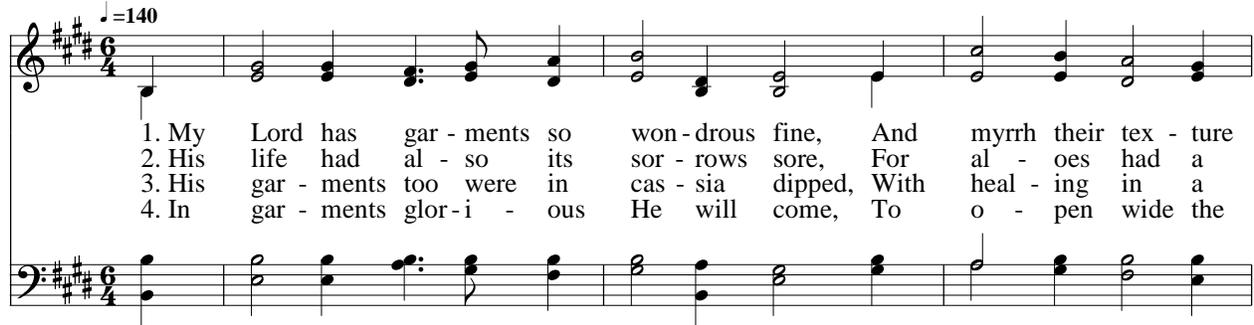


Ivory Palaces

Henry Barraclough, 1915

$\text{♩} = 140$



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

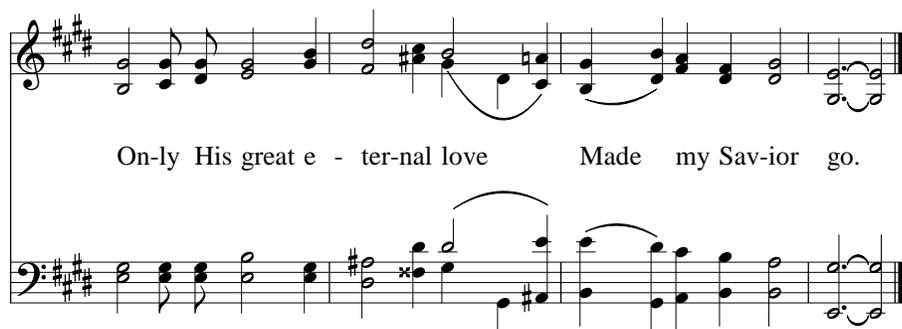


fills; Its frag - rance reached to this heart of mine With
part; And when I think of the cross He bore, My
touch; Each time my feet in some sin have slipped, He
door; And I shall en - ter my heav'n - ly home, To

Refrain



joy my be - ing thrills.
eyes with tear - drops start. Out of the i - vor - y pal - ac - es, In - to a world of woe,
took me from its clutch.
dwell for - ev - er - more.



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