

Ach Du Lieber Augustin

Words & Music:
Traditional German

This song has the same tune as "Did You Ever See A Lassie?". Notes from Marc De Bruyn (emdebe@village.uunet.be) - August 31, 2003: "...Ach du lieber Augustin originated in Vienna during the Plague period of 1768-1769. Legend has it that one evening, Augustin hoisted one too many and decided on a nap halfway home. The morning corpse patrol threw his body on the cart with the other corpses and took him away. Fortunately Augustin awoke in the nick of time, to the horror of the mortician. In no time at all, the rumor spread far and wide that wine was not only a cure but also a great prophylactic for the plague..."

CHORUS:

D A7 D
Ach, du lieber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin!
D A7 D
Ach, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin!

A7 D A7 D
Geld ist weg, Mäd'l ist weg, alles weg, alles weg!
D A7 D
Ach, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin!

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

Jeder Tag war ein Fest, jetzt haben wir die Pest!
Nur ein großes Leichenfest, das ist der Rest.

CHORUS:

Augustin, Augustin, leg' nur ins Grab dich hin!
Ach, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin!"

CHORUS:

English Translation:

O, my dear friend Augustin, Augustin, Augustin!
O, my dear friend Augustin, I just can't win!
Money's gone, girlfriend's gone, I just can't win, Augustin!
O, my dear friend Augustin, I just can't win!
Coat is gone, staff is gone, Augustin's on his bum.
O, my dear friend Augustin, I just can't win!
Even that rich town Wien, broke is like Augustin!
Shed tears with thoughts akin, I just can't win!
Every day was a fest, now we just have the pest!
Now all the corpses rest, that is the rest.
Augustin, Augustin, lay down in your coffin!
O, my dear friend Augustin, I just can't win!"

Dutch version:

"In Holland we have still different lyrics to the same tune. It is a nursery rhyme made by Ms. Johanna Veth in 1906 or 1907. The lyrics are about 'Sinterklaas' or 'Saint Nicholas', which is a children's festivity typical of the Lowlands (The Netherlands and Belgium). At 'Sinterklaas' children get presents and all kinds of sweets, but - as the song goes - only if they have been 'sweet'. Otherwise, Sinterklaas' helper, a big black man (a Moor from Africa) called Zwarte Piet (Black Peter) will put all naughty children in a big bag and Saint Nicholas and he will take them back to Spain on their steamship."

These are the Dutch lyrics:

Daar wordt aan de deur geklopt, hard geklopt, zacht geklopt,
Daar wordt aan de deur geklopt, wie zou dat zijn?

Wees maar gerust mijn kind. Ik ben een goede vrind.
Want al ben ik zwart als roet, 'k Meen het toch goed.

Want ik kom van Sinterklaas, Sinterklaas, Sinterklaas.
'k Heb voor jou, m'n kleine baas, moois in mijn zak.

Ben je wel zoet geweest? Wees dan maar niet bevreesd!
Kijk, hier zendt Sint Nicolaas fijn speculaas!

Zwarte Piet, wees wel bedankt; wel bedankt, wel bedankt!
Nu zal ik aan 't leren gaan, daar kan j' op aan.

Borstplaatjes, groot in tal, 'k deel ze vanavond al
Met mijn lieve zusje klein. Blij zal ze zijn!

Vice Parody:

To be sung in a "German accent".

Ach, du lieber Augustin, slot machine run by steam.

Put a nickel in her und zee vot komms out!

October, Septober, no vander I'm sober!

If visky doesn't kill me I'll live till I die!

Ach, du lieber August, September, October,

No vonder ve are sober, we ain't got no beer

My little brother Heinrich, he leaned the vindow out

He fell the vindow out, we ain't got no beer!

American children's version:

Ach, du lieber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin!

Ach, du lieber Augustin, all is kaput!

Money gone, Honey gone.

Money gone, honey gone.

Ach, du lieber Augustin, my [or your] goose is cooked!

"See The Little Angels" parody:

See the little angels ascend up, ascend up

See the little angels ascend up on high.

Which end up? As-cend up. Which end up? As-cend up.

See the little angels ascend up on high.

"Love To Be In Copenhagen" parody

Love to be in Copenhagen in the morning, in the morning.

Love to be in Copenhagen in the morning, ya, ya.

We climb the church steeple and spit at the people.

Love to be in Copenhagen in the morning, ya, ya.

[Two people sing this as a duet in which one singer must make a raspberry sound ("poop") by sticking out his or her tongue and vibrating it, followed by two falsetto eee-eee squeaks. Another person must sing the verses to that accompaniment.]

"Have You Ever Seen...?" Parody

Have you ever seen a horse fly, a horse fly, a horse fly?
Have you ever seen a horse fly? Now you tell us one.

Have you ever seen a shoe box, a shoe box, a shoe box?
Have you ever seen a shoe box? Now you tell us one.

Have you ever seen a chimney sweep, a chimney sweep, a chimney sweep?
Have you ever seen a chimney sweep? Now you tell us one.

Have you ever seen a dish mop, a dish mop, a dish mop?
Have you ever seen a dish mop? Now you tell us one.

[One recollection: "We used to sing this in college, between dinner and dessert on some rowdy nights. One table group would start by singing a verse, another table would sing a second verse, and so on; the object was to keep the song going as long as possible and be the group to come up with the last possible verse. The endless verses were made up on the spot."]

"Let Go The Reef Tackle" parody:

As collected by Harlow in CHANTEYING ABOARD AMERICAN SHIPS (1948), which is set to this tune.

Let go the reefy tackle, reef tackle, reef tackle
Let go the reefy tackle for my breeches are yammed! [jammed]

Harlow does not mention the connection, however, and other print versions of the song, in Doerflinger (1951) and Hugill (1961) have different tunes. But they do all make some reference to a "Dutch" (generically, Northern European) connection.

Roaring Jelly's "Lord Randal" parody:

Where the hell have you been, have you been, have you been?
O, where the hell have you been, Lord Randal, our son?