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I'm Pressing on the Upward Way

Higher Ground. L.M. With Refrain

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

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 arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Though Satan'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."
 Though 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."



Refrain



Lord, lift me up, and I shall 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.

