

I cannot breathe enough of Thee (revised)

Praise of the Lord — His Beauty

8142

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D	A	A ⁷	D	
1. I can - not breathe	e - nough of Thee,	O gen - tle breeze	of love; More fra-grant	
B ⁷	Em	A	D	D ⁷
than the myr - tle tree	The Hen - na- flow	- er*	is to me,	The
G	D	A	A ⁷	D
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.)*