I cannot breathe enough of Thee (New Tune)

Praise of the Lord—His Beauty

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D	G D			G					Α	A Bm A			G			
1. I	can-not	breathe	e-nough	of	Thee,	0	gen-tle		breeze	of	love;		More	fra-g	rant	than
	D			Bm				с		G						
	the myr-tle	e tree	The	Hen-na	-	flo	- wer	is to)	me,	The	Balm	of]	Heaver	n a-
A	F#m		G				D				A		Em			
bove.	(C) I can-r	not yield	e-nougł	n to	The	е,	My Sav	-ior,	Mas -	ter,	Frier	nd;	I do	not	wi	\mathbf{sh}
G		C)			A ⁷				D				G	Α	
to go	out free	e, But e	ev-er,	al -	ways	s, wil	l-ing -	ly,	Г	'o ser	ve Th	ee 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.)