

# UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

MEETING IN

Commemoration of the Four Hundredth Anniversary  
of the Death of

## NICHOLAS COPERNICUS

(MIKOLAJ KOPERNIK)

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN ASTRONOMY

TO BE HELD IN

CONVOCATION HALL

**MONDAY, APRIL 26th, 1943, at 8.15 p.m.**

Chairman—Dr. H. J. CODY, President of the University

Organist—Professor HEALEY WILLAN

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## PROGRAMME

The British National Anthem

The Polish National Anthem (see other side)

Address by His Excellency, Mr. Victor Podoski, Minister of Poland  
to Canada

Address by Professor Chester Martin, Head of the Department of  
History, University of Toronto

Address by Mr. Otto Holden, President of the Royal Canadian  
Institute

Address by Professor Oscar Halecki, Director of the Polish Institute  
of Arts and Sciences in America, on "Copernicus and His  
Age"

Motion of Thanks to the Speakers by Dean C. R. Young, Chairman  
of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Friends of Poland,  
and Dr. C. A. Chant, Professor Emeritus of Astro-Physics,  
University of Toronto

The Polish National Hymn (see other side)

Reception in front of the platform

## 1. POLISH NATIONAL ANTHEM

JESZCZE POLSKA NIE ZGINELA

*(All is not yet over with Poland)*

All with Poland is not ended  
While we yet are breathing;  
That which from us tyrants rended,  
See us now retrieving,  
March, march, Dombrowski—  
Italy to Poland, we  
Follow in elation,  
Rallying the nation.

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## 2. POLISH NATIONAL HYMN

BOZE COS POLSKE

*(O God, Protector of Poland)*

O God, who Poland through the misty ages,  
Begirt with power and undying splendour,  
Protector ever where the battle rages,  
Who from misfortune often did defend her—  
Before thy altar bear we supplications,  
Restore our land to freedom 'mongst the nations.

A Thou, who moved at sight of Poland's sorrow,  
Hast aided those who fought for her unceasing,  
And pointing courage-wrought a fairer morrow  
Hast through dread trials granted fame increasing—  
Before thy altar bear we supplications,  
Restore our land to freedom 'mongst the nations.

Retore to Poland now her ancient glory,  
Enrich her fields and valleys devastated;  
Let joy and freedom grow in song and story,  
May punishment, O God, be now abated.  
Before thy altar bear we supplications,  
Restore our land to freedom 'mongst the nations.