

# O my dear Augustin

23. October 2016

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There is a famous lyrics in Vienna of the dear Augustin, that is well known by most of the Viennese:

O Du lieber Augustin, 's Geld is hin, 'd Freud is hin, o du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin!

A translation, that's impossible, but in short it means that Augustin mourns that he has lost everything.

Do you know this lyrics of the dear Augustin? No? Then you must read today's blog post, because the dear Augustin was known in his time throughout Vienna. And even today you will meet him again and again in the city, e.g. there is a small fountain with an Augustin figure in the 7th district, so I tell you today the legend of the dear Augustin.

## The legend of the dear Augustin



Augustinbrunnen\_Wien©own-work-by-Invisigoth67

In those times when Vienna was still a small town with many suburbs, around the middle of the 17th century there was at the Fleischmarkt the beer house "Zum rote Dachl". This was always well-attended, and it was not least thanks to dear Augustin, who entertained the people with his music and all sorts of jokes.

But then the plague broke in over Vienna and the guests got less and less in the beer house. More and more dead were claimed by the plague and the cemeteries soon had no more space, so that the dead were taken outside the city to the area around St. Ulrich to huge graves. All this also made the dear Augustin serious and very sad.

One evening he made his way home from the „rote Dachl“, but since he had drunk too much, he missed the way home. Instead he came to the area of St Ulrich. He stumbled, fell and did not notice that he had landed in a plague grave. He slept quietly and only the next morning when he woke up, the horror came to him when he realized where he had spent the night. Two plague workers helped him out of the grave and laughed at him because of his predicament. But the dear Augustin did not let himself be beaten, grabbed his bagpipes and went back joyfully as ever to the city. This night did not harm him.

When the plague was over, the beer house was filled again, and for many years Augustin entertained the people with his music and cheerfulness. After his death a monument was built for him near the church of St. Ulrich, where until today the dear Augustin smiles at you.

Has he ever lived? Nobody knows this, but that does not matter, because in the hearts of the Viennese, this cheerful fellow lives on forever.

Greetings from the Appartements Ferchergasse  
Stephanie

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