Songs of the Mises-Kreis

Original settings by Felix Kaufmann
Translated by Arlene Oost-Zinner
Songs of the Mises-Kreis
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From 1920 until 1934, Ludwig von Mises conducted a fortnightly private seminar in his office, which could be attended only by invitation. Many of the greatest economists, historians, and philosophers of Europe would gather to discuss problems and issues in a setting where Mises himself led the discussion as “first among equals.”

The formal meetings would begin at 7:30 p.m. and last as late as 10:00 p.m. Most of the members would then gather for dinner at the restaurant Anchora Verde, where the discussion would grow lighter. Afterwards, they would continue to the Café Künstler, opposite the University of Vienna, for coffee until 1:00 a.m., when Mises usually left. Fritz Machlup reports, however, that when he left at 3:00 a.m., he usually had to say goodnight to philosopher Alfred Schütz!

Adding poetry and music to the late-night gatherings at the Café Künstler were the songs that philosopher Felix Kaufman wrote for the seminar. Based on Austrian folk melodies and popular songs, and written in both High German and Austrian dialect, they featured clever references to the contemporary debates and the internal culture of the Mises Kreis.

In 1934, after economist Gottfried von Haberler had left Vienna for Geneva, Switzerland, Kaufmann delivered to Haberler copies of all the songs, a total of 28.

When in 1990 it was decided to publish them in a German-language edition, Haberler was interviewed about them. The interviewer asked about his surprising ability to recall so many by heart.

“In the first place,” Haberler said, “they dealt with interesting problems or with actual events that we all knew and that as a result were rendered memorable. The same went for the melodies Kaufmann chose for his lyrics—we knew them all.... Kaufmann took great pains with the text of his songs. Still today, the reader will find interesting points throughout. Kaufmann was also careful to see that the thoughts sounded well in rhyme.”

This is the first English-language edition, with a more elaborate presentation with full musical scores and poetic renderings offered by Arlene Oost-Zinner, who researched both text and melody for more than a year. The songs were performed for several events at the Mises Institute, sometimes to uproarious applause and laughter. These “canonical” editions of the songs were typeset by Jonathan Eason.
The Mises Institute extends a special thanks to Das Wiener Volksliedwerk for its ongoing help in reconstructing these songs for contemporary performance. May they provide artistic enjoyment, but more importantly, a special look into the cultural heart of the Misesian intellectual movement in the interwar period.

The Song of the Mises Circle

This must have been a main theme song for the circle, and it is striking that this song is among the most difficult to sing, with complicated rhythms and a large tonal range. It speaks of the sheer excitement of those coming to the gathering. The members rarely received academic credit, and with the university department chair warning people against going, it is easy to imagine a sense of camaraderie must have been part of the culture of the group. There are references to the late-night hours, the chocolate truffles that Mises would frequently bring, and how the evening and night would breeze by. The final verse includes a strong stand in favor of sticking by principle no matter what the state of opinion or the seeming futility of fighting against political trends.

The Grenadier of the Marginal Utility School

This song is a hilarious takeoff on Schumann’s famed Grenadier song about the personality cult surrounding Napoleon. The subject here, however, is (however implausibly) the theory of marginal utility as fashioned by Carl Menger and carried forth by his student Eugen von Boehm-Bawerk. An economist goes to Germany to discover that the theory has few followers in that country. Shocked and horrified, he decides that his books and his life are worth nothing. He prepares to commit suicide but is spared this fate by the ghost of Boehm-Bawerk, who appears as a vision to tell him to fight on for the theory, even to a bitter end.

The Mises-Mayer Debate

Hans Mayer was the chairman of the economics department, the leading student of Friedrich von Wieser, and an advocate of national socialism. He had targeted Mises early on, and made life as difficult for him as possible. Mises, however, had no interest in Mayer’s theories or political machinations, and continued to his work in the Mengerian tradition. This song, then, presents two economists talking past each other - sort of “inside joke” for all the Misesians gathered. Mises’s words forms the repeating choral: “I know this ‘cause marginal utility sheds light on economy.”

Mr. Stonier and Mr. Sweezy

The Mises Circle entertained many foreign visitors, among them Alfred Stonier from London and Paul Sweezy from Boston. This song pokes some delightful fun at their guests. In particular, the dedicated Marxist Sweezy, famed for his role in the promotion of socialist theory, comes in for some teasing. After repeated lecturing from members of the Mises Circle, Sweezy finally begins to get a feel for the theory of marginal utility and swears that he will take these insights back to Harvard with him. But just before getting back on the boat, he chooses doctrine over science. Exasperated, the Austrians say: “Ach, it’s not that complicated, values can’t be calculated; people do just what they do.”
Downfall of the Business Cycle

A frustrating problem for Circle members was the inability of the public and policy makers to understand business cycle theory. One has to look beneath the numbers, this song instructs, to understand the “broad tableaus” of human choice. The state, in particular, is attached to numbers rather than causal-realist analytics. The lyrics say that this is a dangerous method, particularly when it is detached from any value in favor of freedom. Memorable lines include: “The ways of science provide for us but one small slice, And it alone cannot a nation feed,” as well as “Oh take not value from our repertoire; heavens, without it man has no North star.” Finally, there is an oblique reference to F.A. Hayek here as the one man at the Business Cycle Institute who does all the work.

The Scientist and the Methodologist

This song must have been a joy for methodologist Felix Kauffman, who, despite his attendance at the Mises Circle, remained a dedicated positivist. The song tells the story of Mises himself, rendered here as “the scientist,” working into the late-night hours on a book on methodology for the social sciences. A devil’s advocate appears and vexes him with an endless array of objections and puzzling questions. The lesson of the song is that one should stay away from this area of research, since all it will “weave you is heartache, and thoughts torn apart at the seams.”

Pure Theory

This song once again returns to the great debate between the Mengerians and the Wieserians, while adding a third school to the mix: that of German empiricism. The first verse begins with the claim that all that matters is the collection of data. The Mises Circle instructs that “such a data set, theory will not beget, and efforts of this kind invite redress.” Next up are the Wieserians with their theory of “natural value” and their promotion of socialism. The Circle concludes that this theory is “sadly lacking.” The final verse is a tribute to Mises that prompts all present to choose getting to dinner rather than continuing the debate: “But with Professor Mises’ seminar that teases thoughts of truth from those who love retort; thinking begins at seven, And lasts ‘til nearly eleven, but certainty’s supply is never short. Now all ears in suspension, everyone’s attention turns to him with wisdom nonpareil. With knowledge apodictic, dinner looms realistic: Theory alone cannot our hunger quell.”

Farewell to Professor Mises

This is the most heartbreaking of all the songs. It tells of the preparations in place for Mises to leave Vienna for Geneva, given the rise of the Nazi threat right in Vienna. Hayek was already in England and now Mises is leaving too. The chorus regrets: O quae mutatio rerum. How things change. The ending line about “Wilson’s dream” refers to the League of Nations, which had provided the funding for Mises’s new position.
Elegy of the Mises Kreis

One can assume that this song was written after Mises’s departure. It is as clever and abstract as it is affecting. The lyrics employ geometric references about how the circle has come apart: “Radii are left to wander with nowhere to go.” It ends with a dream that someday the circle will come back together again. And when this happens, “π’s jubilation [will not] be restrained.”
1. Song of the Mises Circle

Felix Kaufmann (1895-1949)  
Translated by Arlene Oost-Zinner


In flottem Walzer tempo  \( \text{\( \frac{160}{	ext{q}} \)} \)

Voice

Piano

1. Come and gather all around, it's Friday

Time for Mises' Private Seminar. I'll be there for sure, even if it's May

And the day is the sweetest thus far. Oh, the fragrance fades, it is certain
But truth, you’ll find, knows no curtain. In the Mises Kreis, it’s always

center stage Buckets full of truth, remain the latest rage. And when you be-

Tenderly \( \text{\textit{slow}} \) \( \text{\textit{rit.}} \) You’ll find me with Mises tonight, tonight No longer do I need to roam. So-

Songs of the Mises-Kreis
1. Song of the Mises Circle

City, Economy and Truth, that’s right Are debated, defended, I’m home! And

if you desire Verstehen’s made clear At all costs, you must come, you get yourself here! For

clarity, and wisdom, and truth entice, Here at the Mises Kreis.

Tempo Imo. $q = 160$

2. Do you know a problem full of nasty quirks? Come es-
cort it to Mises' door. It will know full well this time that danger lurks As it's
whit-led right down to its core. Man-y shells, of course, know the same fate; Nuts so
hard to crack, but at this rate They will melt on tongues that know de- duct-ive prose,

Like the choc-late creams our friend so kind-ly chose, Mak-ing si lence a hap-py re-

Songs of the Mises-Kreis
frain, But now let us all sing again: You’ll

Tenderly (slow) \( q = 120 \)

find me with Mi-ses to-night, No long-er do I need to roam. So-ci-e-ty, E-

con-o-my and Truth, that’s right Are de-ba-ted, de-fend-ed, I’m home! And if you de-

si-re Ver-steh-en’s made clear At all costs, you must come, you get your-self here! For clar-i-ty, and

Songs of the Mises-Kreis
150 1. Song of the Mises Circle

wisdom, and truth entice, Here at the Mises Kreis.

Tempo Imo. \( \frac{j}{=} 160 \)

3. Ten o’clock rolls round, and wisdom’s filled our minds, But our

bodies demand ever more. That Green Anchor calls, and here our stomachs find

Import tariffs to even the score. Here, where E - R-E is our motto,
Have spaghetti, and eat risotto. No one ever dreams how fast the time can race; Midnight rings its chime, we take our favourite place. In that nice little Kunstler-cafe, an ingenious end to the day!

You’ll find me with Mis-ses to-night, to-night No longer do I need to roam. So...
1. Song of the Mises Circle

\[\text{Tempo Imo.} \quad q = 160\]

4. Oh, the time, it comes, when we must question why:
Is such question ing really that smart? Life goes on and on, it just keeps flowing by, And we all play a very small part. We could swim along, take no notice Of the tide's direction, the world's focus. Should we not, perhaps, keep these thoughts at bay, Push our cares aside, and relish what's today? And
yet there’s no trade-off at hand: ____ Some-how we must take a stand.

Tenderly  (slow) \( \frac{d}{d} = 120 \)

You’ll find me with Mi-ses to-night, to-night No long-er do I need to roam.

So-ci-e-ty, E-con-o-my and Truth, that’s right Are de-ba-ted, de-fend-ed, I’m home!

And if you de-si-re Ver-steh-en’s made clear At all costs, you must come, you get your-self
here! For clarity, and wisdom, and truth entice, Here

the Mises Kreis.
Moderato $\dot{q} = 92$

An economist moved to Germany

A learned position to pursue

This should have been a certainty,

For in Wien he'd learned a thing or two. But the
good man learned the tragic tale: Marginal Utility it was deceased. Its

followers lamented the school's corruption, Their dozen wouldn't increase.

Our economist cried bitterly Oh,

for the terrible news! Oh, that life, it hadn't been granted me, Gone to the
dogs is my muse. My books! What’s to become of them? Editions printed, no demand. I might well burn them straight away—Wisdom’s met its final stand. Dis-

honour, with its death knell sounding, and my friend fate betray me. In

world protest, with pride bounding, I’ve got Harakiri to save me. I

Songs of the Mises-Kreis

2. The Grenadier of the Marginal Utility School
shall not do it hastily; This were no friend to reason. I ex-

change my life here justifiably For sacrifice knows its season. From the

treasury of Meng-er’s works, I lay a volume on my breast. Now

pen in hand, my dagger dear, With it my soul may find its rest. And
Broadly $\frac{1}{2} = 84$

so I stil-ly lie, and wait Like my books, re-main-dered and dust-y. But

hark! Now com-ple-men-ta-ry goods, They cry for bat-tle, loud and lust-y! Böhm

Ba-werk ad-va-nces o-ver my grave, Po-le-mics, and light-ning and thun-der. Po-

le-mics, and light-ning and thun-der! Armed,
I rise up, burst my en-clave, Put not Margi-nal U-ti-l-i-ty a-sund-er!

Adagio
3. The Mises-Mayer Debate

Die Mises-Mayer-Diskussion (Fiakerlied)

Felix Kaufmann (1895-1949)
Translated by Arlene Oost-Zinner

Music by Gustav Pick (1832-1921)
arr. Arlene Oost-Zinner

Allegro $\frac{4}{4} \quad \text{q} = 128$

Voice

Piano

have a point of doc-trine That you should real-ly hear. At-tempt a ref-u-ta-tion But

you will not come near. I call my-self a lib-eral, But not from days of yore. I say all things

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Songs of the Mises-Kreis
The Mises-Mayer Debate

Langsamer Walzertempo $\frac{d}{t} = 152$

reasons see. I know this 'cause marginal utility Sheds proper light on economy. I know this 'cause marginal utility Sheds light on economy.

...
2. I have some ideal types. We cannot do without. Or else we're really crippled 'Cause nothing else works out. I therefore keep my values.

At a distant stance But he who thinks without them In my view has no chance. I

state my values in black ink. So you will know just what I think. I know this 'cause marginal...
utility Sheds proper light on economy. I know this 'cause marginal

utility Sheds light on economy!

Allegro $q = 128$

A liberal any

Langsamer Walzertempo $q = 152$

one can be Butin Wien alone the reasons see. I know this 'cause marginal utility-
ty Sheds proper light on economy. I know this 'cause marginal utility.

ty Sheds light on economy!

3. The Mises-Mayer Debate
4. Mr. Stonier and Mr. Sweezy

Stonier und Sweezy

Music: Folk melody,
“Prinz Eugenius, der edle Ritter”
arr. Arlene Oost-Zinner

Felix Kaufmann (1895-1949)
Translated by Arlene Oost-Zinner

Voice

Verse 1.
1. Mist-er Stonier and Mist-er Sweezy, With these two the go-ing’s ea-sy,

That’s the feel-ing here in Wien. We’re so sor-ry that they’re leav-ing, There is no end to our griev-ing,

Verse 2.
2. Mist-er Sweezy came from Bos-ton, Did-n’t wor-ry what it cost him,

What a love-ly time we’ve seen.

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Songs of the Mises-Kreis
Heart a flame with one desire:
Gain some knowledge of Wien's thinking,
(and prevent his mind from shrinking)
Far beyond his local shire. 3. Mister Sweezy had many questions
But was offered one suggestion More than worth its weight in gold:
Make your judgments on the margin
Values small and values large can
Up and change as life unfolds. Make your judgments on the margin
Values small and values large can up and change as life unfolds. Interlude.

Verse 4.

4. "Oh, now I am as smart as ever!" Sweezy called with great endeavor,

"I'll go home and you will see: Agitation I'll be rousing, All of Harvard soon espousing

Marginal Utility." Agitation I'll be rousing, All of Harvard soon espousing

Songs of the Mises-Kreis
Verse 5.

Marginal Utility.”

But before he bought his ticket Sweezy’s thoughts began to picket

Verse 6.

Foregone choices held at bay!

Woe for numbers, formulations, Proceeds of deft operations;

And the Austrian said:

“Ach! it’s not that complicated Values can’t be calculated,

Naming what’s of value true.

“The Mises-Kreis”

All decisions made that day.

Woe for numbers, formulations, Proceeds of deft operations;

Verse 6.

 Feeling queasy, our Mister Sweezy Noted that it can’t be breezy,

And the Austrian said:

“Ach! it’s not that complicated Values can’t be calculated,

Naming what’s of value true.

“The Mises-Kreis”

All decisions made that day.
Verse 7.

People do just what they do.

Interlude.

Gaily

Verse 8.

“I was taught to be suspicious, Such free thinking is capricious, Oh but goodness, what a scream.”

8. “Sad-ly lacking in un-der-stand-ing, Swords of know-ledge I’ll be brand-ing When I come back in the Fall.”

Verse 7.

Sto-nier spoke out at long last Spout-ing no-tions in sharp con-trast, To the theo ries here es-teemed.

Verse 8.

Sto-nier spoke out at long last Spout-ing no-tions in sharp con-trast, To the theo ries here es-teemed.

Verse 8.

Sto-nier spoke out at long last Spout-ing no-tions in sharp con-trast, To the theo ries here es-teemed.

Verse 8.

Sto-nier spoke out at long last Spout-ing no-tions in sharp con-trast, To the theo ries here es-teemed.
Seeking answers to my queries, Cutting insights, exchanges merrily, Wisdom plenty for us all.

Verse 9. Slightly wistful and slower $d = 96$

Interlude.

9. Grateful for our affiliation,

Raise a glass in celebration, Of our guests, and knowledge new. Luck be with them on their journey,
Much success in every tourney, Bon Voyage to you, and you!

Songs of the Mises-Kreis
5. Downfall of the Business Cycle

Untergang der Konjunktur durch Erforschung

Felix Kaufmann (1895-1949),
after Wilhelm Wiesberg (1850-1896)
Translated by Arlene Oost-Zinner

Music by Johann Sioly (1843-1911)
arr. Arlene Oost-Zinner

Moderato \( \mathbf{= 88} \)

Piano

1. Now, natural science tries to give us clues, Abstractions meant to shape our worldly views; But we know
life presents a broad tableau, And choices made reflect the daily flow. Procrustean methods aren't a valid source, Confusion is their only tour de force, And that engines run and do not stall, Remains a mystery to us all... If I've not told you once, Then I have told you twice, Here's some advice that you'd be wise to heed: The ways of science provide for us but
one small slice, And it a- lone can-not a na- tion feed.

2. By far the worst o meth - ods for the state, when an-a-lyz-ing our col lect - ive fate, Is one that
touts the mot - to Wert - frei - heit, We know for sure our fu ture is not bright. Oh take not

val - ue from our rep er - toire, Heav - ens, with - out it man has no North Star. Our on - ly
course of action, best assault: Oh, State’s defender, call a “halt!” If I’ve not 

If I’ve not told you once, Then I have told you twice, Here’s some advice that you’d be wise to heed: The ways of 

science provide for us but one small slice, And it alone cannot a nation feed. 

We know a Business Cycle Institute Conducting 

Songs of the Mises-Kreis
re-search is its main pursuit; It has a board renowned, and without quirk, (Of course one

man produces all the work.) Now face to face with equilibrium, The business

cycle's feeling downright numb, And with more research ever on the slate, Soon for our

market, it's too late... If I've not told you once, Then I have told you twice, Here's some ad-
vice that you'd be wise to heed:
The ways of science provide for us
but one small slice, And it a-

lone cannot a nation feed.
6. The Scientist and the Methodologist

Der Forscher und der Methodologe

Felix Kaufmann (1895-1949),
with apologies to Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)
Translated by Arlene Oost-Zinner

Music by Friedrich Silcher (1789-1860)
arr. Arlene Oost-Zinner

Langsam $\frac{4}{4} = 56$

1. I don’t know the cause of my sadness, Its meaning escapes me, it’s true. A fairy tale usually brings gladness; This modern one brings only rue. The night, it is cool, dusk approaches And all the world is asleep. A

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Songs of the Mises-Kreis
light twinkles up in the window. Come then, we must take a peep.

2. At a desk in the small room before us, The scientist sits, wide awake. He's writing with zealous abandon Playing catch up, his pen starts to shake. His style, it is polished and clever, And ever more grand are the knots He's weaving together...
fore him In the web of his burgeoning thoughts. He keeps moving forward like Blucher, That

he-ro from battles of old, He’s used up the bulk of his fodder, His greatest work yet, all truth

told. Fate sneaks up and sits down beside him, Oh innocent faith, watch your back! The

meth-o-dol-o-gist chides him With a song as his plan of attack. He says to the clever young
scientist, "What you've written here's not really clear. After so much reflection and research, It's as dense as the foam on my beer. I'll not be the cause of your heartache, But experience makes my tongue burn: Making a priori assumptions, In the long run will bring no return."

Our young thinker's cheeks start to turn."

5. Our young thinker's cheeks start to turn."
red den At the substance of what he’s been told. Now dread, like a fog, wraps a-round him; De-
spair ing, he gives up his soul. Fire can de-vour new kind-ling, With flames cut-ting sharp as a
knife, And like kind-ling his work sinks to ashes, And with it the mean-ing of life.

Freely, with nostalgia \( \frac{\text{\textbf{\textit{60}}}}{} \)
up until now had presumed, That dealing with Methodologists Was safe and that no danger

loomed: You must free your-selves of their antics And pesky, hair-splitting schemes. For

all that they’ll weave you is heart ache, And thoughts torn apart at the seams!

Songs of the Mises-Kreis
7. Pure Theory

Die Reine Theorie

Felix Kaufmann (1895-1949)
Translated by Arlene Oost-Zinner

Music by Unknown Composer
arr. Arlene Oost-Zinner

Capricious \( \frac{1}{=128} \)

Voice

Piano

1. Collected for inspection, Data's

the confection Sure to feed a fire and render law. Some men are of the sway, Proceeding

in this way Provides a mechanism without flaw. And though the thinking's brittle, Their work we'll
not be lit-tle, Grat-i-tude we feel, and will ex-press. But such a data set, The-o-ry will
not be get, And ef-forts of this kind in-vite re-dress. 2. Some claim anoth-er the-sis: Science has
one real bas-is, Nat-ur’l val-ue at its ve-ry core. Should you not com-pre-hend, No spec-u-
la-tion lend, As all your work will soon be out the door. Now as to val-ue’s mean-ing, It wants
in-ter-ven-ing, Pre-texts shim-mer, but they shed no light. This the-sis sad-ly lack-ing, The veil of

truth not crack-ing, For real-the-ory there's no hope in sight.

3. But with Pro-fes-sor Mi-ses' Se-mi-nar that teas-es Thoughts of

truth from those who love re-tort. Think-ing be-gins at sev'n And lasts 'til near-ly e-leve'n But cer-tain-

Songs of the Mises-Kreis
ty's supply is never short. Now all ears in suspension, Ev'ry one's attention, Turn to
him with wisdom nonpareil. With knowledge apodictic, Dinner
looms realistic. Theory alone cannot our hunger quell.
8. Farewell to Professor Mises

Abschied von Professor Mises

Felix Kaufmann (1895-1949)
Translated by Arlene Oost-Zinner

Volksweise (Folk Song)
arr. Arlene Oost-Zinner

Feierlich (solemn) \( \frac{d}{84} \)

Voice

1. What is going to become of the Mises Kreis –
2. The faculty will heave a sigh When
3. And for all those who so bravely fought For
4. Now the master, too, must soon depart A –

In the year that’s coming, Geneva can’t for all suffice, My they realize in horror: For each who leaves, more say goodbye, Wien’s Mises’ many teachings, For whom import taxes angered, While nother chair awaiting, And truth remains his chosen art Wien’s

fingers won’t stop drumming. The question will not leave me be, The ranks will be much poorer. To England and the USA, Oh, truth forever reaching. They tarry now in distant lands, While lessons not batting. – And we pray that Wilson’s dream With
seminar means every-thing to me... O je-rum, je- rum, je- rum O
Wien will seem so far a way...
no one here could un- der-stand...
Mises’ tower- ing spi- rit gleams...
9. Elegy of the Mises-Kreis

Klagelied des Mises-Kreises

Music by Franz von Woyna, ca. 1845
arr. Arlene Oost-Zinner

Felix Kaufmann (1895-1949)
Translated by Arlene Oost-Zinner

Slow and rueful \( \frac{\text{\textdegree}}{4} = \text{ca. 112} \)

1. And the circle grieves so. When its center starts to saunter, Its circumference feels empty, disheartened, and low. There are cries here to ponder Radius are left to wander Radius are left to wander with nowhere to go.

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Songs of the Mises-Kreis
no-where to go. 2. And now π cries in rue: All you numbers transcen-den-tal, Mel-an-cho-ly and

an-guish are no match for you. Ma-ny of my es-ti-ma-tions Are con-sumed by lam-en-ta-tions, I am

mor-tal-ly wound-ed to the thou-sand-th place, it’s true. I am Mor-tal-ly wound-ed to the

thous-andth place, it’s true.
3. Cen-ter, come back a - gain! Old fa-mil-iar place as-sum-ing, We are bent on pre-sum-ing our hopes aren’t in vain. Ra-di - i and their fel-lows Ev-er glee - ful, sad-ness mel-lows As for π’s ju-bi-la-tion, it can - not be re-strained. As for π’s ju-bi-la-tion, it can - not be re-strained!
10. Song of the Mises Circle (Reprise)

Das Mises-Kreis-Lied

Felix Kaufmann (1895-1949)  
Translated by Arlene Oost-Zinner

Music by Ralph Benatzky (1884-1957)  
arr. Arlene Oost-Zinner

Voice

Piano

Oh, the time, it comes, when we must question why:

Is such questioning really that smart? Life goes on and on, it just keeps flowing by,

And we all play a very small part. We could swim along, take no notice

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Of the tide's direction, the world's focus. Should we not, perhaps, keep these thoughts at bay, 

Push our cares aside, and relish what's today? And yet there's no trade-off at hand: Somehow we must take a stand.

Tenderly (slow) q = 120

You'll find me with Mises tonight, tonight No longer do I need to roam. So-
10. Song of the Mises Circle (Reprise)

... the Mises Kreis.

... at the Mises Kreis.

... at the Mises Kreis.

... at the Mises Kreis.

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From 1920 until 1934, Ludwig von Mises conducted a fortnightly private seminar in his office, which could be attended only by invitation. Many of the greatest economists, historians, and philosophers of Europe would gather to discuss problems and issues in a setting where Mises himself led the discussion as "first among equals."

The formal meetings would begin at 7:30 p.m. and last as late as 10:00 p.m. Most of the members would then gather for dinner at the restaurant Anchora Verde, where the discussion would grow lighter. Afterwards, they would continue to the Café Künstler, opposite the University of Vienna, for coffee until 1:00 a.m.

Adding poetry and music to the late-night gatherings at the Café Künstler were the songs that philosopher Felix Kaufman wrote for the seminar. Based on Austrian folk melodies and popular songs, and written in both High German and Austrian dialect, they featured clever references to the contemporary debates and the internal culture of the Mises Kreis.