## I cannot breathe enough of Thee

Praise of the Lord — His Beauty

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(Guitar: Capo 3)

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

- 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."

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