

# With His Love (Sing Holy)

[David Phelps](#)

Who am I that the song of God would shine on me  
And bring His light into my dark  
Even though Im a runner and I like to hide  
He found His way into my heartSo I sing, holy to the Lamb of God who made me good enough  
Glory to the King who captured my heart  
With His love, with His loveNow and then I forget that I belong to Him  
And I strike out on my own  
Faithful is the one who called me by my name  
And gently leads me back homeSo I sing, holy to the Lamb of God who made me good enough  
Glory to the King who captured my heart  
I sing, holy to the Lamb of God who makes me good enough  
Glory to the King who captured my heart  
With His love, with His loveNo matter where I go  
And no matter what I do I know  
I will never be too far away from YouSo I sing, holy to the Lamb of God who made me good enough  
Glory to the King who captured my heart  
I sing, holy to the Lamb of God who makes me good enough  
Glory to the King who captured my heart  
With His love, with His loveSo I sing, so I sing holy  
I sing holy, I sing holy

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