



SIR ELIHU LAUTERPACHT

CBE QC LLD

Fellow of Trinity College 1953–2017

University Lecturer 1953–81

Reader in International Law 1981–88

Founder and Director of the Research Centre for
International Law (Lauterpacht Centre) 1983–95

Honorary Professor of International Law 1994–2017

Born 13 July 1928

Died 8 February 2017

Saturday 14 October 2017

2.30 pm

ORDER OF SERVICE

ORGAN MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

Kyrie, Gott Vater in Ewigkeit, BWV 669

Christe, aller Welt Trost, BWV 670

Kyrie, Gott heiliger Geist, BWV 671

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

Asher Oliver, Organ Scholar

All stand when the Choir and Clergy enter the Chapel

The Dean of Chapel reads

SENTENCE AND BIDDING

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul,
therefore will I hope in him.

The Lord is good unto them that wait for him,
to the soul that seeketh him.

It is good that a man should both hope
and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

Lamentations 3: 24–26

We meet today in gratitude for the life of
ELI LAUTERPACHT,
for sixty-four years a Fellow of this College.
We remember his commitment to the College
and to learning, and we give thanks.

HYMN

NEH 372

MONKS GATE

**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.**

Words: John Bunyan (1628–88) and Percy Dearmer (1867–1936)

Music: adapted from an English folk song
by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

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READING

John Donne (1573–1631)

read by Gabriel Cox, daughter

Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening
Into the house and gate of heaven.
To enter that gate and dwell in that house,
Where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling,
 but one equal light;
No noise nor silence, but one equal music;
No fears nor hopes, but one equal possession;
No ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity;
In the habitation of thy glory and dominion,
World without end, Amen.

ADDRESS

Sir Christopher Greenwood CMG QC
Judge at the International Court of Justice

ANTHEM

Exsultate Deo
Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525–94)

sung by the Choir

Exsultate Deo adjutori nostro: jubilate Deo Jacob.
Sumite psalmum, et date tympanum: psalterium
jucundum cum cithara. Buccinate in neomenia tuba,
in insigni die solemnitatis vestrae.

*Sing we merrily unto God our strength: make a
cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob. Take the psalm,
bring hither the tabret: the merry harp with the lute.
Blow up the trumpet in the new-moon: even in the
time appointed, and upon our solemn feast-day.*

Psalm 81: 1–3

ADDRESS

Judge Stephen Schwebel
*President of the World Bank Administrative Tribunal
Former President of the International Court of Justice
Honorary Fellow of Trinity College*

PSALM

Psalm 23
in a setting by Henry Walford Davies (1869–1941)

sung by the Choir

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.
He shall feed me in a green pasture:
and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth
in the paths of righteousness, for his Name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me:
thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me
 all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be:
world without end. Amen.

TRIBUTE

Conan Lauterpacht

READING

The Lake Isle of Innisfree
William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

read by Hermione Cox, granddaughter

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

ANTHEM

Pie Jesu from *Requiem*
Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

sung by the Choir

Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis requiem, sempiternam requiem.

Merciful Jesus, Lord, grant them rest, everlasting rest.

PRAYERS

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father

which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;

thy kingdom come; thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.

**Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive them that trespass against us.**

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

**For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.**

THE MOURNER'S KADDISH

read by Professor Philippe Sands QC

וְתַגְדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ,
וְיִמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּינוּ וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית
יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעַגְלָא וּבְזִמְנוֹ קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעַלְמֵי עֵלְמַיָּא.

וְיִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר
וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקֻדְשָׁא בְרִיךְ הוּא, לְעַלְמָא מִן כָּל
בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא תַּשְׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא, דְאָמְרוּ בְּעֵלְמָא,
וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא, וְחַיִּים עֲלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל,
וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל
יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

*Exalted and hallowed be God's great name
in the world which God created, according to plan.*

*May God's majesty be revealed in the days of our lifetime and the life
of all Israel – speedily, imminently, to which we say Amen.*

Blessed be God's great name to all eternity.

*Blessed, praised, honoured, exalted, extolled, glorified, adored, and
lauded be the name of the Holy Blessed One, beyond all earthly words
and songs of blessing, praise, and comfort. To which we say Amen.*

*May there be abundant peace from heaven, and life, for us and all
Israel, to which we say Amen.*

*May the One who creates harmony on high, bring peace to us and
to all Israel. To which we say Amen.*

FOR OUR BENEFACTORS

O Lord, who art the resurrection and the life of the faithful,
who always art to be praised for the many blessings we have received
from thy servants now departed;
we give thee thanks for King Henry the Eighth our Founder,
Queen Mary, King Edward the Third, Hervey of Stanton,
and others our Benefactors, by whose beneficence we are here
maintained for the further attaining of godliness and learning;
beseeching thee to grant that we, well using to thy glory these thy gifts,
may rise again to eternal life, with those that are departed
in the faith of Christ; through Christ our Lord.

Amen.

FOR OURSELVES

O God, the protector of all that trust in thee,
without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy:
Increase and multiply upon us thy mercy;
that, thou being our ruler and guide,
we may so pass through things temporal,
that we finally lose not the things eternal:
Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord.

Amen.

FOR THOSE WHO MOURN

O eternal God,
look with compassion on the bereaved and those who mourn;
support them in their trouble
and sustain them in hope and faith,
in your fatherly care.
Amen.

HYMN

NEH 488

JERUSALEM

**And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?**

**Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.**

Words: William Blake (1757–1827)
Music: C. Hubert H. Parry (1848–1918)

The Dean of Chapel gives

THE BLESSING

*All remain standing as the Choir and Clergy leave the Chapel
followed by the Family, the Master, Vice-Master and Fellows*

ORGAN MUSIC AFTER THE SERVICE

Prelude and Fugue in b, BWV 544
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)
Alexander Hamilton, Organ Scholar

*All those attending the service
are invited to tea in the Master's Lodge*