

Brooklyn Tabernacle Choir

"Favorite Song Of All"

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He loves to hear wind sing
As it whistles through the pines on mountain peaks
And He loves to hear the raindrops
As they splash to the ground in a magic symphony

And He smiles in sweet approval
As the waves crash to the rocks in their harmony
All creation joins in unity
To sing to Him majestic symphonies

Chorus
But His favorite song of all
Is the song of the redeemed
When lost sinners now made clean
Lift their voices loud and strong
When those purchased by His Blood
Sing to Him a song of love
Nothing more He'd rather hear
Non so pleasing to His ear
As His favorite song of all

He loves to hear the Angels
As they sing: "Holy, Holy is the Lamb"
Heaven's choirs in harmony
Lift up praises to the great I am
But He lifts His Hands for silence
When the weakest saved by grace begins to sing
And a million Angels listen
As a newborn soul sings:
"I have been redeemed"

Chorus
That's His favorite song of all
Is the song of the redeemed
When lost sinners now made clean
Lift their voices loud and strong
When those purchased by His Blood
Sing to Him a song of love
Nothing more He'd rather hear
Non so pleasing to His ear
As His favorite song of all

Bridge

It's not just melodies and harmonies
That capture His attention
It's not just clever lines and phrases
That causes Him to stop and listen
But when any heart set free
Washed and bought by Calvary begins to sing

Chorus

That's His favorite song of all
Is the song of the redeemed
When lost sinners now made clean
Lift their voices loud and strong
When those purchased by His Blood
Sing to Him a song of love
Nothing more He'd rather hear
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