

# I cannot breathe enough of Thee (revised)

Praise of the Lord — His Beauty

8142

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.)