

# Hymns for Sunday, January 9, 2022

## 465 Baptized in Water

*We were buried with Him through baptism that we may live a new life. Romans 6:4*

*Unison*

1. Bap-tized in wa - ter, Sealed by the Spir - it,  
2. Bap-tized in wa - ter, Sealed by the Spir - it,  
3. Bap-tized in wa - ter, Sealed by the Spir - it,

Cleansed by the blood of Christ, our King;  
Dead in the tomb with Christ, our King;  
Marked with the sign of Christ, our King;

Heirs of sal - va - tion, Trust-ing His prom - ise,  
One with His ris - ing, Freed and for - giv - en,  
Born of one Fa - ther, We are His chil - dren,

Faith - ful - ly now God's praise we sing.  
Thank - ful - ly now God's praise we sing.  
Joy - ful - ly now God's praise we sing.

TEXT: Michael Seward  
MUSIC: Traditional Gaelic melody; arranged by Tom Fettke

BUNESSAN  
5.5.5.4.D.

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# Open My Eyes That I May See 563

Open my eyes that I may see wonderful things in Your law. Psalm 119:18

1. O - pen my eyes that I may see Glimp-ses of truth Thou hast for me;  
2. O - pen my ears that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou send-est clear;  
3. O - pen my mouth and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - ery - where;

Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un - clasp and  
And while the wave - notes fall on my ear, Ev - ery - thing false will  
O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with Thy chil - dren

## Refrain

set me free. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy  
dis - ap - pear. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy  
thus to share. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy

will to see; O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine.  
will to see; O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine.  
will to see; O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine.

# 764 The Trees of the Field

You will go out in joy, and all the trees of the field will clap their hands. Isaiah 55:12

Unison

You shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace; The

moun-tains and the hills will break forth be-fore you. There'll be shouts of joy

and all the trees of the field Will clap, will clap their hands.

And all the trees of the field will clap their hands; The

trees of the field will clap their hands; The trees of the field will

TEXT: Steffi Geiser Rubin; based on Isaiah 55:12  
MUSIC: Stuart Dauermann

THE TREES OF THE FIELD  
Irregular meter

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