

Ivory Palaces

Henry Barraclough

1. My Lord has gar - ments so won - drous fine, And
2. His life had al - so its sor - rows sore, For
3. His gar - ments, too, were in cas - sia dipped, With
4. In gar - ments glo - ri - ous He will come, To

myrrh their tex - ture fills; Its fra - grance reached to this
al - oes had a part; And when I think of the
heal - ing in a touch; In paths of sin had my
o - pen wide the door; And I shall en - ter my

heart of mine With joy my be - ing thrills.
cross He bore, My eyes with tear - drops start.
feet e'er slipped— He's saved me from its clutch.
heav'n - ly home, To dwell for - ev - er - more.

Out of the i - vo - ry pal - ac - es, In - to a world of woe,

On - ly His great e - ter - nal love Made my Sav - ior go.