

I cannot breathe enough of Thee (revised)

Praise of the Lord — His Beauty

8142

(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-flow-er* is to me, The
Balm of Heaven a-bove. The Balm of Heaven a-bove.

2. I cannot drink enough of Thee,
O moist'ning morning Dew;
Fresh, cooling, quenching, watering,
Supplying, and enlivening—
Oh, soak me through and through!
3. 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.
4. 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.
5. 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.
6. 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.)*