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HORTICULTURAL WIFE.

WRITTEN BY A CELEBRATED

ENGLISH GARDENER

after disappointment in

LOVE

MUSIC COMPOSED & SUNG BY THE

Hutchinson Family.

25 Cts nett.

H. F. QUINN, SO.

BOSTON

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THE HORTICULTURAL WIFE.

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

Sung by the

Hutchinson Family.

Voice.

Allegro.

Piano.

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' The piano part begins with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. A dynamic marking 'sva' (sforzando) is placed above the piano part in the second measure.

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

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "She's my myrtle, my ger-a-ni-um, my sun-flow'r my sweet mar-jo-ram, My". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

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

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ho-neysuckle, my tulip, my vi-o-let, My hol-ly-hock, my dahlia, my mignonette." The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the previous systems.

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 four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are arranged in two pairs, with the first pair on top and the second pair below. Each vocal staff contains the lyrics: "Ho! ho! she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, a chi-na rose." The piano accompaniment is written for the right and left hands, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

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 four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are arranged in two pairs, with the first pair on top and the second pair below. Each vocal staff contains the lyrics: "Ho! ho! she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, that every-body knows." The piano accompaniment is written for the right and left hands, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The third system of the musical score is a piano accompaniment. It consists of two staves, a treble clef on the top and a bass clef on the bottom. The music is written in a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The system ends with a double bar line.

She's my snow-drop, my ra-num-cu-lus, My hy-a-cinth, my gillyflower, my poly-anthus; My

heart's ease, my pink, my wa-ter-li-ly, My butter-cup, my dai-sy, my daffy-down-dilly.

Ho! ho! she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, a chi-na rose.

Ho! ho! she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, a chi-na rose.

Ho! ho! she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, a chi-na rose.

Ho! ho! she's a fickle wild rose, A damask, a cabbage, a chi-na rose.

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.