

THE FIRST QUARREL.

(IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.)

I.

'WAIT a little,' you say, 'you are sure it 'll all come
right,'

But the boy was born i' trouble, an' looks so wan an'
so white:

Wait! an' once I ha' waited—I hadn't to wait for long.
Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry.—No, no, you are
doing me wrong!

Harry and I were married: the boy can hold up his
head,

The boy was born in wedlock, but after my man was
dead;

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