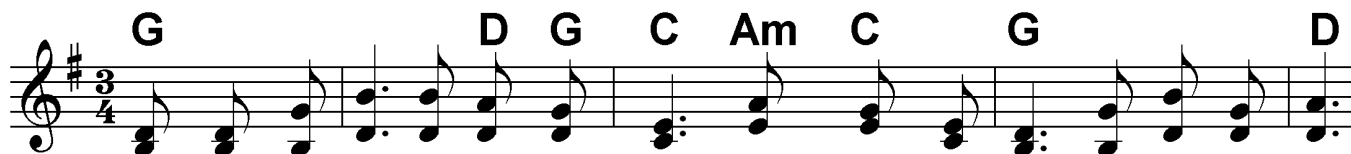


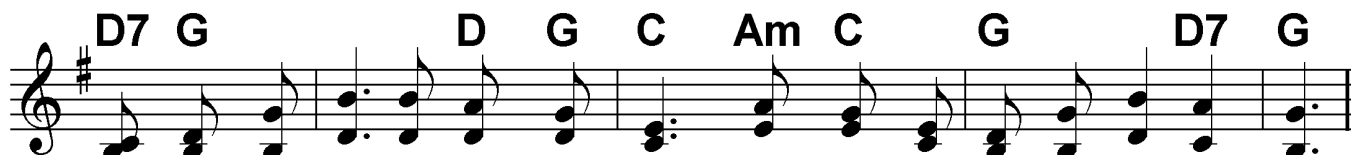
Higher Ground

Words: Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1898

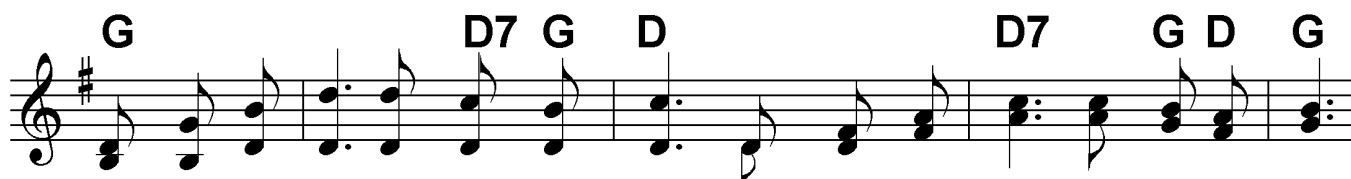
Music: Charles H. Gabriel



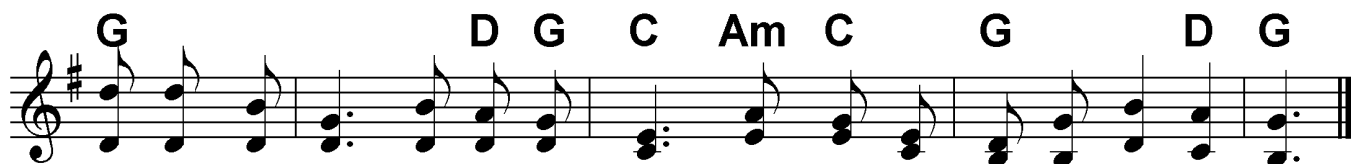
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-ery day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay, Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, 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 heaven I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



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.