



Translation:

The rocks and wild beasts weep with my weeping;  
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, each seems to say,  
"Poor wretch, what are you doing here, sorrowful and alone?"