

Phillip Thomas

"Favorite Song Of All"

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He loves to hear the wind sing
As it whistles through the pines on mountain hills
And He loves to hear the raindrops
As they splash to the ground in a magic melody
He smiles in sweet approval
As the waves crash to the rocks in harmony
Creation joins in unity
To sing to Him majestic symphonies, but
Chorus
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
Lift to Him a song of love
There's nothing more He'd rather hear
Nor so pleasing to His ear
As His favorite song of all
And 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 wicked, saved by grace, begin to sing
And a million angels listen
As the newborn soul sings, "I've been redeemed!"
Repeat chorus
It's not just melodies and harmonies
That captures 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
Repeat Chorus
Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lamb
Hallelujah, Hallelujah (repeat 2X)

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