It may be that no English words can tell, With ample competence, the story Of our ecstasy in song and fellowship Throughout those few September days In our Canadian-proud Toronto's heart, For even Cyaric symbols, fashioned By our Fathers in the years of long ago And holding in their sightand sound the spell Of partially-recalled antiquity, That adds the mystic charm to every scene Of beauty and of grandeur found in Wales, hust fail to give complete expression To the surging Celtic sentiment That stirs our spirits when we meet and sing. Yes, though we use the lovely language Of our ancient home - our fathers' tongue, Whose names of even common things contain, Formost, the heavenly sweetness of a mother's voice, And whose expressive power we found to be So wonderfully adequate to give The scholar-preacher pointed pointed/instruments To probe our souls with dedicated skill; Give wings of strength and grace, on which he bid Us rise with him above our selfish thought, he surely know, as did the preacher, no words In any language can interpret All the joy, the longing and the pathos Set in myatery in human faith and fear. But this we never should forget - we ever Seem to stand, precisely as the preacher said, In special danger that the leaping flames Of our emotion, which erupt so readily then our beloved minor music swells, hould prove but pyrotechnic flashes Signifying naught of any true significance. But if we give this sober thought we'll find A meaning, simple yet sublime, in all Our glorious hymns, although we still might feel the need Of freedom from those concepts of the past That blind us to the beckoning hand of progress Holding forth the fruits of man's advance In charity towards the changeless truth. If this is truely done we shall ensure An even finer festival next year Where San Francisco, beautiful and great, Looks proudly out upon the Western sea.

> Rhys J. Lewis, London, Onwario.

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c.c. F.D.T. - J.C.R. - J.H. - Drych - "Hanesydd" - 1.D.Cilbert