

Who will ascend to heaven?

Chi salira per me madonna in cielo

Ludovico Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, Canto XXXV ottava 1

Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)

Cantus (part 1 of 4)

Musica Transalpina (London, 1588)

Who will as-cend to heav'n and there ob - tain me, my wits
for - lorn and sil - ly sense de - cay - èd? For since I tooke my wound that sore
doth pain me, from your fair eyes my sprites are all
dis - may - èd, Nor of so great a loss I do com - plain me, if it in - crease not,
if it in - crease not, if it in - crease not, but in some bounds be stay - èd, but if I
still grow worse, I shall be lot - ted, to wan - der through the world fond and as -
sot - ted, to wan - der through the world fond and as - sot - ted, but if I
still grow worse I shall be lot - ted, to wan - der through the world fond and as -
sot - ted, to wan - der through the world fond and as - sot - ted.

Who will ascend to heaven?

Chi salira per me madonna in cielo

Ludovico Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, Canto XXXV ottava 1

Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)

Altus (part 2 of 4)

Musica Transalpina (London, 1588)

Who will as-cend to heav'n and there ob - tain

me, my wits for-lorn_ and sil - ly sense de - cay - èd? For since I

tooke my wound that sore___ doth pain me, from your fair eyes

my sprites are all dis-may-èd, Nor of so great a loss I do com-plain me,

if it in-crease not, if it in-crease not, if it in-crease not, but in some bounds be

stay - èd, but if I still grow worse, I shall be lot - ted, I shall be lot - ted,

to wan-der through the world fond and as - sot - ted, to wan-der through the world

fond and as - sot - ted, but if I still grow worse I shall be lot - ted, I shall be lot -

ted, to wan-der through the world to wan-der through the world fond and

as - sot - ted, to wan - der through the world fond and as - sot - ted.

Who will ascend to heaven?

Chi salira per me madonna in cielo

Ludovico Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, Canto XXXV ottava 1

Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)

Altus (part 2 of 4)

Musica Transalpina (London, 1588)

Who will as-cend to heav'n and there ob - tain_____

5 me, my wits for-lorn_ and sil - ly sense de - cay - èd? For since I

10 tooke my wound that sore__ doth pain me, from your fair eyes

15 my sprites are all dis-may-èd, Nor of so great a loss I do com-plain me,

20 if it in-crease not, if it in-crease not, if it in-crease not, but in some bounds be

25 stay - èd, but if I still grow worse, I shall be lot - ted, I shall be lot - ted,

30 to wan-der through the world fond and as - sot - ted, to wan-der through the world

35 fond and as-sot - ted, but if I still grow worse I shall be lot - ted, I shall be lot -

ted, to wan-der through the world to wan-der through the world fond and

40 as - sot - ted, to wan-der through the world fond and as - sot - ted.

Who will ascend to heaven?

Chi salira per me madonna in cielo

Ludovico Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, Canto XXXV ottava 1

Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)

Tenor (part 3 of 4)

Musica Transalpina (London, 1588)

Who will as-cend to heav'n and there ob-tain me, my wits for-lorn and sil-ly sense de-cay - - èd? For since I tooke my wound that sore doth pain me, from your fair eyes, *from your fair eyes*, my sprites are all dis-may-èd, Nor of so great a loss I do com-plain me, if it in-crease not, if it in-crease not, if it in-crease not, but in some bounds be stay - èd, but if I still grow worse, I shall be lot - ted, to wan-der through the world fond and as-sot - ted, to wan-der through the world fond and as-sot - ted, but if I still grow worse I shall be lot - ted, to wan-der through the world fond and as-sot - ted, to wan-der through the world fond and as-sot - ted.

Who will ascend to heaven?

Chi salira per me madonna in cielo

Ludovico Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, Canto XXXV ottava 1

Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)

Tenor (part 3 of 4)

Musica Transalpina (London, 1588)

Who will as-cend to heav'n and there ob - tain me, my wits for-
 lorn and sil - ly sense de - cay - - èd? For since I
 tooke my wound that sore doth pain me, from your fair eyes, *from your fair* eyes, my sprites are
 all dis-may-èd, Nor of so great a loss I do com-plain me, if it in-crease
 not, if it in-crease not, if it in-crease not, but in some bounds be stay - èd,____
 — but if I still grow worse, I shall be lot - ted, to
 wan-der through the world fond and as-sot - ted, to wan-der through the world fond
 and as-sot - ted, but if I still grow worse I shall be lot - ted, to
 wan-der through the world fond and as-sot-ted, to wan-der through the world fond and as-sot - ted.

Who will ascend to heaven?

Chi salira per me madonna in cielo

Ludovico Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, Canto XXXV ottava 1

Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)

Bassus (part 4 of 4)

Musica Transalpina (London, 1588)

Who will as-cend to heav'n and there ob - tain me, my wits
 for-lorn and sil - ly sense de - cay - èd?____ For since I tooke my wound that
 sore doth pain me, from your fair eyes, my sprites are all dis - may - èd, Nor of so great a
 loss_____ I do_____com-plain me, if it in-crease not, if it in-crease not, if
 it in-crease not, but in some bounds be stay - èd,_____ but if I still grow
 worse, I shall be lot-ted, but if I still grow worse, I shall be lot-ted to wan-der through the world fond
 and as-sot - ted, to wan-der through the world fond and as-sot - ted, but if I still grow
 worse I shall be lot-ted, but if I still grow worse I shall be lot-ted, to wan-der through the world fond
 and as-sot - ted, to wan-der through the world fond and as-sot - ted, fond and as-sot - ted.