

# 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-

Ritornello

15

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

6

rit.

Ritornello

- 2 -

[25]

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

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

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

BIII -

1)      4      3

<sub>2e</sub>

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.

[40]

Par che di- ca cia- scun,

Ritornello

mos-

[45]

so\_al mi\_o 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?"

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?"