Ivory Palaces

Henry Barraclough, 1915

1. 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.
   Out of the ivory palaces, Into a world of woe, Only His great eternal love Made my Saviour go.

2. His life had also its sorrows sore, For aloes had a part; And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tears start.
   Each time my feet in some sin have slipped, He took me from its clutch.
   Dwell forever more.

3. His garments too were in cas sia dipped, With healing in a touch; Each time my feet in some sin have slipped, He took me from its clutch.
   Dwell forever more.

4. In garments glorious He will come, To open wide the door; And I shall enter my heavenly home, To take me from its clutch.
   Dwell forever more.