

<b>Title:</b>	horticultural wife
<b>Name(s):</b>	A celebrated English gardener.
<b>Resource Type:</b>	notated music
<b>Note(s):</b>	Hutchinson family From: Music Copyright Deposits, 1820-1860 (Microfilm M 3106) In bound volumes: Copyright Deposits 1820-1860
<b>Subject(s):</b>	Hutchinson family Songs with piano Choruses, Secular (Mixed voices, 4 parts) with piano
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No. 119

**HORTICULTURAL WIFE.**  
 WRITTEN BY A CELEBRATED  
**ENGLISH GARDENER**  
*after disappointment in*  
**LOVE**  
 MUSIC COMPOSED & SUNG BY THE  
**Hutchinson Family.**

25 Cts nett.

BOSTON  
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**THE HORTICULTURAL WIFE.**

Written by a celebrated  
English Gardener,  
after disappointment in love.

Sung by the

Hutchinson Family.

Voice. 

Piano. 

*Allegro.*



She's my myrtle, my ger-a-ni-um, my sun-flow'r my sweet mar-joram, My





ho-neysuckle, my tulip, my vi-o-let. My hol-ly-hock, my dahlia, my mignonette.



Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, a chi\_na rose.

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Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, a chi\_na rose.

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts, each with the lyrics "Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, a chi\_na rose." The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef.

Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, that every-body knows.

Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, that every-body knows.

Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, that every-body knows.

Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, that every-body knows.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts, each with the lyrics "Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, that every-body knows." The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef.

The third system of the musical score consists of two staves, both piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef. It features a complex, fast-paced melodic line in the treble clef and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the bass clef.

She's my snow-drop, my ranunculus, My hyacinth, my gillyflower, my polyanthus; My

heart's ease, my pink, my water lily, My buttercup, my daisy, my daffy-down-dilly.

Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, a china rose.  
Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, a china rose.  
Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, a china rose.

5

Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, that everybody knows.

Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, that everybody knows.

Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, that everybody knows.

Ho: ho: she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, that everybody knows.

4

I am like a scarlet runner, that has lost its stick,  
 Or a cherry, that is left for the dickey birds to pick;  
 Like a watering pot, I'll weep, like a pavion, I'll sigh,  
 Like a mushroom, I'll wither, like a cucumber, I'll die

5

Ho: ho: she's a fickle &c.

I am like a bumble-bee that dont know where to settle,  
 And she is a dandelion, and a stinging nettle;  
 My hearts like a beet-root, choked with chick-weed,  
 My heads like a pumpkin, running off to seed.

6

Ho: ho: she's a fickle &c.

I've a great mind to make myself a felo-de-se,  
 And finish all my woes on the branch of a tree;  
 But I wont, for I know that at my kicking you'd roar;  
 And honour my death with a double encore.

Ho: ho: who would suppose,  
 I'd suffer so much by that fickle wild rose.