



**IN MEMORIAM**  
**ERIK W. G. LEIDZÉN**  
**25 March 1894- 20 December 1962**

**A SERVANT NOT ASHAMED**  
**By David Appleby**

**1.**

“Even a child is known by his doing.”

Young Erik never saw his father. While traveling throughout the Division of which he, at twenty-eight, was Youth Secretary, Captain Erik Leidzén Sr., had died of pneumonia four months before his son was born. Captain Mrs. Leidzén, nee Elinor Kelly, chose to remain in service as an Officer of The Salvation Army, and after various further assignments in Sweden, she was appointed to the Training College in Copenhagen. Erik was five when the family, which included two older sisters, Carin and Margaret, moved to Denmark.

At an age when most youngsters are learning to hold a pencil, Erik was writing poems and displaying an amazing aptitude for the cornet. As the youngest and at times the best musician in various Bands in which he played, including the Danish Staff Band, it was not unusual for Erik to be offered the baton, which explains his conducting the massed Bands in Congress at Copenhagen when he was only nine.

A piano album donated to The Salvation Army (already in those days!) gave young Erik the impetus to learn to play the piano. He discovered and solved, unaided, the riddle of the bass clef, and after two days played for his mother “Home, sweet home” (both hands).

In his boyhood, as a throughout life, his eyes and ears were open to discovering the elements of beauty around him, and his mind alert to developing the skills involved in reproducing this beauty. The germs of “music” in his “inner ear” found expression, and he became ever more skilful in handling the self-discovered rules of order pertaining to harmony, motion, and rhythm. His musicianship became more and more evident at the piano and on the cornet. In addition, his poetry began taking form, and his sketches and paintings from school were sent on exhibition. And tenderness, of which he remained an open disciple throughout his life, developed and grew within him.

At sixteen Erik turned his back on the advantages and shelteredness of his existence to undertake the life of a seaman, which unregretted experience lasted six months.

Finally, at the insistence of relatives, he applied for admission to the Royal Conservatory of Music in Stockholm. Accepted and granted a stipend, he regularly earned awards for his achievement during his study there. His mother too was now in Sweden, having been placed in command of an Army Home just outside of Stockholm. So Erik was able to enjoy friendship of home life and beauty of the countryside while going to school and, later, between trips through Sweden and Finland with the Swedish Staff Band. But his eyes were now fixed upon America.

**2.**

“What doth the Lord require of these?”

Erik arrived in America in 1915. His early years here during and following the war were not pleasant. Music seldom affords an easy means of livelihood. And in a new land among strange people, Erik’s task of making his way and providing for his wife and daughter was further complicated by his wife’s fatal illness. His poetry from this period, some of which was already finding its expression in English, reveals not only the weight and desperation of his sorrow,

*Who among men can understand Thy law,*

*Thou Ruler great and stern...*  
(Song of Noah, 1921)

but simplicity and gratitude with which he was able to recognize and accept hope, kindness, and friendship when such appeared. Erik returned with his wife to Sweden in 1922, at her wish to live her last days and be buried in her native land. Salvationists will be interested in learning that the beseeching hymn, "With my sin and with my sorrow, Lord, I come to Thee!" dates from this crossing.

Upon the death of his wife, he returned to America and to his daughter, Lisa. In August 1923 he married one who had one Lisa's heart and his, Maria. She had proved as able to refresh and encourage as, in Erik's words, "A Raindrop," and together they shared "each other's friendship" through the times which followed.

These were the days of the famed New England Staff Band, formed at Colonel William McIntyre's request and conducted by Erik for three years. As was his custom, Erik accepted the tasks and assignments given him with a freshness and determination that belied the personal struggles he was facing. Despite the magnitude of these struggles, he refused to submit to hopelessness. Indicative of his perspectives is this affirmation of confidence in his acknowledged Maker and Master contained in the concluding lines of a poem he wrote at that time:

*The clouds of my life, whether smaller or vaster  
Must, pierced by Thy sunshine, be light and then break.*

His troubled and tormented life in his new land had not embittered his outlook. Rather it had served to fashion his childhood concepts into precepts and principles capable of satisfying his adult quest for the meaning of life with its knowns and unknowns. In an extensive and penetrating allegory, "A Dream" (1928), we witness his renunciation of the pursuit of self-ful ambition and his unqualified confidence in a simple, age-old, and succinct definition of man's calling:

*He hath showed thee, O man, what is good forever.  
And what doth the Lord require of thee  
But to do what is just, not merely clever,  
Love mercy well and despite it never,  
And humbly walk with thy God.  
These three Commandments, if only thou wouldst endeavor  
To keep them, are all that is needful to see.*

Back in New York, Erik assumed direction of the Metropolitan Ensemble and, in co-operation with Colonel Alexander Ebbs, formed the Temple Chorus to inaugurate the weekly "Friday Evening at the Temple" services (which have continued functioning to the present day). Among the many Army classics which Erik wrote during these New England/ New York years were "The Call," "The Saviour's Name," "On the way home," and "At the Cross where I first saw the light."

In one of his "Sonnets of a Musician" (1928) he had written (perhaps with music boards in mind):

*What matter if my songs are never sung?  
Take heart, my soul, take heart and tune Thy lyre,  
Not as expecting ever to be heard,  
But keep on singing for the sake of singing.*

Nevertheless, his music was written with a greater sense of urgency than merely that of adding to the sound already loose upon Earth. In another of his "Sonnets of a Musician" he wrote:

These streams of music in my inner ear  
I must not dam them up within me. Vain endeavor!  
For if I did, I know they would be sinking from me, the violator of my trust,  
And leave their empty channels dry forever.

And in another poem of the same year he added:

From every ownership and right I'm driven,  
My sacred stewardship remains alone.

His works in those years demonstrated the uncompromising qualities to which he was by them firmly dedicated, but not everyone accepted those standards or approved his methods. He formulated clear and poignant statements concerning the function of music in the worship of the Almighty, but too few listened. He demonstrated the beauty and simplicity of praising God, but too few got the point. He was patient and understanding with his colleagues, both those whom he directed and this from whom he graciously accepted direction, but he refused to condone slovenliness of attitude in giving service to the Eternal. Erik was eventually relieved of his Salvation Army duties, but a guest who was present on that occasion offered a helping hand, warmly and eagerly. Thus began, in 1933, a life-long friendship with Dr. Edwin Franko Goldman.

3.

"My times are in Thy hands."

During the following year, Erik, with Maria and Lisa, journeyed to Europe. A translation he made while in England of a poem he had originally written in Swedish may serve to indicate the simplicity and implicitness, regardless of the circumstances in which he found himself, of Erik's determination:

*My path is dark, I cannot see,  
And hidden dangers threaten me,  
But God Almighty is my guide.  
Day by day we journey side by side.*

Upon his return to America, he undertook his first assignment with Dr. Goldman, transcribing works of Bach for band. More assignments followed. In addition he undertook freelance work for a growing number of publishers, and private pupils, studying piano, harmony, and composition, continued to seek him out. Work also continued on his "Irish Symphony," which now began to near completion after what eventually proved to be twenty years of work. (Erik strove to develop and refine all ideas he engendered, since he believed that the first idea was never the best and less than his best did not satisfy him). Later, with the beginning of his association with Ernest Williams and the William School of Music, Erik was involved on more extensive writing among other works, an opera and arranging, as well as teaching. But he always managed to share a good portion of his time with Maria. Their long walks together remained daily high-points for both. A tribute to Maria's quite contribution may be found on many of Erik's sonnets, including this one written for their Crystal Wedding Anniversary in 1938:

*In secret places, hidden well from view,  
As time goes on a substance crystallizes.*

War returned. And to it Erik committed his energy and artistic values, by conducting choral groups in war plants, by helping to reorganize military bands and provide better and more serviceable music for them, by working one summer with young people at Interlocken. Erik felt an obligation to use his time fruitfully, and though many activities found their way into his full schedule, he felt no pressures about either time or his schedule, no frantic illusions about time's shortness. On their twentieth anniversary, as he himself approached his fiftieth year, and with their daughter grown, educated, and married, he wrote to Maria:

*Though now behind us lie the mountain ranges,  
Not stagnant, but in purifying motion  
We glide towards the level of the sea.  
Oh, may we still be one, whatever changes,  
When rainbow-spanned at last we reach the ocean  
And meet the tidal wave Eternity.*

At the end of the war Erik found himself suddenly famous in band circles across the country. Musicians returning from the service, many of them to teaching positions in public schools and colleges, began demanding music from the composers and arrangers whose music had proved itself to them during their military band careers and Erik's name seemed to lead all the rest. His workmanship, to him his sacred stewardship, had become recognized.

For several summers at the end of the war, Erik accepted invitations from Dr. William Revelli to serve on the faculty of the summer sessions of the University of Michigan. From one of his Michigan summers this tribute to Maria, part of an anniversary sonnet, was sent:

*And chief among the verities you stress  
These three have most impressed my mind and soul  
And added much to my felicity:  
That solitude does not mean loneliness,  
That sweet fulfillment dwells in self-control,  
And regal riches in simplicity.*

At Michigan Erik found his environment and many friendships both stimulating and enjoyable, and his colleagues, on the other hand, were often gratified to find that they had a thinker as well as a musician on their hands. Once, when asked whom he considered the greatest of mankind's philosophers, Erik answered, "Jesus of Nazareth, who followed the philosophy of the straight line!"

Amid all the attention and the increase number of requests for his work that came following the war was a request from Captain Richard E. Holz of the Salvation Army to edit several prize-winning compositions from a recently sponsored contest. Impressed with the Captain's evident sincerity and premises for working, premises for which Erik had stood all his life, he agreed. The result was the "Band Music for Evangelism" journal, which is now expanded from the original twelve to some fifty numbers, with many of the subsequent inclusions his own.

Erik's service on behalf of Salvation Army music during the next decade and a half, in addition to the aforementioned journal, found expression in a variety of ways. He edited and composed numbers for the journal of "First Marches and Selections for Brass Bands," the "Brass Ensemble (Quartet) Journal," and the "American Soloists Album." He also made choral arrangements for various combinations of male voices, mixed chorus, and young people's choral groups. In addition he compiled and edited (in

collaboration with Maria) the new hymnal for Men's Social Service Centers. Salvationists recall with affection the enthusiastic participation of Mr. Leidzén in various music congresses, in the band and choral conducting courses he organized and taught in over a dozen cities, in the classes he taught at the School for Officers' Training, in the various music camps in all four territories from New England to California and Hawaii (including twelve summers at Star Lake).

But his work with The Salvation Army constituted only "spare time" activity. He maintained his association with Dr. Goldman, whom he honored as "a friendly gentleman, a gentle friend," and continued teaching, both privately and in classes at New York University, Potsdam and other schools. He served as evaluator and consultant for the armed forces music program, and guest-conducted the premiere of his "Irish Symphony" with the Air Force Orchestra in 1951. He made numerous guest appearances, conducting district and state festivals of high school and college musicians, and served as sage, lecturer, and adjudicator at countless clinics, demonstrations, and contests throughout the country. In addition Erik's services as composer and arranger remained in constant demand from several publishing houses.

In 1955 Erik and Maria took a "sabbatical" for themselves in the form of a trip to Europe. There were places to visit and scenes to revisit, friends to meet and honored friendships to renew. And this they took time to do.

Erik thought of himself as a minstrel, and what a minstrel he was! He had a song, and he was determined to share it. One of his great joys in life was the communication possible between kindred minds, the empathy and sympathetic vibrancy between one heart and another. And so Erik sang. Perhaps this directness and uncomplicatedness of motive is the reason his songs are such a joy, both to the performer who re-sounds them and to the hearer who receives them, be that hearer but a "little old lady in the third row."

Erik's outlook was positive. With both his eye and his ear he searched for and dwelled upon the beautiful, the good, the pure. Songs, therefore, passed between his lips, but sneers never did. He was one who refused to submit to the commonplace. Early in his career he summed up this aspect of his credo in these words:

*Look for the higher things, look for the purest!  
Grove not like moles in the dust of the earth.*

Perhaps Erik's affirmation of life was most dramatically expressed in his gentleness, for he believed that:

*Fondness can fill the heart,  
Fond hearts can tremble with love;  
Love Heaven's counterpart  
Make earth like heaven above.*

For just such a gentle servant of the Most High must the text of the "Elegischer Gesang," which Beethoven set for chorus and string ensemble, have been intended:

*Sanft wie du lebest  
Hastdu vollendet,  
Zu heilig für den Schmerz!  
Kein auge wein'  
Ob des himmlischen Geistes Heimkehr.*

## Two Tributes

### 1.

I cannot accept that Erik is dead, I know he is not, and I hope he will approve of anything I write about him and his music!

He will know that I admire his work tremendously and have done so ever since I read the proofs of his music when first it began to appear regularly in British Salvation Army publications many years ago.

The great march "Fling Wide the Gates" thrilled me, as did "The Saviour's Name" and "The Cross." I conducted these con amore many times in the years before 1940, and in more recent times I have found same delight on directing performances of "Where Flowers Never Fade," the "Concertine for Band and Trombone," and other works. His poetry and songs also have brought me much pleasure, although few enough soloists or choirs sing them. One day perhaps some of these will be "discovered" as having more real value than much of the light-weight songs popular, even in religious circles, today. There was a choir-piece, "Immortality," which struck deep chords for me.

Erik and I corresponded irregularly and met all too rarely, but the scene of friendship was natural and free. We understood each other, I think, although I felt his knowledge of so many things towered above mine. Now he is nearer than ever to the Eternal Wisdom.

There are many memories. One of a lighter nature comes to mind. In our home in London our ladies, Maria and Olive, sat quietly amused as Erik and I talked at great length about a modern composition, both of us spurred on by our own oratory as we decided that this sort of writing was negative and purposeless. Then dear Maria broke in with a few quiet words. What these were I cannot remember, but Erik's response was immediate: "There you are! We talk and talk, then Maria says a word or two and puts the whole question into perspective, and we suddenly see we are talking about nothing!" The fact was, we had neither of us heard the composition in question, but had been enjoying our own spate of words! And how brilliantly his conversation always flowed: grave, gay, humorous, penetrating!

What we must not do, in writing or speaking of him, is to sentimentalise, seeking for the pious phrase about the "dear departed." He was a thorough professional, doing his work well, as many professionals do, he would expect no particular praise for that. That which I most cherish is the remembrance of a rich personality, through whom, in times of closest communion, shone the Light of Christ.

We shall meet again.

Eric Ball

### 2.

The death of Erik Leidzén last December deprived all who knew him not only of a valued colleague but of an inspiring example of personal conduct and devotion to an ideal of the good life. Erik's accomplishments as a musician, and especially in his chosen field of the band, need no recounting. His fine compositions and splendid arrangements will keep his memory alive for years and years to come. But perhaps even more important, in these difficult times, is the memory of Erik as a person who radiated health, confidence, and serenity. One knew immediately, on first meeting him, that this

was a man of great inner strength, of deep conviction, at peace with himself and with the world. And this sense of goodness communicated itself to all with whom he came in contact, his pupils, his colleagues, his friends. And it is this that will live along with his music.

Richard Franko Goldman

**LIGHT OF MY LIFE**  
**By Grace C.J. Ross**

"My husband is acclaimed by many people throughout the world as a great musician, but I claim no credit whatsoever for his achievements. His so called "success" is entirely his own. He is Erik Leidzén, which should be answer enough for any who may think that I had a part in it." (The Musician, April 1, 1961)

This is typical of Maria Leidzén's modesty and humility. It would be impossible to change her mind about the impact she has had on Mr. Leidzén's life, although from the evidence of his poetry it is obvious that she was the inspiration and object of scores of his finest verses. In 1928 Erik wrote:

*Thou art the source, the "onlie true begetter"  
Of these attempts of mine, weak though they be;  
And that they may be somewhat worthy thee,  
I weigh and scan each syllable and letter.  
Thy quick approving glance repays me better,  
Than if great multitudes did fawn on me.  
Thy smile and simple "thank you" leave me free  
Where worldly praise might prove a golden fetter.  
Let others then condemn or laud at will;  
Their firefly-flashes show no proper goal,  
Indifferent to me is their opinion.  
Be it thy task to check or cheer me still;  
Be thou my guiding-star and o'er my soul  
Unchallenged hold forever your dominion.*

Maria came into Erik Leidzén's life at a crucial time. The tenderness and understanding she brought to him made the struggling young man's way easier at a time when life showed its dismal side. In his poem "Rain-drop" he expressed this thought:

*Rain-drop, Rain-drop, you fell on my heart  
Cool and refreshing with innocent art.  
You are a tear that fell from the eye  
Of God the most holy, of God the most high,  
His power of healing you are revealing.  
Now I can live, or at least I can try.*

In the thirty-nine years of their married life Maria Leidzén has studiously fulfilled her role as a helpmate, but her avoidance of the limelight has possibly obscured her own accomplishments and the effect she has had on Erik's life. She came to the United States from Dalarna, Sweden, as a young girl. Within a day of her arrival she enrolled in an English course at a school in New York City and soon developed a remarkable command of English. She worked and lived with a family in Springfield, Massachusetts, where she met Erik. After their marriage, the Leidzéns read together regularly and

avidly. Such were their reading habits that their daughter, Lisa, was never assigned an English literary work in all her years in school which she had not already read at home with Mamma och Pappa.

But Maria did not content herself with a thorough acquaintance with Scandinavian and English literature. With Erik's help she learned German and Italian. Up at the crack of dawn, she was drilled thoroughly each day in the formal aspects of the language she was working on at the time. In keeping with the Leidzéns whole approach to literature, they have not spent their time reading "books about books," but have approached the authors directly and without preconceived notions, accepting what a writer has to say "in search of nourishment for the soul." Maria's favorite German authors are Theodor Storm and Friedrich von Schiller. The Leidzéns have read the whole of Dante's "Divina Commedia" in the original fourteenth-century Italian.

An appreciation of nature was furthered by the many walks they took together, and what a pace to keep up with! Some of us would be more inclined to call it hiking. At Star Lake, Maria conducted early morning classes in calisthenics, she is obviously an authority on how to keep trim.

Order and precision are apparent in all she does. She proudly speaks of herself as a "housewife" and has kept her home a warm and comfortable haven. Even here her creativity is evident, both in her vegetarian cooking and in the many dainty and fine pieces of needlework. On one occasion she presented Erik with a pair of socks she had knitted, along with this verse:

*Ah knits and knits and knits,  
And you supply the wits,  
We laugh a silly jokes  
And seem to many folks  
A pair of old Nit-wits.  
However that may be,  
These are from me to thee,  
May you in health them wear  
(Do with my rhyming bear!)  
At Christmas fifty-two  
With love from me to you.*

It is difficult to think of Maria without Erik, but then, it is difficult to think of either of them without the other. The "marriage of true minds" has been an inspiration and a model of wholesome living to all who have known them. Few will ever know the extent to which Maria has affected the Erik Leidzén that we know and love. Our debt to Erik Leidzén is great and, in some ways, easily perceived, but our debt to Maria Leidzén is incalculable, both for what she meant to Erik and for what she continues to mean to those of us who know and love her. Perhaps we should allow Erik to speak for us in the sonnet which he wrote for her on their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary in 1949:

*Had but my pen the point-blank power and skill  
To write your true biography, my dear,  
Your winsome way would wondrously appear.  
Noblesse and charm and cheerfulness, until  
The reading of the book would be a thrill.  
Your merry laugh, your sympathetic ear,  
Your sayings, wise and witty, kind and clear,  
I would record and thus the chapters fill.  
Most likely all except a chosen few*

*Would but accept as idealistic fiction  
The factual truths the volume should unfold;  
But still, my heroine, because of you  
All readers would pronounce it with conviction  
The most enchanting story ever told.*

## **A MUSICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ERIK LEIDZÉN**

### **1. SALVATION ARMY MUSIC.**

#### **A. Festival Series Band Journal (London)**

Jul 1925	24.	Pressing Onward	Festival March
Jul 1927	40.	A Happy Day	Cornet Solo
Jul 1928	47.	Home, Sweet Home	Meditation
Jul 1930	64.	Fling Wide the Gates	Festival March
Jul 1932	80-1.	The Cleansing Stream	Eb and Bb Cornet Duet
	80-2.	Only Jesus	Horn Duet
Jan 1933	84.	Tucker	Cornet Solo
Jan 1934	92.	A Never-Failing Friend	Trombone Solo
Jan 1935	98.	The Saviour's Name	Selection
Jan 1936	106.	On the Way Home	Selection
Jan 1938	121.	The Cross	Selection
Jan 1939	136.	The Song of the Brother	Euphonium Solo
Jan 1947	148.	Happy All the Day	Cornet Solo
Jan 1950	166.	Richmond	Meditation
Jul 1950	169.	Where Flowers Never Fade	Meditation
Jan 1952	181.	Following the Flag	Festival March
Jan 1955	208.	Brighter Days	Eb and Bb Cornet Duet
Jul 1955	211.	Concertino for Band and Trombone	Trombone Solo
Jan 1956	216.	Wondrous Day	Cornet Solo
Jul 1958	236.	O Disclose Thy Lovely Face	Meditation
Jul 1959	242.	The Children's Friend	Selection
Jul 1960	251.	The Old Rustic Bridge	Horn Solo
Jul 1961	257.	Steadily Onward	Festival March
Jan 1962	262.	None Other Name	Selection
Jul 1962	266.	Songs in the Heart	Cornet Solo

#### **B. General Series Band Journal (London)**

May 1915	733.	Stockholm 1	March
Nov 1915	746.	The Living Fountain	March
Dec 1925	939.	On to the War	March
Sep 1928	983.	Welcome	March
Sep 1937	1129.	Excelsior	March
Dec 1942	1213.	In the King's Service	March
		(Scored by Eric Ball from the Swedish Festmusik)	
Jun 1943	1222.	To the Rescue!	
		(Scored by Eric Ball from male-voice setting)	
Mar 1951	1342.	The Voice of Jesus (Evan)	Meditation
Jun 1951	1346.	Praise the Lord!	Festival Arrangement
Mar 1952	1357.	The Call	Selection

Dec 1952	1370.	Belmont	Hymn Tune
Sep 1954	1400-1.	Sweet Hour of Prayer	Hymn Tune
	1400-2.	Secret Prayer	Song Setting
Aug 1960	1488.	A Robe of White	Selection
Apr 1962	1510.	The Invincible Army	March
Dec 1962	1515.	The Good Shepherd	Selection

### C. Triumph Series Band Journal (London)

Apr 1926	73.	Silchester	March
Oct 1928	113.	At the Fountain	March
Oct 1953	507.	Christmas Joy	March

### D. Band Music for Evangelism (New York)

1948		Contest Edition Nos. 1-12 ed. Leidzén	
Jul 1950	13.	Golden Jubilee	March (Kippax-Leidzén)
	14.	On the King's Highway	March
	15.	Lover of the Lord	Cornet Solo (Parkins-Leidzén)
Oct 1950	16.	Take Up Thy Cross	Meditation
	17.	Christmas Joy	March
Jan 1954	19.	The Herald Angels	Paraphrase
	25.	The Pioneers	March
	27.	Two Gospel Songs (Precious Name, Martin)	
Dec 1955	30.	Silent Night	Paraphrase
Oct 1957	36.	At the Master's Feet	Selection
Jun 1958	40.	Determination	March (Saunders-Leidzén)
Jan 1959	41.	The Star-Spangled Banner	March arr. Erik Leidzén
	44.	Manhattan	March
May 1959	47.	Hallelujah!	Cornet Solo (Parkins-Leidzén)
	48.	The Gospel Singer	Selection
Aug 1960	51.	Brave and True	Cornet Duet (Sipleigh-Leidzén)
	52.	This is My Story	Selection
Jun 1961	53.	Joyful Duty	March
	54.	The Cleft of the Rock	Selection
	55.	What a Friend	Hymn Tune
	56-1.	Beautiful Christ	Cornet or Trombone Solo
Apr 1963	56-2.	Speak, My Lord	Cornet or Trombone Solo
	59.	The Gift of God's Love	Selection

### E. Miscellaneous

#### 1. First Marches and Selections (New York, 1953)

10.	America the Beautiful	Paraphrase
13.	Song of Cheer	Selection
14.	Melodious Strains	Selection
	(piano conductor for this publication arr. Erik Leidzén)	

#### 2. Brass Ensemble Journal (New York, 1960)

1.	The Happy Warrior	March
5.	Cheerful Strains	March
9.	Confidence	Selection

- 13. Lamb of God Selection
- 16. Crusader's Hymn Paraphrase

**3. Carolers' Favorites (New York, vocal and instrumental parts)**

(Most numbers included arrangements by Erik Leidzén)

**4. American Supplement to the Band Tune Book** arrangements by Erik Leidzén.

**5. American Soloists Album No. 1**

(Piano arrangements by Erik Leidzén, Album No. 2 in preparation)

**6. American Male Chorus Album No. 1** arrangements by Erik Leidzén

**7. Songs for Men (Men's Social Service Center hymnal)** arrangements by Erik Leidzén

**2. OTHER MUSIC.**

**A. Concert Band:**

**1. Chorale Preludes**

Doxology  
Lead Kindly Light  
A Mighty Fortress  
Rock of Ages

**2. Marches**

E.F.G.  
The Happy Farmer Joins the Navy (novelty march by "Geo. Stebbings")  
Nordic March  
West Point Forever

**3. Overtures**

American Naval Overture  
Autumn  
Debonnaire  
Duty and Pleasure  
Holiday  
Once Upon a Time  
Romantic Overture  
Springtime

**4. Rhapsodies**

Danish Rhapsody  
Dixie Rhapsody  
First Swedish Rhapsody  
Post Bellum Rhapsody  
Scottish Rhapsody  
Second Swedish Rhapsody

**5. Miscellaneous**

Barcarolle

Folk Songs for Band (suite)  
 Fugue and Chorale  
 Heart and Soul (song arr.)  
 Holy, Holy, Holy  
 Hymn of Thanksgiving (paraphrase)  
 Land of the Free (marching song)  
 Penthouse Serenade  
 Two Piece for Band

**B. Brass Band**

Brass Band on Parade (march)  
 Sinfionetta

**C. Chorus and Piano**

Barcarolle (SATB or SAB)  
 Doxology (SATB)  
 Holy, Holy, Holy (SATB)  
 Hymn of Thanksgiving (SATB)  
 Land of the Free (SATB or TTBB)  
 Lead, Kindly Light (SATB)  
 A Mighty Fortress (SATB)  
 Rock of Age (SATB)  
 The Lord is My Guide (Chopin-Leidzén) (SATB)  
 Spring Journey (SSA) (String parts available)

**D. Solos, etc. with Band/Piano accompaniment**

Jolene	Cornet Solo
Echoes from Old Vienna	Cornet Trio
Trifolium	Cornet Trio
The Four Heralds	Cornet Quartet
The Trumpeters	Cornet Quartet
Liebeslied	Horn Solo
Alpine Fantasy	Horn Trio
Four Leave Clover	Trombone (or Sax) Quartet
The Foursome	Brass (or Sax) Quartet

This bibliography makes no claim to being complete. You will note, for example, that we have included none of Mr. Leidzén's works for Salvation Army choral groups, a listing of such works not being available. We would appreciate your informing us of omissions, which will be noted in future issues.

Due to lack of information and, indeed, lack of space, we have included none of his numerous arrangements or his unpublished works. We must, however, note the existence in manuscript of his most ambitious work, the "Irish Symphony." Also "An invitation to Band Arranging" (Bryn Mawr, 1950).

**THE POETRY OF ERIK LEIDZÉN**

We all know Erik Leidzén the musician, but few of us know Erik Leidzén the poet. His poetry, like his music, covers the whole span of his life, poignantly revealing the course that life took from the time

when it "first aimlessly meandered 'mong the hills" until it flowed to "reach the ocean, and meet the tidal wave Eternity." It would be impossible here to publish a sampling of Mr. Leidzén's verse that would indicate the scope of his poetic activity, a truly representative selection would have to include religious lyrics, love sonnets, limericks, rollicking songs, and at least ten stanzas from a long allegorical poem entitled "A Dream" as well as poems in Swedish, Danish, German, Italian and Latin.

Here we have limited ourselves to ten poems which cannot fail to delight readers of "The Enthusiast" as much as Mr. Leidzén's music does. We hope that in the near future it will be possible to publish to a wider audience an anthology of his poetry.

Donald A. Ross

#### LOOK FOR THE HIGHER THINGS

*Look for the higher things, look for the purest!  
Grove not like moles in the dust of the earth.  
Know, that the heavenly lights are the surest;  
Trust them, and you will acknowledge their worth.  
Let not the Will-o-the-Wisp of desire  
Lure you away from the noblest and best.  
Look for the higher things! Pillars of fire  
Guide us to desert-oases of rest.*

*Look for the higher thing, look for the lasting;  
Rivet your gaze on your ultimate goal.  
Though not to be reached "but by prayer and fasting,"  
Never lose sight of the home of your soul.  
Though it seems distant and though you be weary,  
Weakened by sorrow and hunger and cold,  
Look for the higher things! Days that are dreary  
May end in sunsets of crimson and gold.*

*Look for the higher things, look for the fairest,  
Beautiful flowers still spring from the sod.  
Even in places where beauty is rarest  
Pure hearts can yet trace the finger of God.  
Deep in each soul, if you carefully scan it,  
Of the divine you may yet find a spark;  
Look for the higher things! Patiently fan it  
Till it illumines a life that is dark.*

*Look for the higher things, look for the highest;  
Scar like the eagle on powerful wings;  
Grow like the palm in the soil that is driest  
Straight toward heaven and heavenly things.  
And when a grave at your feet shall be yawning,  
Let not its gloom fill your soul with despair.  
Look for the higher things, look for the dawning,  
Look fir the day that is endless and fair.*

(1 July 1926)

© 1963 by Mrs. Erik Leidzén. All rights reserved.

TO MARIA: TAMQUAM LIGNUM

*The month of August once again is here,  
And nature's glorious best is on display,  
As promises of April and of May  
Are being kept and their fulfillment near.  
Beneath the bark of trees a new veneer,  
A ring of magic growth, has come to stay  
As part of trunk and limb, of branch and spray,  
The rich endowment of the passing year.  
And "like a tree" (as in King David's Psalm)  
Our love in secret has increased in strength  
And stands more firmly rooted now than ever.  
The sapling-time is sweet; but there's a calm  
And fullgrown unity which only length  
Of days can give and only death can sever .*

(7 August 1941)

© 1963 by Mrs. Erik Leidzén. All rights reserved.

SONNETS OF A MUSICIAN

*To thee, Cecilia, patroness and saint of music,  
I make bold t'inscribe this book.  
Design with a favorable eye to look  
Upon my work, albeit crude and faint.  
I have endeavored with my pen to paint  
The pictures of my mind, which thrilled and shook  
My soul; the fleeting forms my fancy took,  
However vague, fantastical or quaint.  
Be it confessed: I boast of nothing new.  
These thoughts of mine are mostly variations  
On life's unfathomed, everlasting theme;  
But they have sprung from sources that are true:  
My firm convictions, noblest aspirations,  
And from my longing for a life supreme.*

(21 June 1930)

© 1963 by Mrs. Erik Leidzén. All rights reserved.

*When I survey these many, many pages  
The songs I wrote of yore, unheeded long  
By all the world, and ne'er to be among  
The "things of worth" in this nor future ages;  
They seem to me like little birds in cages,  
Who by neglect do suffer cruel wrong  
And die in silence, while the busy throng  
In fret and toil and hate around them rages.*

*They might have been of comfort to the lonely;  
By constant repetition of their theme  
Have brought some joy to lives that had been darkened.  
They might have blessed one soul, if but one only  
(At least such was my fond and eager dream)  
And cheered one heart, if any one had hearkened.*

*(22 April 1928)*

© 1963 by Mrs. Erik Leidzén. All rights reserved.

*What matter if my songs are never sung,  
When sacred master-pieces are rejected?  
It is no crime, that mine should be neglected  
When from the world the best scant praise have wrung.  
Mine on the sacrificial pyre I flung,  
By no base, envious jealousies dejected,  
If but a Master's notes could be expected  
By such an act to live on every tongue.  
Then let me not to fickle fame aspire.  
By nobler promptings must my muse be stirred,  
If to the true ideal I shall be clinging.  
Take heart, my soul, take heart and tune thy lyre,  
Not as expecting ever to be heard,  
But keep on singing for the sake of singing.*

*(23 April 1926)*

1963 by Mrs. Erik Leidzén. All rights reserved.

*These streams of music in my inner ear  
On which with loving labor I'm bestowing  
Some from, from hidden sources must be flowing.  
To call them mine I have no right, I fear.  
Whence come they, from what far mysterious sphere  
Into my inmost soul, and whither going?  
They seem eternal! Maybe, there's no knowing,  
They are the essence of a smile and tear.  
But be it as it may, they touch my thinking,  
My mind is mirrored by them, but I must  
Not dam them up within me. Vain endeavor!  
For if I did, I know they would be sinking  
From me, the violator of my trust,  
And leave their empty channels dry forever.*

*(24 April 1928)*

1963 by Mrs. Erik Leidzén. All rights reserved.

The most miraculous music is the kind  
"where more is meant than meet the ear,"  
Apart from Milton's obvious meaning.  
Do but start to meditate the mystery behind the marvel of music,  
and you find the mental magnitude, the manly heart

made manifest in the melodious art,  
the magic mirror of the mastermind.  
And so to know the music is to know  
The very man who wrote it, and commune  
In spirit with his spirit at your pleasure.  
But the condition is: you still must grow  
In sympathy, must temper and attune  
Your faculties to share the master's treasure.

(28 August 1932)

1963 by Mrs. Erik Leidzén. All rights reserved.

#### THIS IS DECEMBER

*The days grow shorter with the waning year;  
Now visibly the earth is growing older.  
The biting, blasting winds are blowing colder;  
A dismal gloom pervades the atmosphere.  
Impoverished nature, naked and austere,  
In vain defense has hunched a feeble shoulder,  
As she grows faint her enemies grow bolder,  
Exulting that the bitter end is near.  
But Hope is whispering still: It is not so!  
Prophetic Faith proclaims: Not so at all!  
And Patience pleads: Appearances are lying!  
Yes, in my inmost soul full well I know  
All things will wake at springtime's trumpet-call.  
The world is but asleep, not really dying.*

(4 December 1951)

1963 by Mrs. Erik Leidzén. All rights reserved.

#### IN HERMA MENTH'S STUDIO

This is apparently the last poem which Mr. Leidzén has left us. Herma Menth is the noted Viennese pianist.

*We sit in candlelight, a chosen few,  
And listen breathlessly to Herma's playing,  
As dancing keys, her skillful hands obeying,  
Sing all our favorite melodies anew.  
The music-magic thrills us through and through,  
As beauty, truth, and pow'r it is conveying.  
Intent on what the master-minds are saying,  
To what they really mean we get a clue.  
O sacred sense of Hearing!  
Only second to that of Seeing in this wondrous world,  
Where miracles redundantly abound;  
I like to think: When the Almighty beckoned,  
And He LET THERE BE LIGHT! Through chaos hurled,  
He added tenderly: LET THERE BE SOUND!*

(19 November 1962)

1963 by Mrs. Erik Leidzén. All rights reserved.

### **EXPLICUNT CARMINES MAGISTRI**

So ends this small memorial. It had been our intention to offer such a tribute to Mr. Leidzén while he was yet with us, but it was not to be. From his present vantage-point he is more than ever able to discern the errors, the weaknesses, the shortcomings of our humble effort. But we rest secure in the knowledge that he also discerns the love and respect which animate our work, that "a faithful hand will take our chaff and grain together, and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then, with the breath of kindness, blow the rest away."

Our thanks to Mrs. Erik Leidzén for her information and for permission to print the poetry. To Lt.Col. Charles Skinner and in International Music Board for bibliographical aid and for permission to reprint "The Perfect Life." To Bandsman Alan Lyons for bibliographical aid. To Captain Edwin J. Freeh for constant advice and encouragement. To our contributors for their labors and love. To Ake Gunnar Lundberg for permission to reproduce the last photograph of the Leidzéns.

(This entire document: The Enthusiast , Vol 3, No.1, March 1963 by Mark D. Freeh and R.E. Richardson)