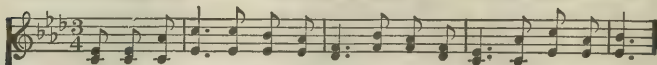


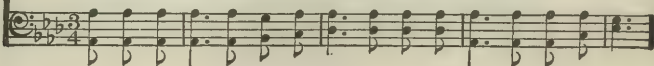
Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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• Chas. H. Gabriel.



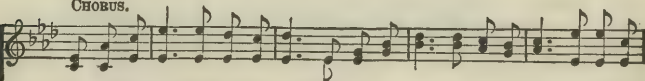
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



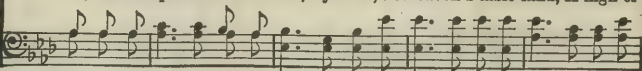
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
 But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher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



CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er



plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground. A - MEN.

