

# Dig up the wells my father made

Experience of Christ — As Grace

*(Guitar)*

<b>G</b>				<b>D</b>					<b>Em</b>				<b>C</b>
1. Dig	up		the	wells		my	fa	-	-	ther		made,	
<b>G</b>		<b>D</b>			<b>Em</b>					<b>C</b>			
Call	them	by		the	same					names.			
<b>G</b>				<b>D</b>					<b>Em</b>				<b>C</b>
His	por	-	tion	was		a	life			of		faith;	
<b>Am<sup>7</sup></b>			<b>D</b>						<b>G</b>				
Mine,		in	-	her	-	it	-	ing				grace.	

2. Stake out the camp within the dell;  
There we'll find a springing well.  
Theirs is the claim that leads to strife;  
Mine, inheriting life.
3. Richer and great I grew to be;  
Such gave rise to enmity.  
Destined for joy, yet this I know,  
God will not let me go.
4. Though wells availed in all the land,  
Still I came to doubt my stand.  
Blessings divine can ne'er replace  
God's appearing in grace.
5. I, in Beersheba, will remain,  
Build an altar, call His name,  
Draw from the well that flows so free  
By the tamarisk tree.
6. Dig up the wells my father made;  
Call them by the same names.  
His portion was a life of faith;  
Mine, inheriting grace.