

NEW PRAISES BE GIVEN

Tune: Welsh hymn melody
Text: St. Bede the Venerable
Tr.: R.A. Knox

G ♩ = 100

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

Lyrics for Soprano: | : : d | l_i : f_i : r | t_i : s_i : d . r | m : m : r | d :- : d | l_i : f_i : r

Lyrics for Alto: | : : m_i | f_i : f_i : l_i | s_i : s_i : m_i . f_i | s_i : l_i . s_i : f_i | m_i :- : m_i | f_i : f_i : l_i

Lyrics for Tenor: | : : d | d : d : r | r : r : d | d : d : t_i | d :- : d | d : d : r

Lyrics for Bass: | : : d_i | f_i : l_i : f_i | s_i : t_i : l_i | m_i : f_i : s_i | d_i :- : d_i | f_i : l_i : f_i

7

Lyrics for Soprano: | t_i : s_i : d . r | m : m : r | d :- : d | m : m : s | m : d : d . r

Lyrics for Alto: | s_i : s_i : m_i . f_i | s_i : l_i . s_i : f_i | m_i :- : l_i | s_i : l_i : s_i | s_i : l_i : l_i

Lyrics for Tenor: | r : r : d | d : d : t_i | d :- : d | d : d : r | d : m : f

Lyrics for Bass: | s_i : t_i : l_i | m_i : f_i : s_i | d_i :- : f_i | d : l_i : t_i | d : l_i : f_i

m : m : s | r :- : m | d : l_i : r | t_i : s_i : d . r | m : m : r | d :- :-
 s_i : l_i : s_i . l_i | t_i :- : s_i | l_i : l_i : l_i | s_i : s_i : m_i . f_i | s_i : l_i . s_i : f_i | m_i :- :-
 m : d : d | r :- : d | m : f : f | r : r : d | d : d : t_i | d :- :-
 d : l_i : m_i | s_i :- : d | l_i : f_i : r_i | s_i : t_i : l_i | m_i : f_i : s_i | d_i :- :-

1. New praises be given to Christ newly crowned,
Who back to His Heaven a new way hath found;
God's blessedness sharing, before us He goes,
What mansions preparing, what endless repose.
2. His glory still praising on thrice holy ground.
The apostles stood gazing, His mother around;
With hearts that beat faster, with eyes full of love,
They watched while their Master ascended above.
3. 'No star can disclose Him', the bright angels said.
'Eternity knows him, your conquering head:
Those high habitations He leaves not again,
Till, judging all nations, on earth He shall reign.'
4. Thus spoke they, and straightway, where legions defend.
Heaven's glittering gateway, their Lord they attend.
And cry, looking thither, 'Your portals let down,
For Him Who rides hither in peace and renown'.
5. They asked who keep sentry in that blessed town,
'Who thus claimeth entry, a king of renown?'
'The King of all valiance', that herald replied,
'Who Satan's batallions laid low in their pride'.
6. Grant, Lord, that our longing may follow Thee there,
On earth who are thronging Thy temples with prayer;
And unto Thee gather, Redeemer, Thy own,
Where Thou, with Thy Father, dost sit on the throne.