

ANGEL SUNDAY – PENTECOST XVIII
SEPTEMBER 27, 2026
LOW MASS

HAIL MARY (THREE TIMES)

Priest: O Most August Queen of Heaven and Mistress of the Angels, thou didst receive from God the power and commission to crush the head of Satan; wherefore we humbly beseech thee, send forth the legions of heaven, that, under thy command, they may seek out all evil spirits, engage them everywhere in battle, curb their insolence, and hurl them back into the pit of hell. “Who is like unto God?” O good and tender Mother, thou shalt ever be our hope and the object of our love. O Mother of God, send forth the holy Angels to defend me and drive far from me the cruel foe. Holy Angels and Archangels, defend us and keep us. **R. Amen.**

PRAYER TO YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL

Priest & People: Angel of God, / my guardian dear, / to whom His love commits me here. / Ever this day be at my side, / to light, to guard, / to rule and guide. / From sinful stain, oh keep me free, / and in death’s sorrow my helper be. Amen.

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 Consolation. R. Pray for us.

V. Mother of Good Counsel. R. Pray for us.

V. Immaculate Heart of Mary,

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

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

V. Ss. Cosmas & Damian, 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:

DEAR ANGEL! EVER AT MY SIDE

1. Dear Angel! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heav'n to guide,
A little child like me.

2. Thy beautiful and shining face,
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice,
Too deaf am I to hear.