



DELPHI
CLASSICS

Jupiter Hammon

Complete Works

DELPHI POETS SERIES

D E L P H I P O E T S S E R I E S

Jupiter Hammon

(1711 - c. 1806)



Contents

The Life and Poetry of Jupiter Hammon

Brief Introduction: Jupiter Hammon

An Evening Thought (1760)

Dear Hutchinson is Dead and Gone (1770)

An Address to Miss Phillis Wheatley (1778)

A Poem for Children with Thoughts on Death (1782)

A Dialogue, Entitled, the Kind Master and the Dutiful Servant (1783)

An Essay on Slavery (1786)

The Prose

A Winter Piece (1782)

An Evening's Improvement (1783)

An Address to the Negroes in the State of New-York (1786)

The Biography

The Negro's Heritage of Song (1923) by Robert Thomas Kerlin

The Delphi Classics Catalogue

~~~~~  
**BY JUPITER HAMMON**

© Delphi Classics 2024

Version 1

DELPHI POETS SERIES

**Jupiter Hammon**



*By Delphi Classics, 2024*

# COPYRIGHT

*Jupiter Hammon - Delphi Poets Series*



First published in the United Kingdom in 2024 by Delphi Classics.

© Delphi Classics, 2024.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form other than that in which it is published.

ISBN: 978 1 80170 203 4

Delphi Classics

is an imprint of

Delphi Publishing Ltd

Hastings, East Sussex

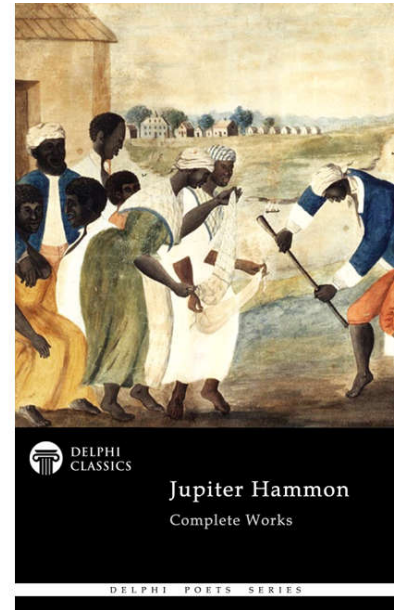
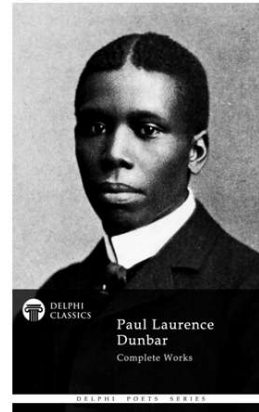
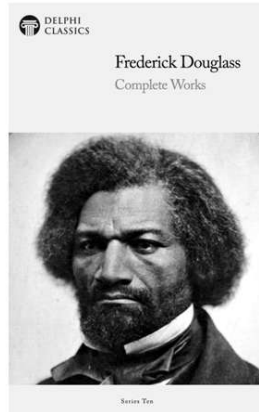
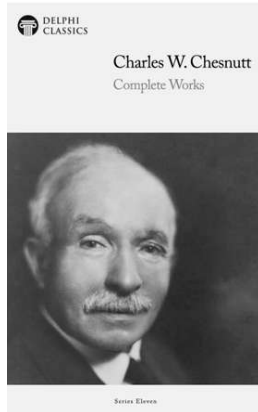
United Kingdom

Contact: [sales@delphiclassics.com](mailto:sales@delphiclassics.com)

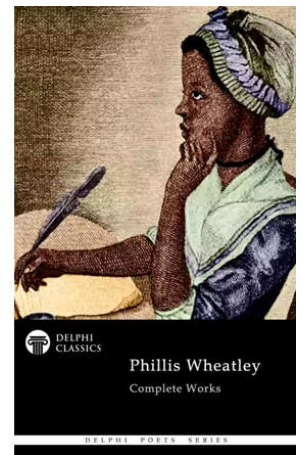
DELPHI  CLASSICS

[www.delphiclassics.com](http://www.delphiclassics.com)

# African American Lit.



[Explore classic Afr-Am lit. at Delphi Classics...](#)



## NOTE



When reading poetry on an eReader, it is advisable to use a small font size and landscape mode, which will allow the lines of poetry to display correctly.



## The Life and Poetry of Jupiter Hammon



*The Joseph Lloyd Manor house, Long Island, New York — the site of Jupiter Hammon's birthplace*

## Brief Introduction: Jupiter Hammon



The first published African American poet, Jupiter Hammon was born into slavery at Henry Lloyd's estate on Lloyd Neck, Long Island, New York. The facts of Hammon's personal life are limited. His parents, Opium and Rose, are the first enslaved people on record in the Lloyd Papers to serve the family continually after their purchase. Their son was apparently allowed access to the manor library and was educated with the estate owner's children, even working with Henry Lloyd in his business ventures. Hammon served the Lloyds his entire life, working under four generations of the family.

The Lloyds permitted Hammon a rudimentary education through the Anglican Church's Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts system, likely in exchange for his cooperative attitude. His ability to read and write aided his holders in their commercial businesses, which supported institutionalised slavery. In 1761, at nearly fifty years of age, Hammon published his first poem, *An Evening Thought: Salvation by Christ with Penitential Cries*. Over the years he became a well-respected preacher and clerk-bookkeeper, gaining wide circulation for his poems. As a devoted Christian evangelist, Hammon used his biblical foundation to condemn — with great subtlety — the institution of slavery.

Eighteen years later he composed *An Address to Miss Phillis Wheatley* during the Revolutionary War, while Henry Lloyd had temporarily moved his household and enslaved people from Long Island to Hartford, Connecticut, to evade the British forces. A fellow poet, Phillis Wheatley was enslaved in Massachusetts, and had published her first book of poetry in 1773 in London. She is recognised as the first published black female author. Hammon never met Wheatley, though he was a great admirer. The dedication contained twenty-one rhyming quatrains, each accompanied by a related Bible verse. Hammon believed the poem would encourage Wheatley along her Christian journey.

The year 1778 saw the publication of *The Kind Master and Dutiful Servant*, a poetic dialogue, followed by *A Poem for Children with Thoughts on Death* four years later. These poems set the tone for Hammon's *An Address to Negroes in the State of New-York* — likely his most influential work. At the inaugural meeting of the African Society in New York City in September 1786, he had delivered this landmark address. At the time, he was seventy-six years old and still enslaved. In the address he tells the crowd, "If we should ever get to Heaven, we shall find nobody to reproach us for being black, or for being slaves." He also states that while he had no wish to be free, he did wish others, especially "the young negroes, were free".

Hammon's speech draws heavily on Christian motifs and theology, encouraging Black people to maintain their high moral standards since "being slaves on Earth had already secured their place in heaven." Scholars believe Hammon supported gradual abolition as a way to end slavery, believing that the immediate emancipation of all enslaved people would be challenging to achieve. New York Quakers who supported the abolition of slavery published Hammon's speech, and it was reprinted by several abolitionist groups, including the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery.

Two previously unknown poems by Hammon have been discovered in recent years. In 2011 a University of Texas Arlington doctoral student named Julie McCown



discovered *An Essay on Slavery* in the Manuscripts and Archives library at Yale University. The poem, dated to 1786, is described by McCown as a “shifting point” in Hammon’s worldview surrounding slavery. The second poem was *Dear Hutchinson is Dead and Gone*, initially published in 1770. It was discovered in 2015 by Claire Bellerjeau, a researcher investigating the Townsend family and their slaves that lived at Raynham Hall in nearby Oyster Bay. The three-page poem is a tribute to Anne Hutchinson, a seventeenth-century advocate for civil liberty and religious freedom in the American colonies. In total, there are seven extant poems by Hammon and three essays. A lost poem, entitled *An Essay on the Ten Virgins* was advertised in the 14 December 1779 issue of the *Connecticut Courant*, but no copies of the verse have been found.

It is believed that Hammon died within or before the year 1806. Though his death was not recorded, the poet was likely buried separately from the Lloyds on the Lloyd family property in an unmarked grave.

Hammon’s work has not been widely discussed in recent times. Some commentators criticise the poet for his repetitive use of themes and language, as well as his occasional weak syntax, while others find his use of metre and rhymes imperfect. The principal reason for his obscurity, however, is most likely his compliant attitude towards slavery. Certainly, Hammon was not an avid abolitionist and his apparent acceptance of servitude has made him unpopular with modern readers. Still, after more than a century of neglect, critics are now starting to recognise Hammon’s important contribution to the development of early black American literature.



*Portrait of Phillis Wheatley in 'Revue des colonies', 1837*



*'Anne Hutchinson on Trial' by Edwin Austin Abbey, 1901*

## An Evening Thought (1760)



This is Hammon's first published work, entitled *An Evening Thought* (also referred to as "An Evening Prayer" and "An Evening's Thought: Salvation by Christ, with Penitential Cries"). Composed on 25 December 1760, it first appeared as a broadside in 1761. The printing and publishing of this poem established Hammon as the first published Black poet.

Given the undeveloped conditions of the colonies in the mid-eighteenth century, for any person to publish a literary work would have been viewed as a great accomplishment, but for a slave to write and publish a poem would have been deemed extraordinary by many. In *An Evening Thought*, Hammon relates his salvation experience in poetry, offering an exuberant testimony of his close encounter with the Lord Jesus Christ. The lines are composed in hymn stanzas and are noted for their rhythmic and passionate expression, conveying a heart-felt song of praise from the depths of the poet's soul.

A N

# Evening THOUGHT.

SALVATION BY CHRIST,

WITH

## PENITENTIAL CRIES:

Composed by Jupiter Hammon, a Negro belonging to Mr Lloyd, of Queen's-Village, on Long-Island, the 25th of December, 1760.

SALVATION comes by Jesus Christ alone,  
 The only Son of God ;  
 Redemption now to every one,  
 That love his holy Word.  
 Dear Jesus we would fly to Thee,  
 And leave off every Sin,  
 Thy tender Mercy well agree ;  
 Salvation from our King.  
 Salvation comes now from the Lord,  
 Our victorious King ;  
 His holy Name be well ador'd,  
 Salvation surely bring.  
 Dear Jesus give thy Spirit now,  
 Thy Grace to every Nation,  
 That han't the Lord to whom we bow,  
 The Author of Salvation.  
 Dear Jesus unto Thee we cry,  
 Give us thy Preparation ;  
 Turn not away thy tender Eye ;  
 We seek thy true Salvation.  
 Salvation comes from God we know,  
 The true and only One ;  
 It's well agreed and certain true,  
 He gave his only Son.  
 Lord hear our penitential Cry :  
 Salvation from above ;  
 It is the Lord that doth supply,  
 With his Redeeming Love.  
 Dear Jesus by thy precious Blood,  
 The World Redemption have :  
 Salvation comes now from the Lord,  
 He being thy captive Slave.  
 Dear Jesus let the Nations cry,  
 And all the People say,  
 Salvation comes from Christ on high,  
 Haste on Tribunal Day.  
 We cry as Sinners to the Lord,  
 Salvation to obtain ;  
 It is firmly fixt his holy Word,  
 'T shall not cry in vain.  
 Dear Jesus unto Thee we cry,  
 And make our Lamentation ;  
 O let our Prayers ascend on high ;  
 We felt thy Salvation.

Lord turn our dark benighted Souls ;  
 Give us a true Motion,  
 And let the Hearts of all the World,  
 Make Christ their Salvation.  
 Ten Thousand Angels cry to Thee,  
 Yea louder than the Ocean.  
 Thou art the Lord, we plainly see ;  
 Thou art the true Salvation.  
 Now is the Day, excepted Time ;  
 The Day of Salvation ;  
 Increase your Faith, do not repine :  
 Awake ye every Nation.  
 Lord unto whom now shall we go,  
 Or seek a safe Abode ;  
 Thou hast the Word Salvation too  
 The only Son of God.  
 Ho ! every one that hunger hath,  
 Or pineth after me,  
 Salvation be thy leading Staff,  
 To let the Sinner free.  
 Dear Jesus unto Thee we fly ;  
 Depart, depart from Sin,  
 Salvation doth at length supply,  
 The Glory of our King.  
 Come ye Blessed of the Lord,  
 Salvation gently given ;  
 O turn your Hearts, accept the Word,  
 Your Souls are fit for Heaven.  
 Dear Jesus we now turn to Thee,  
 Salvation to obtain ;  
 Our Hearts and Souls do meet again,  
 To magnify thy Name.  
 Come holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
 The Object of our Care ;  
 Salvation doth increase our Love ;  
 Our Hearts hath felt thy fear.  
 Now Glory be to God on High,  
 Salvation high and low ;  
 And thus the Soul on Christ rely,  
 To Heaven surely go.  
 Come Blessed Jesus, Heavenly Dove,  
 Accept Repentance here ;  
 Salvation give, with tender Love ;  
 Let us with Angels share.

F I N I S.

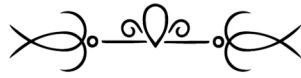
*The first edition*

## **CONTENTS**

ORIGINAL DOUBLE COLUMN FORMAT OF 'AN EVENING THOUGHT'  
SINGLE COLUMN MODERNISED TEXT



ORIGINAL DOUBLE COLUMN FORMAT OF 'AN EVENING  
THOUGHT'



AN

Evening THOUGHT.

Salvation by *CHRIST*,

WITH

PENETENTIAL CRIES:

Composed by Jupiter Hammon, a Negro belonging to Mr Lloyd, of Queen's-Village,  
on Long-Island, the 25th of December, 1760.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| SALVATION comes by Jefus Chrif alone,<br>The only Son of God;<br>Redemption now to every one,<br>That love his holy Word.<br>Dear Jefus we would fly to Thee,<br>And leave off every Sin,<br>Thy tender Mercy well agree;<br>Salvation from our King.<br>Salvation comes now from the Lord,<br>Our victorious King;<br>His holy Name be well ador'd,<br>Salvation furely bring:<br>Dear Jefus give thy Spirit now,<br>Thy Grace to every Nation,<br>That han't the Lord to whom we bow,<br>The Author of Salvation.<br>Dear Jefus unto Thee we cry,<br>Give us thy Preparation;<br>Turn not away thy tender Eye;<br>We feek thy true Salvation.<br>Salvation comes from God we know,<br>The true and only One;<br>It's well agreed and certain true,<br>He gave his only Son.<br>Lord hear our penetential Cry:<br>Salvation from above;<br>It is the Lord that doth fupply,<br>With his Redeeming Love.<br>Dear Jefus by thy precious Blood,<br>The World Redemption have:<br>Salvation comes now from the Lord,<br>He being thy captive Slave.<br>Dear Jefus let the Nations cry,<br>And all the People fay,<br>Salvation comes from Chrif on high,<br>Hafte on Tribunal Day. | Lord turn our dark benighted Souls;<br>Give us a true Motion,<br>And let the Hearts of all the World,<br>Make Chrif their Salvation.<br>Ten Thoufand Angels cry to Thee,<br>Yea louder than the Ocean.<br>Thou art the Lord, we plainly fee;<br>Thou art the true Salvation.<br>Now is the Day, excepted Time;<br>The Day of Salvation;<br>Increafe your Faith, do not repine:<br>Awake ye every Nation.<br>Lord unto whom now fhall we go,<br>Or feek a fafe Abode;<br>Thou haft the Word Salvation too<br>The only Son of God.<br>Ho! every one that hunger hath,<br>Or pineth after me,<br>Salvation be thy leading Staff,<br>To fet the Sinner free.<br>Dear Jefus unto Thee we fly;<br>Depart, depart from Sin,<br>Salvation doth at length fupply,<br>The Glory of our King.<br>Come ye Bleffed of the Lord,<br>Salvation gently given;<br>O turn your Hearts, accept the Word,<br>Your Souls are fit for Heaven.<br>Dear Jefus we now turn to Thee,<br>Salvation to obtain;<br>Our Hearts and Souls do meet again,<br>To magnify thy Name.<br>Come holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,<br>The Object of our Care;<br>Salvation doth increafe our Love;<br>Our Hearts hath felt thy fear. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

We cry as Sinners to the Lord,  
Salvation to obtain;  
It is firmly fixt his holy Word,  
*Ye shall not cry in vain.*  
Dear Jesus unto Thee we cry,  
And make our Lamentation:  
O let our Prayers ascend on high;  
We felt thy Salvation.

Now Glory be to God on High,  
Salvation high and low;  
And thus the Soul on Christ rely,  
To Heaven surely go.  
Come Blessed Jesus, Heavenly Dove,  
Accept Repentance here;  
Salvation give, with tender Love;  
Let us with Angels share.

F I N I S.

DELPHI  CLASSICS

*End of Sample*