## Piangono al pianger mio Poem by Ottavio Rinuccini

Sigismondo d'India



## 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?"