Commissioned for
Dr. C. David Keith and the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary Oratorio Chorus
in honor of Ryland Andrew Baldwin,
by Dr. and Mrs. Charles Webb Miller

From Darkness to Light
A Requiem of Hope

Jonathan Willcocks

Poetry by Ryland Andrew Baldwin
with additional text from the Requiem Mass

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This score includes an organ reduction accompaniment
that may be used for organ only performances.

Brass Performance Option
70-006B: Full Score
70-006BP: Instrumental Parts
4 trumpets; 2 trombones; french horn;
timpani + 2 percussion; organ

Orchestral Performance Option
70-006OR: Full Score
70-006ORP: Orchestral Parts
2 flutes; 2 oboes; 2 clarinets; 2 bassoons; tuba;
4 horns; 2 trumpets; 3 trombones; tuba;
timpani + 2 percussion; strings

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with additional text from the Requiem Mass

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine;
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

Sudden darkness engulfs us;
Shall light arrive as suddenly?
Must we embrace this dread visitor,
We would fight if we but knew how?

Gross darkness comes at noonday;
Terror falls like a curtain on our life.
It comes with a frightening silence,
Taking the very breath from our mouth.

Darkness completely void of a ray of light,
So thick it can be felt, smothering life;
Is there no rescue from this night?

- from “Darkness”

All is tranquil this cool September morn;
In morning breeze, halyards snap their staff,
Birds sing, and sun never brighter shone,
The grounds all show the gardener’s craft.

Gone the sound and stenching smell of war
In the quiet wood and verdant field below,
No bugles for charge, nor sergeant shouts more,
Only crosses and stars stand silent, row on row.

Swallow hard as you read each name,
A boy eighteen, a man twenty-one,
Jim from Alabama, Bill from Maine,
One died just as the battle is won.

Names graven on walls in the hillside chapel,
Those men who died and were lost that June,
Bodies that could not be found where they fell,
Or gathered from where they were strewn.

- from “Visit to Belleau Wood”
How hard, how wooden they look,
Lying on the frozen ground
Like logs for a mill to work;
Veils of cold snow their shrouds,
These green-parka hooded lads
From whom life so swiftly fled.
Where shall our fallen comrades
Finally lie, these who lately bled?
No green field in Belleau Wood,
No place for them in Arlington;
This lonely land never should
For these brave ones be home.
No cross, no star, no name-engraved stone,
No bugle to honor lives now gone.

- from “Weep for the fallen”

Lacrymosa dies illa qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus. Huic ergo parce Deus.
Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem.

A tocsin sounds ere long,
Stygian gloom, be gone;
Darkness, thy knoll is rung,
A dirge to thee is sung.

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine. Amen.

Dawn comes, not like thunder,
But slyly, as in a motion, slow.
Still below the horizon, yonder,
Sun sends us his warming glow.

Darkness, by light sublime,
Is destroyed one ray at a time.
Our joys now abound in day,
As morning comes, let us say,
Once lost, now we’re found,
This is surely hallowed ground.

- from “Light”
From remarks made by Ryland Baldwin at the premier of “From Darkness to Light”

Remembering is the price of surviving. I hope that this work will help some of you remember and help others learn for the first time what experiencing war is like. Although over 50 years have passed, the images from that time are still vivid in my memory. Committing these memories to paper has been helpful for me.

I was with the 1st Marine Division as it moved up a narrow, winding road into the Taebaek Mountains of North Korea. It was November of 1950, a year in which winter came early. We found ourselves surrounded by 10 Chinese Divisions—about 100,000 men. The battle there is known as the Battle of the Chosin Reservoir. The only way out was by a mountain road or by air.

Darkness can represent disaster, calamity, adversity, time out of joint. There are corporate or national disasters and there are personal disasters: a friend and loved one diagnosed with cancer, terrorist bombings, accidents, and diseases. There is a long list. Darkness—when adversity falls as a curtain on our life.

We have a promise of light that can overcome the darkness. The dawn finally comes and leads to a new day. For the Marines there was breakout from the encircling enemy. When the last chasm was bridged, the road was open to the coast.

Jonathan Willcocks was born in Worcester, England in 1953. Following early musical training as a boy chorister at King’s College, Cambridge, and as an Open Music Scholar at Clifton College, he took an Honours degree in Music from Cambridge University, where he held a choral scholarship at Trinity College.

Jonathan is musical director of two large adult choruses—the Portsmouth Choral Union and the Chichester Singers—and the professional chamber orchestra Southern Pro Musica. He works extensively as a guest conductor of both choral and orchestral music, a career that has taken him in recent years to France, Belgium, Germany, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Canada, South Africa, Australia and Singapore, in addition to engagements throughout the length and breadth of the USA and UK.

Ryland Andrew Baldwin retired from an aerospace corporation, after 40 years of service, where he was responsible for Guidance, Control, and Navigation Engineering. He is a graduate of the University of Oklahoma and of Southern Methodist University with degrees in Electrical Engineering. Mr. Baldwin has had a life long interest in choral music.

In 1950, Mr. Baldwin’s Marine Reserve unit was called to active duty in the Korean War. He made the Inchon landing in September of 1950, and was in the Battle at the Chosin Reservoir in December of 1950. Three of the poems in From Darkness to Light were written from his recollections of that battle. The poem, Visit to Belleau Wood, was written after a visit to the American Cemetery at Belleau, France.

For additional commentary on this text, please visit our website: www.morningstarmusic.com
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FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

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Gently $\frac{4}{4} = \text{ca.90}$

Organ

S

A

T

B

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MSM-70-006
do - na e - is Do - mi - ne, do - na e - is Do - mi - ne; et

lux, lux, lux, lux, lux, lux, lux, lux.
Ponderously \( j = \text{ca. 64} \)

Sudden darkness, 

Must we embrace this dread visitor? We would fight if we but knew

Shall light arrive as suddenly?

Bar. 37

Gulfs us:

Bar. 40

MsM-70-006
Ter-ror falls like a curtain on our life."
Gently flowing $\frac{1}{4} = c. 70$

All is tranquil this cool September

All is tranquil this cool September

All is tranquil this cool September

All is tranquil this cool September
morn; in morning breeze, hal-yards snap their
morn; in morning breeze hal-yards snap their
morn; in morning breeze, hal-yards snap their
morn; in morning breeze hal-yards snap their

staff, birds sing, and sun never brighter
staff, birds sing, and sun never brighter
staff, birds sing, and sun never brighter
staff, birds sing, and sun never brighter
shone, the grounds all show the gard-'ner's craft.

bright-er shone, the grounds all show the gard-'ner's craft.

shone, the grounds all show the gard-'ner's craft.

bright-er shone, the grounds all show the gard-'ner's craft.

with desolation

Swal-low hard as you read each name, a

boy eight-teen, a man of twen-ty-one
Heavy and ponderous \( \dot{=} \) \( \approx \) c. 60

How hard, how wooden they look, lying

How hard, how wooden they look, lying

on the frozen ground like logs for a mill to work:

on the frozen ground like logs for a mill to work:
Tu-ba mi-rum spar-gens so-num, per se-

Tu-ba mi-rum spar-gens so-num,

pul-chra re-gi-o-num, per se-

per-se pul-chra re-gi-o-num,

pul-chra re-gi-o-num, co-get

per-se pul-chra re-gi-o-num,
Gently flowing $\frac{d}{d^2} = \text{ca.} 100$

Lacrymosa dies illa, qua resurget ex favilla,

(to be sung unaccompanied)

Lacrymosa dies illa, qua resurget ex favilla,

Lacrymosa dies illa, judicandus

Lacrymosa dies illa, judicandus

Lacrymosa dies illa, judicandus

Lacrymosa dies illa, judicandus

Lacrymosa dies illa, judicandus
(semi-chorus of pure young voices)