

Ivory Palaces

Henry Barraclough

1. My Lord has garments so wondrous fine, And myrrh their texture
2. His life had also its sorrows sore, For all oes had a
3. His garments, too, were in cas-sia dipped, With healing in a
4. In garments glorious He will come, To open wide the

fills; Its fragrance reached to this heart of mine With joy my
part; And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with
touch; In paths of sin had my feet e'er slipped—He's saved me
door; And I shall enter my heav'n-ly home, To dwell for-

be-ing thrills.
tear drops start. Out of the i-vory pal-ac-es, In-to a world of woe,
from its clutch.
-ev-er-more.

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