

# 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'

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

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

so fas- si, mos- so\_aneh'e- gli\_a pie- tà de' miei

mar- ti- ri, mos- so\_an- ch'e- gli\_a pie- tà de' mie- i

mar- ti- ri. O- vun- que\_ io po-

so\_o vun que io vol- go\_i pas- si par  
 [30] che di me si pian\_ga\_e si so- spi\_ ri, par che di me si  
 pian\_ga\_e si so- spi\_ ri.  
 [35] 1) [40]

Par che di ca cia scun, mos- so\_al mi\_o  
 [45] duo lo: "Che fai tu qui me schin, do glio so\_e so\_lo? Che fai tu  
 qui me schin, do glio so\_e so\_lo?"  
 [50]

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?"