Could the Creatures Help or Ease Us

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: LUX EOI

| s - - s d' - s - | s - f - f - m - |
Could the creatures help or ease us

| l - l - s - m - | r - d - r - - - |
Seldom should we think of prayer;

| s - - s d' - d' - | t - l - r' - s - |
Few, if any, come to Jesus,

| fe - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - - - |
Till reduced to self dispair:

| f - f - m - m - | l - - l l - se - |
Long we either slight or doubt him,

| l - t - d' - t - | m - se - l - - - |
But when all the means we try,

| s - d' - m' - r' - | d' - t - l - s - |
Prove we cannot do without him,

| sa - f - m - l - | d - r - d - - - |
Then at last to him we cry.

The other verses

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.

Tune LUX EOI by Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842–1900); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.