

Could the creatures help or ease us  
The Ruler's Daughter Raised  
John Newton, 1779,  
from Olney Hymns, vol. 1, hymn 93

Could the creatures help or ease us  
Seldom should we think of prayer;  
Few, if any, come to Jesus,  
Till reduced to self-dispair:  
Long we either slight or doubt him,  
But when all the means we try,  
Prove we cannot do without him,  
Then at last to him we cry.

2. Thus the ruler when his daughter  
Suffered much, though Christ was nigh,  
Still deferred it, till he thought her  
At the very point to die:  
Though he mourned for her condition,  
He did not entreat the Lord,  
Till he found that no physician  
But himself, could help afford.

3. Jesus did not once upbraid him,  
That he had no sooner come;  
But a gracious answer made him,  
And went straitway with him home:  
Yet his faith was put to trial  
When his servants came, and said,  
Though he gave thee no denial,  
'Tis too late, the child is dead.

4. Jesus; to prevent his grieving,  
Kindly spoke and eased his pain;  
Be not fearful, but believing,  
Thou shalt see her live again:  
When he found the people weeping,  
Cease, he said, no longer mourn;  
For she is not dead, but sleeping,  
Then they laughed him to scorn.

5. O thou meek and lowly Savior,  
How determined is thy love!  
Not this rude unkind behavior,  
Could thy gracious purpose move:  
Soon as he the room had entered,  
Spoke, and took her by the hand;  
Death at once his prey surrendered,  
And she lived at his command.

6. Fear not then, distressed believer,  
Venture on his mighty name;  
He is able to deliver,  
And his love is still the same  
Can his pity or his power,  
Suffer thee to pray in vain;  
Wait but his appointed hour,  
And thy suit thou shalt obtain.