

# I cannot breathe enough of Thee (New Tune)

Praise of the Lord—His Beauty

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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.)*