Da Jakob nu das Kleid ansah,
mit grossem Schmerzen er da sprach:
0 weh der grossen Not,
mein lieber Sohn der ist tot:
Die wilden Tier han ihn zerrissen,
und sein kleid mit den Zähnen zerbissen.
0 Joseph, mein lieber Sohn,
er will mich Alten trösten nun?
Denn ich vor Leide muss ersterben
und traurig fahren von dieser Erden.

Now when Jacob saw the robe,
With great sorrow he said:
0 sore the great distress,
my beloved son is dead:
a wild animal has torn him up,
and his robe with its teeth chewed up.
0 Joseph, my beloved son,
Who will comfort this old man now?
For I in the face of sorrow must die
and unhappy go from this world.

Source: Historical Anthology of Music, ed. Willi Apel, where it is attributed to Ludwig Senfl. The New Grove attributes it to Cosmas Alder. Translation, musica ficta and text underlay by John Hetland and The Renaissance Street Singers.
O sore the great distress, my beloved

son is dead: a wild animal has torn him up,

and his robe with its teeth
chewed up.  O Joseph,  my beloved son,

Who will comfort this old man now?

For I in the face of sorrow must die
and unhappy go from this world.

und traurig fahren von dieser Erden, und traurig fahren von dieser Erden.