

CONFERENCE
Schedule
and
HYMN SHEET

SOVEREIGN GRACE CHURCH
GREAT FALLS MONTANA

Schedule

Saturday start at 2:00pm

1:00pm Church open for teas
& coffee for those arriving.

2:00pm First session
Pastor Peter Meney

3:00pm Coffee break

3:30pm Book review

Solo: Mrs Susie Dammen

4:00pm Second Session
Pastor Don Fortner

5:30pm Dinner

7:00pm Third Session
Pastor Michael Pickett

8:00pm End

Sunday start at 10:30am

9:30am Church open for teas
& coffee for those arriving.

10:30am Morning worship
Pastor Don Fortner

12:00am Communion

Pastor Peter Meney

1:00pm Light lunch

W elcome, we are delighted to have you join us at Sovereign Grace Church for this time of ministry and fellowship. Our prayer is that the Lord Jesus Christ will graciously stoop to visit and bless us with His presence and we hope your time with us will prove to be helpful and encouraging to your soul.

We believe worshipping God is the Christian's highest calling, and we count it a privilege to have the gospel of Jesus Christ ministered to us. To that end we

have invited Pastor Don Fortner from Danville, KY, and Pastor Michael Pickett of Choteau, MT, to join us today to preach the gospel and point us again to our blessed Lord and Savior.

Please take this opportunity to introduce yourself to those around you and make yourself known to one another. There will be lots of opportunity to chat and visit over tea and coffee between sessions and we hope you will stay and eat with us, too.

A Selection Of Sovereign Grace Hymns

1] O what matchless condescension
The eternal God displays;
Claiming our supreme attention,
To his boundless works and ways.
His own glory
He reveals in gospel days.

2. In the person of the Savior,
All his majesty is seen!
Love and justice shine for ever;
And, without a veil between,
Worms approach him,
And rejoice in his dear name.

3. Would we view his brightest glory,
Here it shines in Jesus' face;
Sing and tell the pleasing story,
O ye sinners saved by grace;
And with pleasure,
Bid the guilty him embrace.

4. In his highest work, redemption,
See his glory in a blaze;
Nor can angels ever mention
Aught that more of God displays;
Grace and justice
Here unite to endless days.

5. True, 'tis sweet and solemn pleasure,
God to view in Christ the Lord;
Here he smiles and smiles for ever;
May my soul his name record;
Praise and bless him,
And his wonders spread abroad.

William Gadsby 1773-1844 (514)

2] The gospel's the law of the Lamb;
My soul of its glories shall sing;
With pleasure my tongue shall proclaim
The law of my Savior and King;
A sweet law of liberty this;
A yoke that is easy and mild;
Of love it the precious law is,
Unknown unto all but a child.

2. [The law of the Spirit of life,
That takes the old yoke from our neck,
Proves Zion to be the Lamb's wife,
And Zion with beauty does deck;
Provides her a clothing divine,
And makes her all-glorious within;
Nor angels are clothèd more fine,
Nor can it be sullied with sin.]

3. Its beauties all center in Christ,
For Christ is the substance of it;
It makes broken hearts to rejoice,
And insolvent debtors will fit.
'Tis wisdom, 'tis strength, and 'tis love,
'Tis all that a sinner can need;
And all that are born from above,
By Jesus from Moses are freed.

4. This law is the poor pilgrim's rule;
With boldness this truth I'll maintain;
Thrice happy's the man, though a fool,
That in it can look and remain;
This man shall be blest in his deed,
For Jesus and he are but one;
He'll therefore supply all his need,
For ever and ever. Amen.

William Gadsby 1773-1844 (523)

3] A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Savior's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2. The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is *Yea* and *Amen*,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3. My name from the palms of his
hands
Eternity will not erase,
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace;
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

Augustus Toplady 1740-1778 (340)

4] Fountain of never-ceasing grace,
Thy saints' exhaustless theme,
Great object of immortal praise,
Essentially supreme;
We bless thee for the glorious fruits
Thine incarnation gives;
The righteousness which grace
imputes,
And faith alone receives.

2. In thee we have a righteousness
By God himself approved;
Our rock, our sure foundation this,
Which never can be moved.
Our ransom by thy death was paid,
For all thy people giv'n,
The law thou perfectly obeyed,
That they might enter heav'n.

3. As all, when Adam sinned alone,
In his transgression died,
So by the righteousness of one
Are sinners justified;
We to thy merit, gracious Lord,
With humblest joy submit,
Again to Paradise restored,
In thee alone complete.

Augustus Toplady 1740-1778

5] How firm a foundation, ye saints
of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent
word!
What more can he say than to you he
has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have
fled?

2. In every condition – in sickness, in
health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in
wealth;
At home, or abroad, on the land, on
the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy
strength ever be.

3. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not
dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give
thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand,
[hand.
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent

4. "When through the deep waters I
call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee
overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles
to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest
distress.

5. "When through fiery trials thy
pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy
supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only
design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold
to refine.

6. "E'en down to old age, all my
people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
love;
And when hoary hairs shall their
temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my
bosom be borne.

7. "The soul that on Jesus has leaned
for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should
endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never
forsake."

'K' in Rippon's Selection (329)

6] Before the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea,
A great high priest, whose name is
Love
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on His hands,
My name is written on His heart;
I know that while in heav'n He stands
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

2. When Satan tempts me to despair
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see Him there
Who made an end of all my sin.
Because the sinless Savior died,
My sinful soul is counted free,
For God the just is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me.

3. Behold Him there! the risen Lamb!
My perfect, spotless righteousness,
The great unchangeable I AM!"
The King of glory and of grace!
One with Himself, I cannot die;
My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ my Savior and my God.

Charitie Lees Bancroft 1841-1923

7] 'Tis not that I did choose Thee,
For Lord, that could not be;
This heart would still refuse Thee,
Hadst Thou not chosen me.
Thou from the sin that stained me
Hast cleansed and set me free;
Of old Thou hast ordained me,
That I should live to Thee.

2. 'Twas sov'reign mercy called me
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heav'nly glories blind.
My heart owns none before Thee,
For Thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing, if I love Thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

Josiah Condor 1789-1855

8] Immortal honors rest on Jesus'
head;
My God, my portion, and my Living
Bread;
In him I live, upon him cast my care;
He saves from death, destruction, and
despair.

2. He is my Refuge in each deep
distress;
The Lord my strength and glorious
righteousness;
Through floods and flames he leads me
safely on,
And daily makes his sovereign
goodness known.

3. My every need he richly will supply;
Nor will his mercy ever let me die;
In him there dwells a treasure all
divine,
And matchless grace has made that
treasure mine.

4. O that my soul could love and praise
him more,
His beauties trace, his majesty adore;
Live near his heart, upon his bosom
lean;
Obey his voice, and all his will esteem.

William Gadsby 1773-1844 (667)

9] Amazing grace! How sweet the
sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart
to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

3. Through many dangers, toils and
snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus
far,
And grace will lead me home.

4. The Lord has promised good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall
fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6. The earth shall soon dissolve like
snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

7. When we've been there ten
thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's
praise
Than when we'd first begun.

John Newton 1725-1807 (189)

10] Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the
Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4. Grace taught my soul to pray,
And pardoning love to know;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

5. Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge 1702-1751 (201)

11] Great High Priest, we view thee
stooping
With our names upon thy breast;
In the garden groaning, drooping
To the ground, with sorrow pressed;
Wondering angels stood confounded
To behold their Maker thus;
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?

2. On the cross thy body broken,
Cancels every penal tie;
Tempted souls produce this token,
All demands to satisfy.
All is finished do not doubt it;
But believe your dying Lord,
Never reason more about it,
Only take him at his word.

3. Lord, we fain would trust thee
solely;
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt;
Bruisèd Bridegroom, take us wholly,
Take and make us what thou wilt.
Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
Passed on man's devoted race;
True belief and true repentance,
Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

Joseph Hart 1712-1768 (237 2nd Part)

12] Come, ye sinners, poor and
wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able, He is able;
He is willing; doubt no more.

2. Ho! Ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, without money;
Come to Jesus Christ and buy!

3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you, this he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all!
Not the righteous, not the righteous;
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5. View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies;
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies:
"It is finished!" "It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6. Lo! The incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can to helpless sinners good.

7. Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

Joseph Hart 1712-1768 (723)

