

Higher Ground

Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1856-1926

1. I'm pressing on the upward way.
New heights I'm gaining every day.
Still praying as I'm onward bound,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.
2. My heart has no desire to stay
Where doubts arise and fears dismay.
Though some may dwell where these
abound,
My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
3. I want to live above the world,
Though Satan's darts at me are hurled.
For faith has caught the joyful sound,
The song of saints on higher ground.
4. I want to scale the utmost height
And catch a gleam of glory bright.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

Chorus:

Lord, lift me up and let me stand,
By faith, on heaven's table land,
A higher plane than I have found;
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

*Come, and let us go up to the mountain of
the LORD. Micah 4:2*