

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_____

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?

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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)

1
Who will as-cend to heav'n and there ob - tain me, my wits for-

5
lorn and sil - ly sense de - cay - - èd? For since I

10
tooke my wound that sore doth pain me, from your fair eyes, *from your fair* eyes, my sprites are

15
all dis-may-èd, Nor of so great a loss I do com-plain me, if it in-crease

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

25
— but if I still grow worse, I shall be lot - ted, to

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

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

40
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.