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Non Nobis, Domine

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Non Nobis, Domine!
Not unto us, O Lord,
The praise and glory be
of any deed or word.
For in Thy judgement lies
To crown or bring to nought
All knowledge and device
That man has reached or wrought.

And we confess our blame,
How all too high we hold
That noise which men call fame,
That dross which men call gold.
For these we undergo
Our hot and godless days,
But in our souls we know
Not unto us the praise.

O Power by whom we live
Creator, Judge and Friend,
Upholdingly forgive,
Nor leave us at the end.
But grant us yet to see,
In all our piteous ways,
Non Nobis, Domine,
Not unto us the praise.
Non Nobis, Non Nobis,
Non Nobis, Domine.