

Legion was my name by nature  
The Legion Dispossessed  
John Newton, 1779,  
from Olney Hymns, vol. 1, hymn 92

Legion was my name by nature,  
Satan raged within my breast;  
Never misery was greater,  
Never sinner more possessed:  
Mischievous to all around me,  
To myself the greatest foe;  
Thus I was, when Jesus found me,  
Filled with madness, sin and woe.

2. Yet in this forlorn condition,  
When he came to see me free;  
I replied, to my Physician,  
What have I to do with thee?  
But he would not be prevented,  
Rescued me against my will;  
Had he stayed till I consented,  
I had been a captive still.

3. Satan, though thou fain wouldst have it,  
Know this soul is none of thine;  
I have shed my blood to save it,  
Now I challenge it for mine,  
Though it long has thee resembled,  
Henceforth it shall me obey;  
Thus he spoke while Satan trembled,  
Gnashed his teeth and fled away.

4. Thus my frantic soul he healed,  
Bid my sins and sorrows cease;  
Take, said he, my pardon sealed,  
I have saved thee, go in peace:  
Rather take me, Lord, to heaven,  
Now thy love and grace I know;  
Since thou hast my sins forgiven,  
Why should I remain below?

5. Love, he said, will sweeten labors,  
Thou hast something yet to do;  
Go and tell your friends and neighbors,  
What my love has done for you:  
Live to manifest my glory,  
Wait for heav'n a little space;  
Sinners, when they hear thy story,  
Will repent and seek my face.