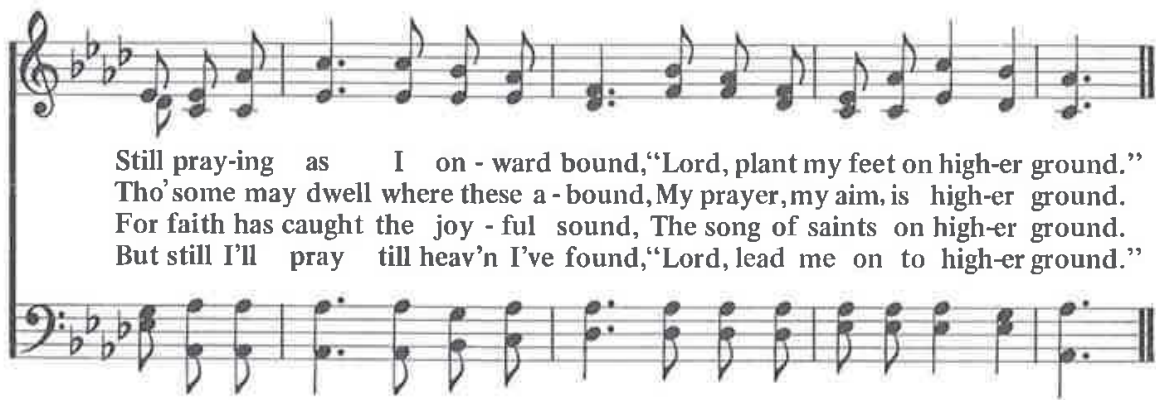
Higher Ground

Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1856 - 1922

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856 - 1932



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, Tho' 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;

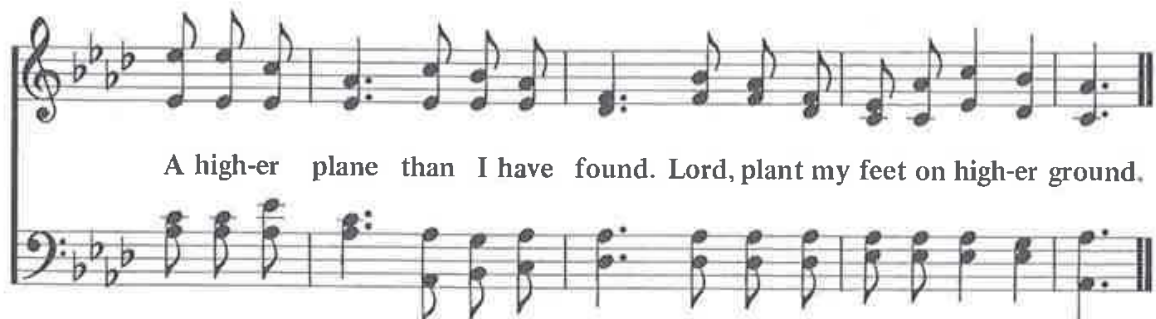


Still pray-ing as I on - ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these a - bound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
 For faith has caught the joy - ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me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