1. Redeemer of Israel, Our only delight, On
   whom for a blessing we call, Our shadow by day
   pillar by night, Our King, our Deliverer, our all!

2. We know he is coming To gather his sheep And
   lead them to Zion in love, For why in the valley Of
   death should they weep Or in the wilderness rove?

3. How long we have wandered As strangers in sin And
   cried in the desert for thee! Our foes have rejoiced When our
   sorrow they've seen, But Israel will shortly be free.

4. As children of Zion, Good tidings for us. The
   tokens already appear. Fear not, and be just, For the
   kingdom is ours. The hour of redemption is near.

5. Restore, my dear Savior, The light of thy face;
   The soul-cheering comfort impart;
   And let the sweet longing For thy holy place
   Bring hope to my desolate heart.

6. He looks! and ten thousands Of angels rejoice,
   And myriads wait for his word;
   He speaks! and eternity,
   Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Text: William W. Phelps, 1792–1872; adapted from Joseph Swain, 1761–1796.
Included in the first LDS hymnbook, 1835.
Music: Freeman Lewis, 1780–1859
Exodus 13:21–22
1 Nephi 22:12