

GOSPEL JIHAD

by Philip Blackburn, December, 2009

Divide into two groups of voices. Both start together and finish in their own time.

GROUP 1

Group 1 (about a third of the total available singers or 6-8 voices), standing far apart from the other group while still being audible. Each singer chooses a favorite hymn, one with personal meaning. Take the first two lines, starting together on any pitch, and sing the first syllable with a long fermata, sustained for the maximum length of a breath. Then move on to the next tone of the melody in your own time, and continue until you have reached the end of the second line, then stop.

GROUP 2

Choose one of the following chunks of text (make sure each is covered by at least one person) and stick to it. Read it through several times at a normal pace, articulating it differently each time according to the scheme:

START together on cue

1. Read silently to yourself.

2. Read the words silently but pronounce the punctuation marks only by use of assorted tongue clicks (a la Victor Borge).

3. Hum a drone as you read silently to yourself once more.

4. Speak every fifth word.

5. Say all the text in a stage whisper (voiceless).

6. Perform it silently in American Sign Language or some variant thereof.

7. Speak it all, repeating the last line (line, not sentence) in ever-ascending pitch until out of human hearing range.

STOP.



There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he, washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared, unworthy though I be,
For me a blood bought free reward, a golden harp for me!



Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle see His banners go!

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise;
Brothers lift your voices, loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod.
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

What the saints established that I hold for true.
What the saints believèd, that I believe too.
Long as earth endureth, men the faith will hold,
Kingdoms, nations, empires, in destruction rolled.



The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out,
The cry "To arms!" is heard afar and near;
The Lord of hosts is marching on to victory,
The triumph of the Christ will soon appear.

The fight is on, O Christian soldier,
And face to face in stern array,
With armor gleaming, and colors streaming,
The right and wrong engage today!
The fight is on, but be not weary;
Be strong, and in His might hold fast;
If God be for us, His banner o'er us,
We'll sing the victor's song at last!

The fight is on, arouse, ye soldiers brave and true!
Jehovah leads, and vict'ry will assure;
Go buckle on the armor God has given you,
And in His strength unto the end endure.



The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their heads the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

Behold! A royal army,
With banner, sword, and shield,
Is marching forth to conquer
On life's great battlefield.



Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner, it must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, the solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers, away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil, within you or without,
Charge for the God of battles, and put the foe to rout.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, the trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict, in this His glorious day.
Ye that are brave now serve Him against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger, and strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, each soldier to his post,
Close up the broken column, and shout through all the host:
Make good the loss so heavy, in those that still remain,
And prove to all around you that death itself is gain.