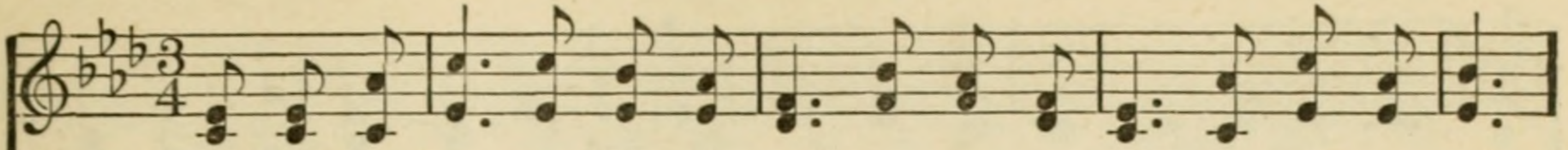


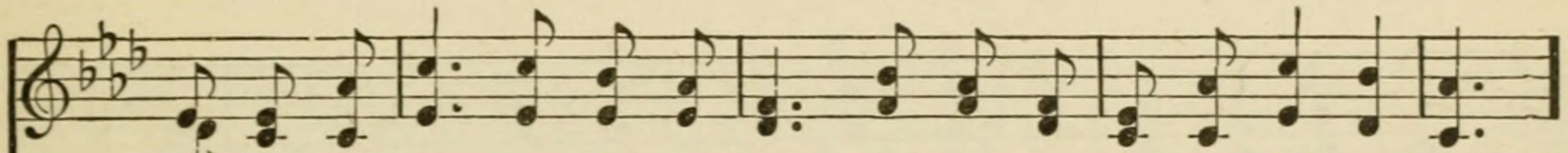
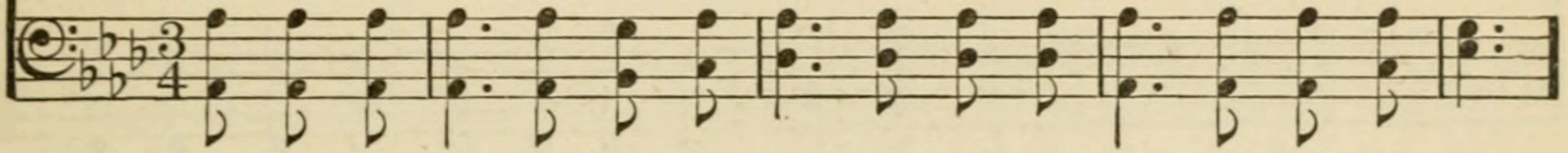
Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

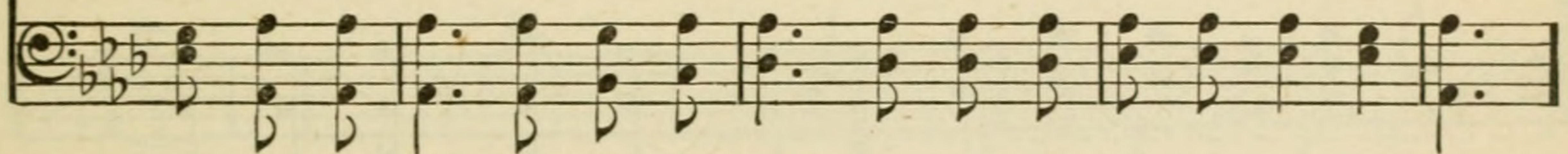
Chas. H. Gabriel.



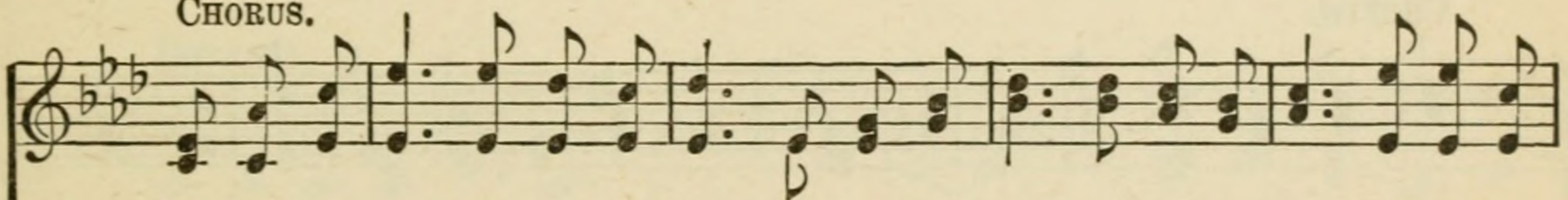
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;



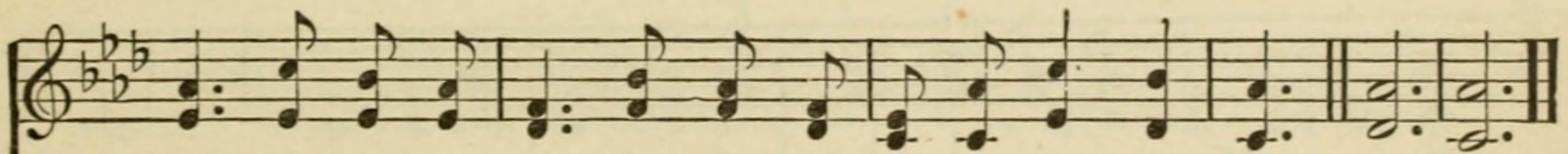
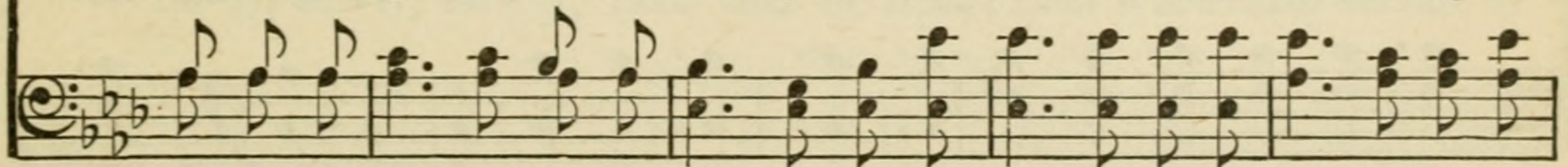
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."  
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.  
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.  
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher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

