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**On the occasion of the holding of the NATO Summit**

**in Newport, Wales**

***A reception with a Welsh flavour***

A video introduction to Wales

Welcome address

Ambassador

Four Welsh Songs

Melisma Ensemble, Eleni Voudouraki

“The Village” by R.S. Thomas

Patrick Evans

Welsh Lullaby

Melisma Ensemble, Eleni Voudouraki

“Do not go gentle into that good night”

Adriana Evans

Land of our Fathers

Lilia Esipova, Adriana Evans

*We would like to express our thanks to*

*Eleni Voudouraki, Patrick and Adriana Evans, Lilia Esipova, Argyro Seira*

*and our nine food bloggers*

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| **The Village**  Scarcely a street, too few houses  To merit the title; just a way between  The one tavern and the one shop  That leads nowhere and fails at the top  Of the short hill, eaten away  By long erosion of the green tide  Of grass creeping perpetually nearer  This last outpost of time past.  So little happens; the black dog  Cracking his fleas in the hot sun  Is history. Yet the girl who crosses  From door to door moves to a scale  Beyond the bland day’s two dimensions.  Stay, then, village, for round you spins  On a slow axis a world as vast  And meaningful as any posed  By great Plato’s solitary mind  *R.S. Thomas* | **Do not go gentle into that good night**  Do not go gentle into that good night,  Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  Because their words had forked no lightning they  Do not go gentle into that good night.  Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  Do not go gentle into that good night.  Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  And you, my father, there on the sad height,  Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  Do not go gentle into that good night.  Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  *Dylan Thomas* |

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