

MS Ludlow¹

MS Ludlow is a single sheet of paper on which are written three poems. On the front are two poems also found in MS Nursery, one of which is dedicated to “Miss Ludlow.” On the back is a second poem “To Miss Ludlow,” which appears only here. In both cases, the referent seems to be Harriet Ludlow, daughter of Dr. Abraham Ludlow, a surgeon at the Bristol Infirmary. Harriet was apparently an childhood infatuation of Charles Wesley’s son Samuel.

Since the two poems on the front of the page are squeezed together (with much of the second poem written sideways), we have chosen to devote a single page to each poem in this transcript.

MS Ludlow is part of the collection in the Methodist Archive and Research Centre, accession number MA 1977/583/21 (Charles Wesley Notebooks Box 5). The transcription below is provided with permission of the Librarian and Director, The John Rylands Library, The University of Manchester.

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: August 1, 2010.

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To Miss Ludlow.²

- [1.] Ah! what shall I say,
That a Virgin so gay,
To without affection or art;
(Tho' no evil she means
Not yet in her Teens)
She has robb'd little Sam³ of his heart!
2. Harry Ludlow is She:
And what harm could there be
To gaze on a Maiden so young?
But with loving surprize,
(When I scap'd from her eyes)
I was caught by her mischievous tongue!
3. Stop the innocent Thief,
For a Lover's relief!
Or if proud of her Victory won,
She refuses to part
With my musical heart,
Let her give me a Share of her own.

²Appears also in MS Nursery, 6. Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:284–85.

³Samuel Wesley, son of Charles Wesley.

Extempore—on Derdham Downs.⁴

- [1.] Alack and alack!
 The clouds are so black
And my Coat is so flimsy and thin;
 If we farther ride on
 The rain will come down
And wet little Sam to the skin.
2. But to clear up the doubt
 The Sun is broke out
And says We may do as we will:
 So before the next shower
 Or'e the downs let us scour,
Or gallop away to the hill.
3. Gallop on, my grey Nag,
 As swift as a Stag,
Or a ship with her streamers and sails,
 Or (Mamma to affright)
 As nimble and light
As a Goat on the mountains of Wales.

⁴Appears also in MS Nursery, 5. Published posthumously in *Representative Verse*, 309–10; and *Unpublished Poetry*, 1:283–18. Derdham Downs is in Bristol.

To Miss Ludlow.⁵

- [1.] Blooming, heart-bewitching Maid,
 Lovely as an opening Flower,
Soon alas, your charms shall fade,
 Scarce outlive the morning hour:
Tho' they scape a fever's rage,
 Envious Time they cannot fly:
Wither'd by decrepit Age,
 You and all your charms shall die!
2. Counsel'd by a friendly Child,
 Vertue's Loveliness to win,
Tender, affable, and mild,
 Fair without, be Good within,
Study to oblige and please;
 Fair indeed You thus become,
Real charms you thus possess,
 Charms that shall for ever bloom!

⁵Published posthumously in *Unpublished Poetry*, 3:380.