

I cannot breathe enough of Thee

Praise of the Lord — His Beauty

172

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D	A	A ⁷	D
1. I	can - not breathe	e - nough of Thee,	O gen - tle breeze of love; More fra-grant
B ⁷	Em	A	D
than	the myr - tle tree	The Hen - na- flow - er*	is to me, The
G	D	A	A ⁷
Balm	of Heaven a - bove.	The Balm	of Heaven a - bove.

2. I cannot gaze enough on Thee,
Thou Fairest of the Fair;
My heart is filled with ecstasy,
As in Thy face of radiancy
I see such beauty there.
3. I cannot yield enough to Thee,
My Savior, Master, Friend;
I do not wish to go out free,
But ever, always, willingly,
To serve Thee to the end.
4. I cannot sing enough of Thee,
The sweetest name on earth;
A note so full of melody
Comes from my heart so joyously,
And fills my soul with mirth.
5. I cannot speak enough of Thee,
I have so much to tell;
Thy heart it beats so tenderly
As Thou dost draw me close to Thee,
And whisper, "All is well."

* *An Old World plant, prized for
its fragrant yellow and white flowers.
(Song of Sol. 1:14, A.S.V.)*