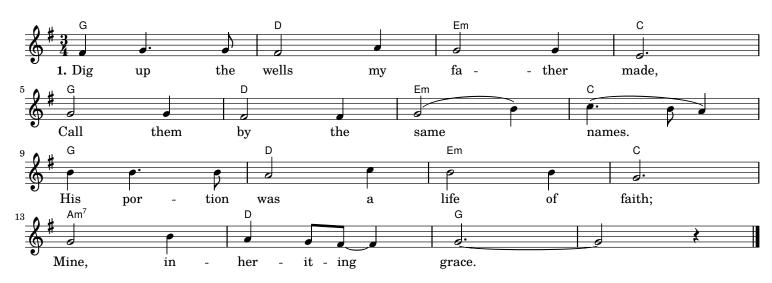
## Dig up the wells my father made

**Experience of Christ** — As 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.