

# Piangono al pianger mio

Poem by Ottavio Rinuccini

Sigismondo d'India

Pian- go- no\_ al pian- ger mio le fe- re, \_e\_ i sas- si a' miei cal- di so- spir'

5

trag- gon so- spi- ri, a' miei cal- di so- spir' trag- gon so- spi- ri.

10

L'a- er d'in- tor- no nu- bi- lo-

Ritornello



25

O- vun- que\_ io po- so. \_o- vun- que\_ io vol- go\_ i pas-

30

si par che di me si pian- ga\_ e si so- spi- ri,

35

par che di me si pian- ga\_ e si so- spi- ri.

1) Note is A in orig., which clashes badly with the Bb and B natural in the top voice. I have made A a passing tone instead in previous bar.



Translation:

The rocks and wild beasts weep as I weep.  
They heave sighs along with my hot sighs.  
The surrounding air is moved with pity for my torments.  
Wherever I stand, wherever I turn my steps,  
I seem to find weeping and sighs.  
Moved by my sorrows, they all seem to say,  
"Poor wretch, what are you doing here, sorrowful and alone?"