

Craig & Dean Phillips

"Favorite Song Of All"

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He loves to hear the wind sing
as it whistles through the pines and mountain leaves
And He love to hear the raindrops
as they splash to the ground in a magic melody
He smiles in sweet approval
as the waves crash through the rocks in harmony
And creation joins in unity
to sing to Him majestic symphonies

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
Lift to Him a song of love
There's nothin' more He'd rather hear
Nor so pleasin' 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 weakest saved by grace begins to sing
And a million angels listen
as a newborn soul sings, "I've been redeemed!"

'Cause 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 nothin' more He'd rather hear
Nor so pleasin' to His ear
As His favorite song of all

Bridge:
It's not just melodies and harmonies
That catches His attention

It's not just clever lines and phrases
That causes Him to stop and listen
But when anyone set free,
Washed and bought by Calvary begins to sing

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
Lift to Him a song of love
There's nothin' more He'd rather hear
Nor so pleasin' to His ear
As His favorite song of all

Holy, holy, holy is the Lamb
Halleluiah, halleluiah

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