

I cannot breathe enough of Thee (New Tune)

Praise of the Lord—His Beauty

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(Guitar: Capo 3)

1. I can-not breathe e - nough of Thee, O gen-tle breeze of love; More fra-grant than the
myr - tle tree The Hen - na - flo - wer is to me, The Balm of Heaven a -
bove. (C) I can - not yield e - nough to Thee, My Sav - ior, Mas - ter, Friend; I
do not wish to go out free, But ev - er, al - ways, will - ing - ly, To serve Thee to the end.

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 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.

4. 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.)