

Canticle of the Martyred: Rite I *Justus es, Domine*

Righteous art thou, O LORD, *
and true are thy judgments.
Thou art just in all that is brought upon us: *
for thou hast done right, but we have done wickedly.
Nevertheless, our feet were almost gone, *
Our treadings had well-nigh slipt;
And why? we were grieved at the wicked: *
we did also see the ungodly in such prosperity.

The kings of the earth stood up,
and the rulers took counsel together, *
against the LORD and against his Anointed.
They cast their heads together with one consent, *
and were confederate against him.
He heard the blasphemy of the multitude,
and fear was on every side; *
while they conspired together against him,
and took their counsel to take away his life.
They spoke against him with false tongues; *
they compassed him about also with words of hatred,
and fought against him without a cause.
Yea, even his own familiar friends whom him trusted,
who did also eat of his bread, *
laid great wait for him.
They rewarded him evil for good, *
to the great discomfort of his soul.
They took their counsel together, saying,
“God has forsaken him; *
persecute him, and take him;
for there is none to deliver him.”

The breath of our nostrils, the Anointed of the Lord,
was taken in their pits: *

of whom we said, Under his shadow we shall be safe.

The adversary and the enemy entered into the gates
of Jerusalem, saying, *

“When shall he die, and his name perish?”

“An evil disease,” said they, “cleaveth fast unto him; *
and now that he lieth, he shall rise up no more.”

False witnesses did rise up: *

they laid to his charge things that he knew not.

For the sins of the people, and the iniquities of the priests, *
they shed the blood of the just in the midst of Jerusalem.

O my soul, come not thou into their secret;
unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united: *

for in their anger they slew a man.

Even the man of thy right hand, *

the son of man,

whom thou madest so strong for thine own self.

In the sight of the unwise he seemed to die, *

and his departure was taken for misery.

They fools counted his life madness,
and his end to be without honor: *

but he is at peace.

For though he was punished in the sight of men, *
yet was his hope full of immortality.

He is numbered among the children of God, *
and his lot is among the saints.

O LORD God, to whom vengeance belongeth,
thou God, to whom vengeance belongeth, show thyself; *

O be favorable and gracious unto Sion.

Be merciful, O LORD, unto thy people,
whom thou hast redeemed, *

and lay not innocent blood unto thy people's charge.

O shut not up our souls with the sinners, *
nor our lives with the blood-thirsty.

Deliver us from blood-guiltiness, O God,
thou that are the God of our health; *
and our tongues shall sing of thy righteousness,
O God of our salvation.
For thou art the God that hast no pleasure in wickedness, *
neither shall any evil dwell with thee.
Thou shalt destroy them that speak lies: *
the LORD will abhor both the blood-thirsty
and deceitful man.
O how suddenly do they consume, *
perish, and come to a fearful end!
Yea, even like as a dream when one awaketh; *
so shalt thou make their image to vanish out of the city.

Great and marvelous are thy works,
O LORD God Almighty; *
just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.
Righteous art thou, O LORD, *
and true are thy judgments.

(Gloria Patri may be added)

Canticle of the Martyred: Rite II *Justus es, Domine*

You are righteous, O LORD, *
and upright are your judgments.
You have been just in all that has come upon us, *
for you have dealt faithfully and we have acted wickedly.
But as for us, our feet had nearly slipped; *
We had almost tripped and fallen;
Because we envied the proud *
and saw the prosperity of the wicked.

The kings of the earth rose up in revolt,
and the princes plotted together, *
 against the LORD and against his Anointed.
They conspired together; *
 they made an alliance against him.
He heard the whispering of the crowd; fear was all around; *
 they put their heads together against him;
 they plotted to take his life.
They spoke to him with a lying tongue; *
 they encompassed him with hateful words
 and fought against him without a cause.
Even his friends, whom him trusted,
who broke bread with him, *
 lifted up their heels and turned against him.
They paid him evil in exchange for good; *
 his soul was full of despair.
They said, "God has forsaken him;
go after him and seize him; *
 because there is none who will save."

The breath of our nostrils, the Lord's anointed,
was taken in their pits, *
 he of whom we said, "Under his shadow
 we shall live among the nations."
Foe and enemy entered the gates of Jerusalem, saying *
 "When will he die, and his name perish?"
"A deadly thing," they say, "has fastened on him; *
 he has taken to his bed and will never get up again."
Malicious witnesses rose up against him; *
 they charged him with matters he knew nothing about.
This was for the sins of the people
and the iniquities of the priests: *
 they shed in the midst of us the blood of the righteous.
O my soul, come not into their council;
O my spirit, be not joined to their company; *
 for in their anger they slew men.
Even the man of your right hand, *
 the son of man you made so strong for yourself.

In the eyes of the foolish he seemed to have died, *
and his departure was thought to be an affliction.
They thought that his life was madness
and that his end was without honor, *
but he is at peace.
For though in the sight of men he was punished, *
his hope was full of immortality.
He has been numbered among the sons of God, *
And his lot is among the saints.

O LORD God of vengeance,
O God of vengeance, show yourself; *
Be favorable and gracious to Zion.
Forgive, O LORD, your people, whom you have redeemed, *
and set not the guilt of innocent blood in the midst of your
people.
Do not sweep us away with sinners, *
nor our lives with those who thirst for blood.

Deliver us from death, O God, *
and our tongues shall sing of your righteousness,
O God of our salvation.
For you are not a God who takes pleasure in wickedness, *
and evil cannot dwell with you.
You destroy those who speak lies; *
the bloodthirsty and deceitful, O LORD, you abhor.
Oh, how suddenly do they come to destruction, *
come to an end, and perish from terror!
Like a dream when one awakens, O LORD, *
when you arise you will make their image vanish.

Great and wonderful are your deeds,
O LORD God the Almighty! *
Just and true are your ways,
O King of the nations!
You are righteous, O LORD, *
and upright are your judgments.

(Gloria Patri may be added)