

Yateley Baptist Church, Sunday 28 March 2021

Opening Prayer

Hymn: Praise! 628

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!
Unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice;
tender to me the promise of his word;
in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

2 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his name!
Make known his might, the deeds his arm has
done;
his mercy sure, from age to age the same;
his holy name, the Lord, the mighty One.

3 Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might!
Powers and dominions lay their glory by.
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to
flight,
the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

4 Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word!
Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
to children's children and for evermore!

Timothy Dudley-Smith

Reading: Isaiah 52:13-53:12, ESV

Behold, my servant shall act wisely;
he shall be high and lifted up,
and shall be exalted.
¹⁴ As many were astonished at you—
his appearance was so marred, beyond
human semblance,
and his form beyond that of the children of
mankind—
¹⁵ so shall he sprinkle many nations;
kings shall shut their mouths because of him;
for that which has not been told them they see,
and that which they have not heard they
understand.

53 Who has believed what he has heard from
us?

And to whom has the arm of the LORD been
revealed?

² For he grew up before him like a young plant,
and like a root out of dry ground;
he had no form or majesty that we should look
at him,

and no beauty that we should desire him.

³ He was despised and rejected by men;
a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;
and as one from whom men hide their faces
he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

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⁴ Surely he has borne our griefs
and carried our sorrows;
yet we esteemed him stricken,
smitten by God, and afflicted.
⁵ But he was wounded for our transgressions;
he was crushed for our iniquities;
upon him was the chastisement that brought us
peace,
and with his stripes we are healed.
⁶ All we like sheep have gone astray;
we have turned—every one—to his own way;
and the LORD has laid on him
the iniquity of us all.
⁷ He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,
yet he opened not his mouth;
like a lamb that is led to the slaughter,
and like a sheep that before its shearers is
silent,
so he opened not his mouth.
⁸ By oppression and judgement he was taken
away;
and as for his generation, who considered
that he was cut off out of the land of the living,
stricken for the transgression of my people?

Hymn: Praise! 424

Here is love, vast as the ocean,
lovingkindness as the flood,
when the Prince of life, our ransom,
shed for us his precious blood.
Who his love will not remember?
Who can cease to sing his praise?
He can never be forgotten
throughout heaven's eternal days.

⁹ And they made his grave with the wicked
and with a rich man in his death,
although he had done no violence,
and there was no deceit in his mouth.
¹⁰ Yet it was the will of the LORD to crush him;
he has put him to grief;
when his soul makes an offering for guilt,
he shall see his offspring; he shall prolong his
days;
the will of the LORD shall prosper in his hand.
¹¹ Out of the anguish of his soul he shall see and
be satisfied;
by his knowledge shall the righteous one, my
servant,
make many to be accounted righteous,
and he shall bear their iniquities.
¹² Therefore I will divide him a portion with the
many,
and he shall divide the spoil with the strong,
because he poured out his soul to death
and was numbered with the transgressors;
yet he bore the sin of many,
and makes intercession for the transgressors.

2 On the mount of crucifixion
fountains opened deep and wide;
through the floodgates of God's mercy
flowed a vast and gracious tide.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers,
poured incessant from above,
and heaven's peace and perfect justice
kissed a guilty world in love.

William Rees (1802-1883), trans. William Edwards (1848-1929)

Reading: Mark 15:21-32, ESV

²¹ And they compelled a passer-by, Simon of Cyrene, who was coming in from the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to carry his cross. ²² And they brought him to the place called Golgotha (which means Place of a Skull). ²³ And they offered him wine mixed with myrrh, but he did not take it. ²⁴ And they crucified him and divided his garments among them, casting lots for them, to decide what each should take. ²⁵ And it was the third hour when they crucified him. ²⁶ And the inscription of the charge against him read, "The King of the Jews." ²⁷ And with him they crucified two robbers, one on his right and one on his left. ²⁹ And those who passed by derided him, wagging their heads and saying, "Aha! You who would destroy the temple and rebuild it in three days, ³⁰ save yourself, and come down from the cross!" ³¹ So also the chief priests with the scribes mocked him to one another, saying, "He saved others; he cannot save himself. ³² Let the Christ, the King of Israel, come down now from the cross that we may see and believe." Those who were crucified with him also reviled him.

Sermon: Mark 15:21-32 & Isaiah 52:13-53:12 – 'The Lord Laid on Him the Iniquity of Us All'

Hymn: Praise! 453

When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of glory died,
my richest gain I count as loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

4 His lifeblood, like a crimson robe,
clothes all his body on the tree:
then I am dead to all the globe,
and all the globe is dead to me!

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the cross of Christ my God;
the very things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all!

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down:
when did such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Prayer

Hymn

What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Oh! precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.*

2 Nothing can for sin atone,
nothing but the blood of Jesus;
naught of good that I have done,
nothing but the blood of Jesus!

Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

3 This is all my hope and peace,
nothing but the blood of Jesus;
this is all my righteousness,
nothing but the blood of Jesus!

4 Now by this I'll overcome –
nothing but the blood of Jesus;
now by this I'll reach my home –
nothing but the blood of Jesus!

Closing Prayer