

HUMAN RIGHTS DAY
COMMEMORATION



Tuesday 10th December 1963
at 6 p.m.

St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

OPENING

by the Rector of St. Bride's Church,
The Rev. Dewi Morgan

ONE MINUTE'S SILENCE

CEREMONY OF LIGHTING THE CANDLE

- Frau Heinz Brandt,
wife of the Prisoner of the Year

ANTHEM -- PSALM 90, Lord, thou hast been our refuge

- Choir

Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and
the world were made, thou art God from everlasting and
world without end.

Thou turnest man to destruction; again thou sayest, Come
again ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday, seeing
that is past as a watch in the night.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep, and
fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green and groweth up, but in the evening
it is cut down, dried up and withered.

For we consume away in thy displeasure, and are afraid at thy
wrathful indignation.

For when thou art angry all our days are gone, we bring our
years to an end as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten, and though
men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is
their strength but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it
away and we are gone.

Turn thee again, O Lord, at the last; be gracious unto thy
servants.

O satisfy us with thy mercy and that soon, so shall we rejoice
and be glad all the days of our life.

And the glorious Majesty of the Lord be upon us; prosper thou,
O prosper thou the work of our hands; O prosper thou our
handy-work.

Music by R. Vaughan Williams,
1872-1958.

READING - ISAIAH 42⁵⁻¹⁰

- Rev. Raymond Appel, Minister
of the Dayswater Synagogue

Thus saith God the Lord, he that created the heavens, and stretched them out; he that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein: I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.

I am the Lord: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images. Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare: before they spring forth I tell you of them. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth, he that go down to the sea, and all that is therein; the isles, and the inhabitants thereof.

PSALM 137

- Choir and Congregation

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.
We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.
For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.
If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.
Remember O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem; who said, Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof.
O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed; happy shall he be, that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us.
Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.

J. S. BACH - 3rd SOLO SUITE IN G MAJOR

- Jacqueline du Pre,
Cello

READINGS FROM THE QUR'AN

- S. Muhammad Tufail,
Imam of the Shah Jehan Mosque,
Woking.

Chapter 2⁶¹⁻⁶⁵
Chapter 5^{8 and 135}
Chapter 3³¹
Chapter 4¹⁰⁸⁻¹¹²

HYMN

- Choir and Congregation

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

John Greenleaf Whittier,
1807-1892

SONGS TO A GUITAR

composed and sung by
- Perc Aime Duval, S.J.

BEATITUDES - St. Matthew 5³⁻¹²

- Dr. Ernest Payne, D.D.,
General Secretary, Baptist
Union of G.B. and Ireland

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom
of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the
children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
for their's is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you,
and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for
my sake.
Rejoice, and be exceedingly glad: for great is your reward in
heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were
before you.

PRAYER FOR THE PERSECUTED
(All will stand)

- Most Rev. T.D. Roberts, S.J.,
Archbishop of Sygdea

Almighty, everlasting God, look with compassion on all those
who suffer persecution for justice' sake.
Grant them grace to carry their cross with patience in the
name of Thy beloved Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.
Let the chalice pass from them if such by Thy holy Will: yet,
in all things, may Thy Will be done.
Grant to those who persecute, light to see the truth, and the
grace of mercy and forgiveness, for they know not what
they do.
Mary, Mother of Jesus, Comfort of the Afflicted, help thy
children in their time of bitter trial.
O Lord our God, by the sign of Thy holy Cross deliver us
from our enemies.

NEGRO SPIRITUAL - BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

- Cy Grant

Last verse

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
How many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

READING FROM ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM
(All will stand)

- Archbishop Anthony of Sourozh,
Exarch of the Russian Orthodox
Church in Western Europe

A LITANY FOR THE DAY OF HUMAN RIGHTS

- Choir

For those who grasp their prison bars helplessly that we
may walk free - a thought.
For those who rot in the dark so that we may walk in the
sun - a thought.
For those whose ribs have been broken so that we may breathe
our fill - a thought.
For those whose back has been broken so that we may walk
erect - a thought.
For those whose faces have been slapped so that we may walk
in fear of no hand - a thought.
For those whose mouths have been gagged so that we may
speak out - a thought.
For those whose pride lies in rags on the slabs of their
jails so that we may proudly walk - a thought.
For those whose wives live in anguish so that our wives
may live happy - a thought.
For those whose country is in chains so that our country
may be free - a thought.
And for their jailers and for their torturers - a thought,
the saddest of them all, they are the most maimed, and
the day of reckoning is bound to come.

Salvador de Madariaga,
Spain

DEDICATION OF THE NEWSPAPER "WORLD CONSCIENCE"

- The Rev. Dewi Morgan,
Rector of St. Ebride's Church

HYMN

- Choir and Congregation

He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound-
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

John Eunyan (1684).

SILENCE