

# 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*