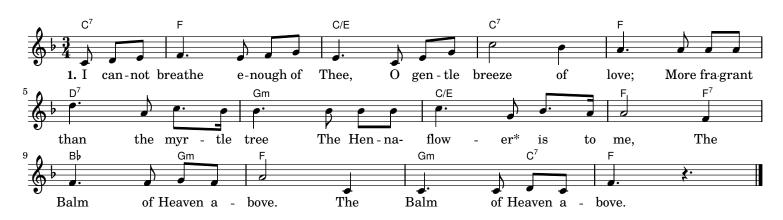
I cannot breathe enough of Thee

Praise of the Lord — His Beauty

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- 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.)