1937 REGIMENTAL CHRONICLE
THE OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY

REGIMENTAL MARCHES,
43RD & 52ND
BY MAJOR C. R. HORLEY

I WAS recently asked to write an account of the 43rd and 52nd regimental marches, and it has since occurred to me that a record of this in the CHRONICLE might be of interest. Little recorded data is available apart from a reference to the 43rd slow march in the 1892 CHRONICLE, and for the following information I am indebted to several officers of the regiment who have lent me correspondence on the subject, and to Kneller Hall.

The first official sanction for bands in the Army was given in 1803 — 'One private soldier in each troop or company to be trained as a musician, and a Serjeant to act as Bandmaster.'

The only band then recognized in Army estimates was the Royal Artillery band. Other bands were kept up by the officers of regiments, the bandmasters being civilians, mostly Germans and Italians.

In 1857 Kneller Hall was established for the training of bandmasters.

In 1863 a Serjeant bandmaster was allowed to each regiment of infantry and a bandmaster to each regiment of cavalry, placing them on equal footing with Serjeant majors.

Regimental marches were first standardized throughout the Army in 1867, when regiments had to declare their marches to the authorities through Kneller Hall.

43rd Regimental March

The regimental quick step is an undoubted adaptation from an operatic air in the German opera ***Das Nachtlager von Granada.***

The air is called “Ein Schutze bin ich”, “A soldier (or rifleman) am I”.

The opera, which is in two acts, is taken from Fr. Kind's drama by Freiherr von Braun, and was composed by Conradin Kreutzer, who produced it for the first time at the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna in 1834.

How it came to be adopted as the regimental march is shrouded in the mystery of the past. It must have occurred during the time when bands, generally with German or Italian bandmasters, were kept up by officers of regiments.

The opera may have been played at mess, when the tune may have appealed to the officers, or else a German bandmaster took the air, a very popular one in military circles in his own country, and from it composed the present march under the title of the opera.

It is known that in 1862 the 43rd were marching past to “I’m ninety-five”, and that, on the voyage to New Zealand in 1863, the bandmaster dug out the present quick march from some old music which the senior officers on board said was the right one, and this has been used uninterruptedly ever since.

No doubt, when regimental marches were officially standardized in 1867, this one was sent in, and, as such, was officially recognized.

The words of the air "Ein Schutze bin ich" together with two translations were obtained from the library of the British Museum.

ROMANZE
EIN SCHUTZE BIN ICH

1. Ein Schutze bin ich in des Regenten Sold,
In Deutschlands Gauen steht mein Ahnen Scloss,
1st Nichts auch mein als Buchse, Schwert und Ross,
Sind doch die Madchen stets den Jagern hold.
So blick' auch du den Fremdling freundlich an,
Er fand vom Adlerhorst zu dir die Bahn.
Schmiegt sich die Taube Kosend an dich an,
So denk' auch manchmal an den Jagersmann.

2. Bald fuhrt mich fort ein feindliches Geschick,
Denn nimmer ruht des Lebens wilde Jagd,
Dann denk' ich wohl noch oft an dich zuruck,
Wenn auch dein Herz nicht nach dem Jager fragt,
Wandl' ich auch fern auf dornenvoller Bahn.
Schmiegt sich die Taube Kosend an dich an,
So denkst du auch an deinen Jagersmann.

A SOLDIER I

English version of "Ein Schutze bin ich" by J. J. Published in *Lieber Repertorium,* No. 88 in 1851.

A soldier I, my duty bids me rove;
A friendless wand'rer from my father's hall;
My horse, my sword, my rifle are my all.
Yet thou, sweet maid, can'st smile upon my love,
O maiden! Let the warrior welcome be,
And every peril he shall brave for thee!
When those fond arms thy gentle dove entwine,
Let fancy press thy soldier's lips to thine.

Tho' cruel fortune calls me far away,
Life's wild inhospitable storms to try,
By thee, perchance, forgotten, I shall sigh,
And all my thoughts to thy sweet presence stray.
Away, fond dreams! Thro' thorny paths to rove,
The soldier flies; Farewell, my only love!
When those fond arms thy gentle love entwine,
Let fancy press thy soldier's lips to thine.

Version by Speranza. Published in the *Musical Bouquet*, No. 4590 in 1874.

A Soldier I, and in the Regent's pay;
'Mid distant German hills my birthplace lies,
My musket, sword and steed my wealth comprise
And o'er my heart a maiden fair holds sway!
Oh, shun not him, who speaks to thee this day
Who from his home to thee has found his way!
Still when thy dove shall slumber on thy breast
With one sweet thought of love let me be blest.

I must away, by cruel fates decree;
Thro' life no rest my weary heart hath known!
Still as I roam, I'll dream of thee alone!
E'en when I'm banished from thy memory!
May no false dreams of joy my heart beguile,
Whilst I am far from thy sweet sunny smile!
Still when thy dove shall slumber on thy breast
With one sweet thought of love let me be blest.

5*2nd Regimental March*
The Lower Castle Yard.

Very little, besides its name, is known of the regimental march of the 52nd, It is an old Irish tune, with words dating probably from the 1798 rebellion: but, like many Irish tunes, it must have had many sets of words, loyal and rebel. The song was picked up by the 52nd when in Beggar's Bush Barracks Dublin about 1832.

An officer of the regiment, as a child, remembers his father, an old 52nd officer, singing some verses of the Lower Castle Yard, two verses ending:

'We'll hang the bloody rebels in the Lower Castle Yard'

and

'Teaching them geology in the Lower Castle Yard.'

The reference is, of course, to Dublin Castle, and the latter verse ending recalls the political prisoners being employed at stone-breaking.

The tune appears well known to many Irishmen whom the 52nd have met as recently as in Cork in 1920.

By one it was asserted that the name of the song is 'Paddies evermore', by another that the name is 'Michael Dwyer', another song of the '98 rebellion, the words of both the above being known to the tune of the regimental march.

Again another name has been suggested, 'A felon's Cap's the proudest crown an Irishman can wear', also obviously a rebel song with the same tune. It seems almost certain, however, that the march is correctly named 'The Lower Castle Yard', and this is corroborated by a set of words, but not the original, which Lieut. Colonel R. B. Crosse of the 52nd, after much searching in Dublin and Belfast, was able to discover in Dublin.

The version is supposed to have been written by the Cook Street printer, who was notorious for his lyrical productions, and the words are given below.

It is of interest to note that in the early 'Go's the 52nd marched past to 'The Lincolnshire Poacher', which to some quite wrongly came to be known as 'The Oxfordshire Poacher'.

This march was displaced by 'The Lower Castle Yard' probably in 1867 when regiments had to declare to the authorities, through Kneller Hall, the marches of their choice, the l0th Foot (Lincolnshire) naturally claiming 'The Lincolnshire Poacher'.

THE LOWER CASTLE YARD
(Parody)

You gallant-hearted Irishmen,
Come listen to my lay,
The melancholy muse I woo,
She comes in tears to-day,
Oh Wirra! Wirrasthrue, says she,
Sure Dublin's noblest bard
Is took before his tyrants
In the Lower Castle Yard.

In Cook street was our Printer born,
In Cook street was he bred,
The legends of Hibernia's land
His young ideas fed.
How Brian Boru and Granyah too,
Did Saxons disregard
And the flag of green once waved serene
In the Upper Castle Yard.

His first animadversions
Were on the paving stones
Why should you send your cash to Wales,
To Taffy or to Jones.
Why not lay down, throughout the town,
Your Irish granite hard,
And macadamise the dirty spies,
In the Lower Castle Yard.

Colonel Browne, he being a Welshman,
Swore by St. David's bones
He'd prosecute the Irishmen
Who dare oppose their stones.
He order'd Whiteside to indict
And carcerate the bard:
Let him try, says he, Geology,
In the Lower Castle Yard.

But good luck to Frank Thorpe Porter,
That expounder of the laws,
Likewise to Adye Curran,
Who was counsel in the cause.
They tanned the hide of long Whiteside,
And did him disregard,
And freed our printer from his fangs,
In the Lower Castle Yard.

43rd Slow March

The origin of the slow march "Old March of the 43rd Regiment" is obscure.
Capt. C. R. Day writing on military music in the 1892 CHRONICLE says:
"I am printing at the end of this paper a march which was played by the band of the 43rd in 1783.
The march was given to me by the grand-daughter of a former officer of the regiment, and with whom, while in the regiment, it had been so great a favourite that he had it noted down.
A comparison with other music of the period leaves no doubt as to its authenticity, which is also vouched for by the lady through whose kindness it has been procured.
'It is most interesting as being an old regimental relic, and though of course it is entirely different from our marches of to-day, it will show how the 43rd marched past in slow time more than 100 years ago, before the regiment became Light Infantry in 1803."

This is the only information I have been able to obtain and I think it is also of interest to note the existence of a band in 1783, although the first official sanction of bands was not given till 1803.

The following piano scores are reproduced:
(a) Quick march 1st Oxf. & Bucks Lt. Infty (43rd)
(b) Quick march 2nd Oxf. & Bucks Lt. Infty (52nd)
(c) Slow march 43rd as played in 1937
(d) Slow march 43rd as played in 1783

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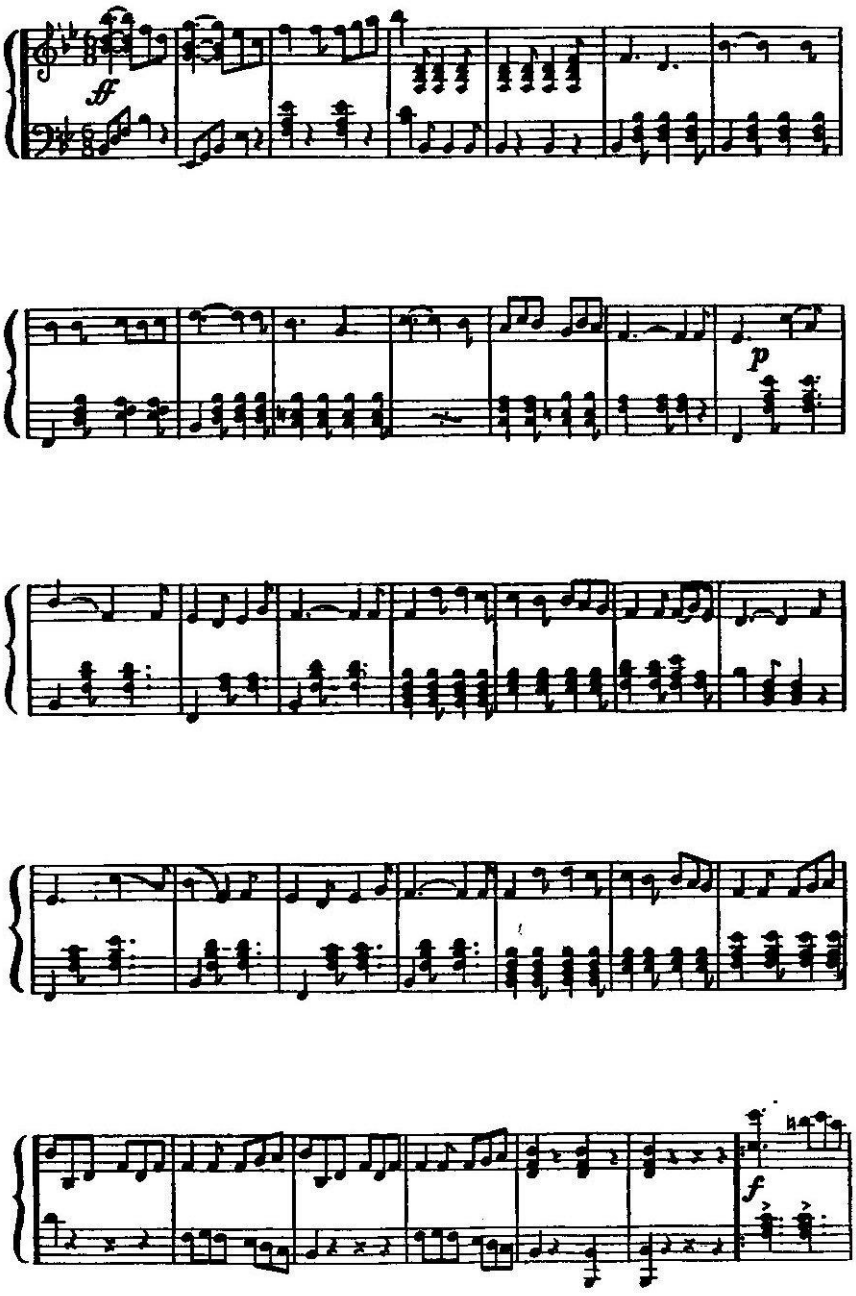
Quick March 1st Oxf. & Bucks Lt. Infty (43rd)



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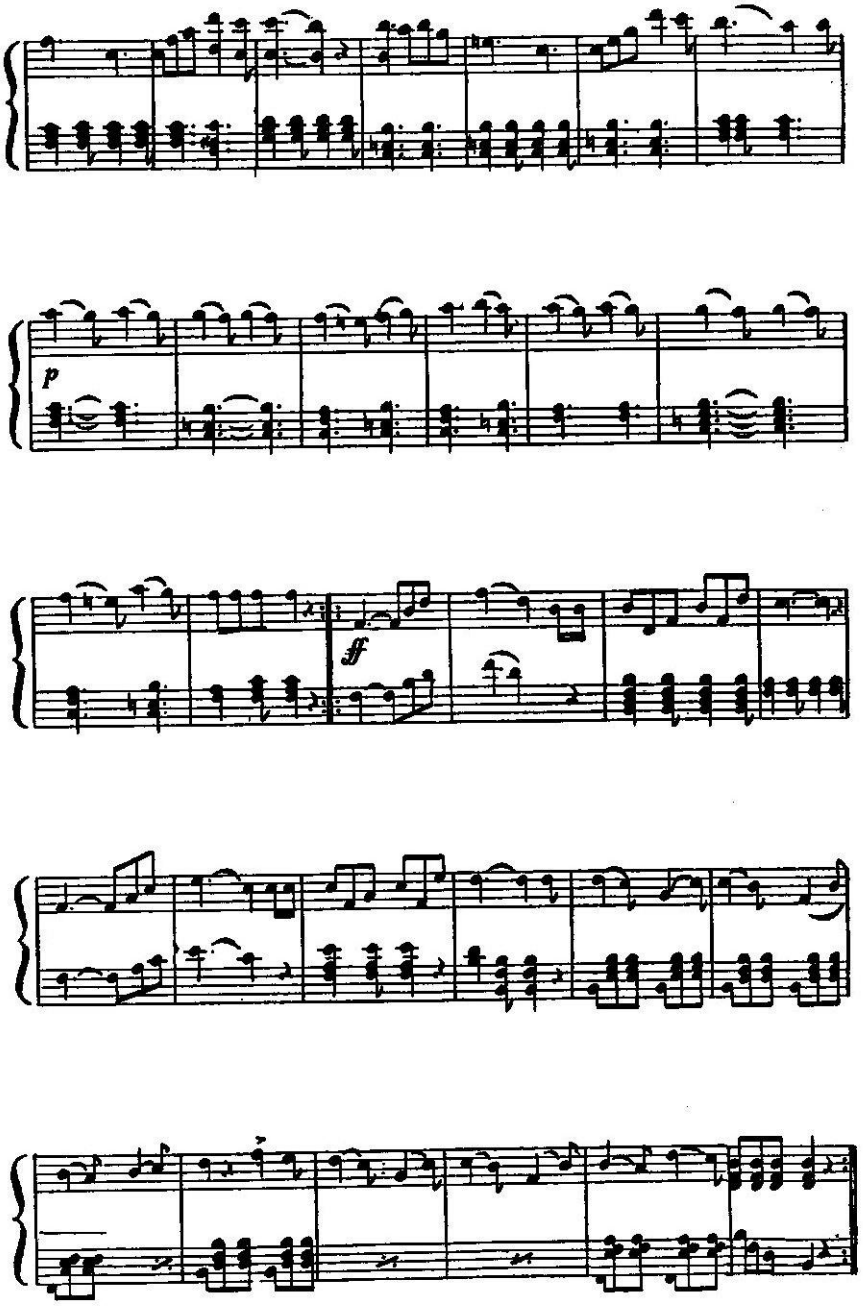

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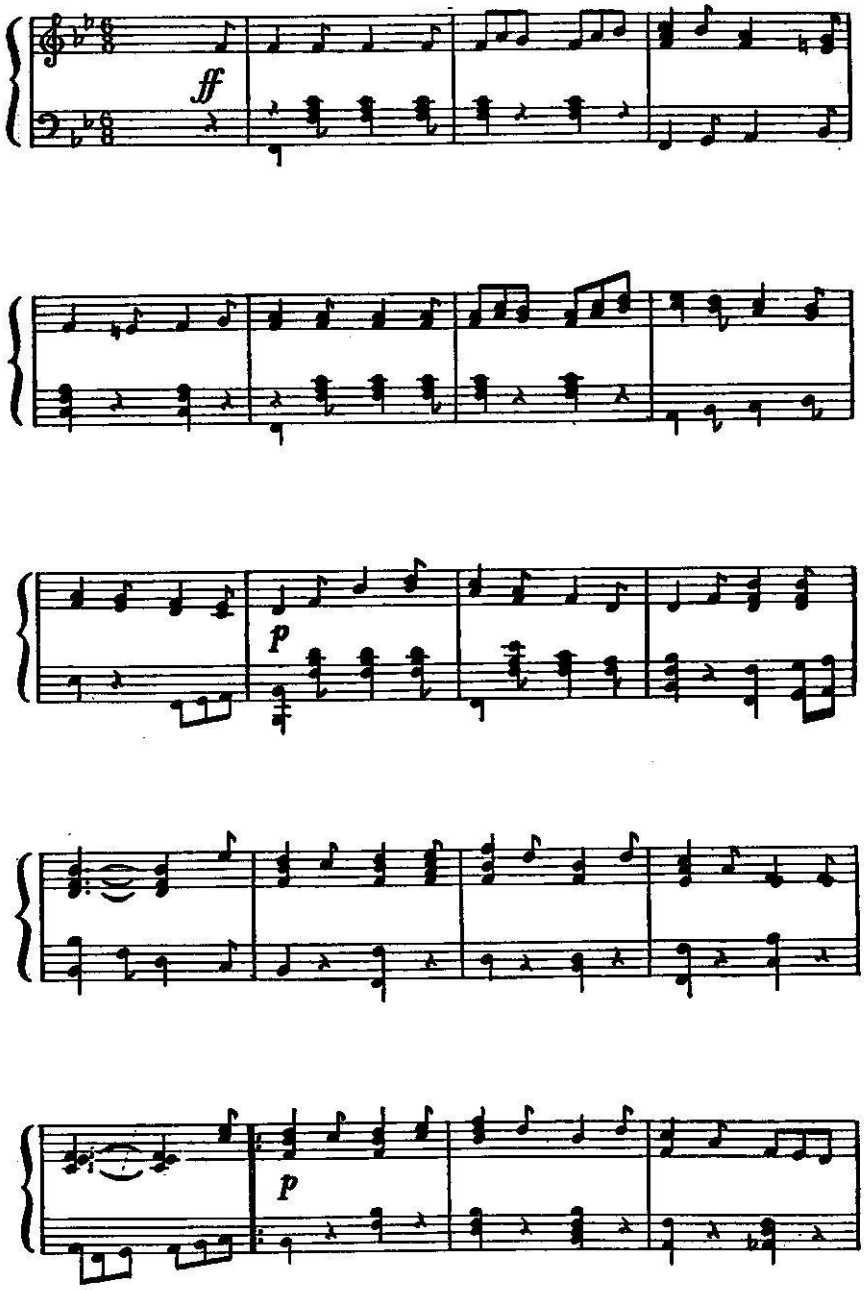
Quick March 2nd Oxf. & Bucks Lt. Infty (52nd)



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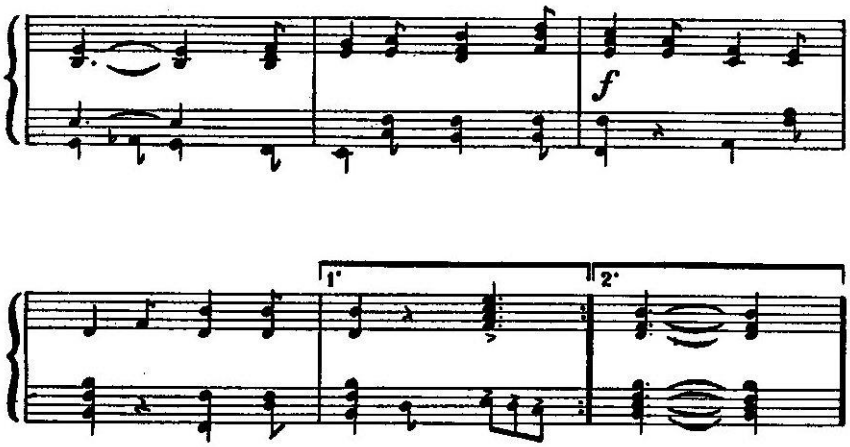
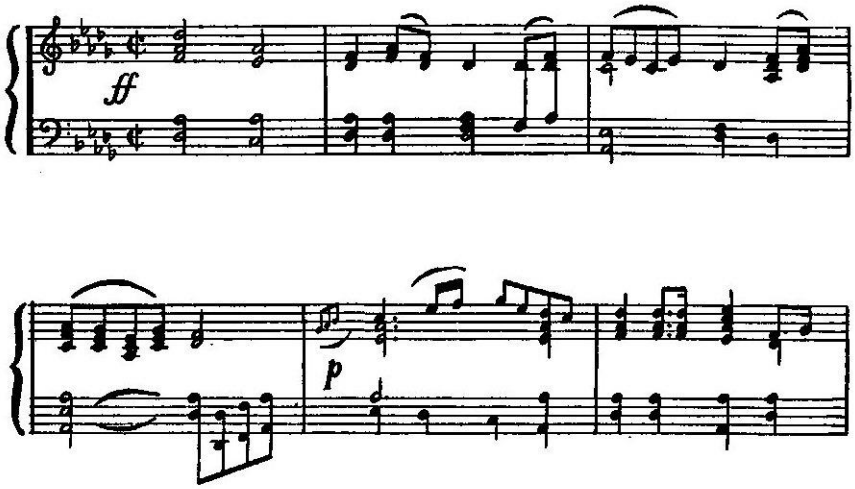


Regimental Slow March (43rd) as played in 1937



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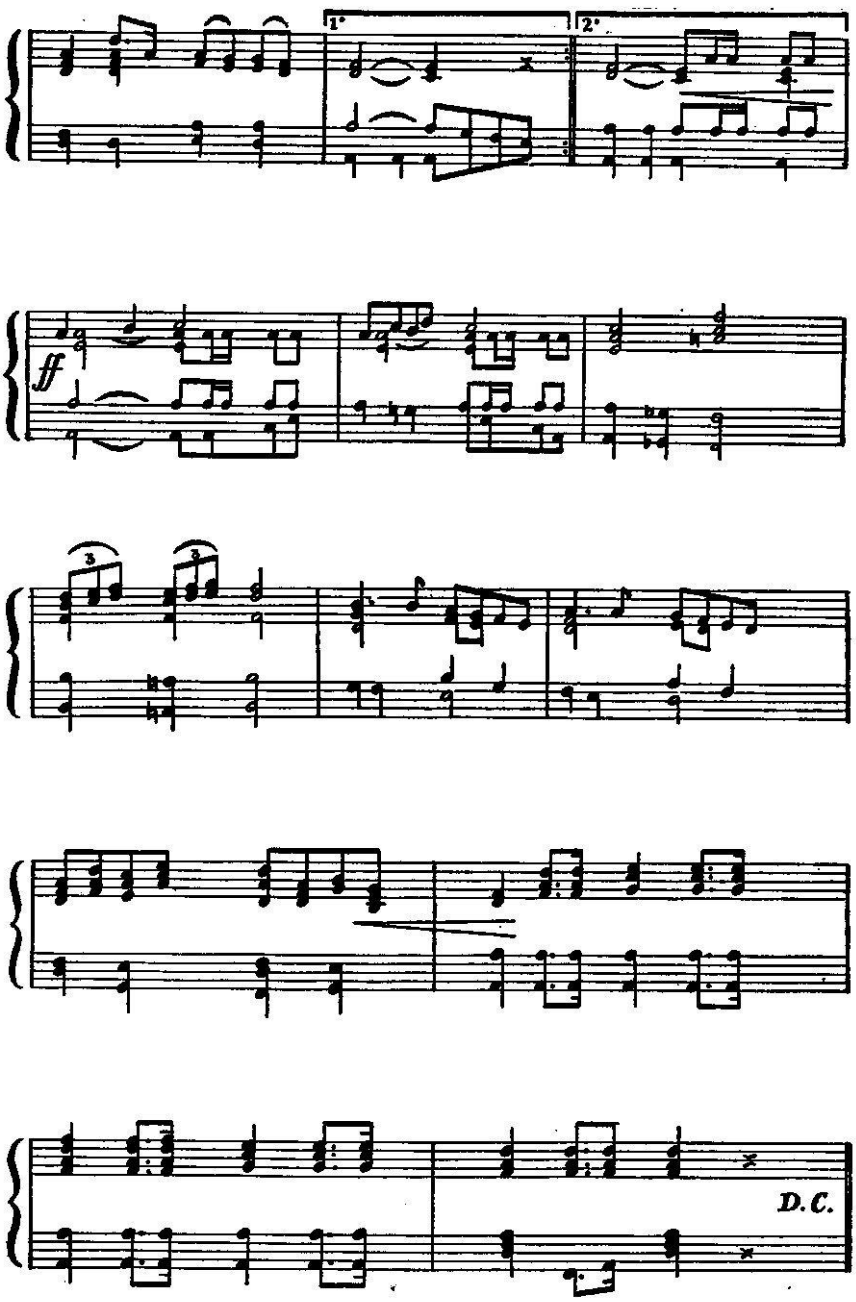

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Old March 43rd as played in 1783