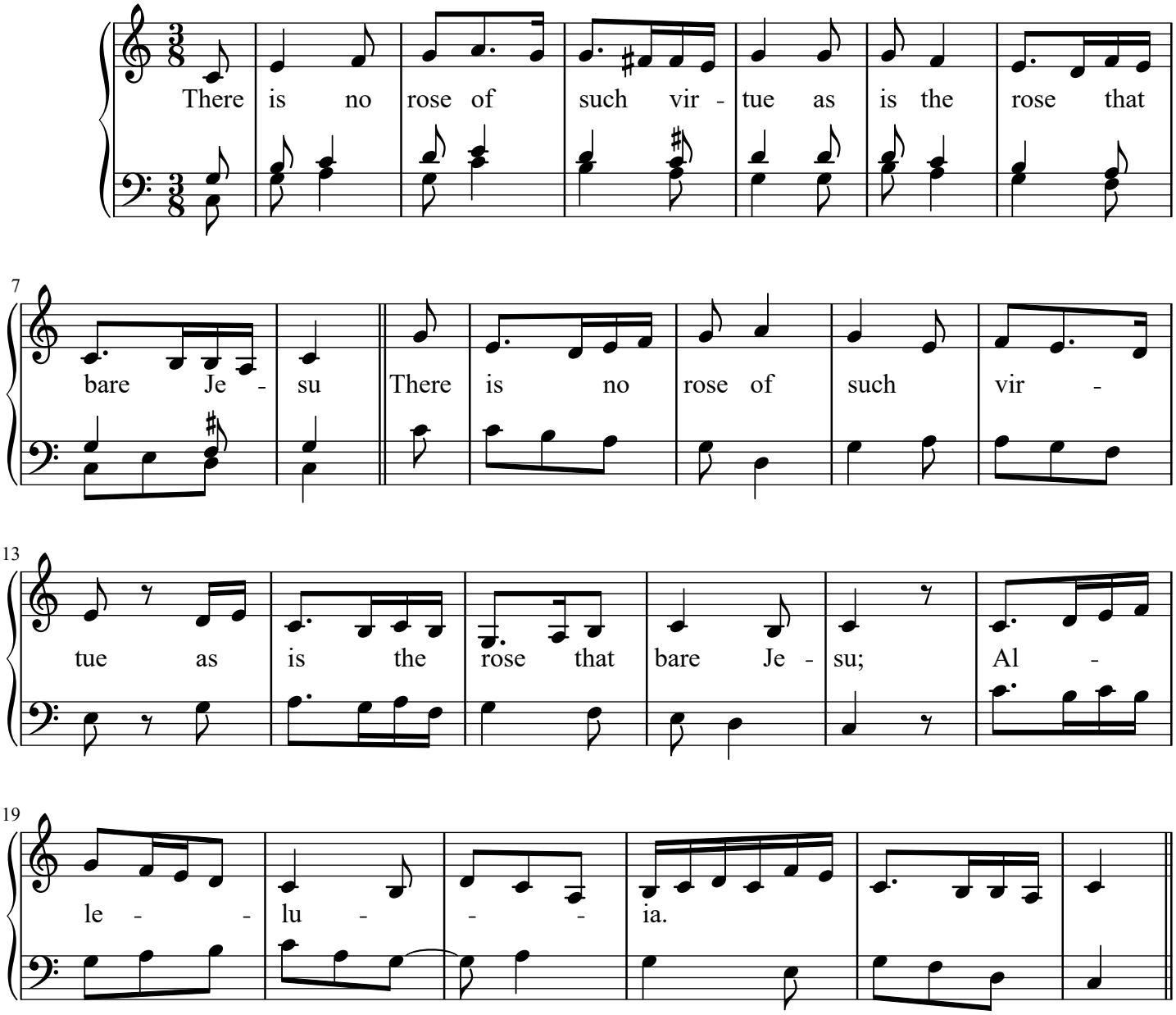
There is no rose

Anon, 15th century



For in this rose containéd was
Heaven and earth in little space;
Res miranda.

By that rose we may well see
That he is God in persons three,
Pari forma.

The Angels sungen the sheperds to:
Gloria in excelsis Deo:
Gaudeamus.

Leave we all this wordly mirth
And follow we this joyful birth;
Transeamus