

I LOVED THEE BEAUTIFUL AND KIND.

Words by Lord Nugent.
Andante.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

Battishill.

1 I loved thee beautiful and
2 And plighted, plighted an eternal
3 So alter'd are thy face and mind, So alter'd
kind, And plighted an eternal vow, and
vow, I loved thee beautiful and kind, And plighted
are thy face and mind, 'Twere perjury to love thee now, to love thee
plighted an eternal vow.
- - - ed, plighted an eternal vow.
now, 'twere perjury to love thee, love thee now.

HAYDN AND MRS. LATROBE.

This great composer, upon his first visit to the British Metropolis, called at the house of Mr. Latrobe, whom he had known in his native country; but this gentleman being out, and Mrs. Latrobe as much at a loss to comprehend the German language as Haydn was to converse in English, they were both in a dilemma for the moment; when Haydn,

casting his eye round the room, espied a portrait of himself on the wall, and exclaimed with great emphasis, pointing alternately to the picture and then to himself—"Guiseppè Haydn! Guiseppè Haydn!"—the likeness being immediately recognised by the lady, she made a token to Haydn to be seated. Mr. Latrobe was sent for, and soon returning, received his distinguished visitor with great delight and hearty congratulations.