

Ivory Palaces  
Henry Barraclough, 1915.

My Lord has garments so wondrous fine,  
And myrrh their texture fills;  
Its fragrance reached to this heart of mine  
With joy my being thrills.

Refrain

Out of the ivory palaces,  
Into a world of woe,  
Only His great eternal love  
Made my Savior go.

His life had also its sorrows sore,  
For aloes had a part;  
And when I think of the cross He bore,  
My eyes with teardrops start.

Refrain

His garments too were in cassia dipped,  
With healing in a touch;  
Each time my feet in some sin have slipped,  
He took me from its clutch.

Refrain

In garments glorious He will come,  
To open wide the door;  
And I shall enter my heav'nly home,  
To dwell forevermore.

Refrain