

# Ivory Palaces

Henry Barraclough, 1915

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*J=140*

1. My Lord has gar - ments so won-drous fine, And myrrh their tex - ture fills; Its  
2. His life had al - so its sor - rows sore, For al - oes had a part; And  
3. His gar - ments too were in cas - sia dipped, With heal - ing in a touch; Each  
4. In gar - ments glor-i - ous He will come, To o - pen wide the door; And

frag - rance reached to this heart of mine With joy my be - ing thrills.  
when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear - drops start.  
time my feet in some sin have slipped, He took me from its clutch.  
I shall en - ter my heav'n - ly home, To dwell for - ev - er - more.

*Refrain*

Out of the i - vor-y pal-ac - es, In-to a world of woe, On-ly His great e - ter-nal love  
Made my Sav-ior go.