

Legend has it that around 1679 during the plague one evening when Marx Augustin (1643-1685) had gotten drunk, he fell asleep on his way home. The gravediggers picked him up thinking him dead dumped him with bagpipe and all into a grave with plague victims. When he awoke he couldn't get out of the grave so he started to play his pipe and people rescued him. Luckily he remained healthy. He composed this song in 1679.

Ach, du lieber Augustin

Oh, My Dear Augustine

(German)

(English)

Chorus:

(Chorus)

Ach, du lieber Augustin,
Augustin, Augustin,
Ach, du lieber Augustin,
Alles ist hin!

Oh, my dear Augustine
Augustine, Augustine,
Oh, my dear Augustine,
Everything's gone!

Geld ist weg, Mensch ist weg,
Alles hin, Augustin!
Ach, du lieber Augustin,
Alles ist hin!

Money's gone, man is gone,
Everything's gone, Augustine!
Oh, my dear Augustine,
Everything's gone!

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

Rock ist weg, Stock ist weg,
Augustin liegt im Dreck.
Ach, du lieber Augustin,
Alles ist hin!

Coat is gone, floor is gone,
Augustine lies in the mud.
Oh, my dear Augustine,
Everything's gone!

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

Und selbst das reiche Wien,
Hin ist's wie Augustin;
Weint mit mir im gleichen Sinn,
Alles ist hin!

Even rich Vienna,
Is broke, like Augustine
And cries with me the same way,
Everything's gone!

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

Jeder Tag war ein Fest,
Und was jetzt? Pest, die Pest!
Nur ein großes Leichenfest,
Das ist der Rest.

Every day was a feast,
And now what? Plague, the plague!
Now all the corpses feast.
This is all that remains.

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

Augustin, Augustin,
Leg' nur ins Grab dich hin!
Ach, du lieber Augustin,
Alles ist hin!

Augustine, Augustine,
Lay down in your grave!
Oh, my dear Augustine,
Everything's gone!

(Chorus)

(Chorus)