

Ivory Palaces

1. My Lord has gar - ments so won - drous fine, And myrrh their tex - ture fills;
2. His life had al - so its sor - rows sore, For *al - oes had a part;
3. In gar - ments glo - ri - ous He will come, To o - pen wide the door;

Its fra - grance reached to this heart of mine With joy my be - ing thrills.
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear - drops start.
And I shall en - ter my heav'n - ly home To dwell for - ev - er - more.

Chorus

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

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

*aloes - bitterness

Words and Music by Henry Barraclough