

Blott en dag

"Day by Day"

Arranged for Guitar by
Jan-Olof Eriksson (1994)

Oscar Ahnfelt
(1813-1882)

Molto cantabile

⑥ = D

l.v.

CII 4 ②

③

②

4 2

2

4 4

4

3

5

2

2

②

2

CV 4

3

9

CVII

4 4

4

0 3

①

13

3 1 4

②

2

1 4 4

3

2

to Coda

17

3

2

1 1

2

21

Arm 8va
(art. or nat.)

0

2 1

4

2

25

Coda

ten.

②

VII..... XII

②

①

④

③

rit.

D. S. al Coda

Oscar Ahnfelt (1813-1882) was a Swedish composer and musician, educated at Lund and Stockholm, and esteemed throughout Scandinavia as a composer of popular hymns. A convert to Pietism, his music attracted the attention of fellow Pietist Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," who became his patron, sponsored the first publication of his music and featured his works in her repertory. "Blott en dag," better known in English-speaking countries under the title "Day by Day," was composed in 1872 and remains one of his most beloved melodies. Ahnfelt sometimes performed, and presumably composed, on a ten-stringed guitar with six strings on the finger board and four unfretted basses.

Blott en dag

1.

Blott en dag, ett ögonblick i sänder,
 Vilken tröst, vad än som kommer på!
 Allt ju vilar i min Faders händer,
 Skulle jag, som barn, väl ängslas då?
 Han som bär för mig en faders hjärta,
 Han ju ger åt varje nyfödd dag
 Dess beskärda del av fröjd och smärta,
 Möda, vila och behag.

2.

Självt han är mig alla dagar nära,
 För var särskild tid med särskild nåd.
 Varje dags bekymmer vill han bära,
 Han som heter både Kraft och Råd.
 Morgondagens omsorg får jag spara,
 Om än oviss syns min vandrings stig.
 "Som din dag, så skall din kraft ock vara",
 Detta löfte gav han mig.

3.

Hjälpt mig då att vila tryggt och stilla
 Blott vid dina löften, herre kär,
 Ej min tro och ej den tröst förspilla
 Som i ordet mig förvarad är.
 Hjälpt mig, herre, att vad helst mig händer,
 Taga ur din trogna fadershand
 Blott en dag, ett ögonblick i sänder,
 Tills jag nått det goda land.

Original lyrics by
 Karolina Wilhelmina Sandell-Berg
 (1832-1903)

Day by Day

1.

Day by day and with each passing moment,
 Strength I find to meet my trials here;
 Trusting in my Father's wise bestowment,
 I've no cause for worry or for fear.
 He whose heart is kind beyond all measure
 Gives unto each day what he deems best
 Lovingly, its part of pain and pleasure,
 Mingling toil with peace and rest.

2.

Ev'ry day the Lord himself is near me
 With a special mercy for each hour;
 All my cares he fain would bear, and cheer me,
 He whose name is Counsellor and Pow'r.
 The protection of his child and treasure
 Is a charge that on himself he laid;
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be in measure,"
 This the pledge to me he made.

3.

Help me then in every tribulation
 So to trust thy promises, O Lord,
 That I lose not faith's sweet consolation
 Offered me within thy holy word.
 Help me, Lord, when toil and trouble meeting,
 Ever to take, as from a father's hand,
 One by one, the days, the moments fleeting,
 Till I reach the promised land.

English version by
 Andrew L. Skoog
 (1856-1934)