

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.

**(vs. 2) aloes: bitterness*