

**“Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing”**

**Come, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above.  
Praise the mount I'm fixed upon it  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.**

**Here I raise my Ebenezer  
Hither by Thy great help I've come  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger  
Wandering from the fold of God  
He, to rescue me from danger  
Interposed His precious blood.**

**Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee:  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;  
Seal it for thy courts above.**



**Upcoming Fund Raiser to benefit**

**Suzanne's Comfort Care Home.**

The Castile UCC Women's Fellowship are

inviting the congregation and others to donate homemade items to be sold to benefit Suzanne's Comfort Care Home in Perry, NY.

**These items will be on sale Sunday, Sept. 18 & Sunday, Sept. 25, before and after Worship Services.**

Thank you in advance for your support of the outreaches of our church.

**“Softly and Tenderly”**

**Softly and tenderly, Jesus is calling,  
Calling for you and for me;  
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching,  
Watching for you and for me  
Come home, come home,  
You who are weary, come home;  
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,  
Calling, O sinner, come home!**

**Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised,  
Promised for you and for me!  
Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,  
Pardon for you and for me.  
Come home, come home,  
You who are weary, come home;  
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,  
Calling, O sinner, come home!**

**“My Country Tis of Thee”**

**My country tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!  
From every mountain side, Let freedom ring!**

**My native country, thee, Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture fills  
Like that above.**

**Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the  
trees  
Sweet freedom's song. Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.**

**Our father's God to, Thee,  
Author of liberty, To Thee we sing.  
Long may our land be bright,  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!**