

# 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  
6 4 #  
trag- gon so- spi- ri, a' miei cal- di so- spir' trag- gon so- spi- ri.

10 # (b)  
L'a- er d'in- tor- no nu- bi- lo-

15  
so fas- si, mos- so\_ anch'- gli\_a pie- tà de' miei

20 (b)  
mar- ti- ri, mos- so\_ an- ch'- gli\_a pie- tà de' mie- i

6 25  
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

35 pian- ga\_e si so- spi- ri.

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

50 qui me- schin, do- glio- so\_e so- lo?"

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?"