1. To Ne-phi, seer of old-en time, A vi-sion came from God,
   Where-in the ho-ly word sub-lime Was shown an i-ron rod.

2. While on our jour-ney here be-low, Be-neath temp-ta-tion’s pow’r,
   Through mists of dark-ness we must go, In per-il ev’ry hour.

3. And when temp-ta-tion’s pow’r is nigh, Our path-way cloud-ed o’er,
   Up-on the rod we can re-ly, And heav-en’s aid im-plore.

   Hold to the rod, the i-ron rod; ’Tis strong, and bright, and true.

The i-ron rod is the word of God; ’Twill safe-ly guide us through.
4. And, hand o’er hand, the rod along,
   Through each succeeding day,
   With earnest prayer and hopeful song,
   We’ll still pursue our way.

5. Afar we see the golden rest
   To which the rod will guide,
   Where, with the angels bright and blest,
   Forever we’ll abide.

Text: Joseph L. Townsend, 1849–1942
Music: William Clayson, 1840–1887

1 Nephi 15:23–25
1 Nephi 8; 12:17