

QUINQUAGESIMA
FEBRUARY 27, 2022
LOW MASS

OUR FATHER

SALUTATION TO THE HOLY FACE

Priest & People: I SALUTE THEE, / I adore Thee, / and I love Thee, / O adorable Face of Jesus, / my Beloved, / noble Seal of the Divinity, / outraged anew by blasphemers. / I offer Thee, through the sorrowful heart of Thy blessed Mother, / the worship of all the angels and saints, / most humbly beseeching Thee / to repair and renew in me and in all men / Thy Image disfigured by sin. / Amen.

HAIL MARY

THE GOLDEN ARROW

Priest & People: MAY THE MOST HOLY, / most sacred, / most adorable, / most incomprehensible / and unutterable Name of God / be always praised, blessed, loved, adored and glorified, / in Heaven, / on earth, / and under the earth, / by all the creatures of God, / and by the Sacred Heart of Our Lord Jesus Christ / in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. / Amen.

GLORY BE

V. O Divine Jesus, / through Thy Face and Name, / save us!

R. Our trust is in the virtue of Thy Holy Name!

PRAYER TO ST. MICHAEL

Priest & People: ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL, / defend us in battle; / be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil. / May God rebuke him, we humbly pray, / and do thou, O prince of the heavenly host, / by the power of God, / cast into hell, Satan, and all the evil spirits, / who wander about the world, / seeking the ruin of souls. Amen.

V. Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, ***R.*** Have mercy on us.

V. Holy Child Jesus, Doctor of the Sick,

R. Have mercy on us.

V. Our Lady of Lourdes, ***R.*** Pray for us.

V. Our Mother of Good Counsel, ***R.*** Pray for us.

V. Our Lady of Consolation, **R. Pray for us.**

V. Immaculate Heart of Mary,

R. Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

V. Pure Heart of St. Joseph, **R. Pray for us.**

V. St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin, **R. Pray for us.**

V. May the Divine assistance remain always with us.

R. And may the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

CLOSING HYMN:

O SACRED HEAD SURROUNDED

**O Sacred Head surrounded,
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.**

**O Holy Face ill-usèd,
By reed and bramble scarred,
That idle blows have bruised,
And mocking lips have marred,
How dimmed that eye so tender,
How wan those cheeks appear,
How overcast the splendor,
That angels hosts revere!**