Nasjonalbiblioteket
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Henricha Weinrich

Sen Pagina 120.

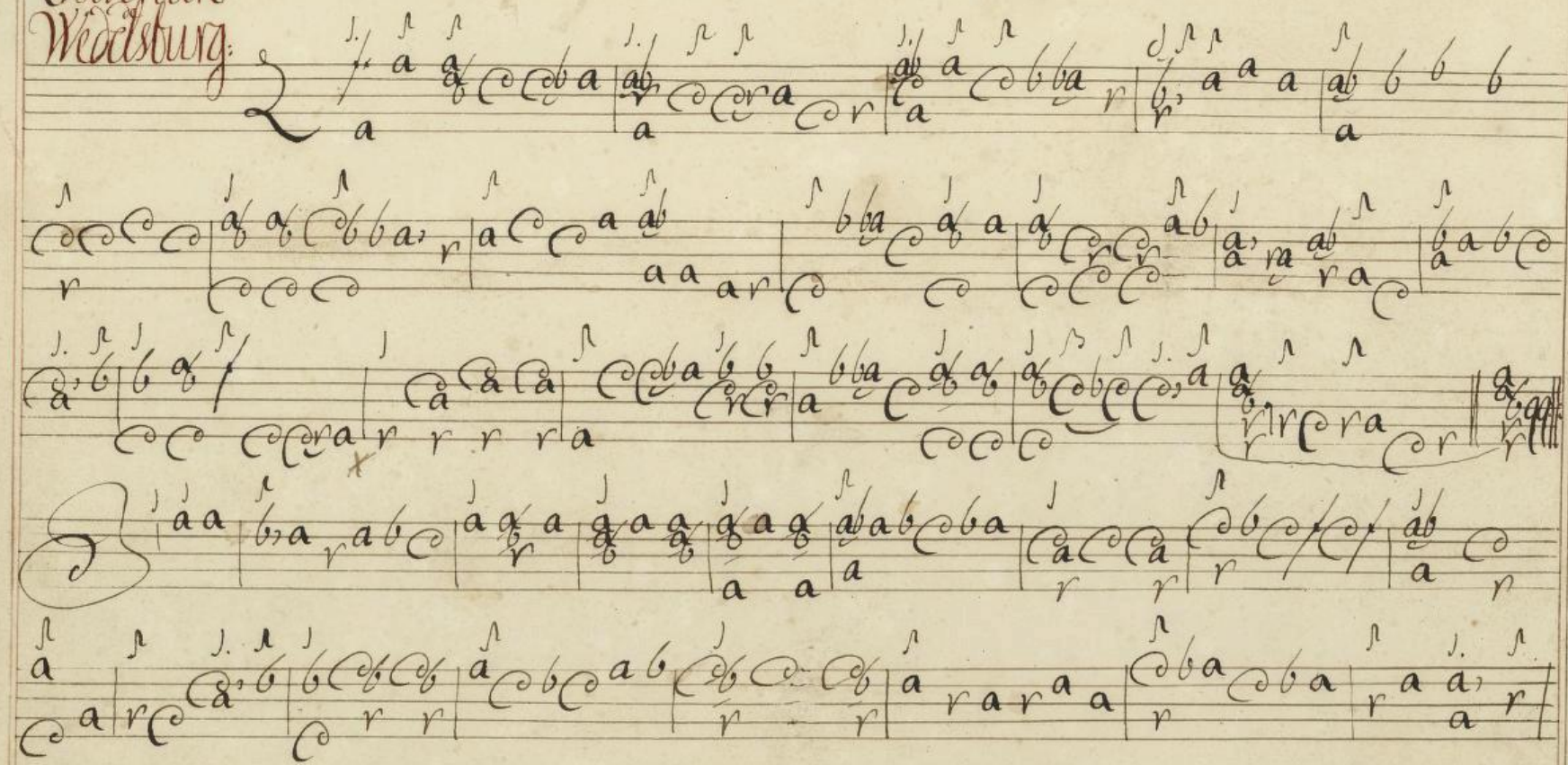
Denne Bog stal Johanne Christine Lemming have nemn
og er död

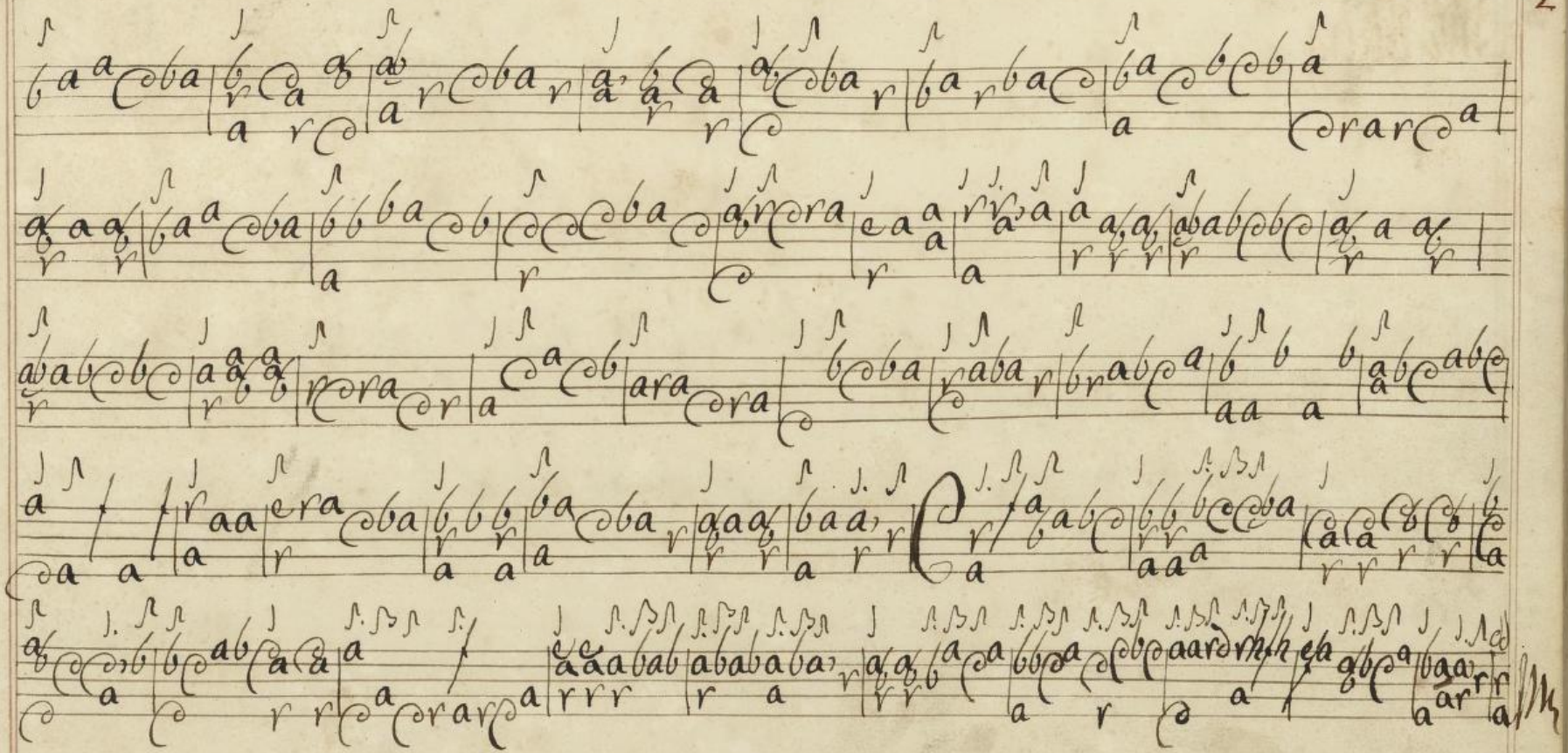
Henricha Weinrich. Hun var Datter af vor Mormoders aldste Datter Mariane,
gift med Raadmand og Overtoldbetjent Jan Nielsen Weinrich i Bergen, döde 1808. Hun havde givet Hen-
-richa Bogen, som hun havde faaet af sin Moder Johanne Christine, Provst Windings Enke, föd Sim, som
var Kongl: Muurmester i Kjöbenhavn. Mormoder var föd 1708. döde gaa Findaas i sid 93 aar.
Det var vord at efterspörge i Kjöbenhavn, om nogle Descendentere af den Murmester Sim, ere der. I aaret 1778, opspurde jeg i Kjöbenhavn
nogle beslægtede af Mormoder, dem jeg traf vare nogle gamle Qvinder, Navne og Stilling, har jeg glemt, kun erindres at deres Haar, vare
ei de bedste. Jeg erindrer: at i den Stue diste Matroner vare, var saa varmt, at jeg er kunde udholde at vere der, det synes mig at erindre
det de brede i Landemarket. Jeg besögte den Kun den enste gaag.
Skulde Nogen af Dine Börn, Syster Johanne Christine, i sin eid, diste underretning om vor Morfader og Mormoder, da findes Mangt og Me-
-get om Dem, af mig, i Kaldsbogen for Kingsevigs Pr: gj: og om Deres Börn o: s: v: I en Præste-Historie af en Hatting trykt i Ber-
-gen, 1 Del, men ei 2den Del, som i Manuscript, findes i Norges Universitets Bibliotheek, er i 2den Del, findes vor Morfaders Vita.
Provst N. Dahl, i Evenvig, agter at udgive, föreget og forbaaret, denne Hattings Præstehistorie 2den Del.

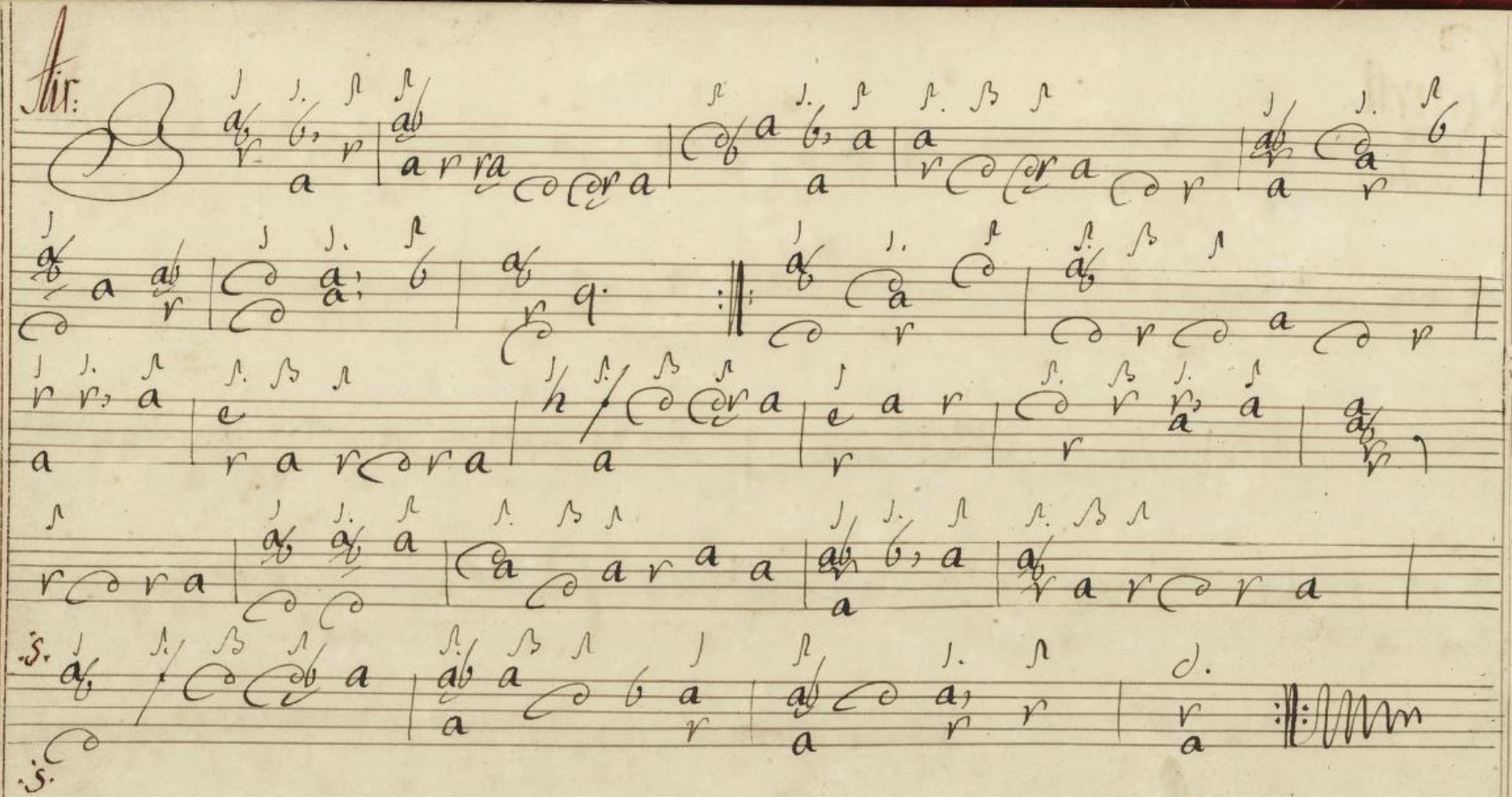
Allensv: 3 Julii 1829

Mh Hertzberg

Ouverture Wedelsburg.



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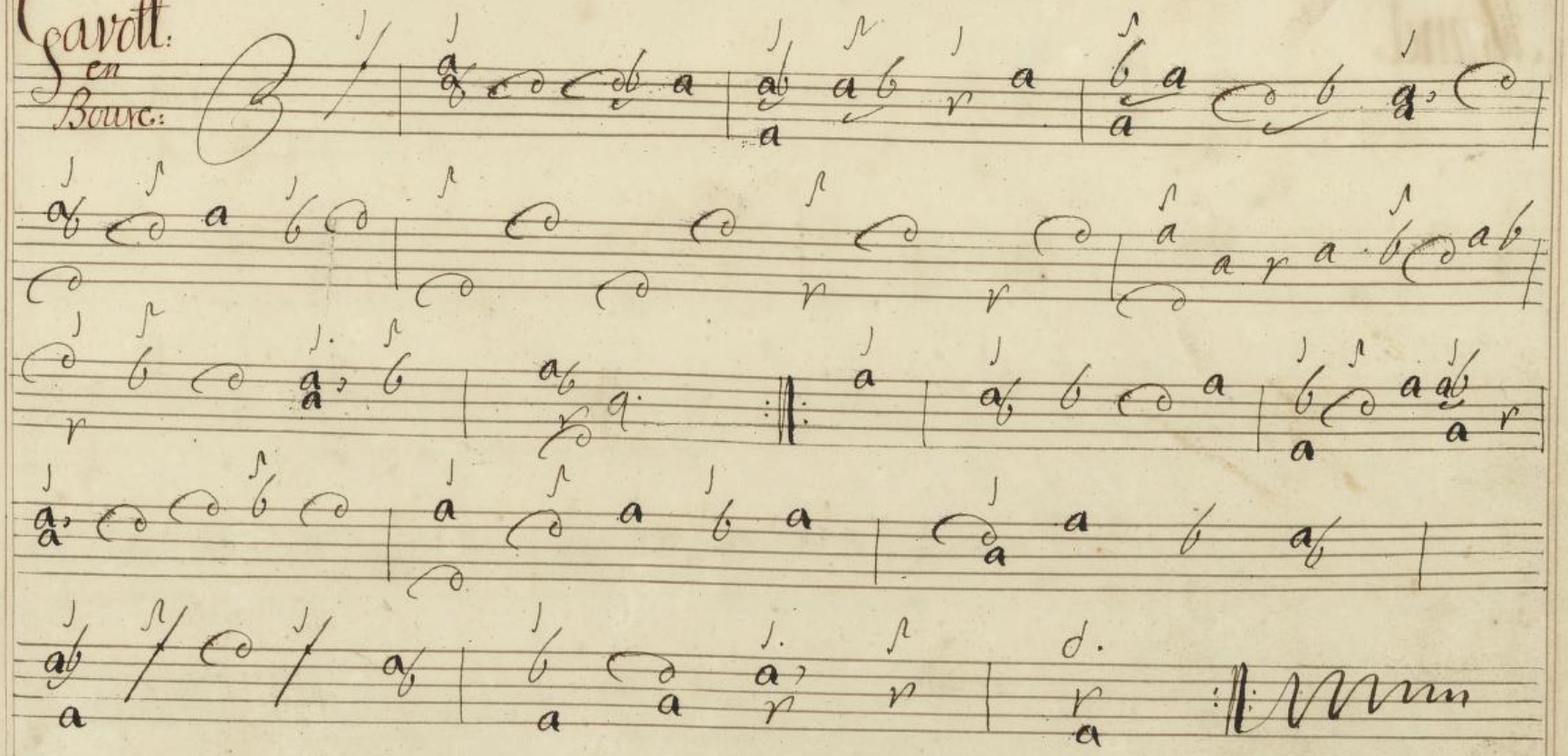
S.

Gavott.

en Bourc.:



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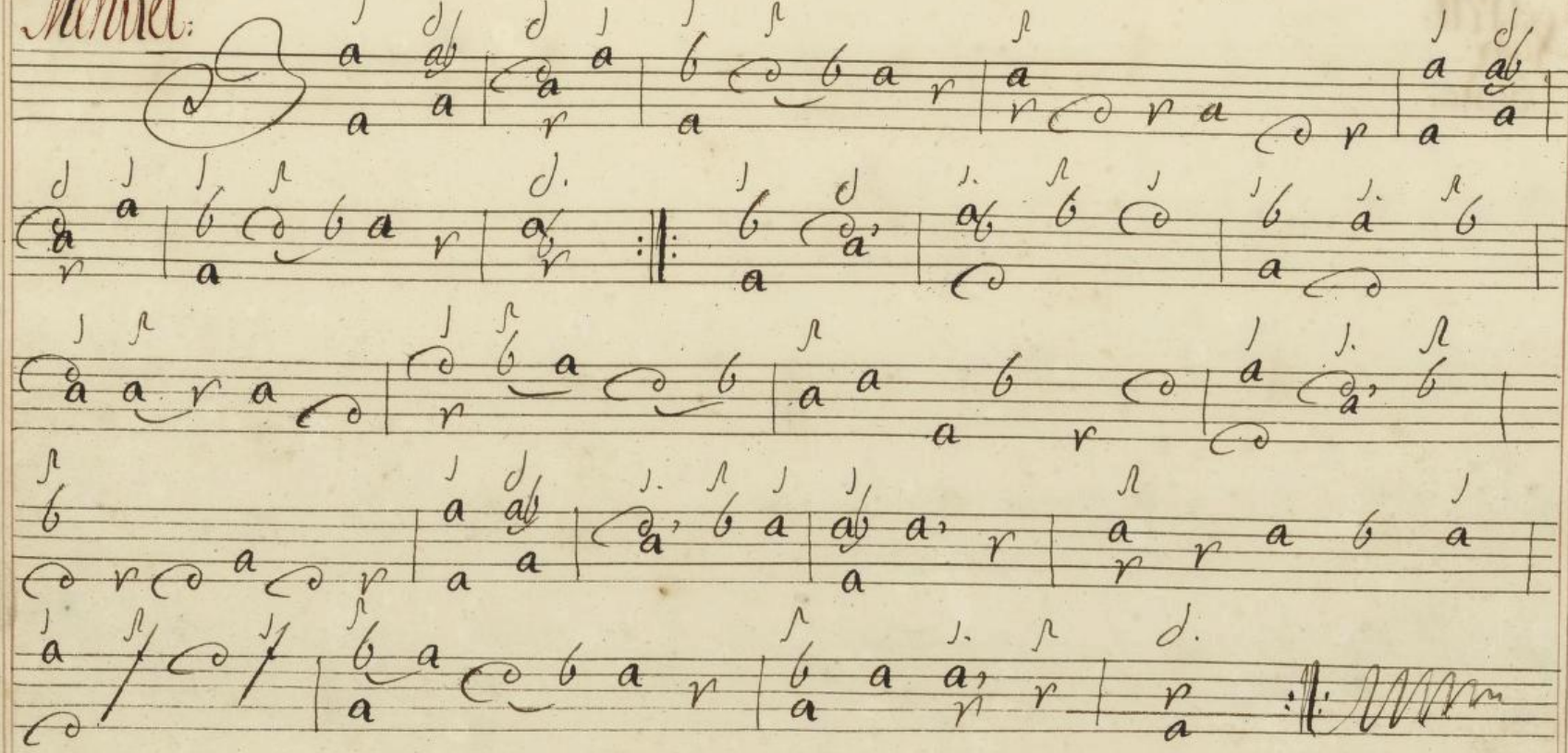

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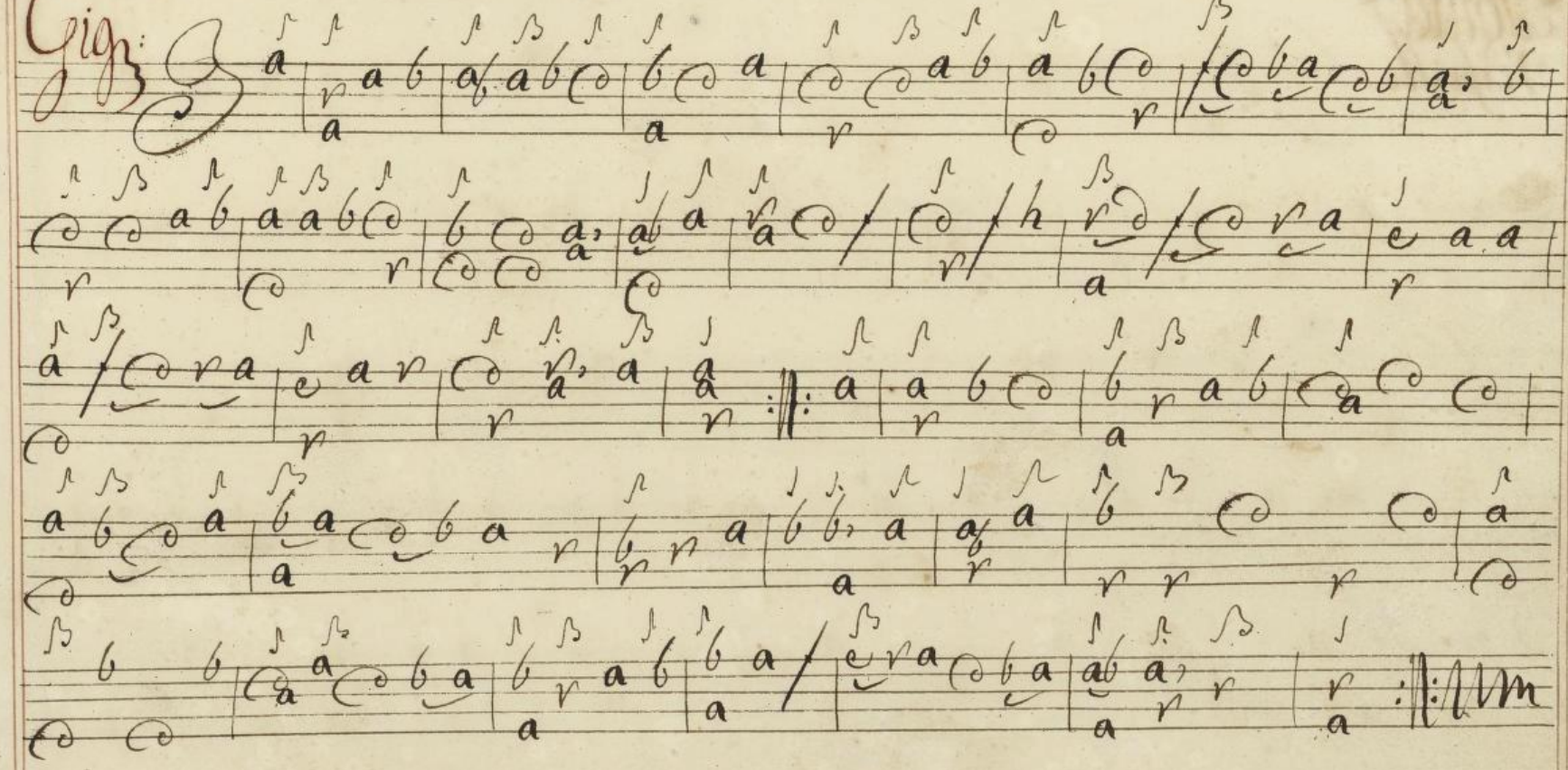

7. Ouverture
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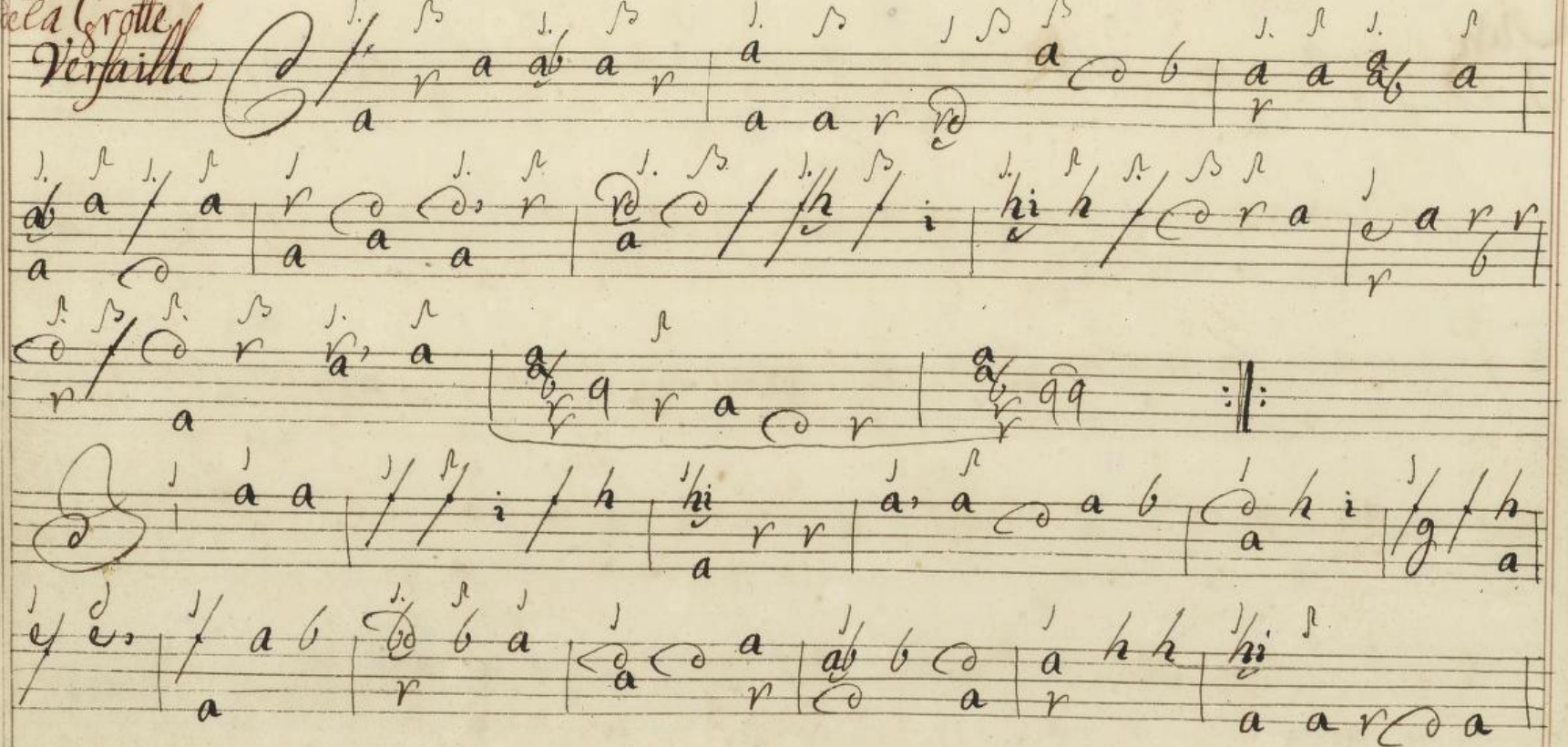
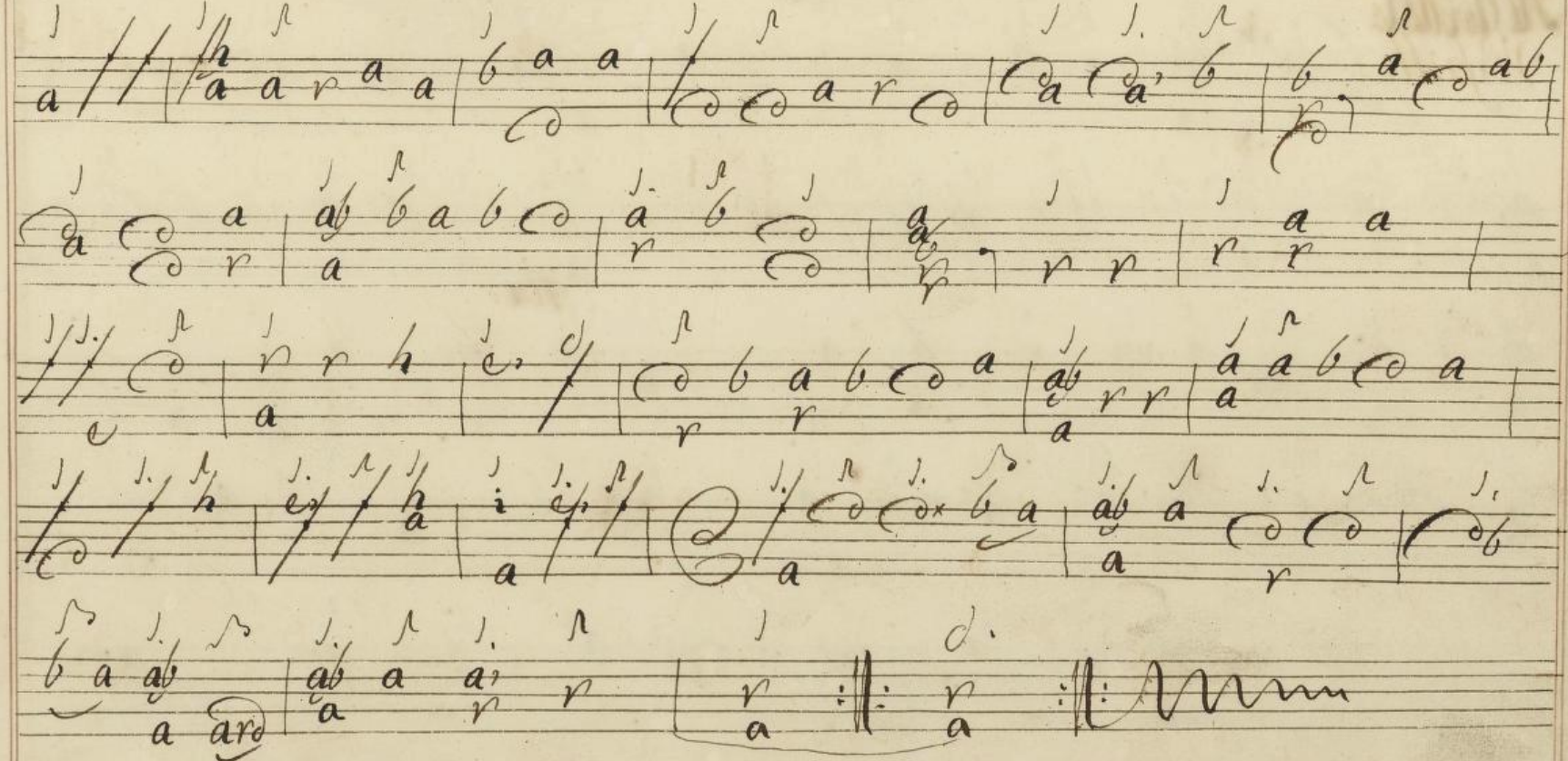
Verfaille





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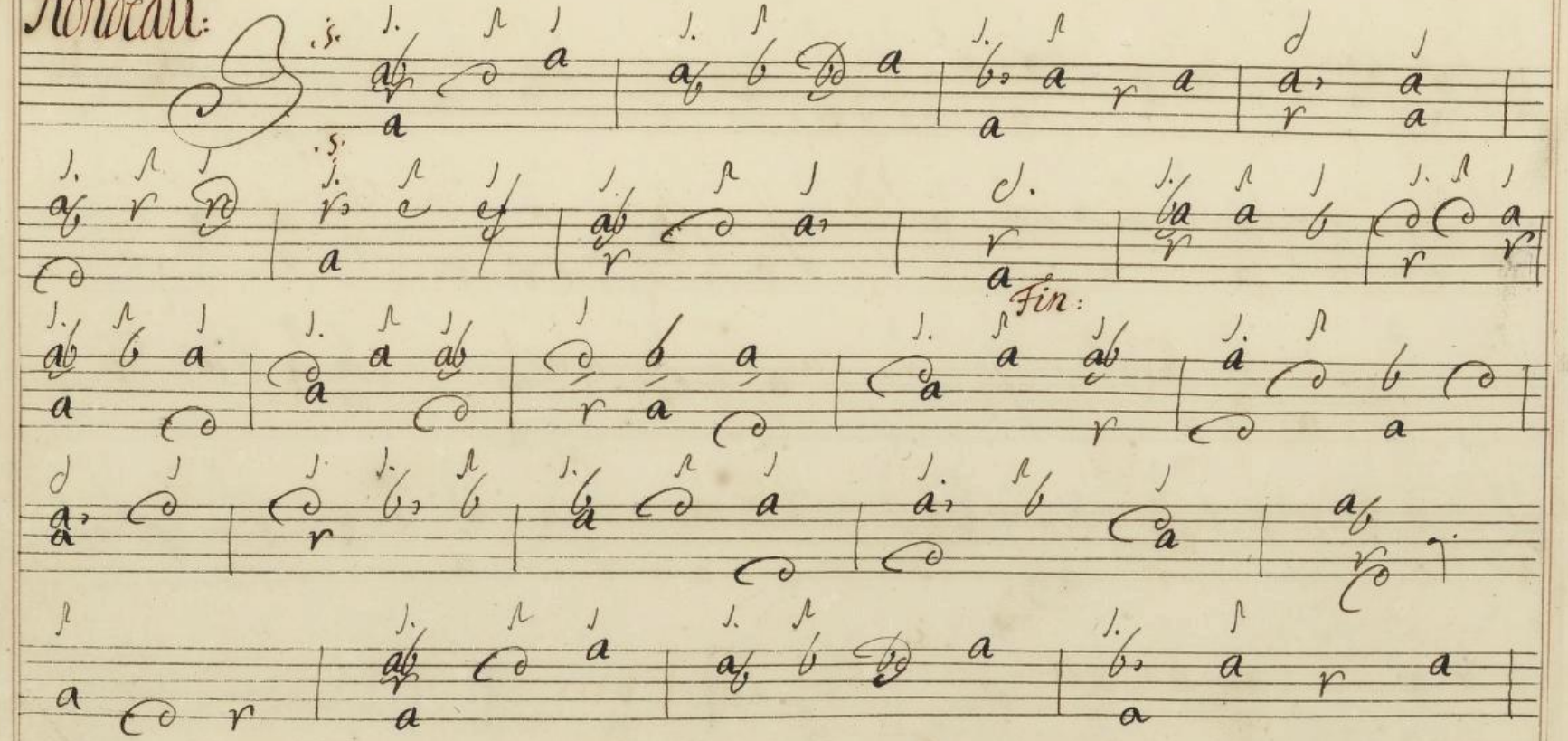

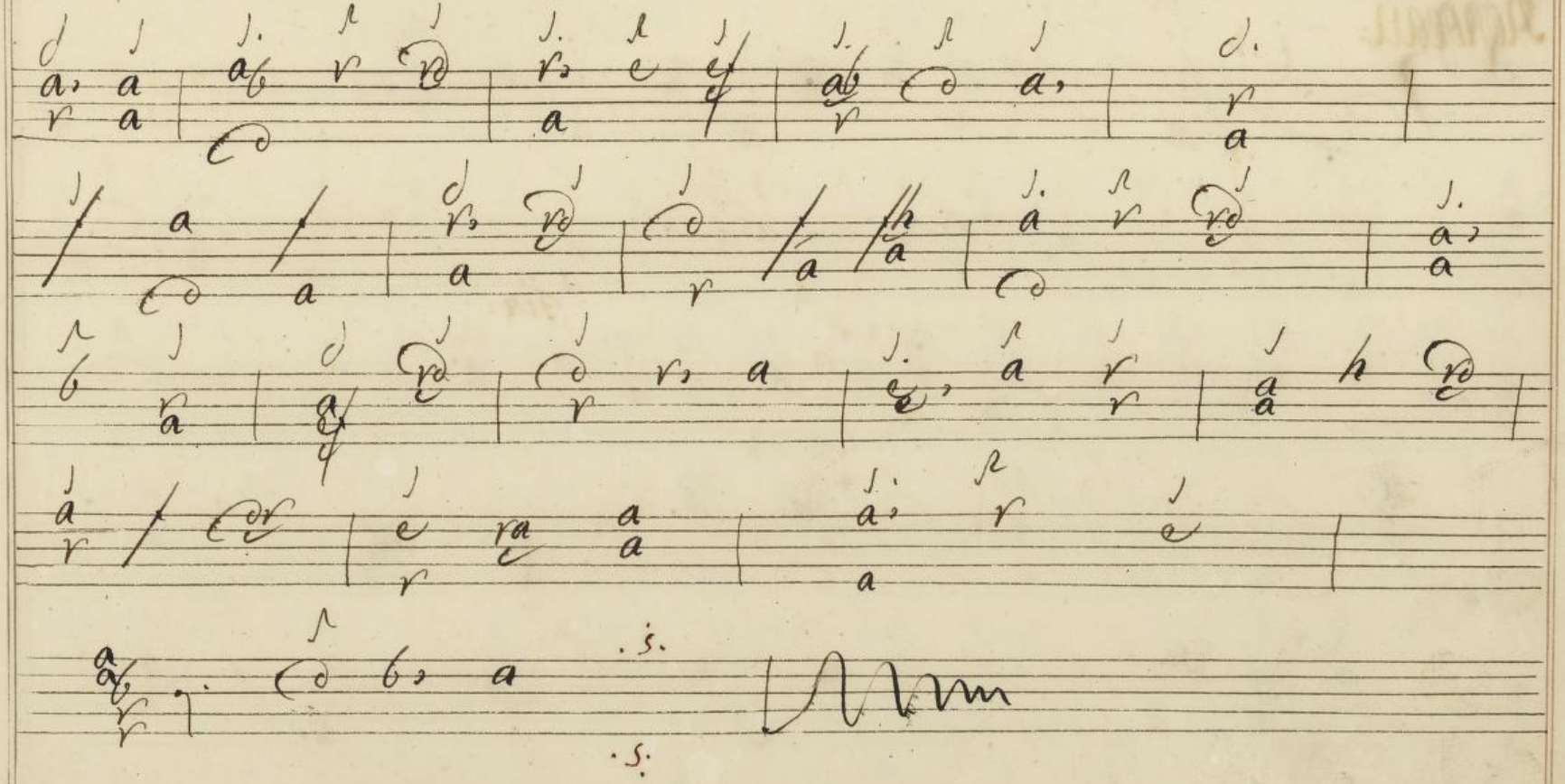

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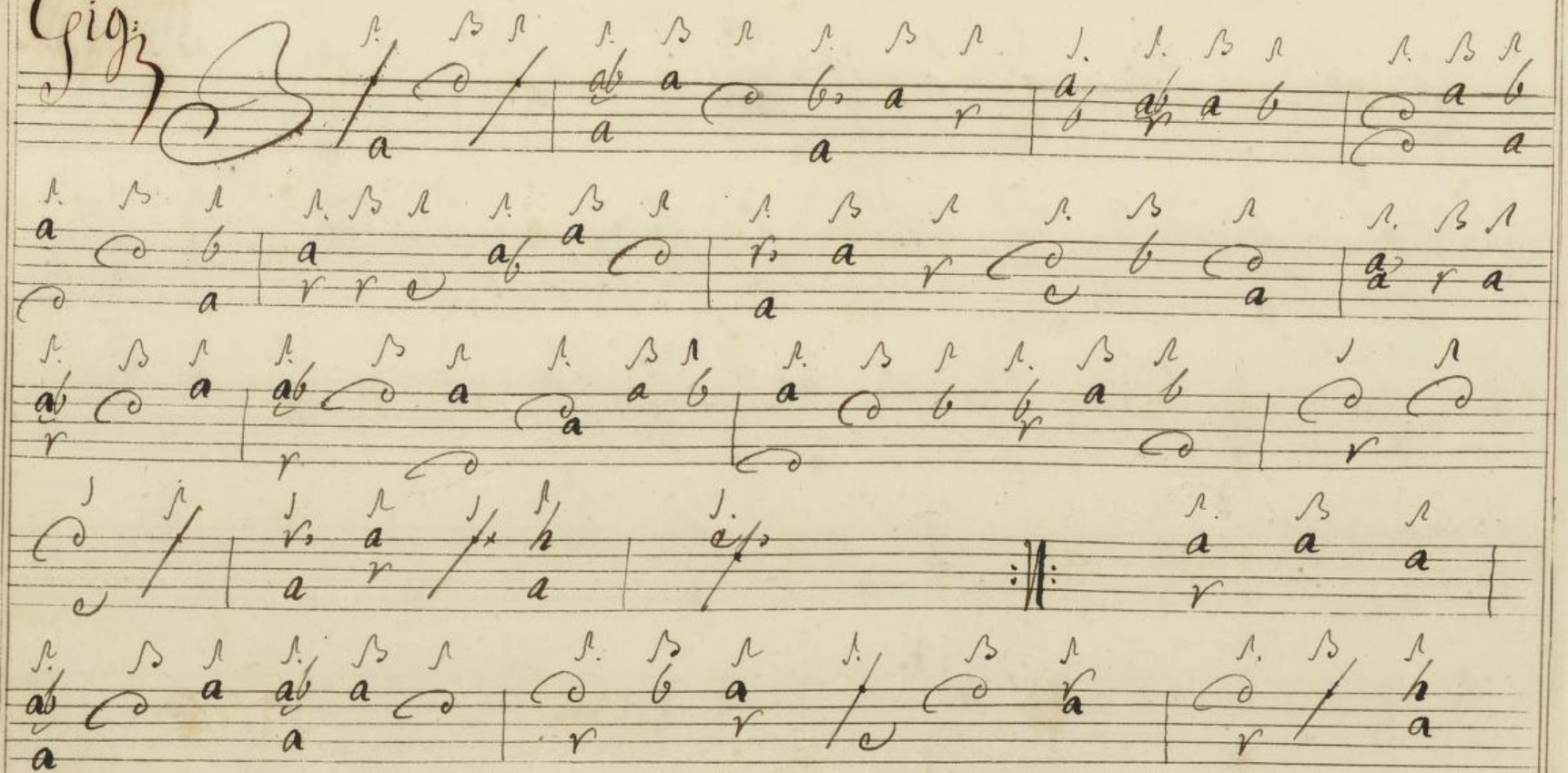
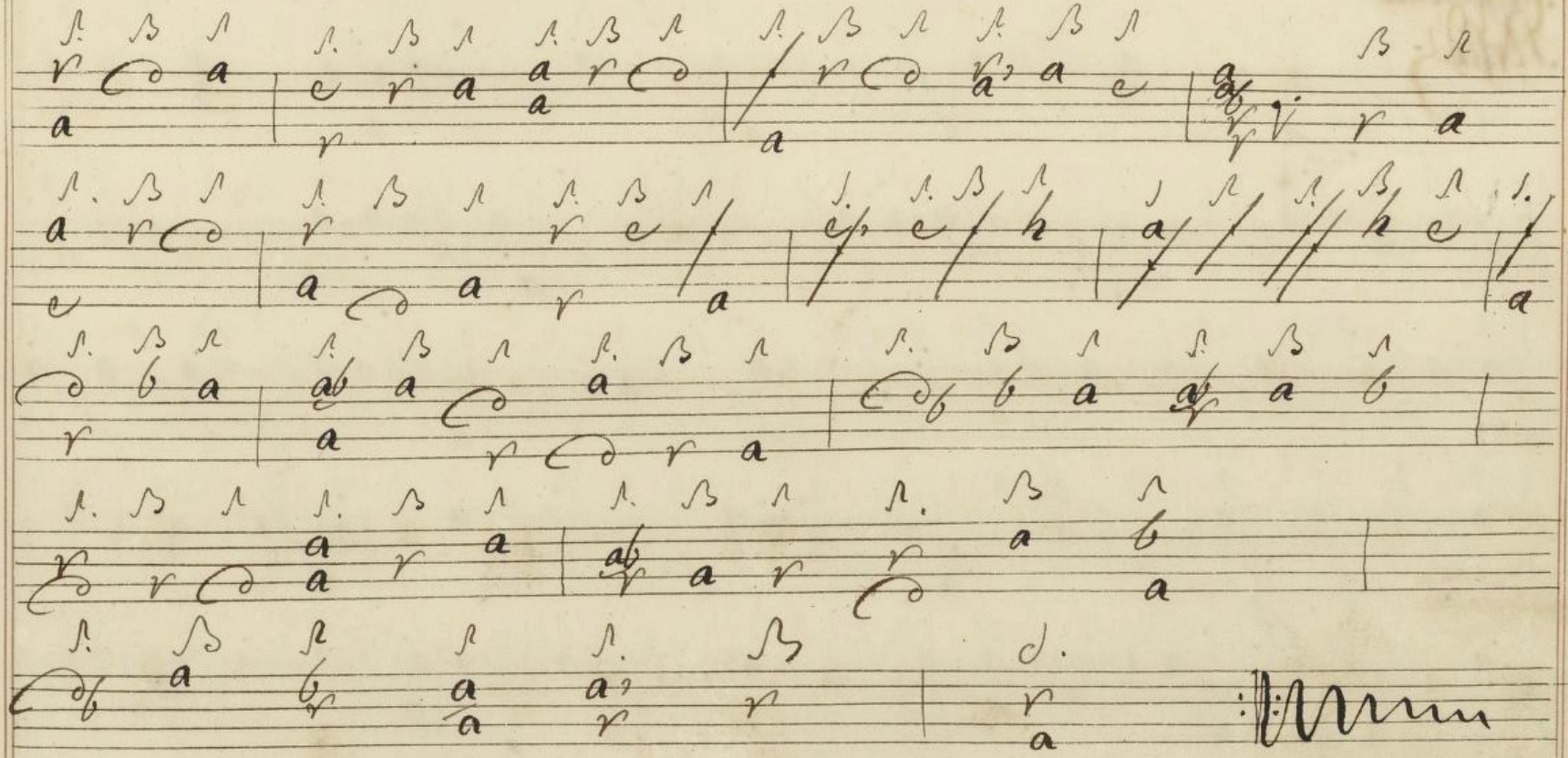
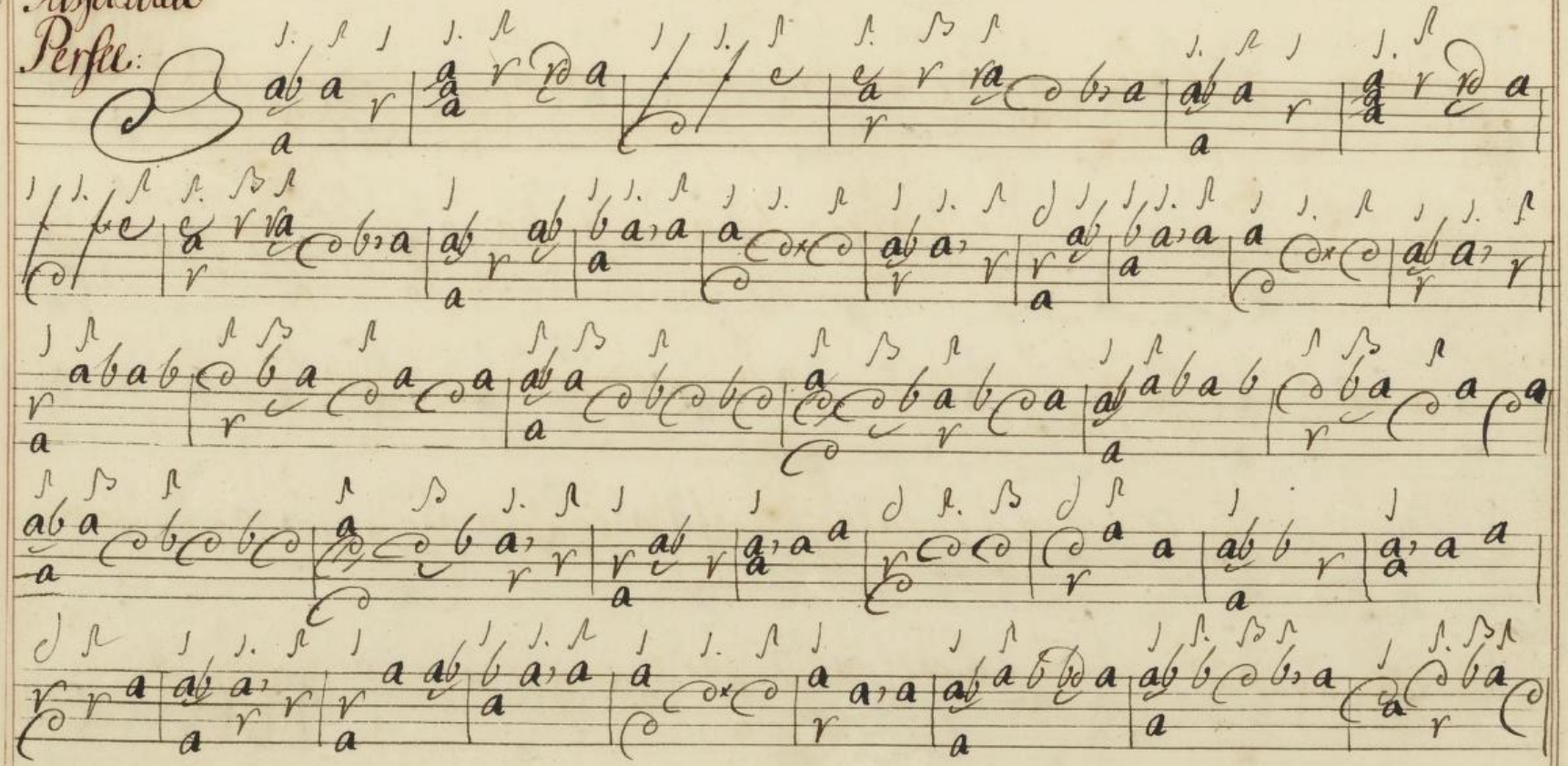
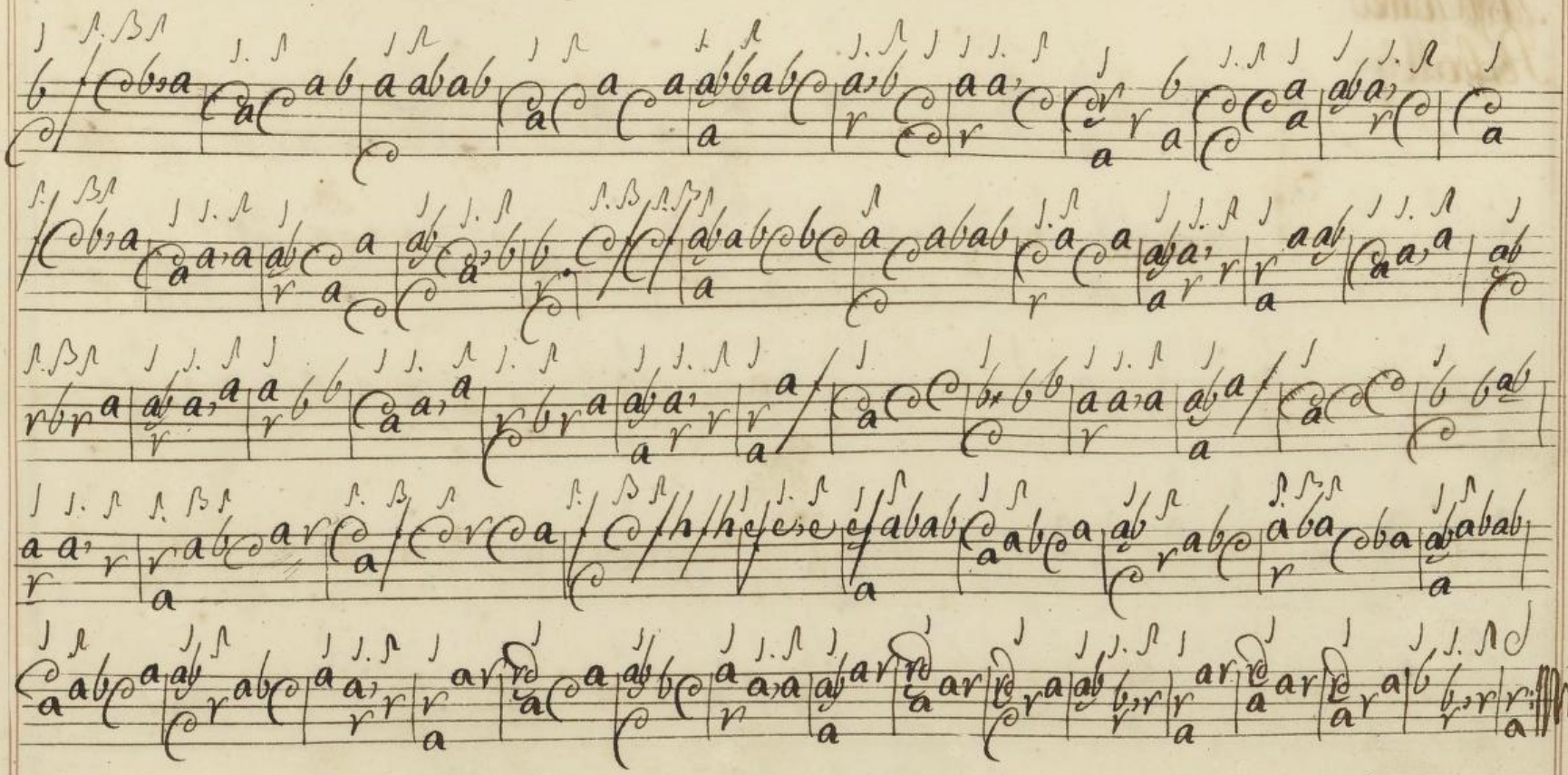




13 Passacaille

Perfec:





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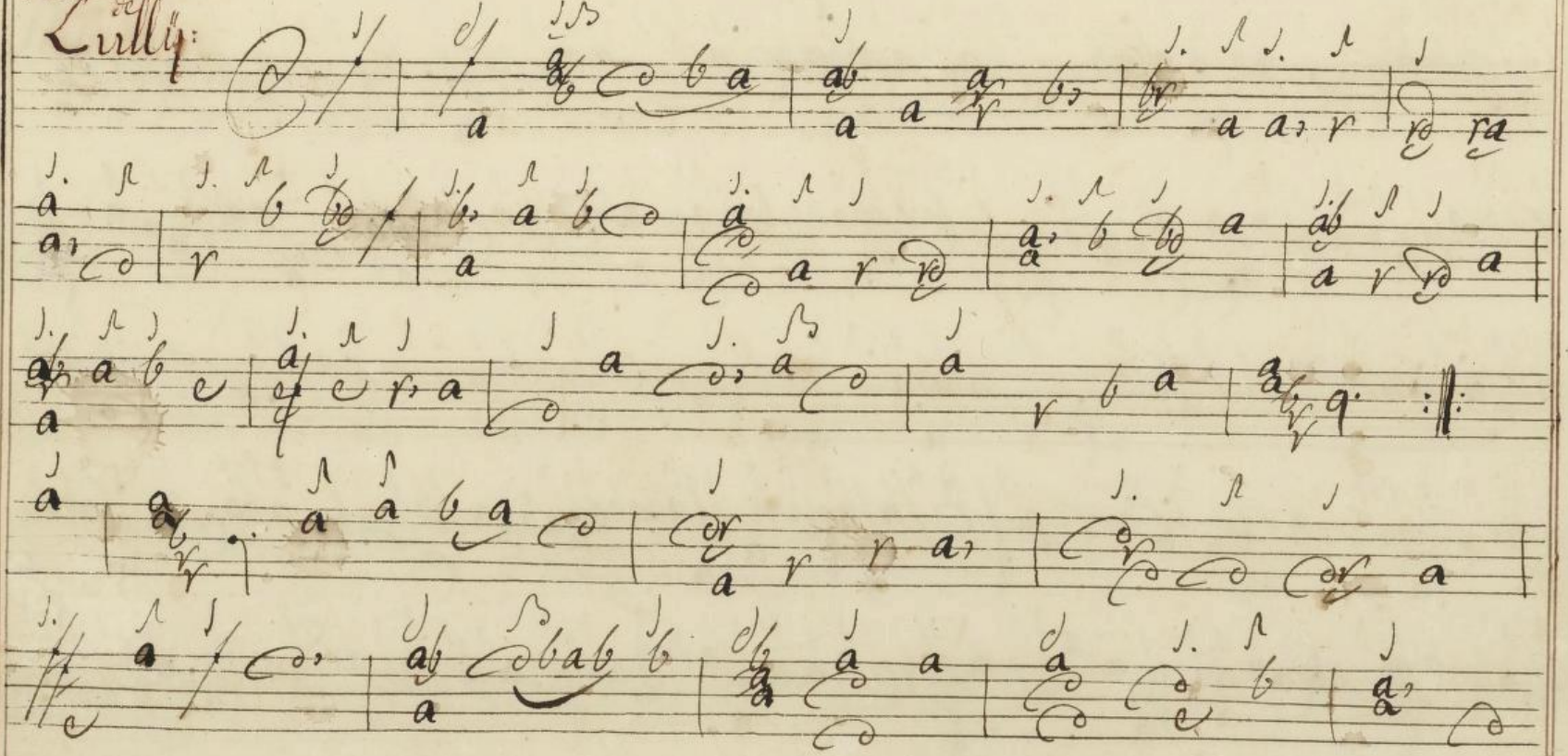

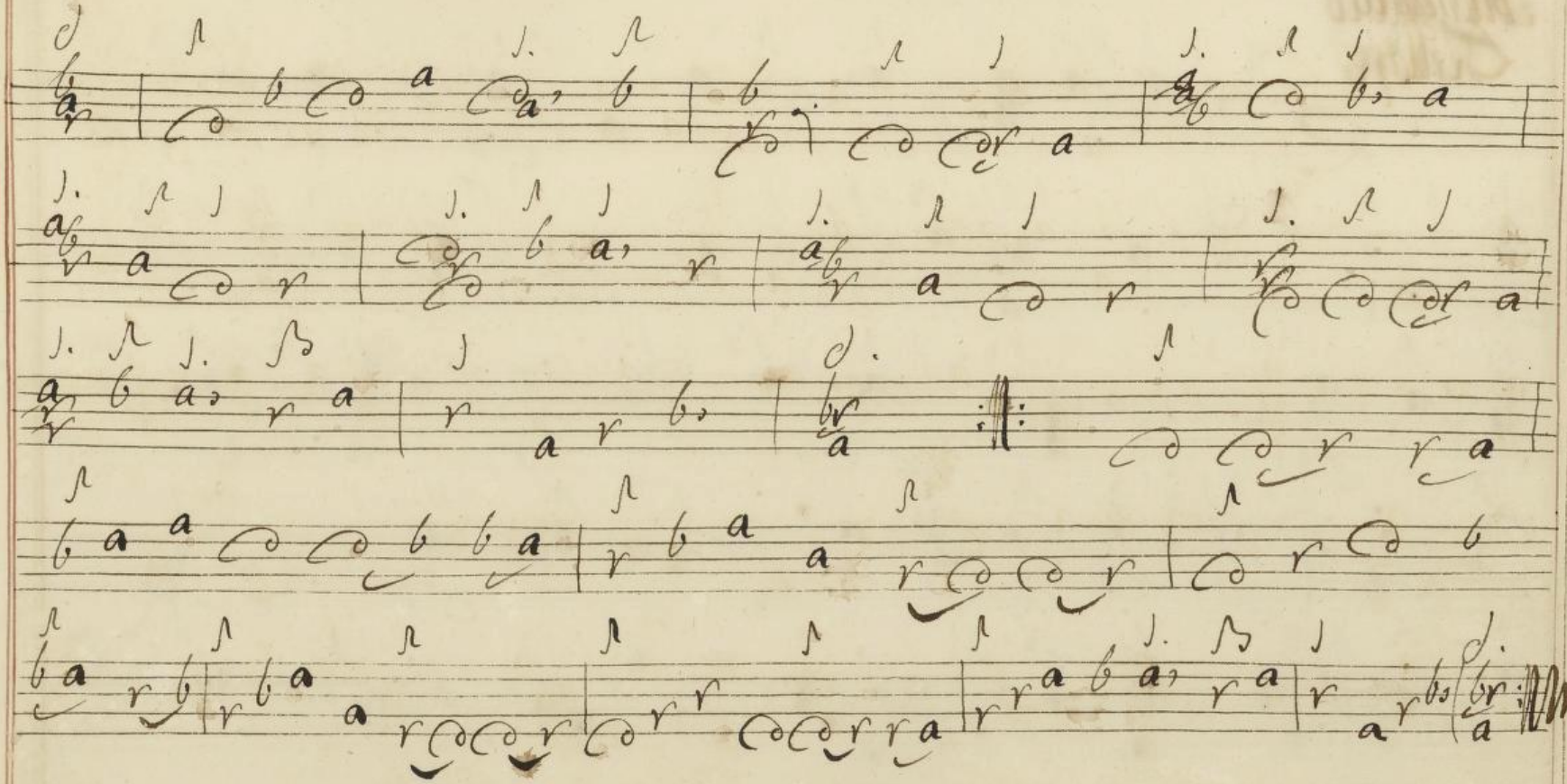

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Saraband
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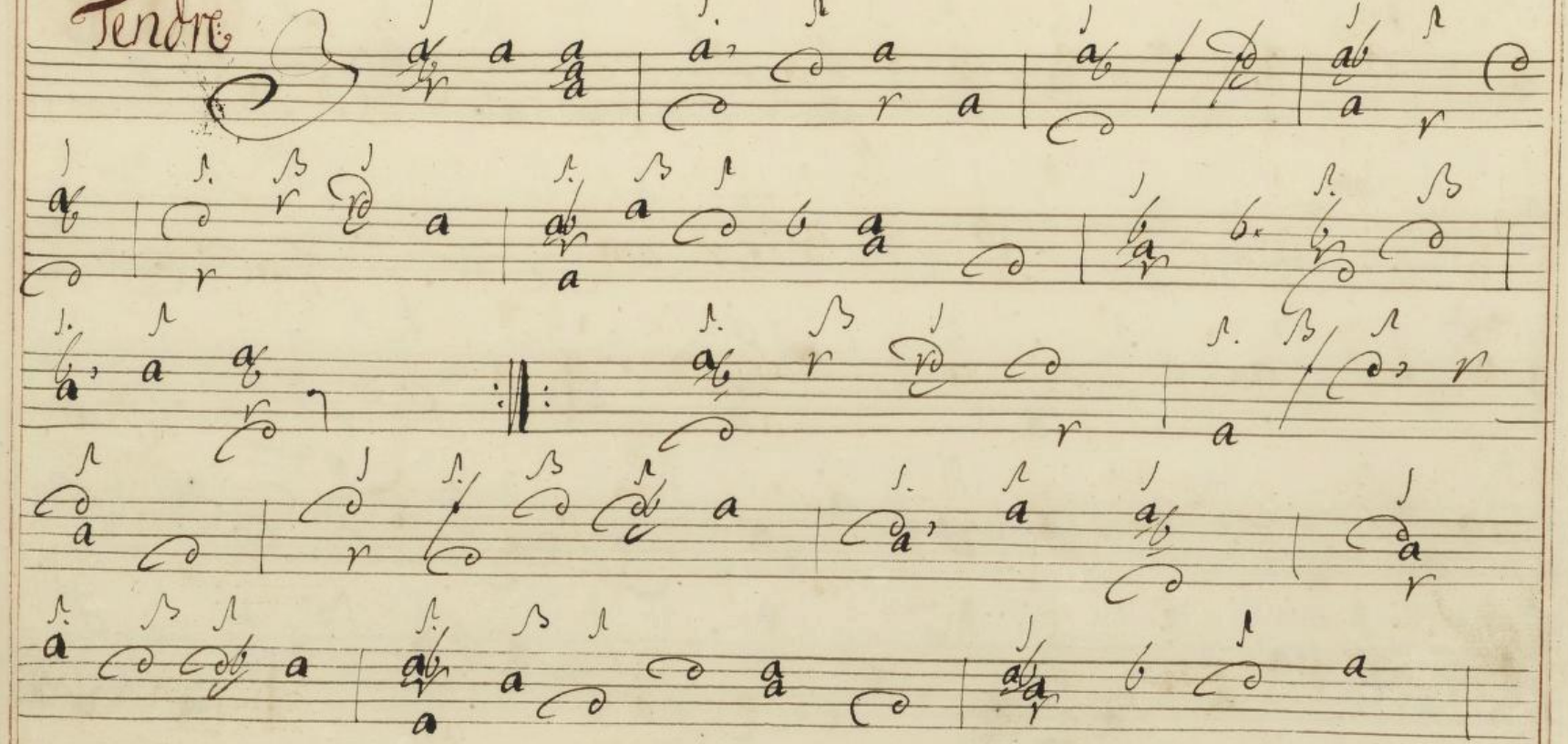

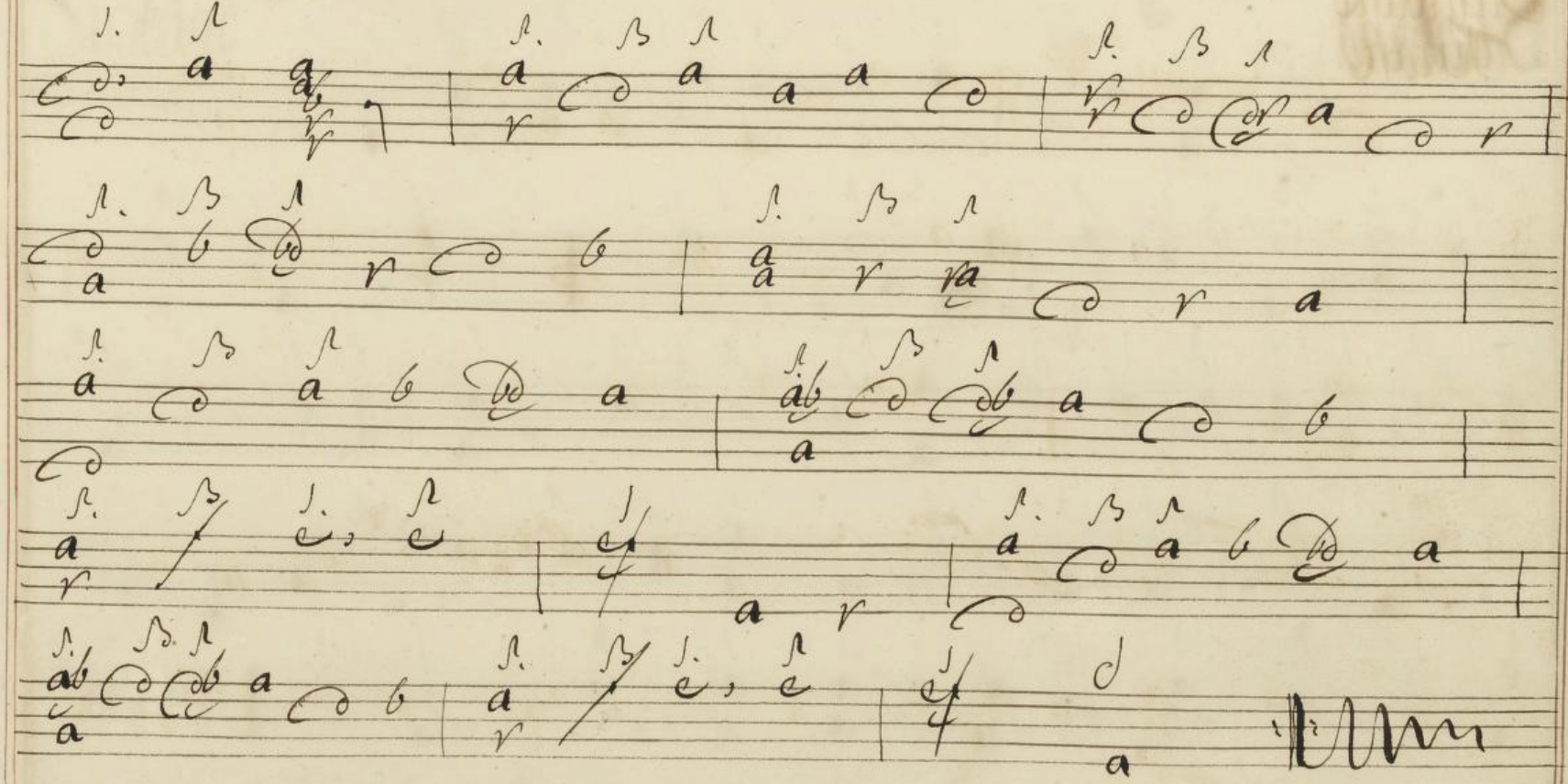

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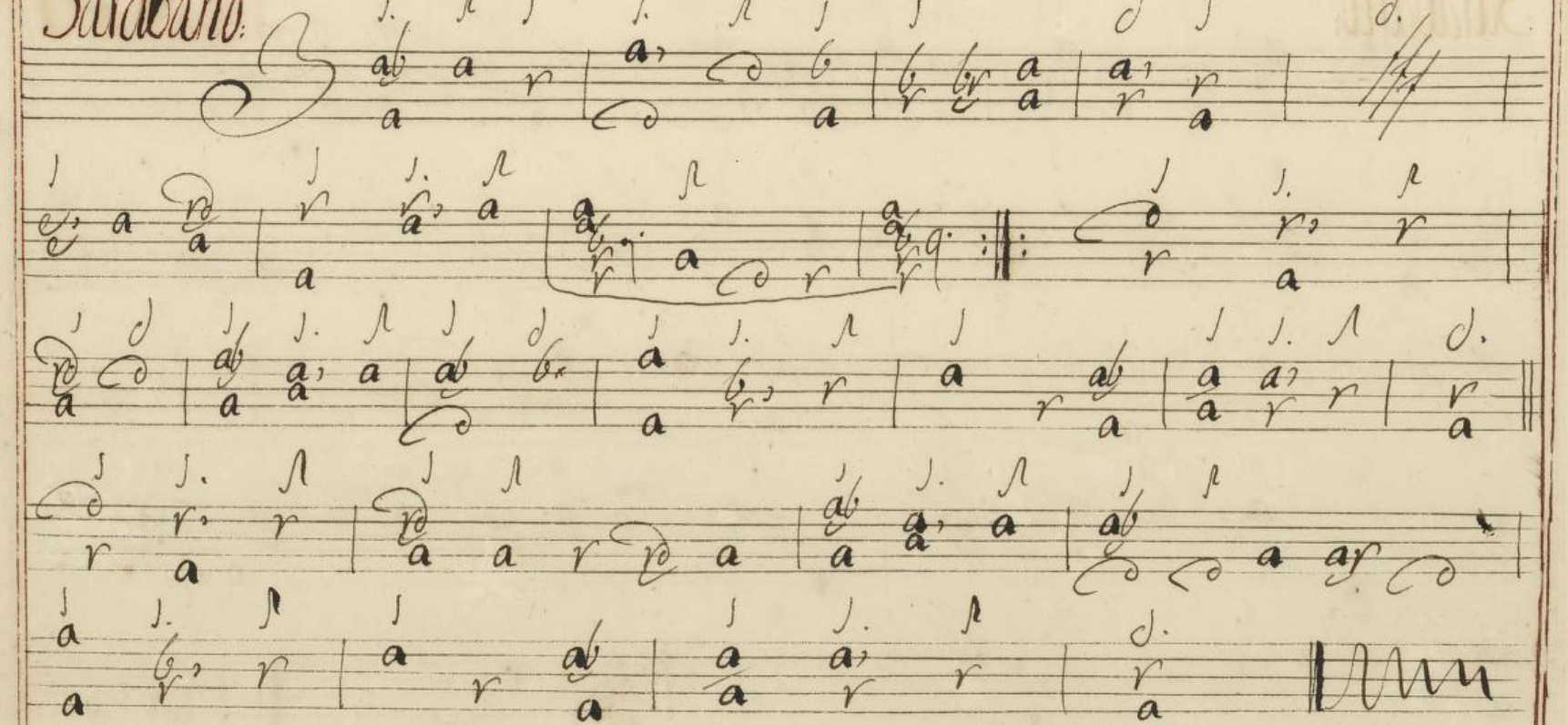

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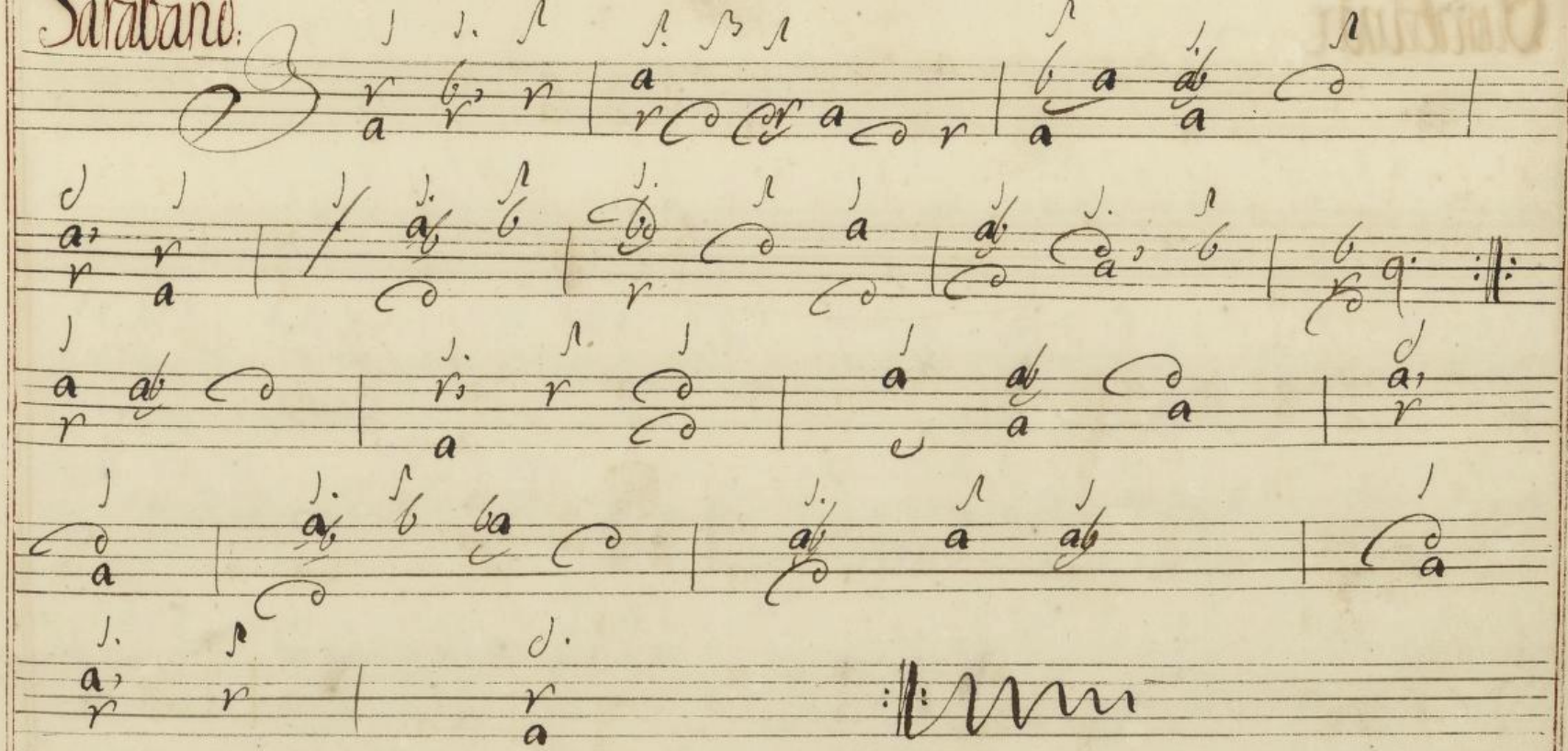

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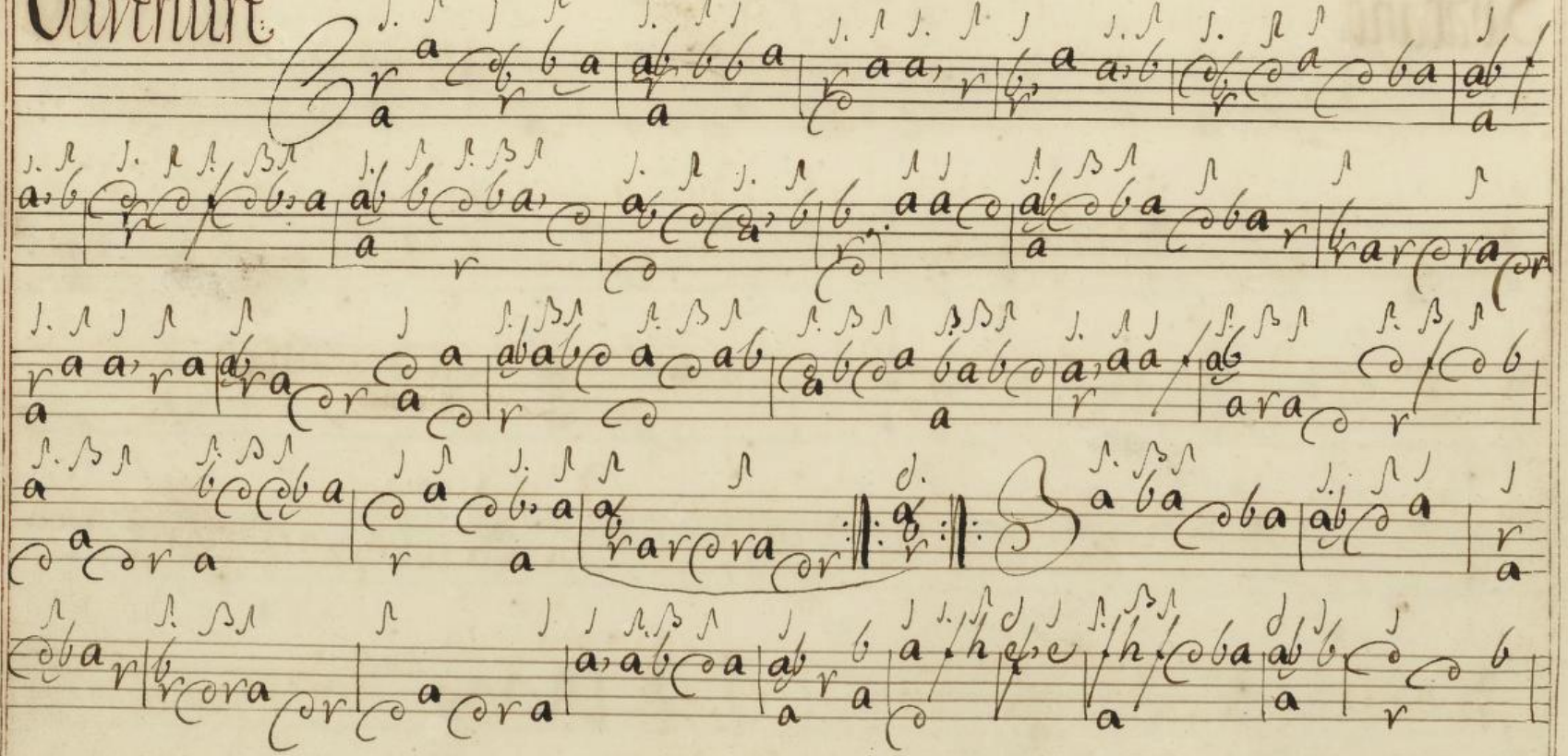

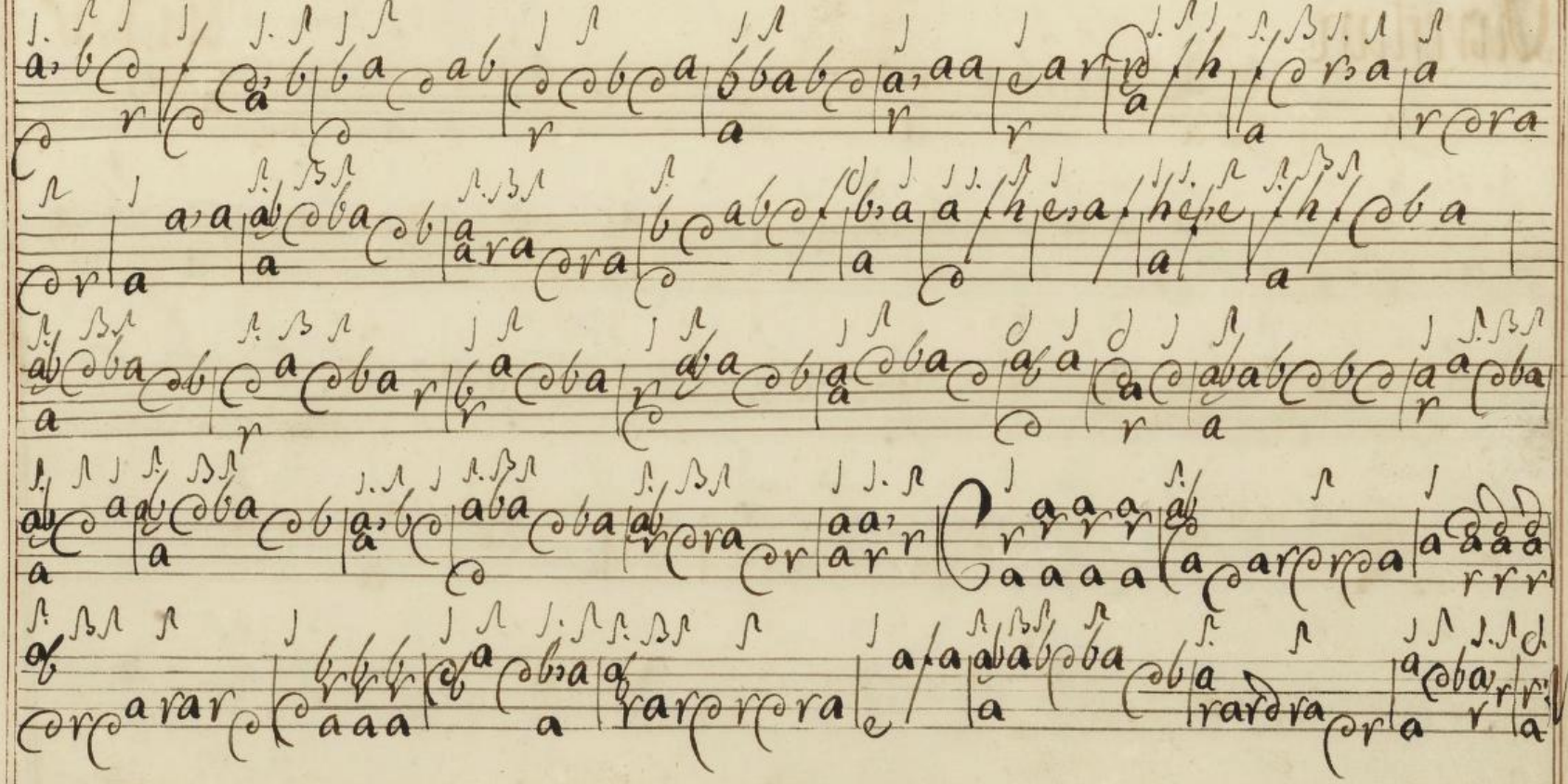

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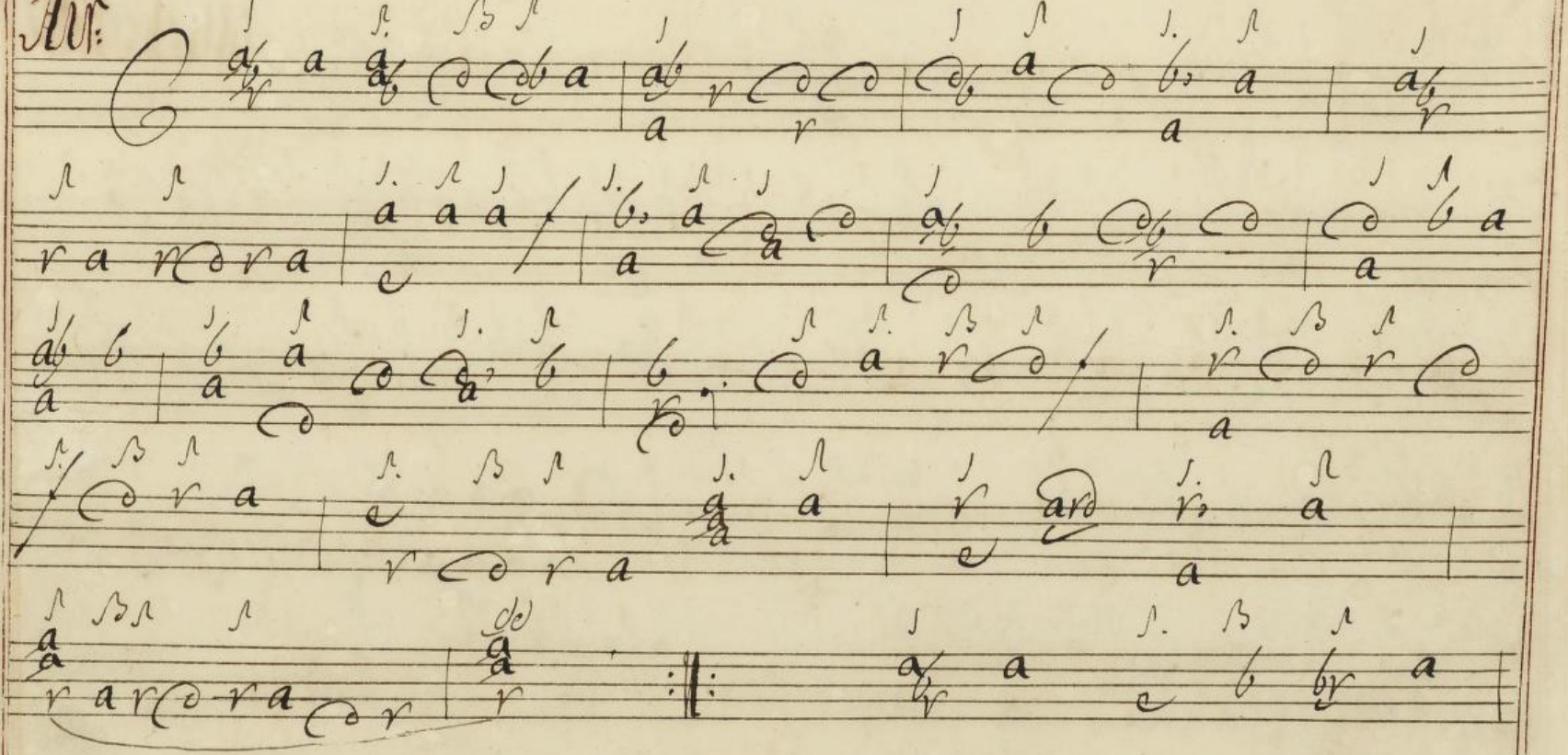

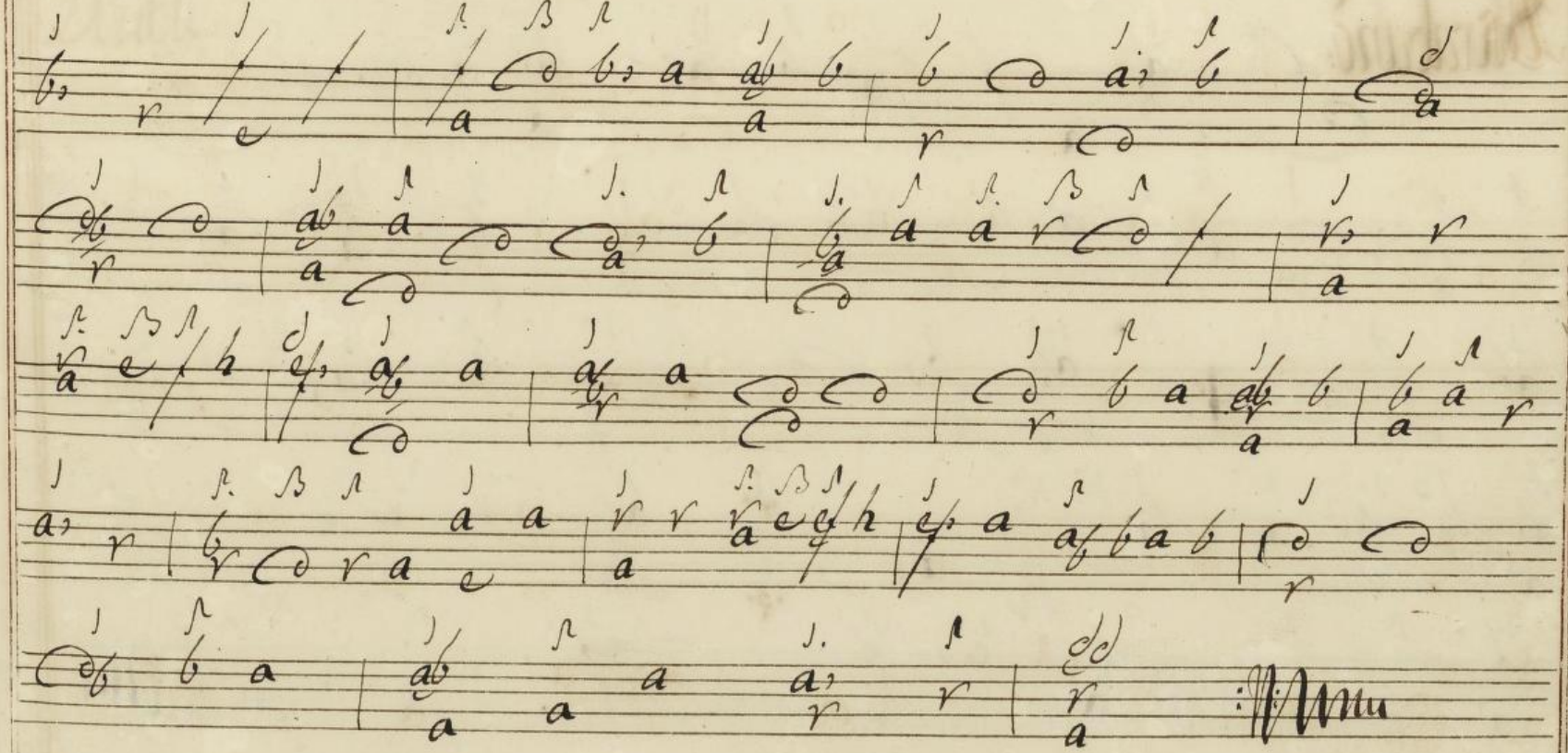

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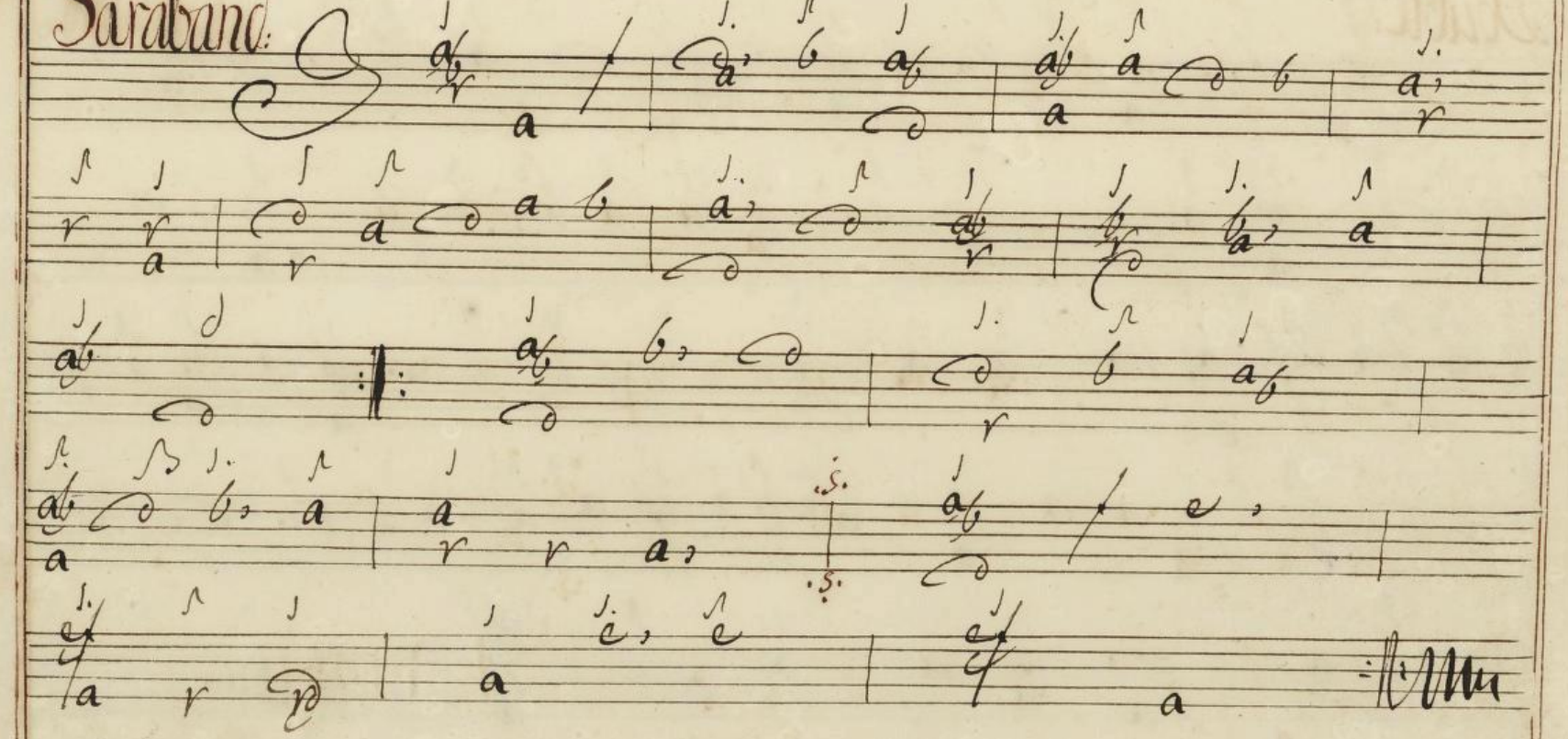

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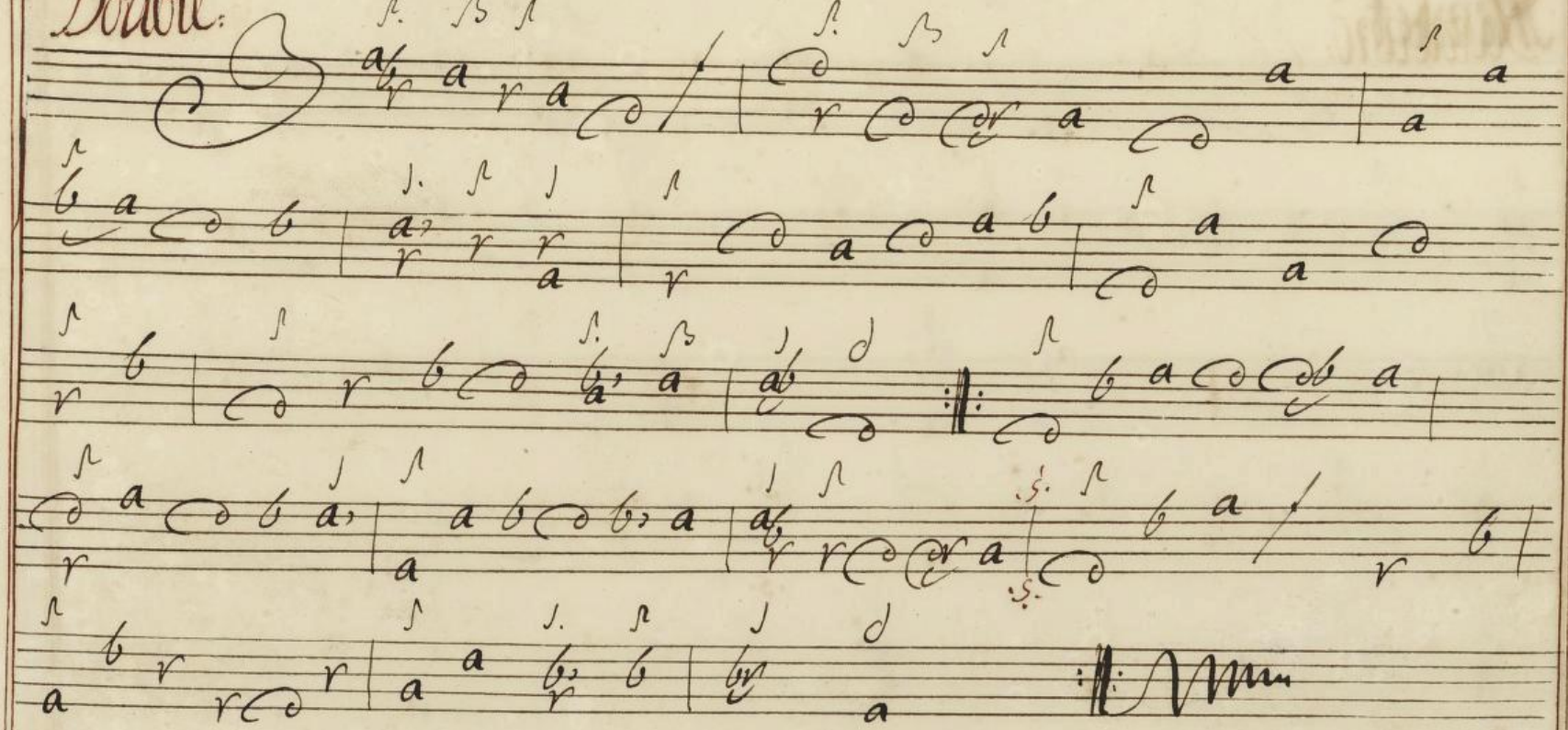

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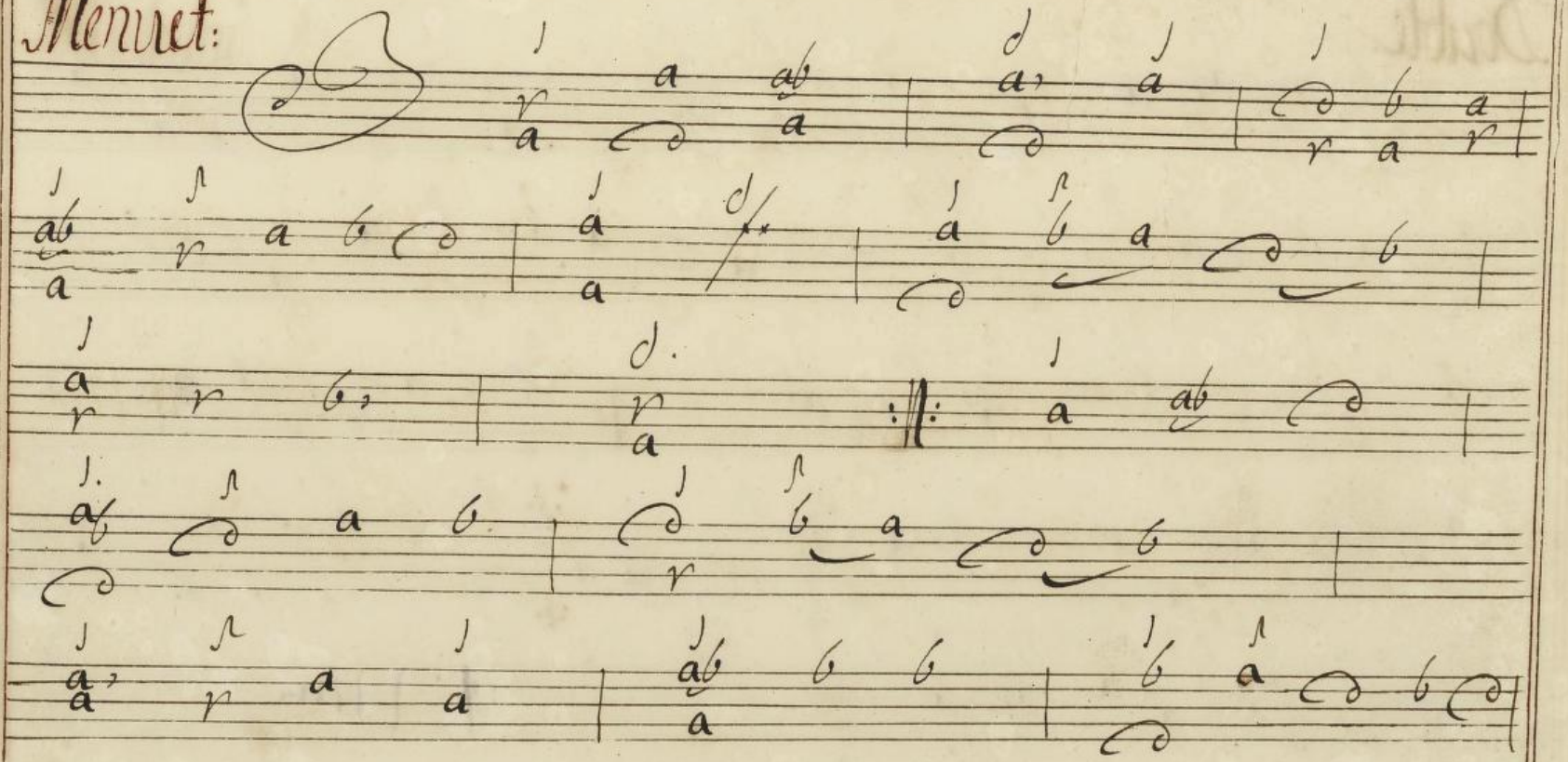

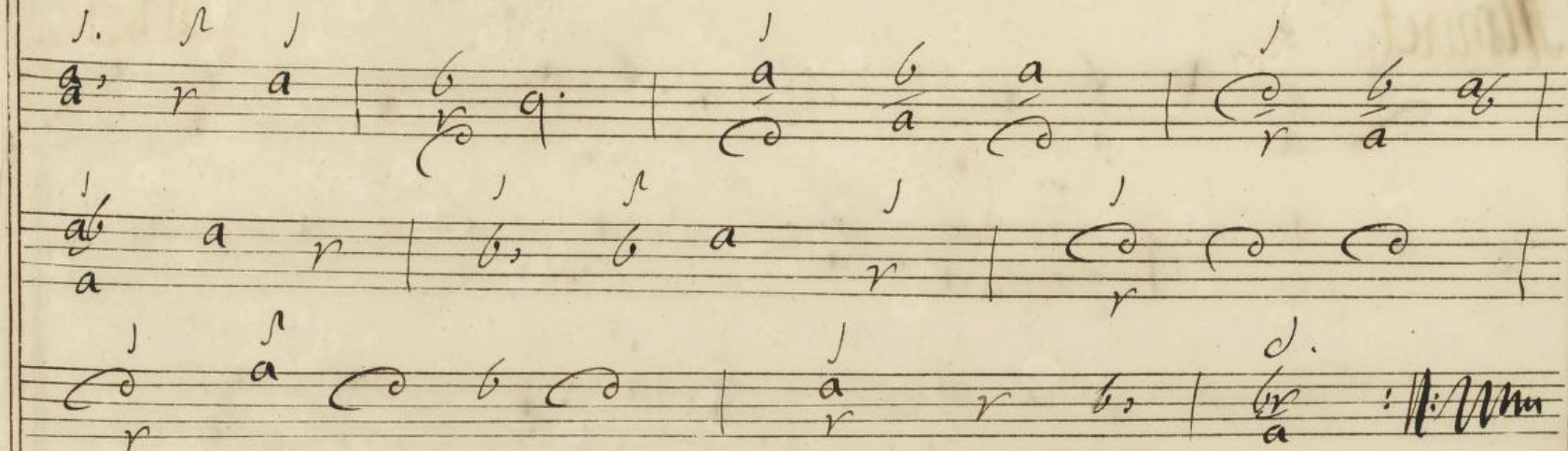

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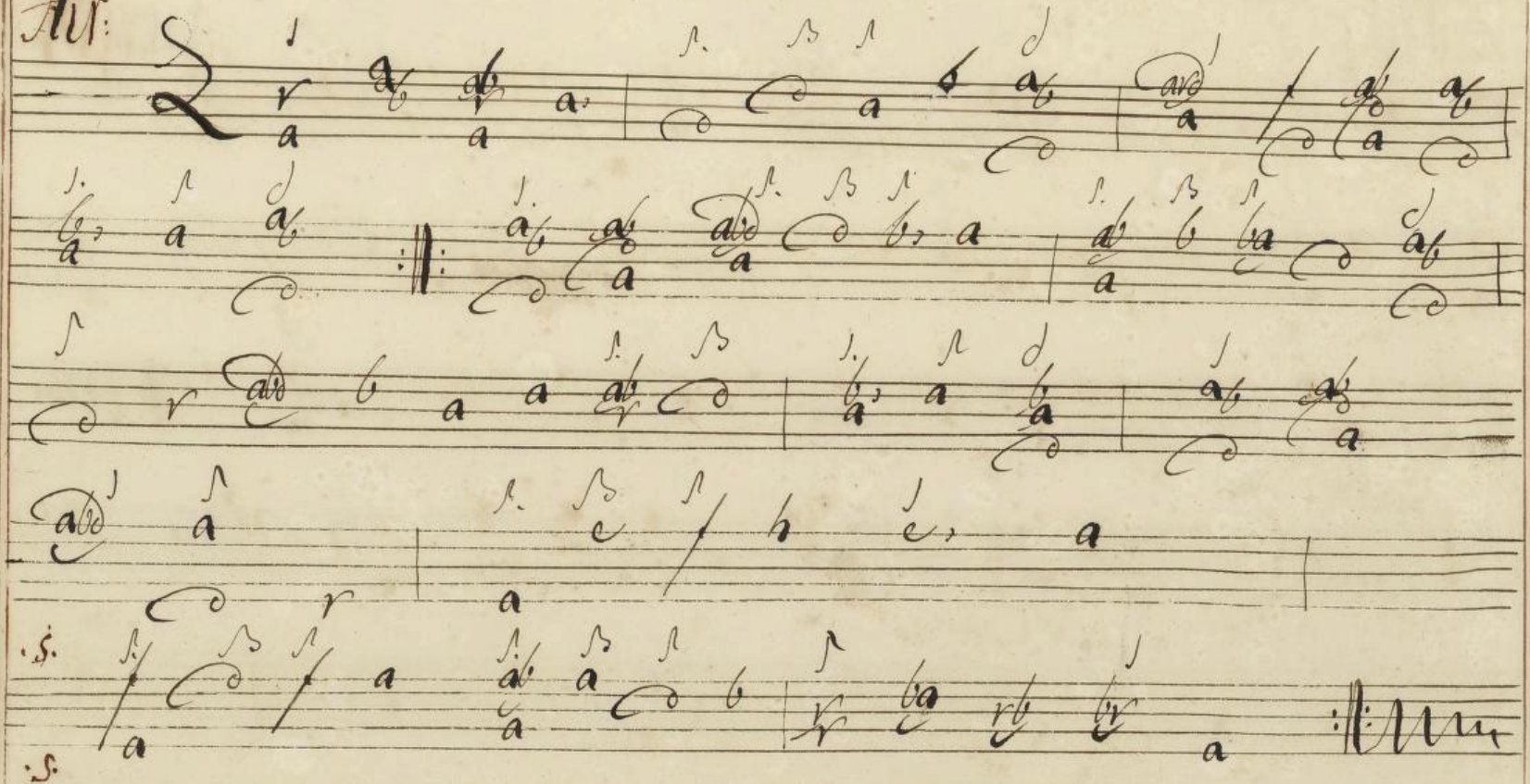

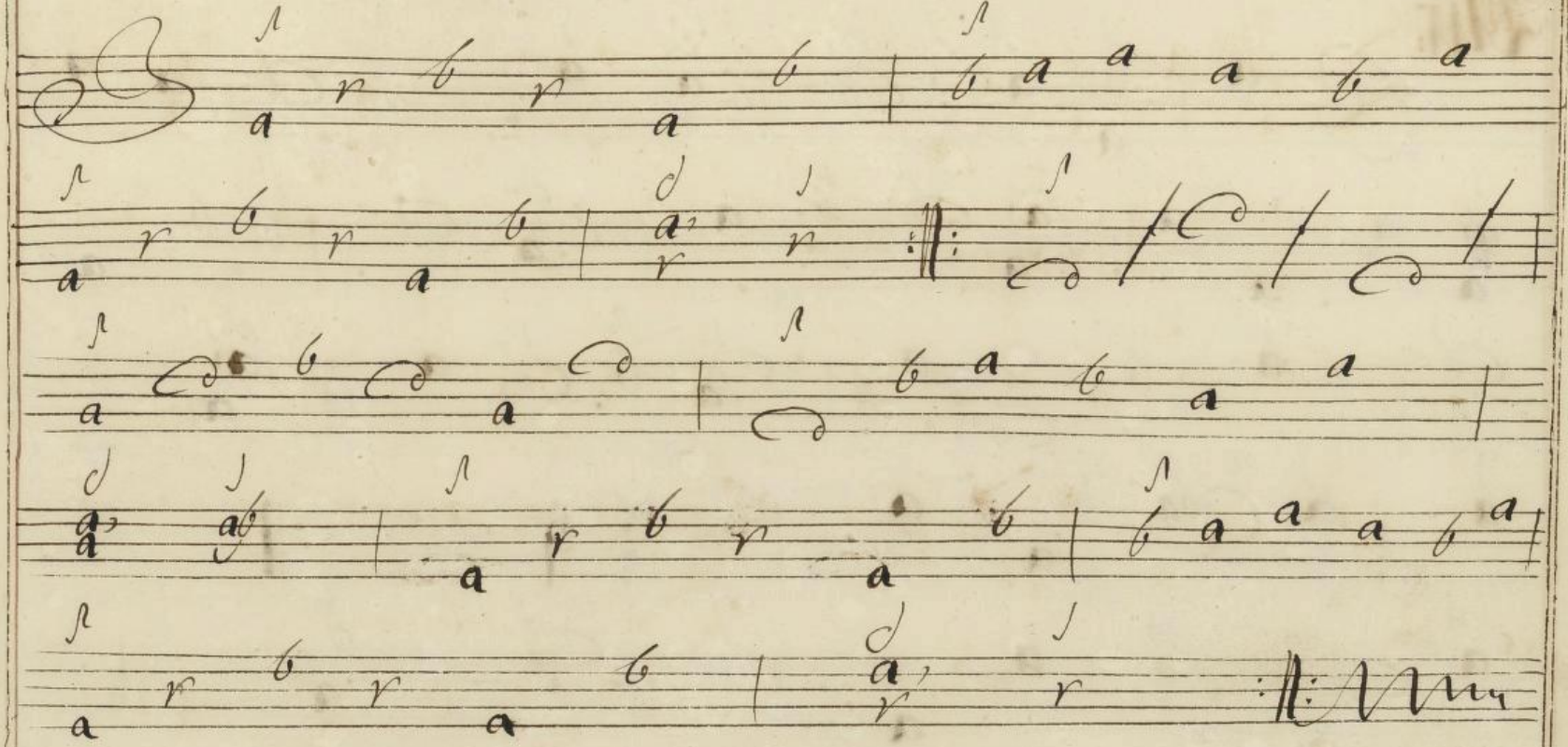

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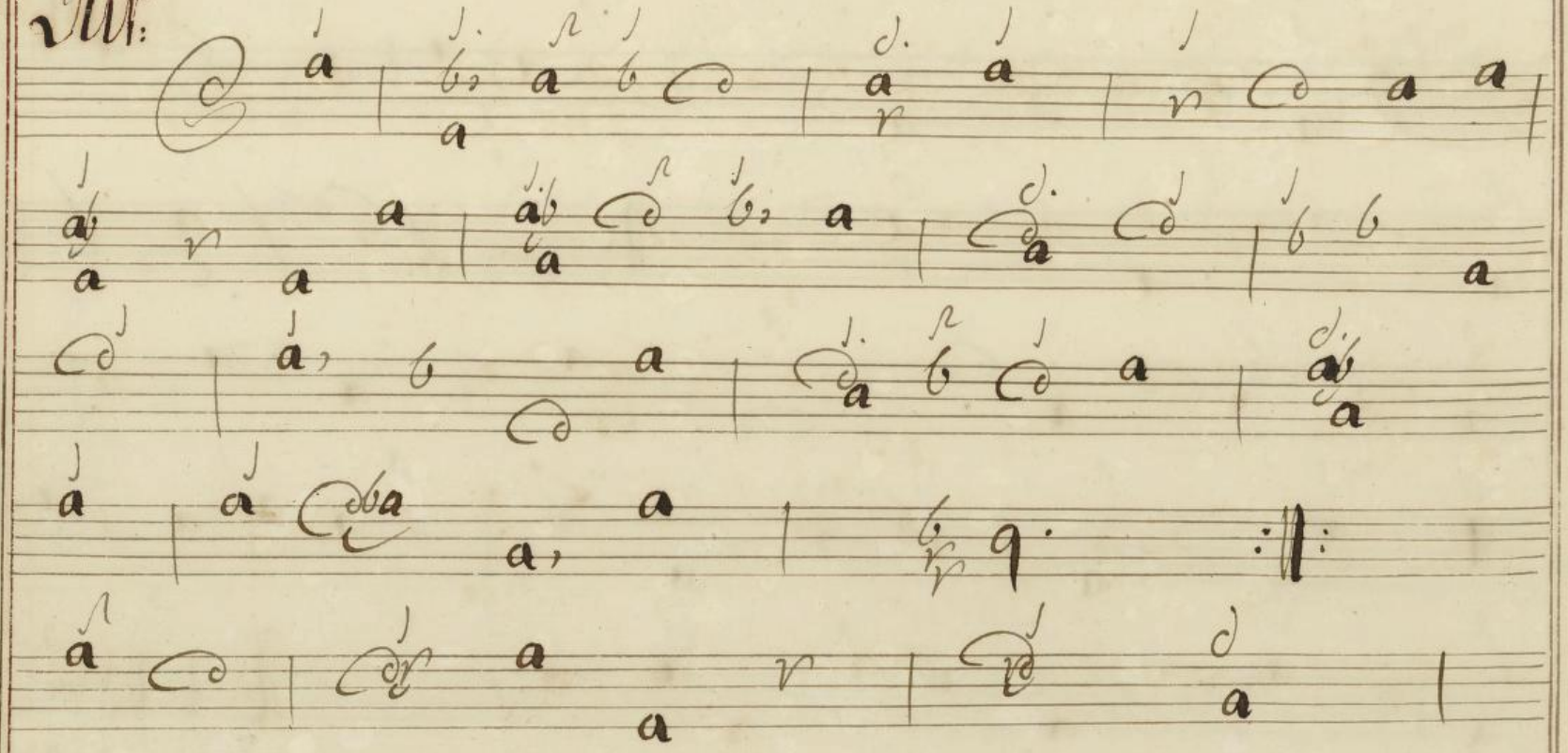

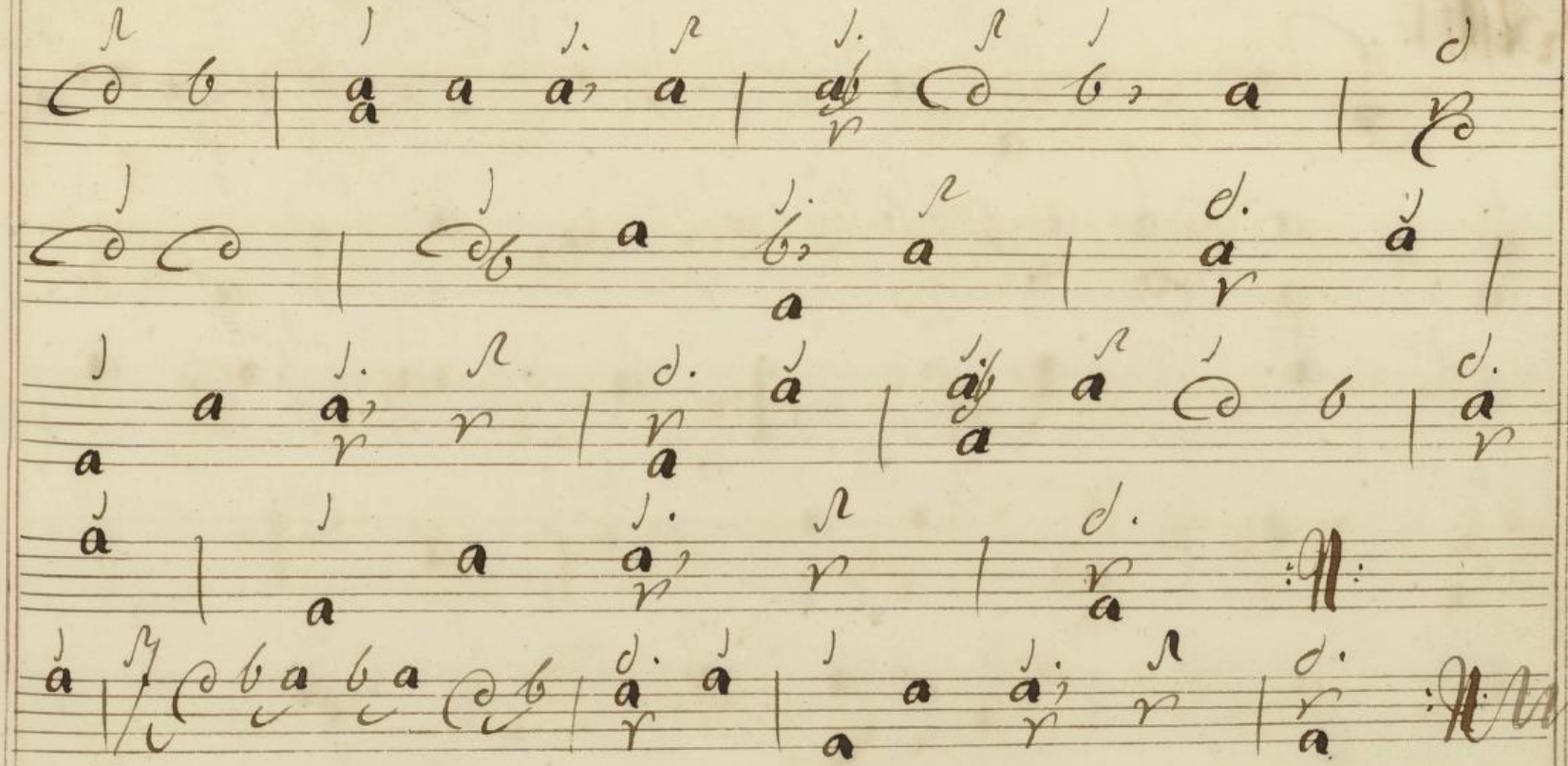

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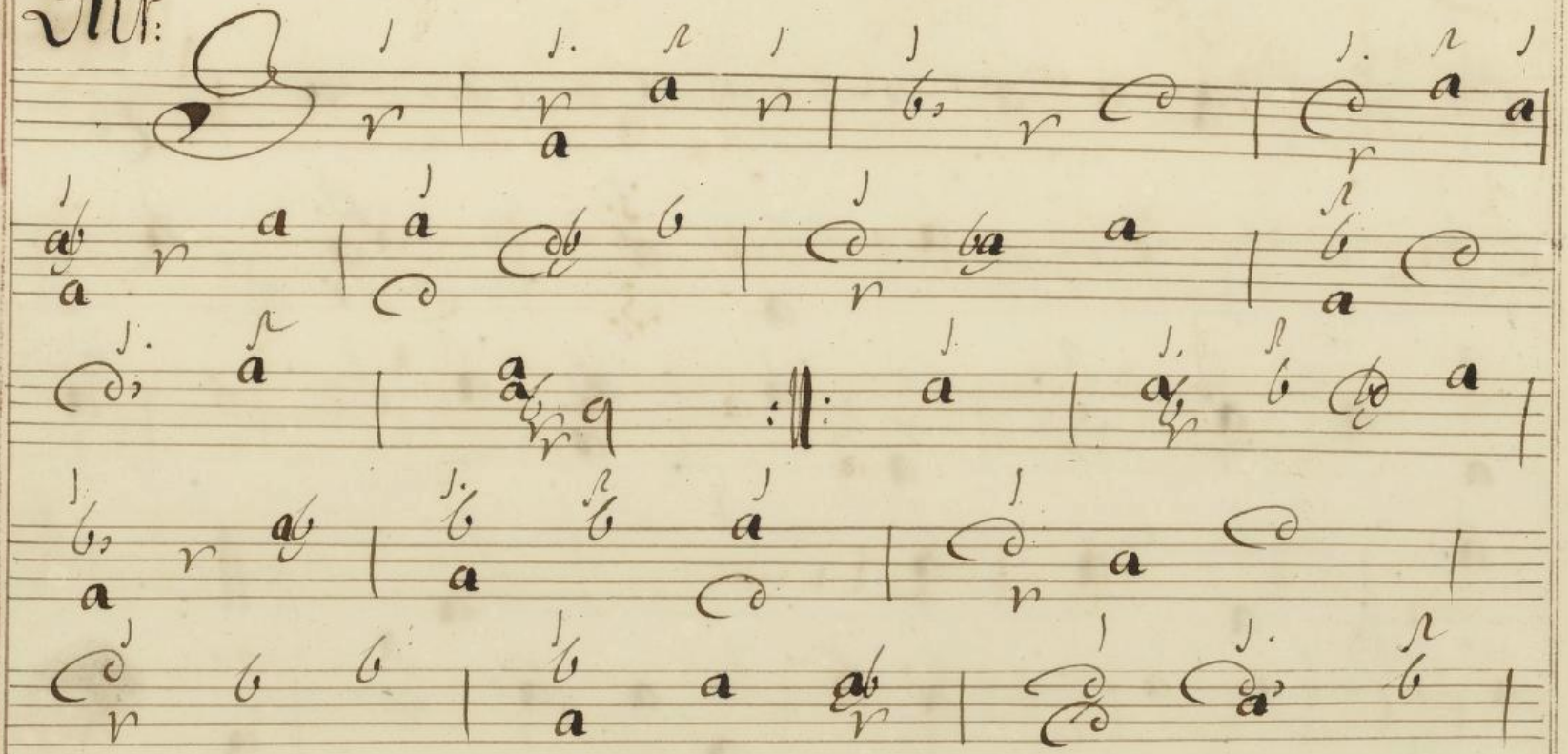

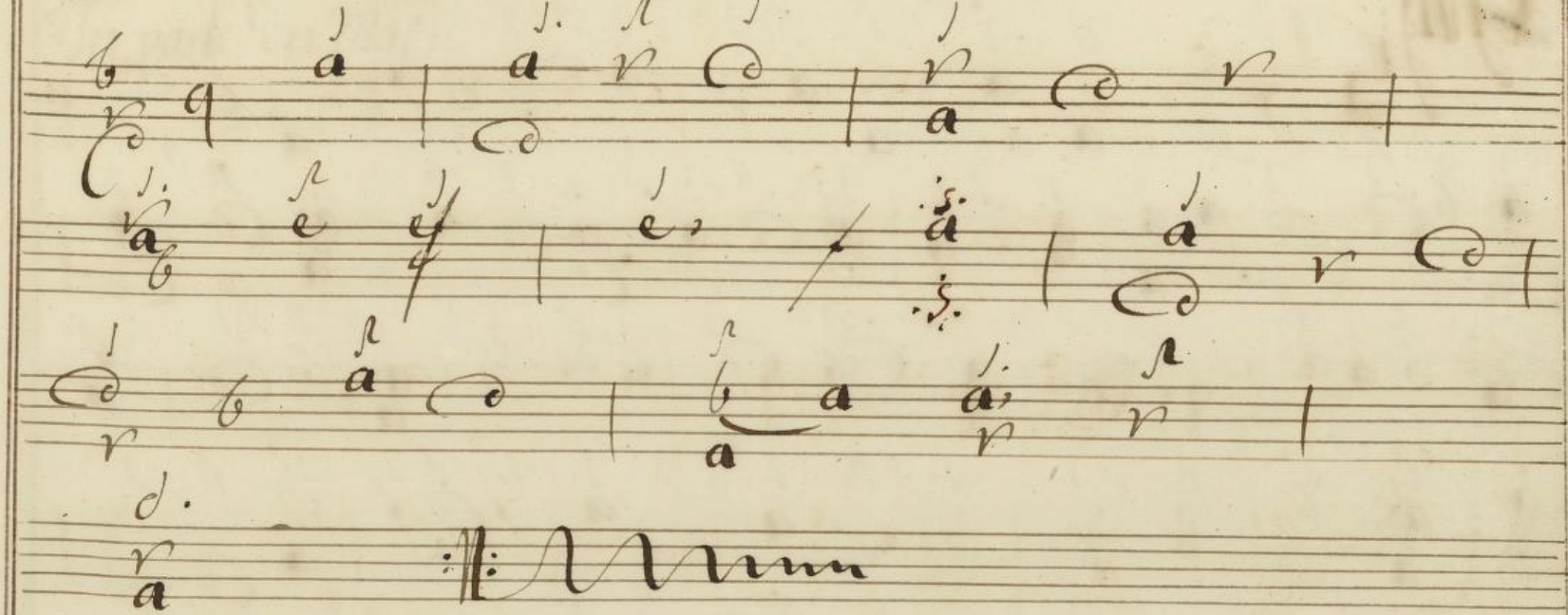

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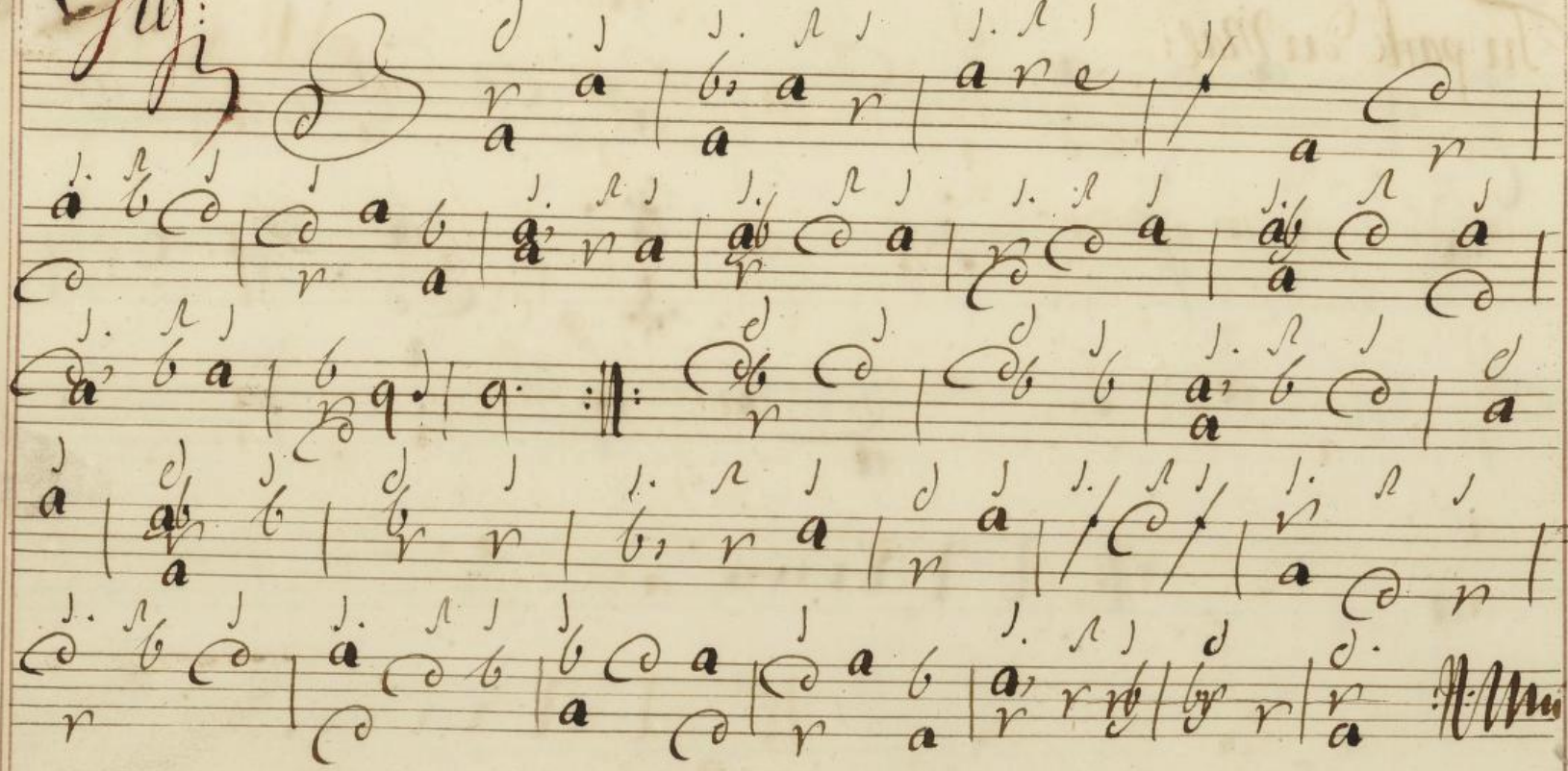

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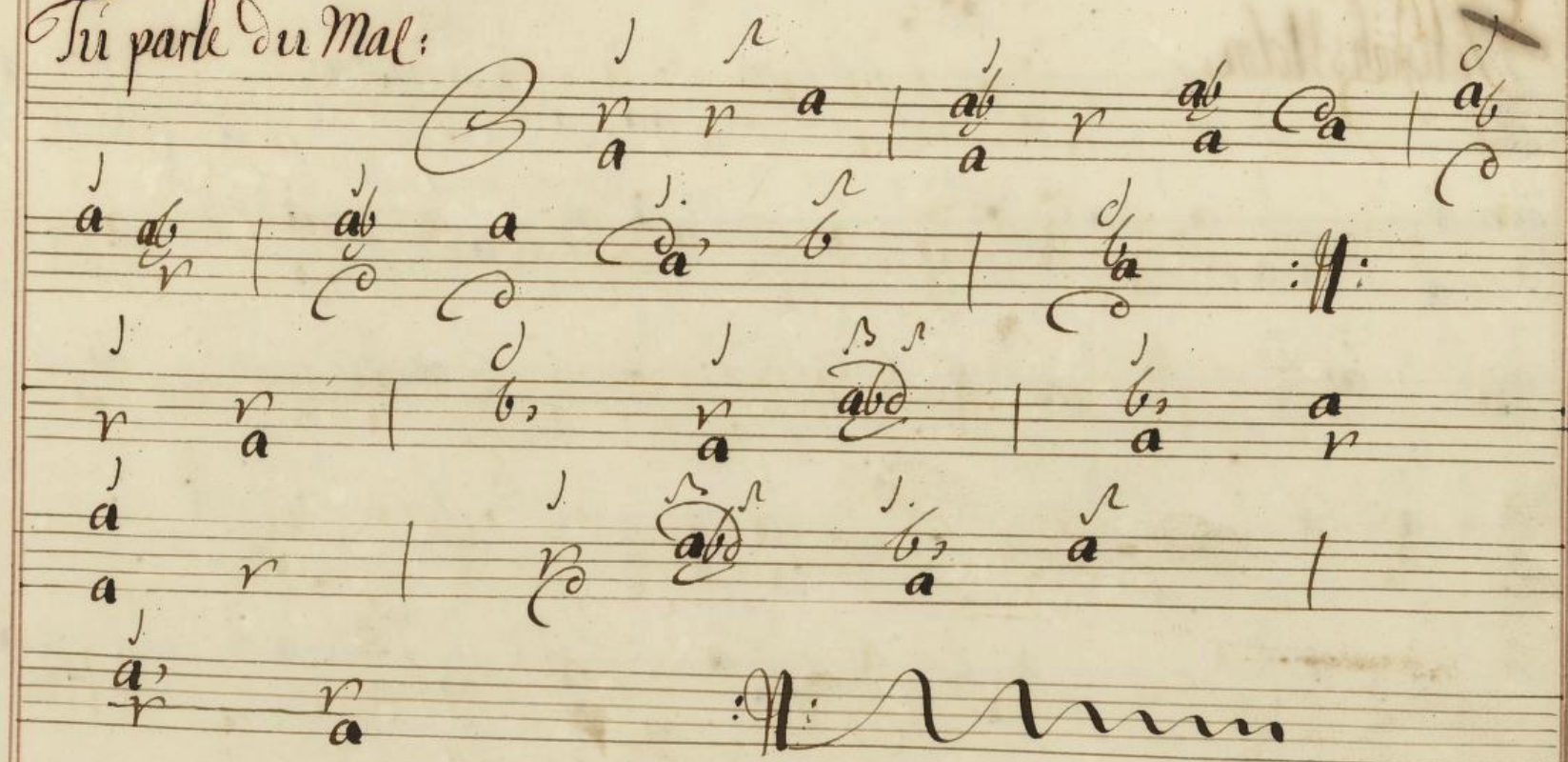

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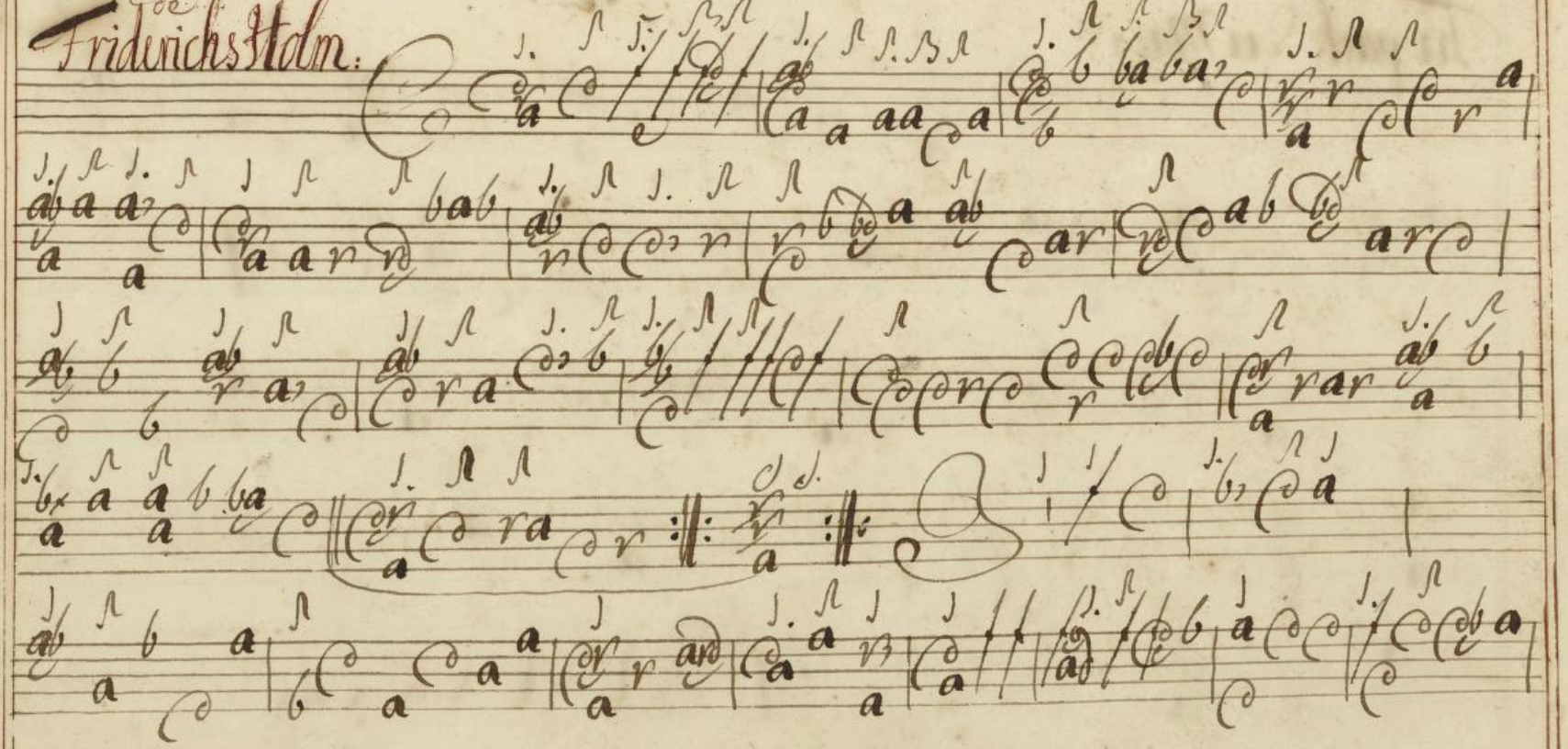
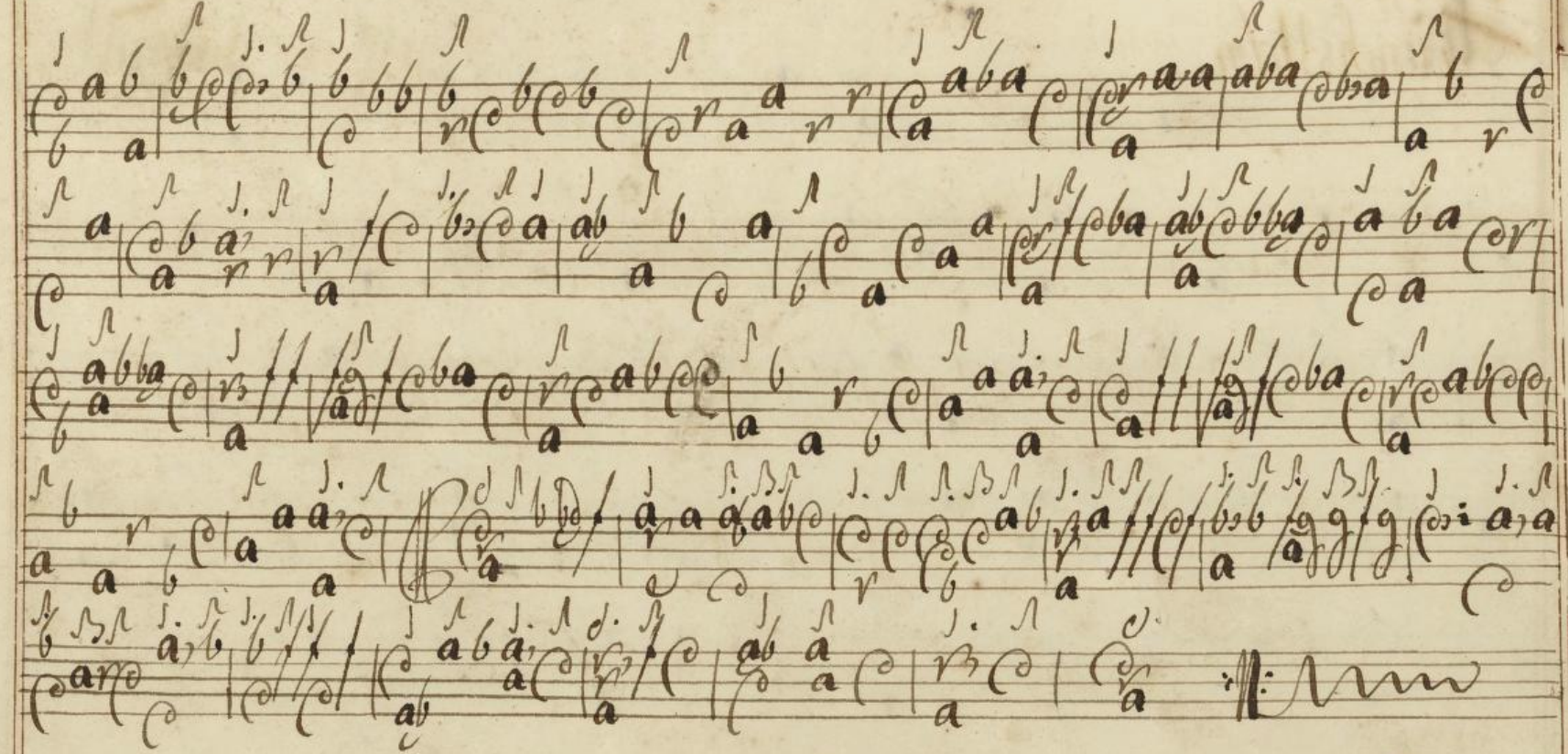
Ouverture de Friderichs Holm.





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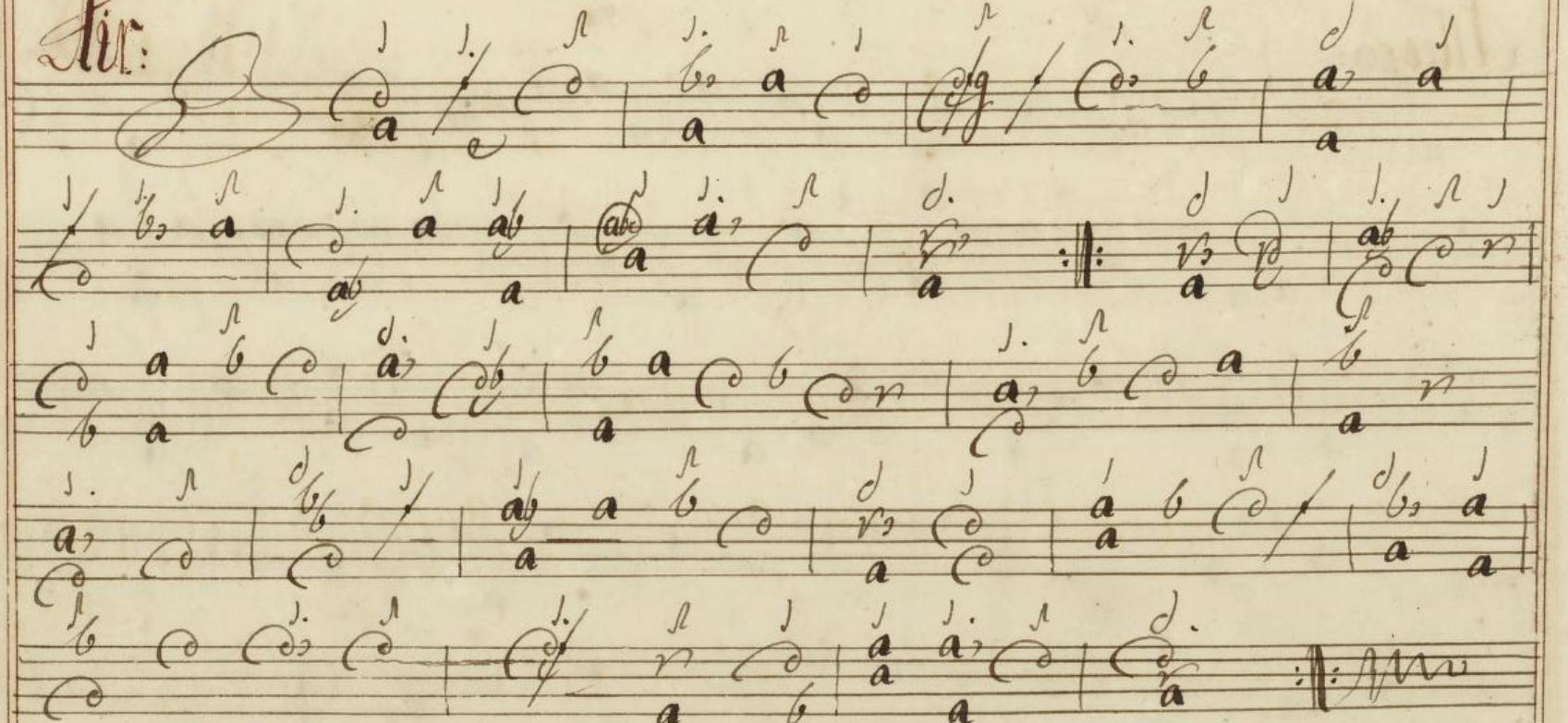

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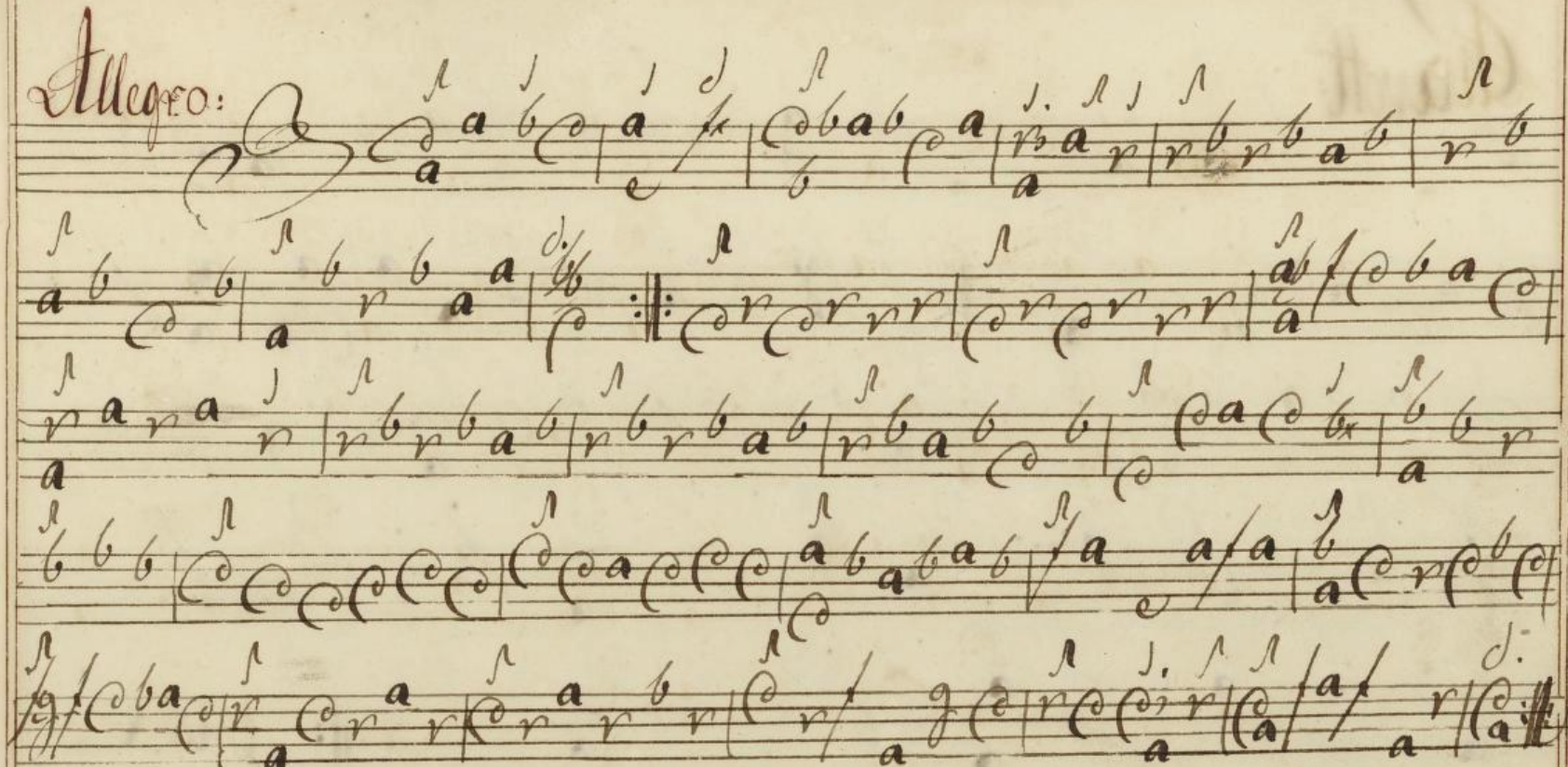

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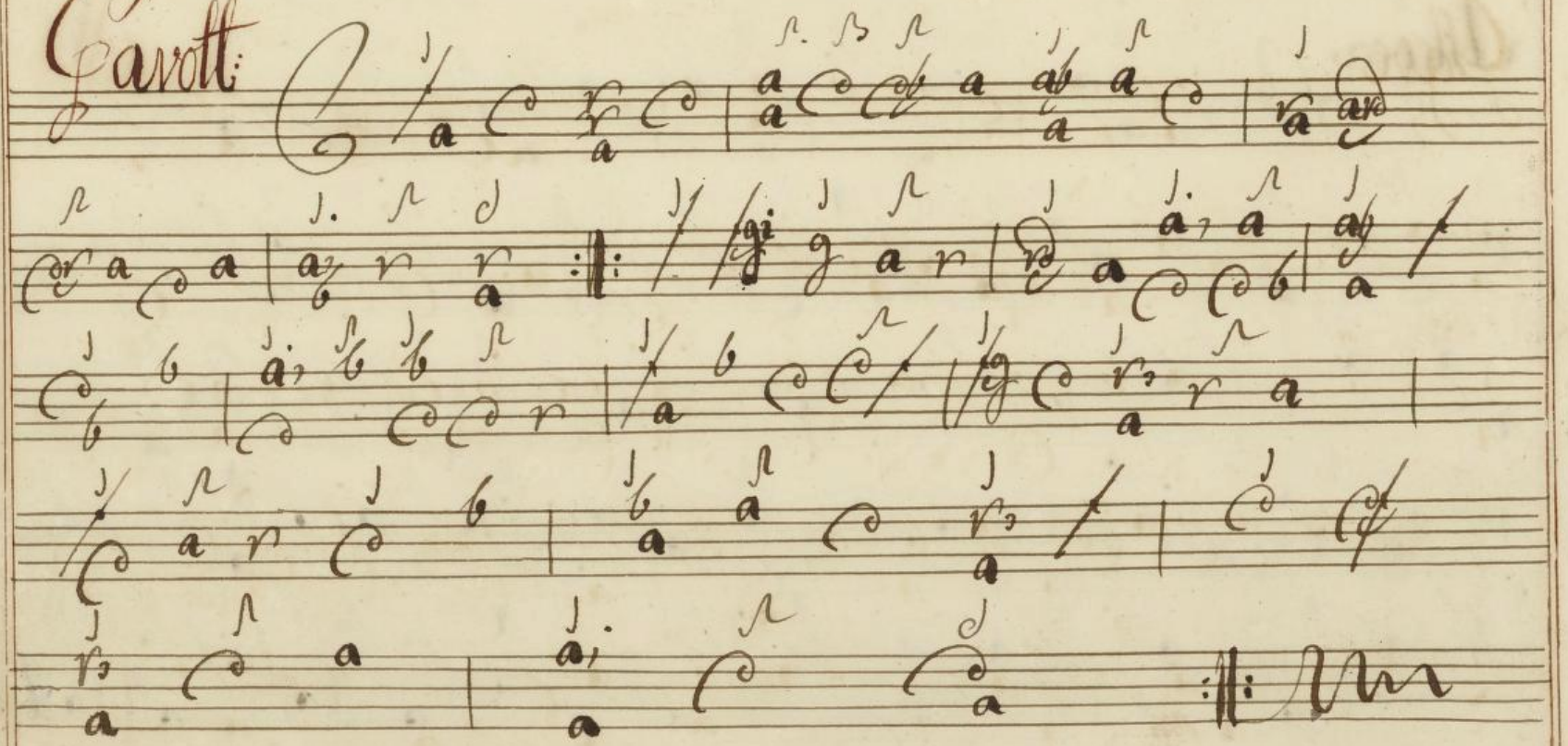

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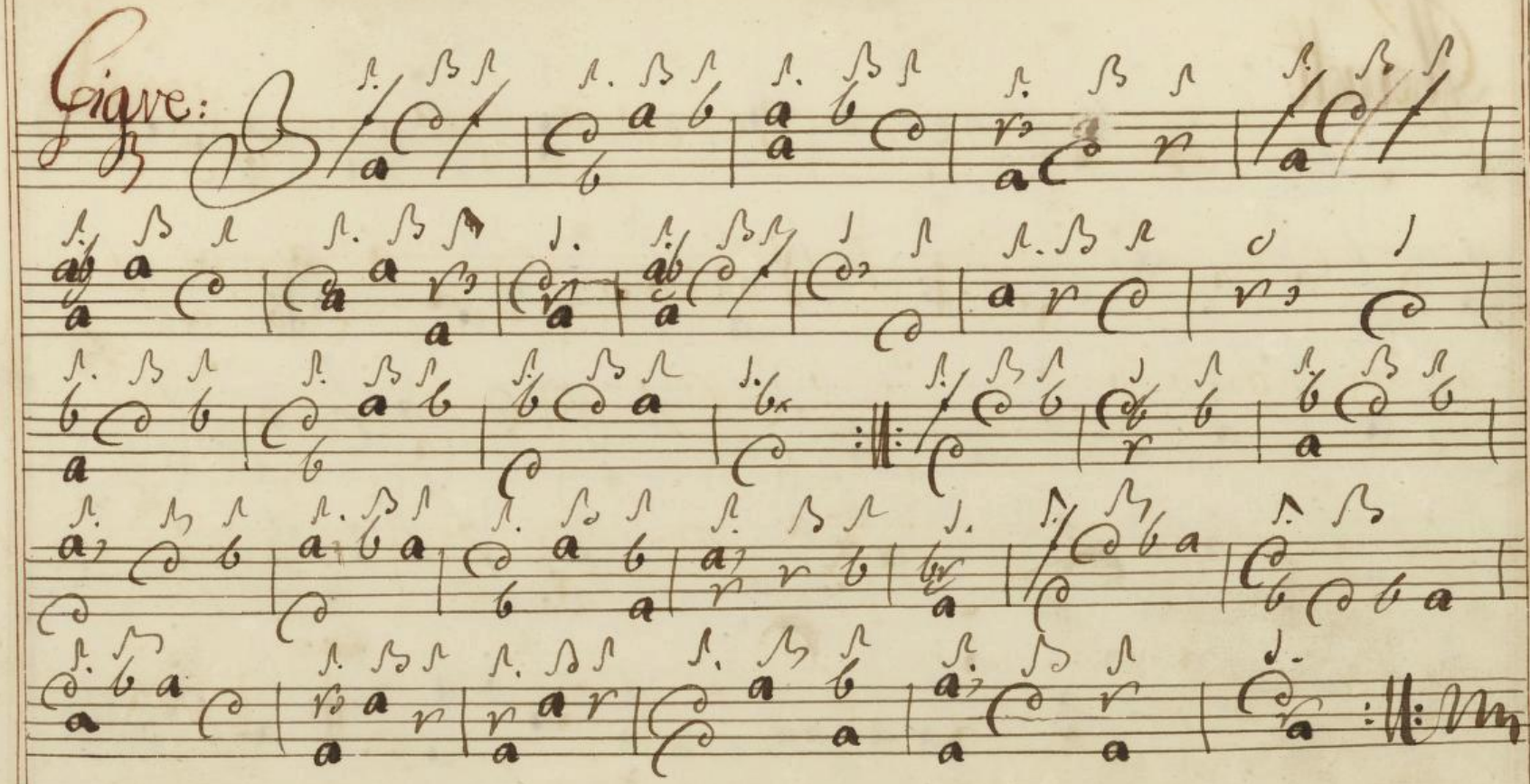

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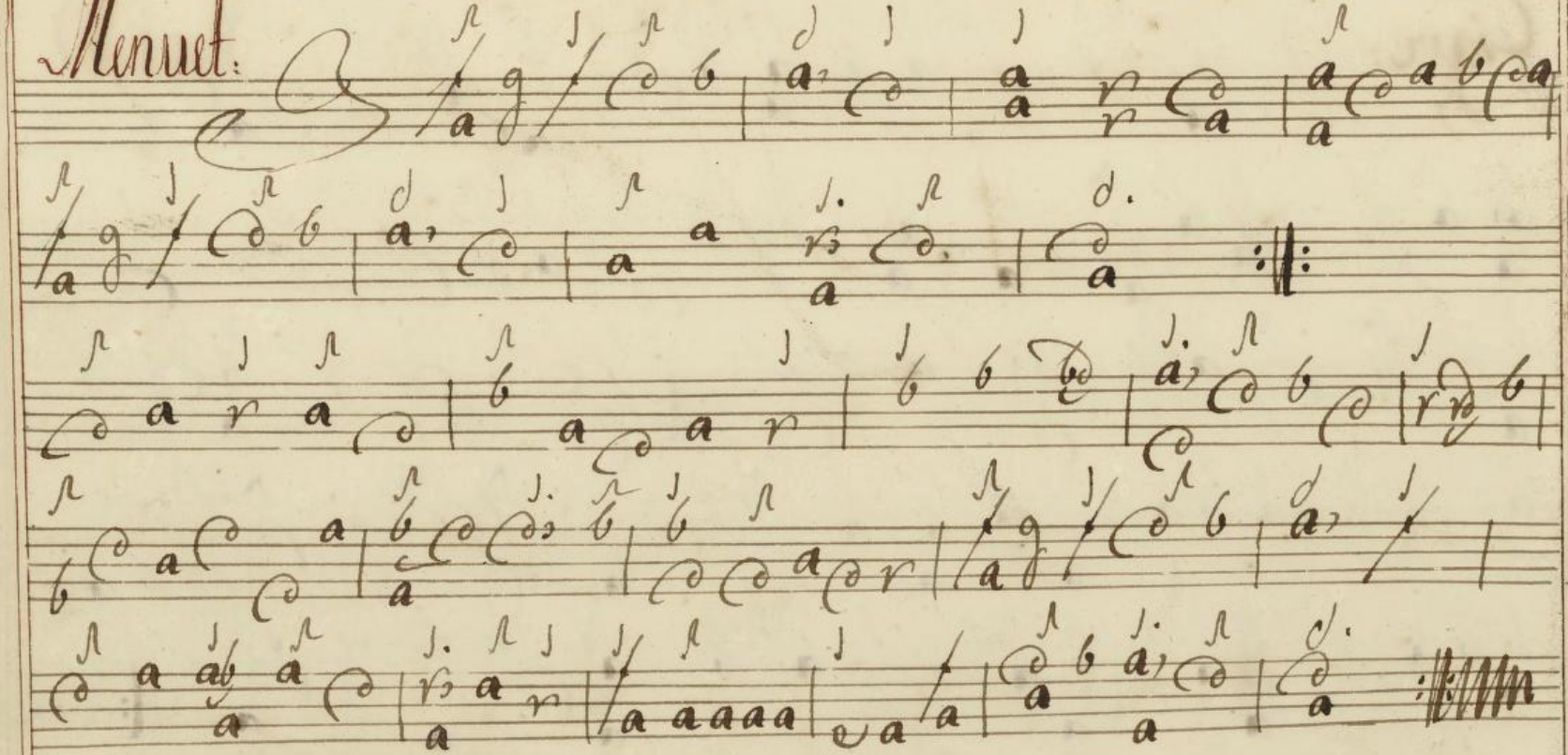

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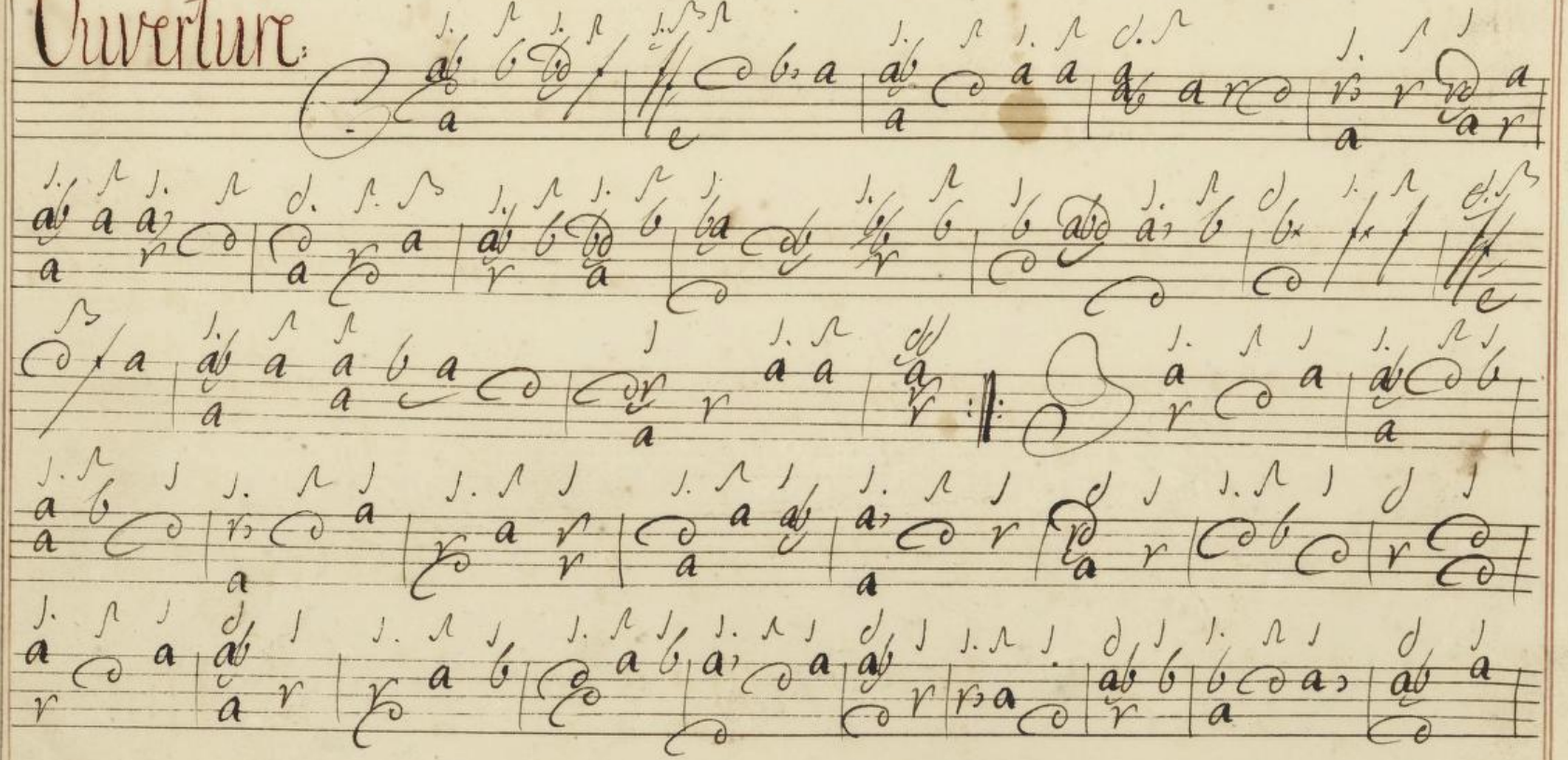

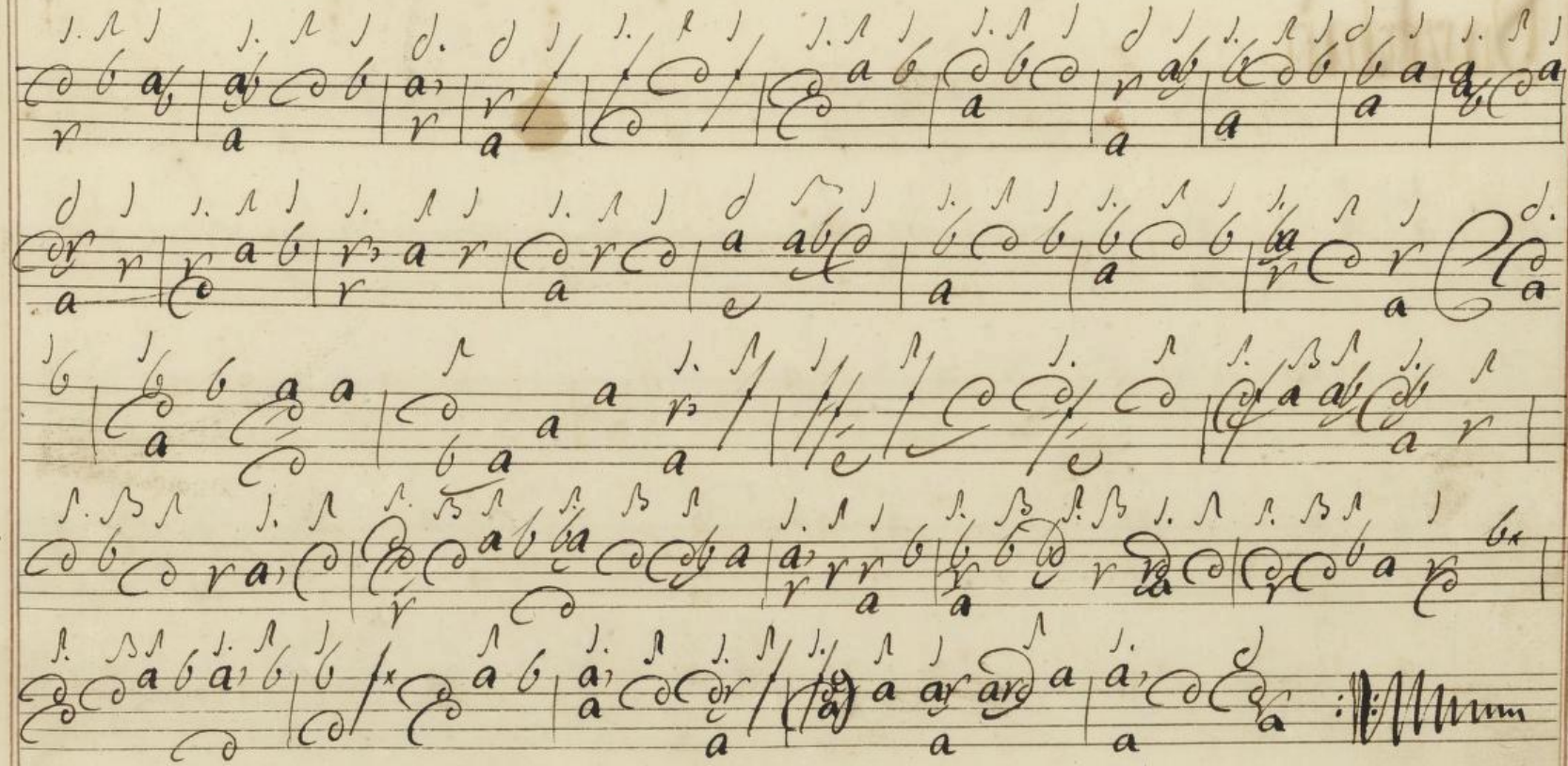

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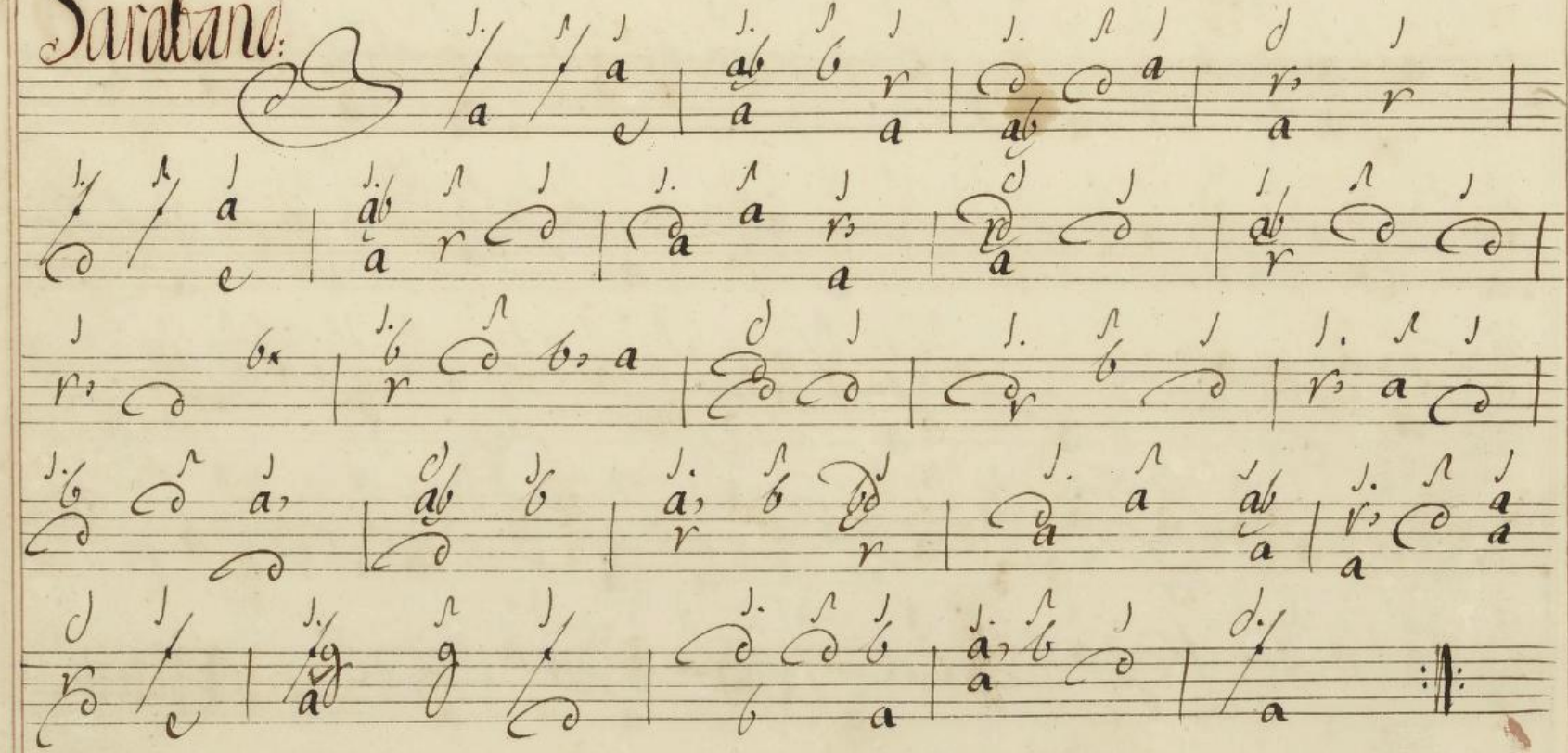

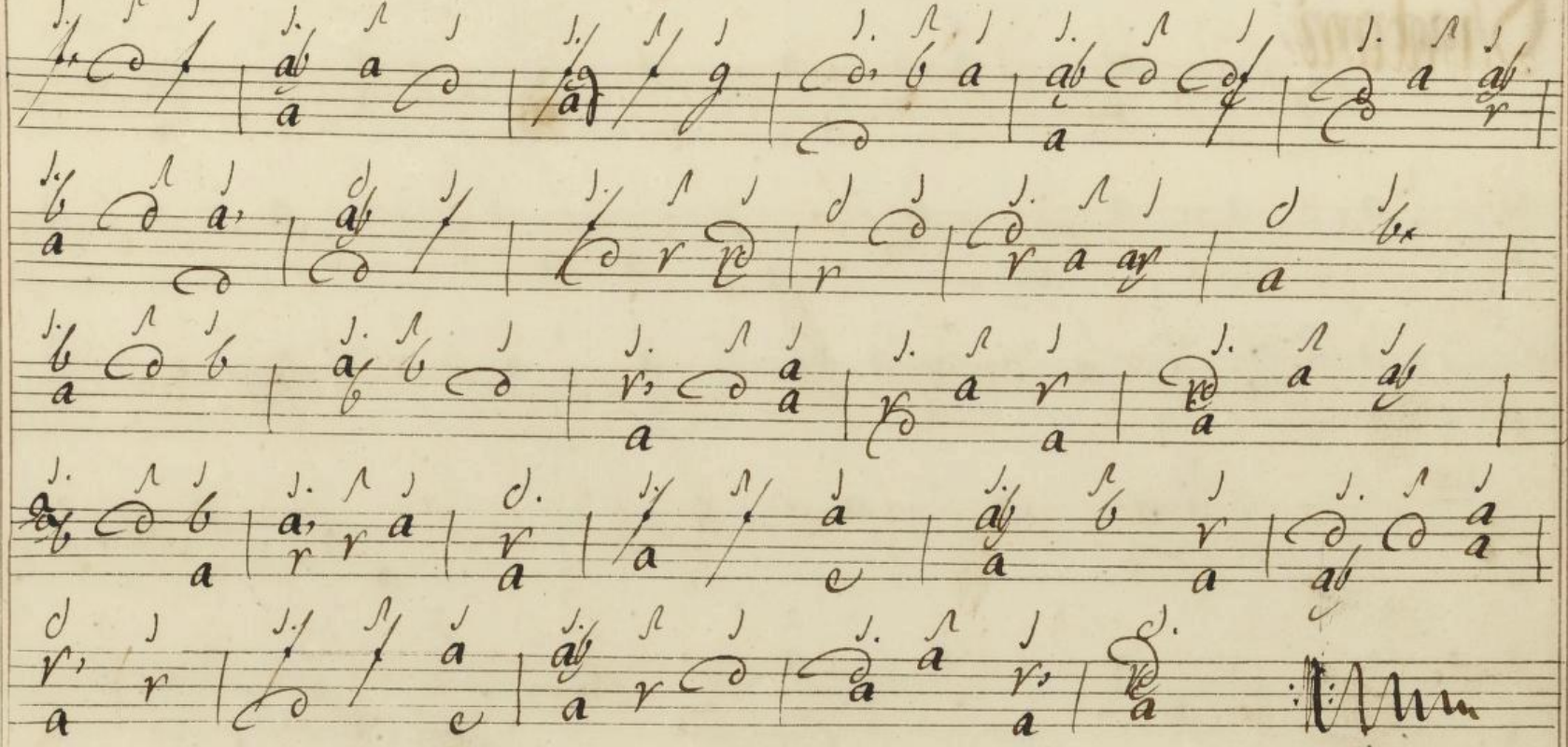

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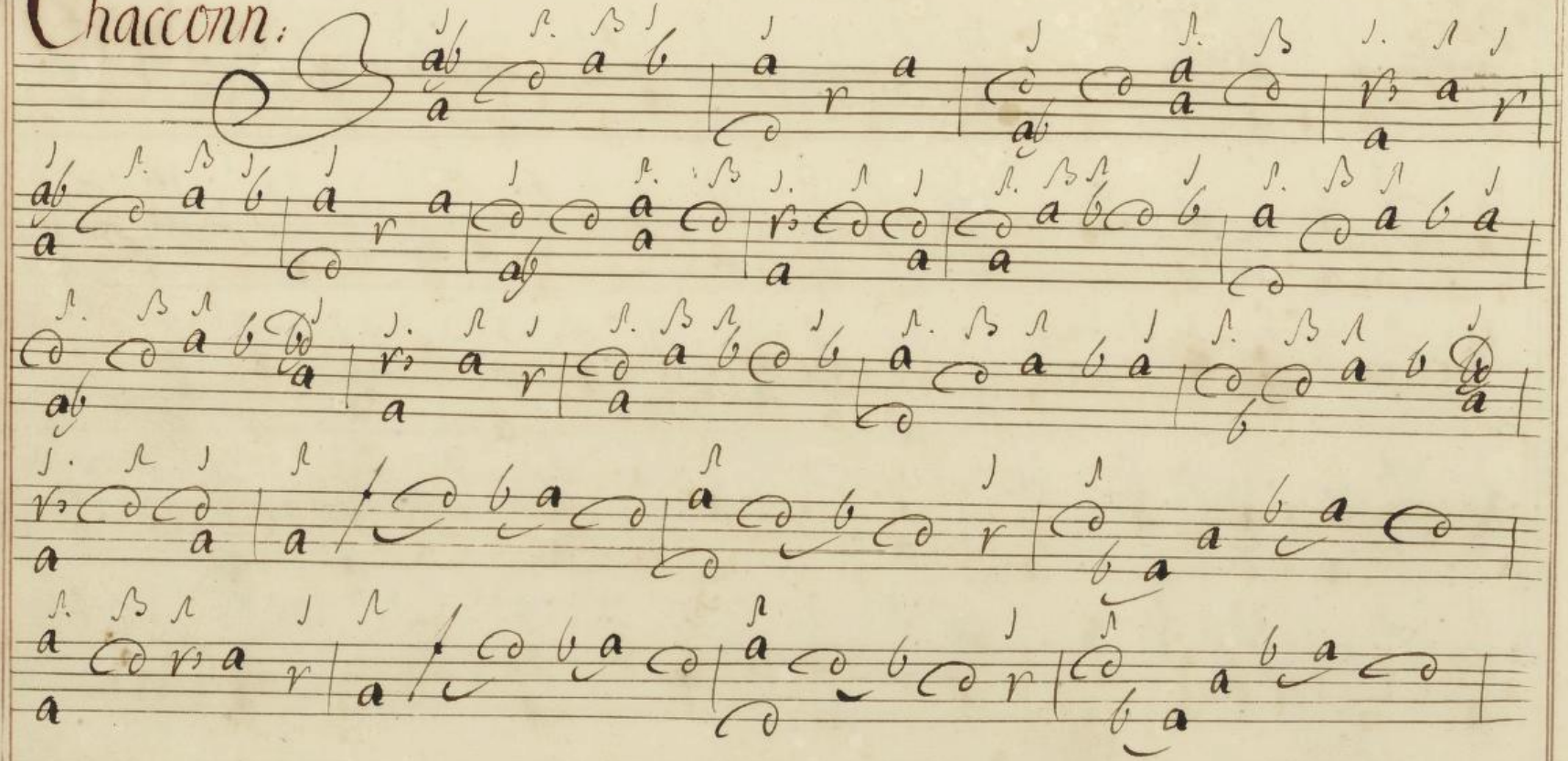

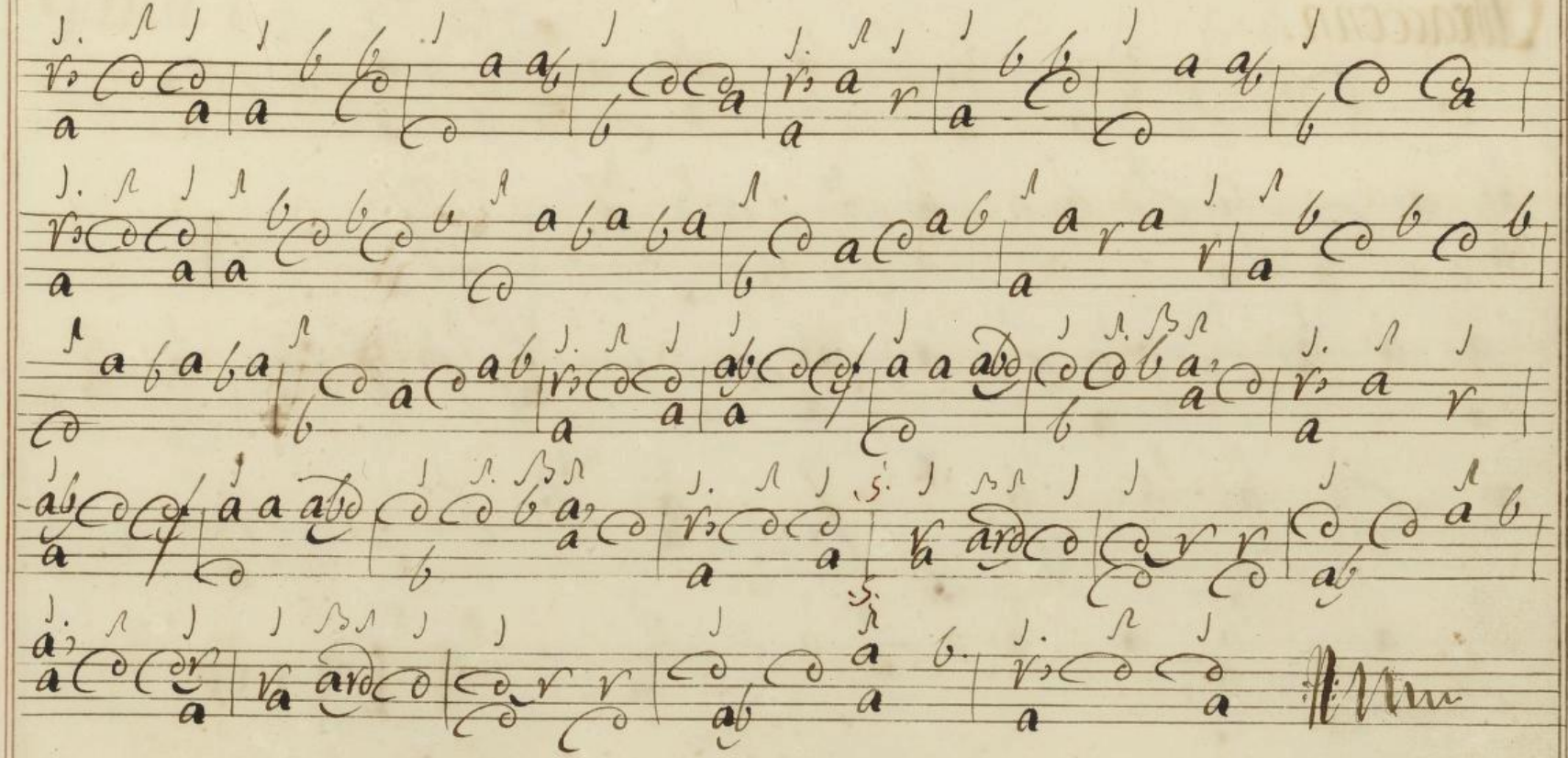

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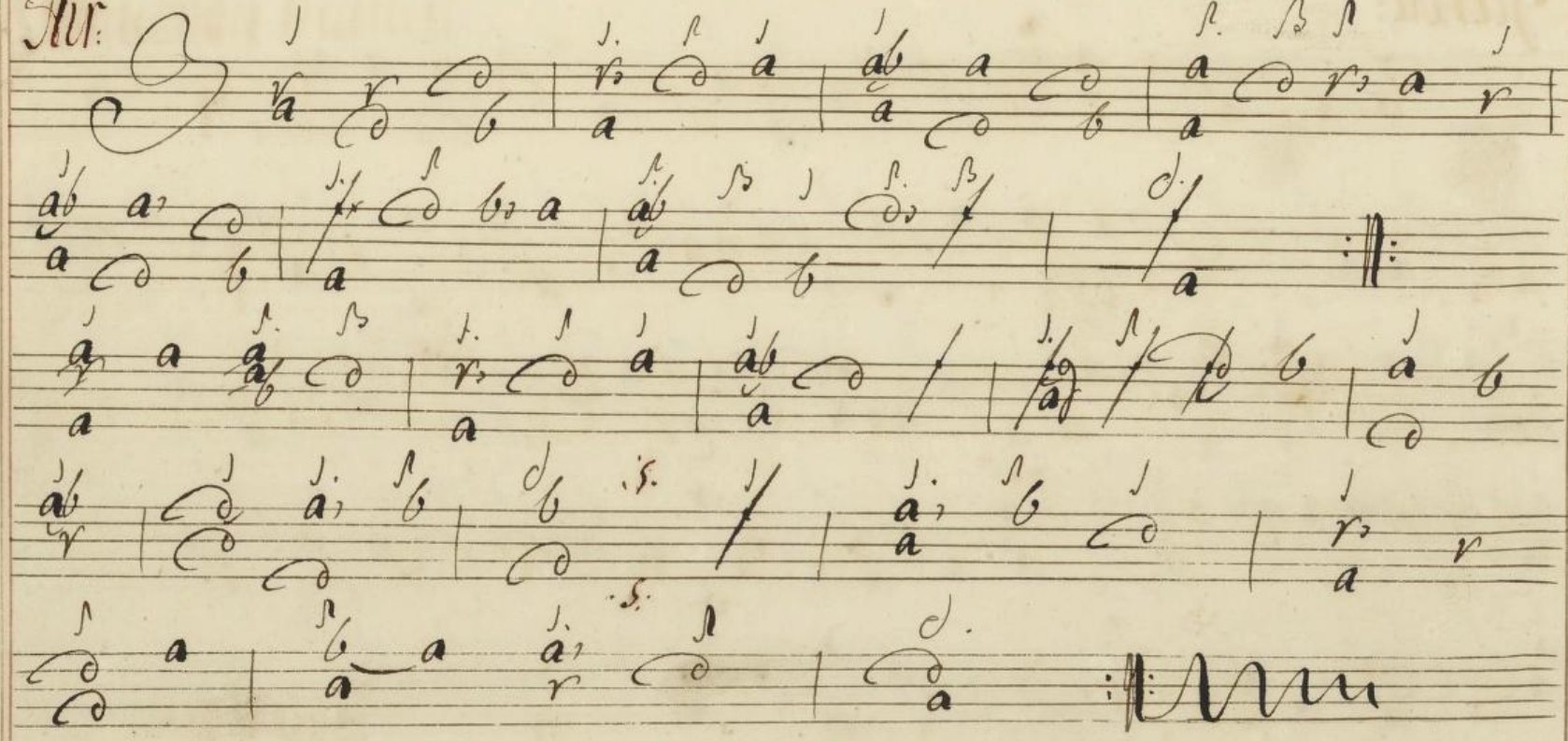

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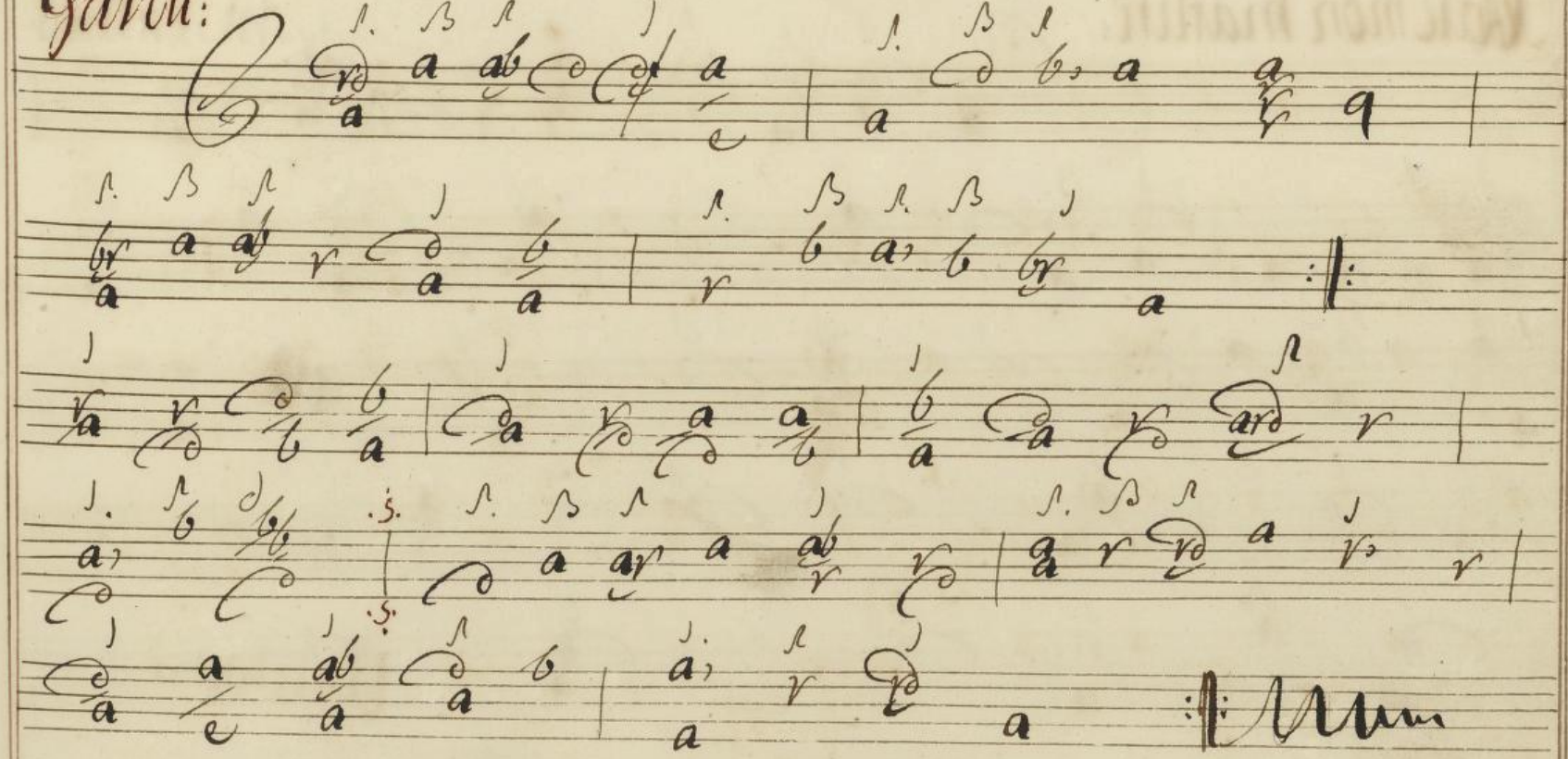
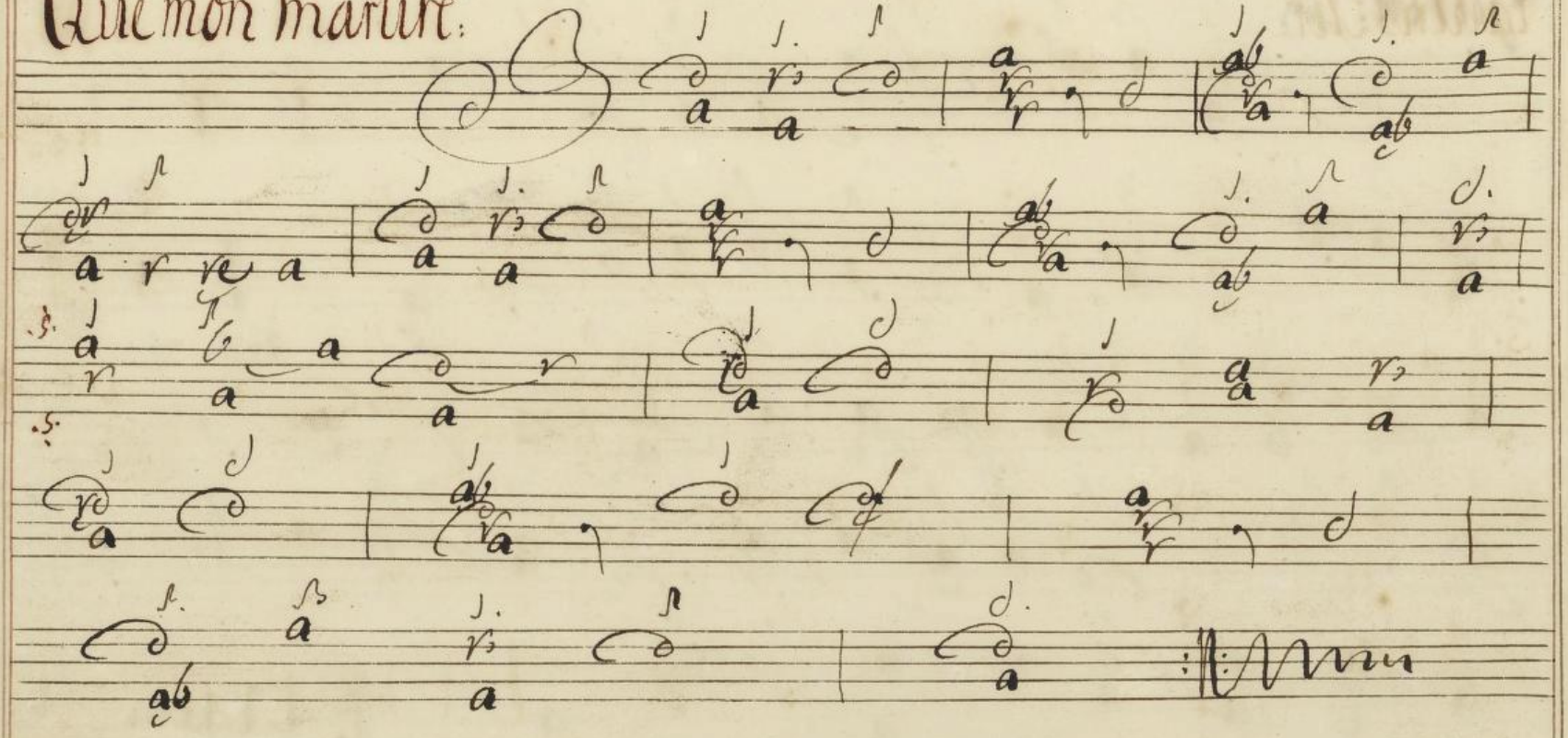


Que mon martire:



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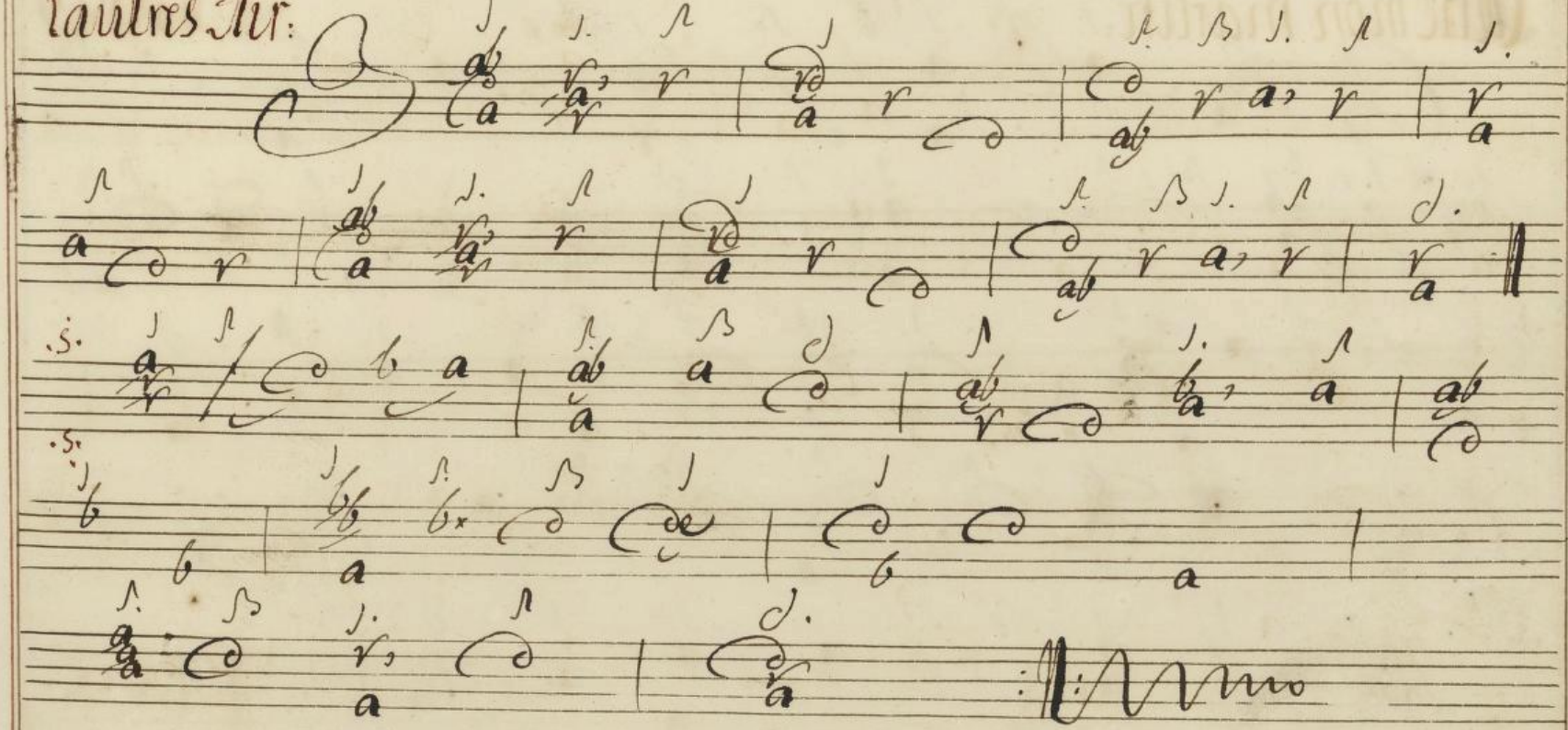
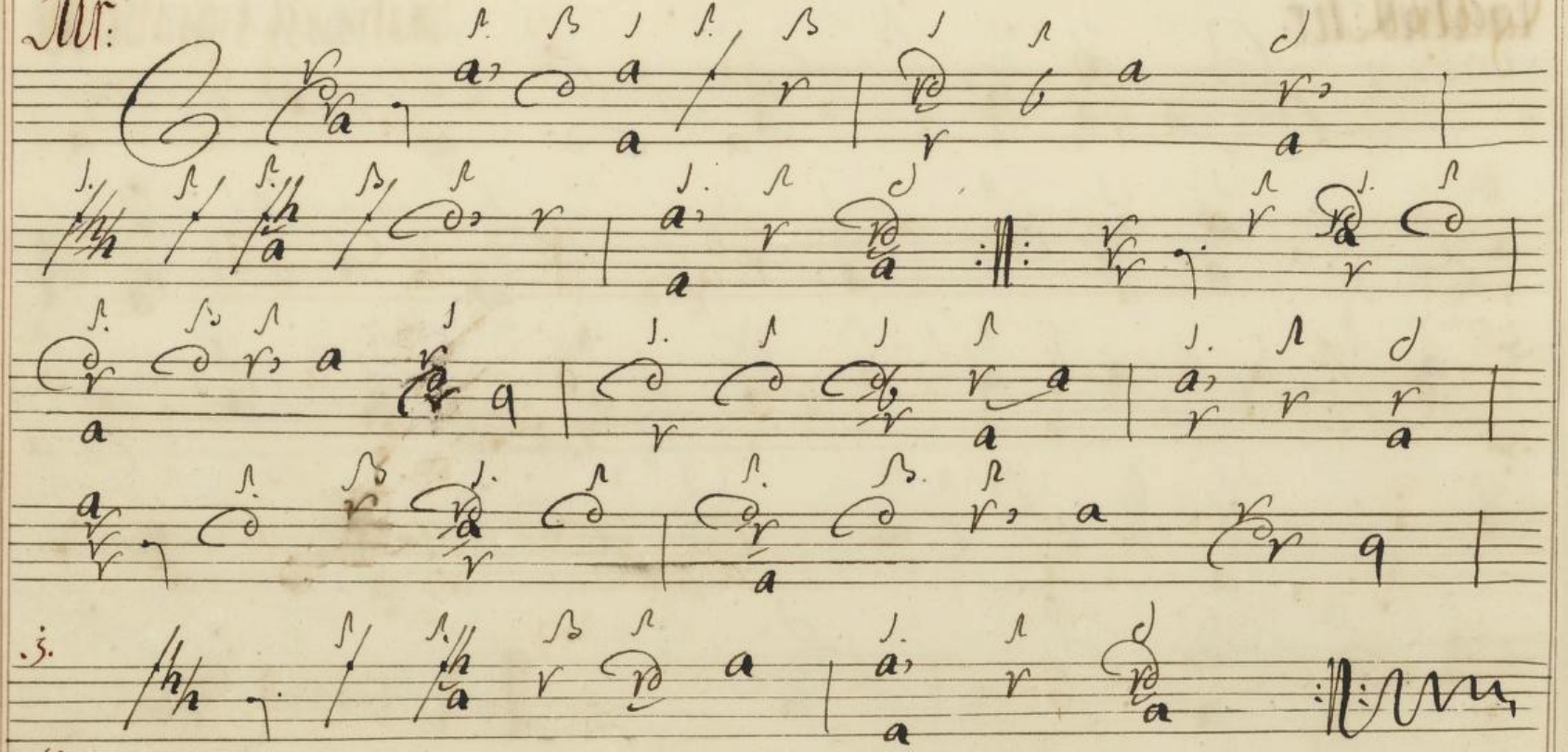


Aur:



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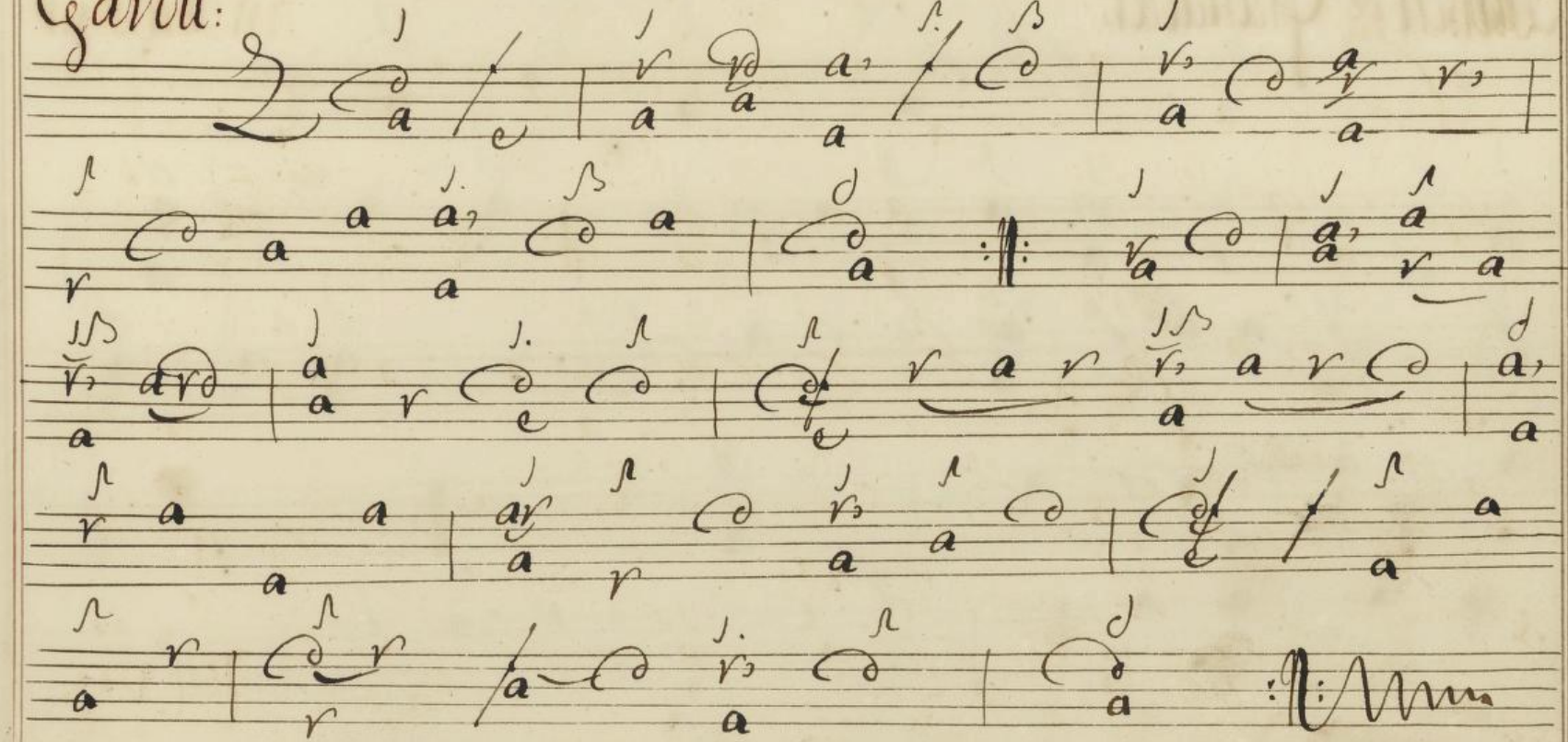

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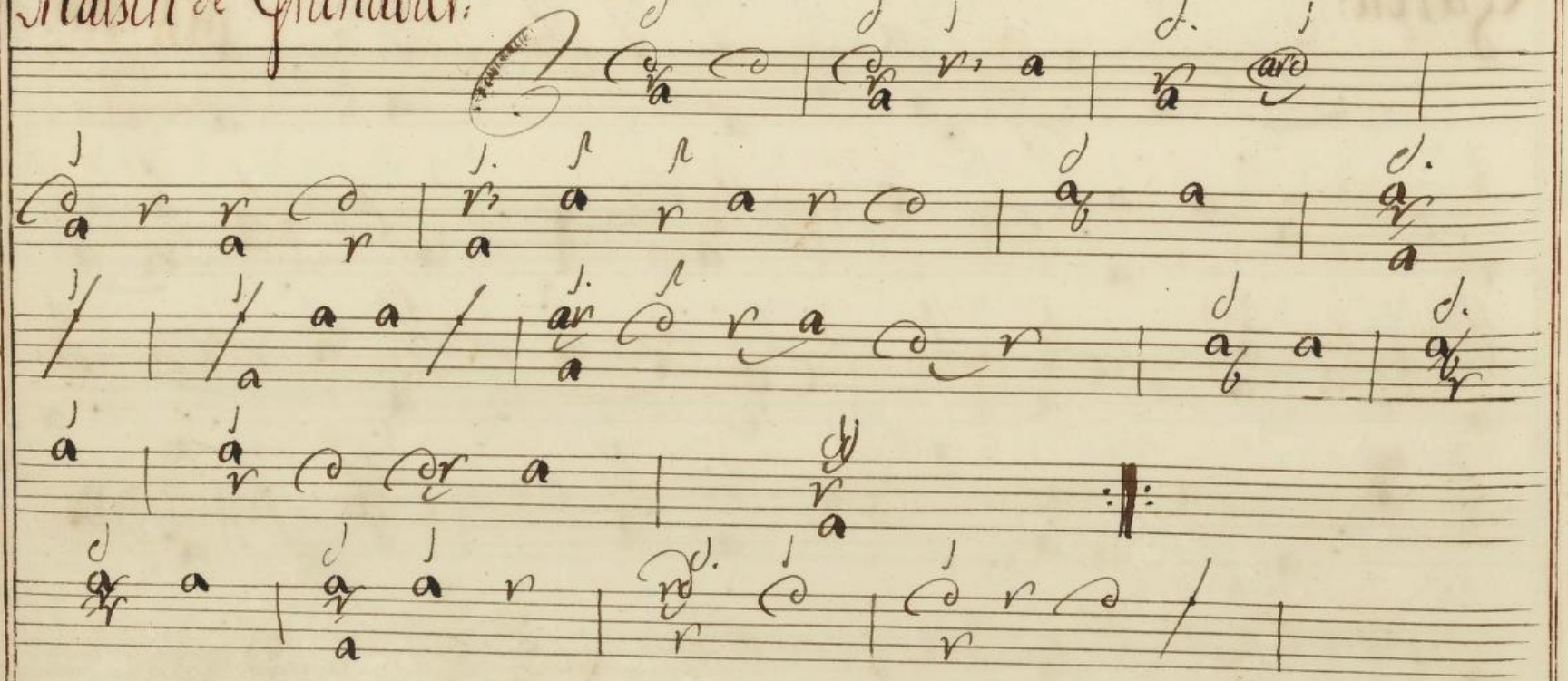
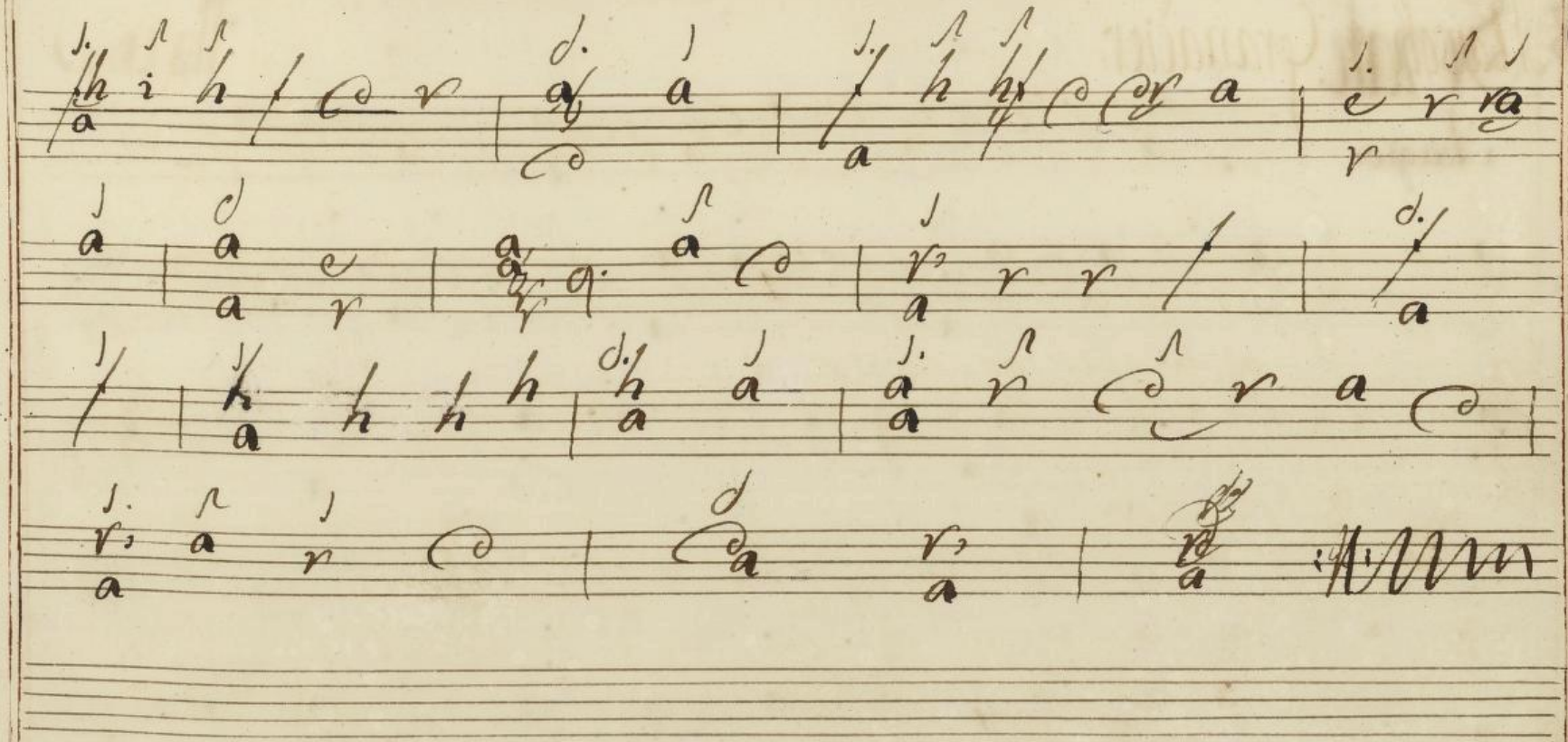
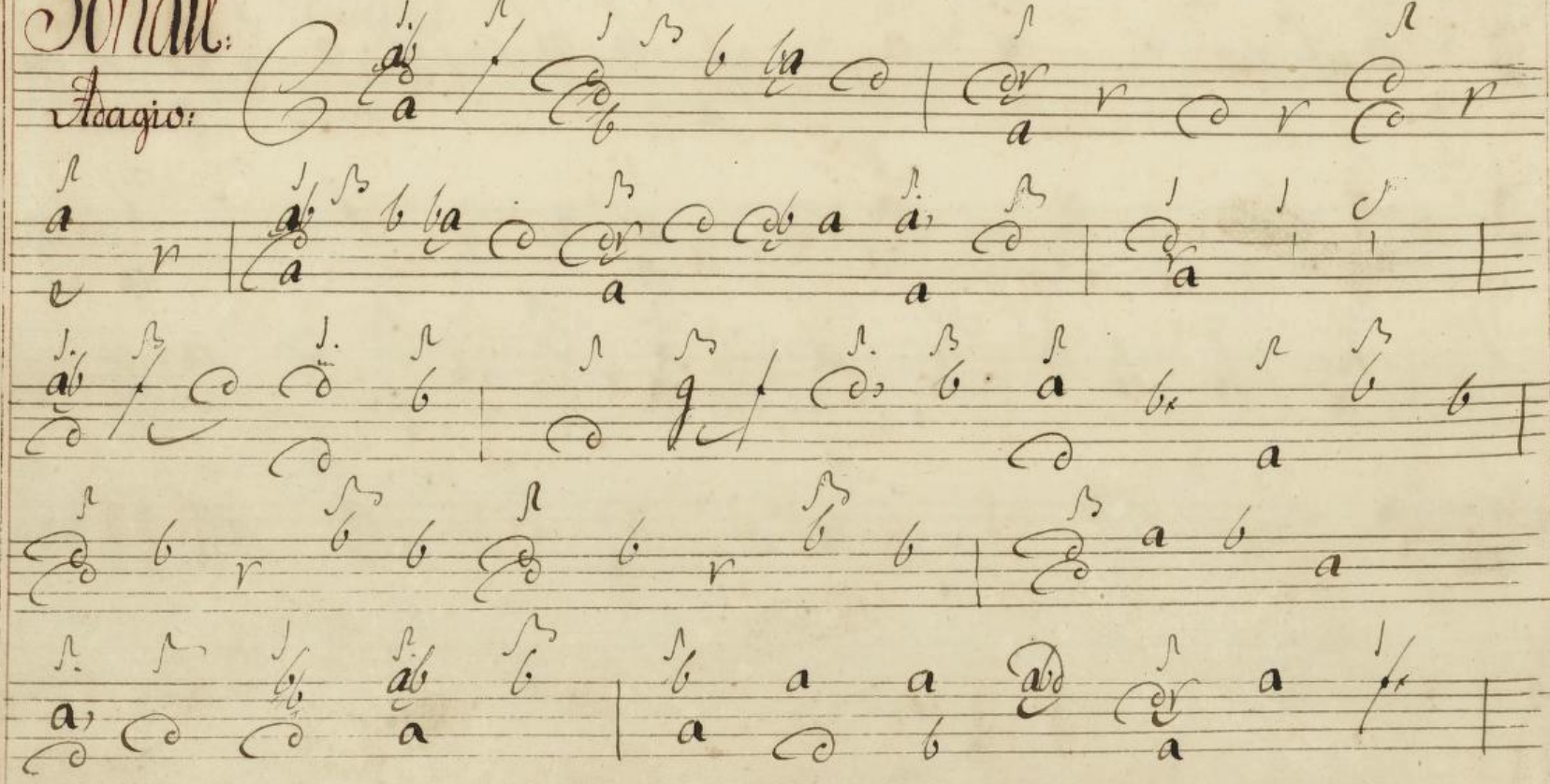
Marsch de Granadier.

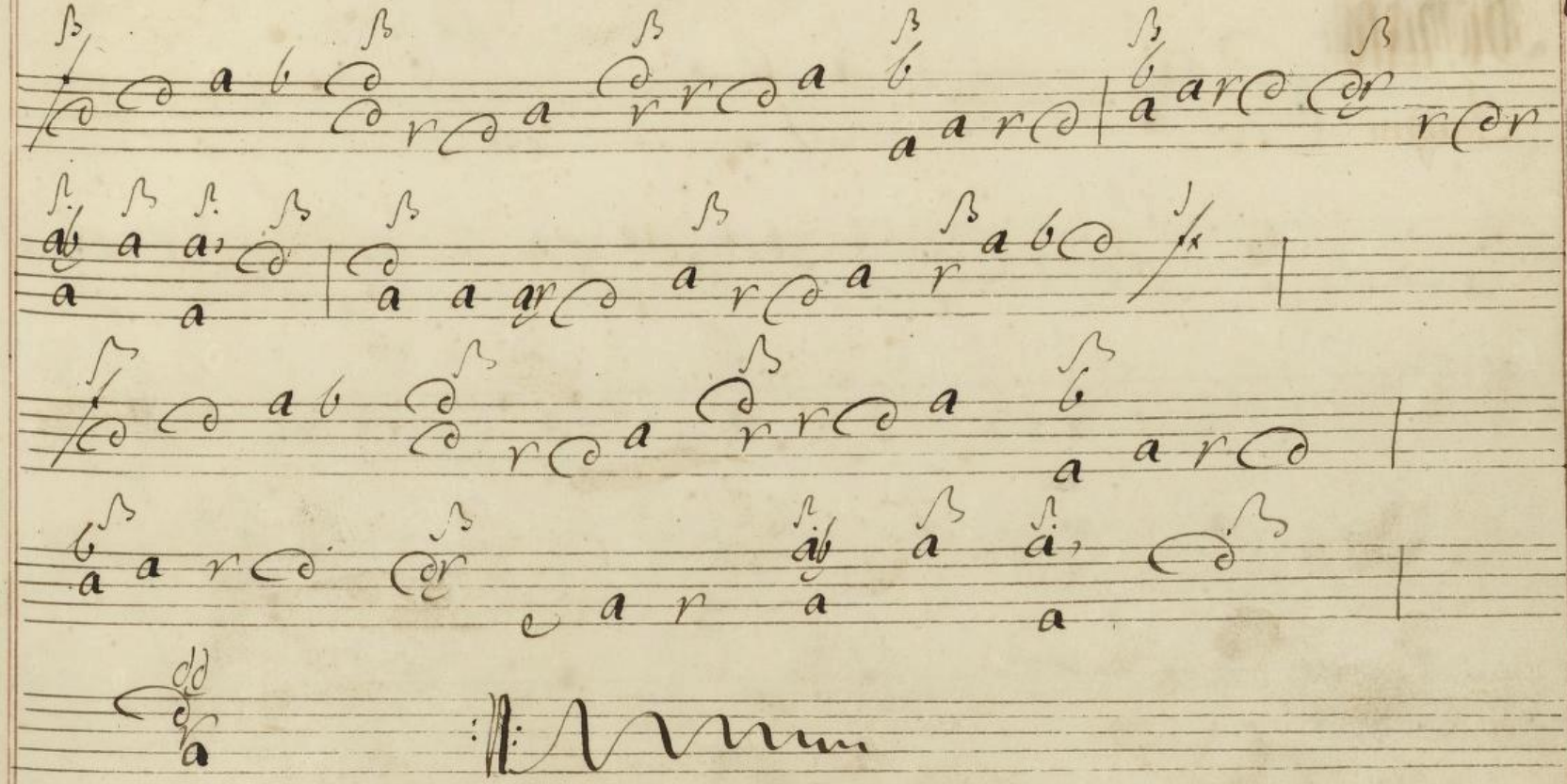




Sonate.

Adagio:





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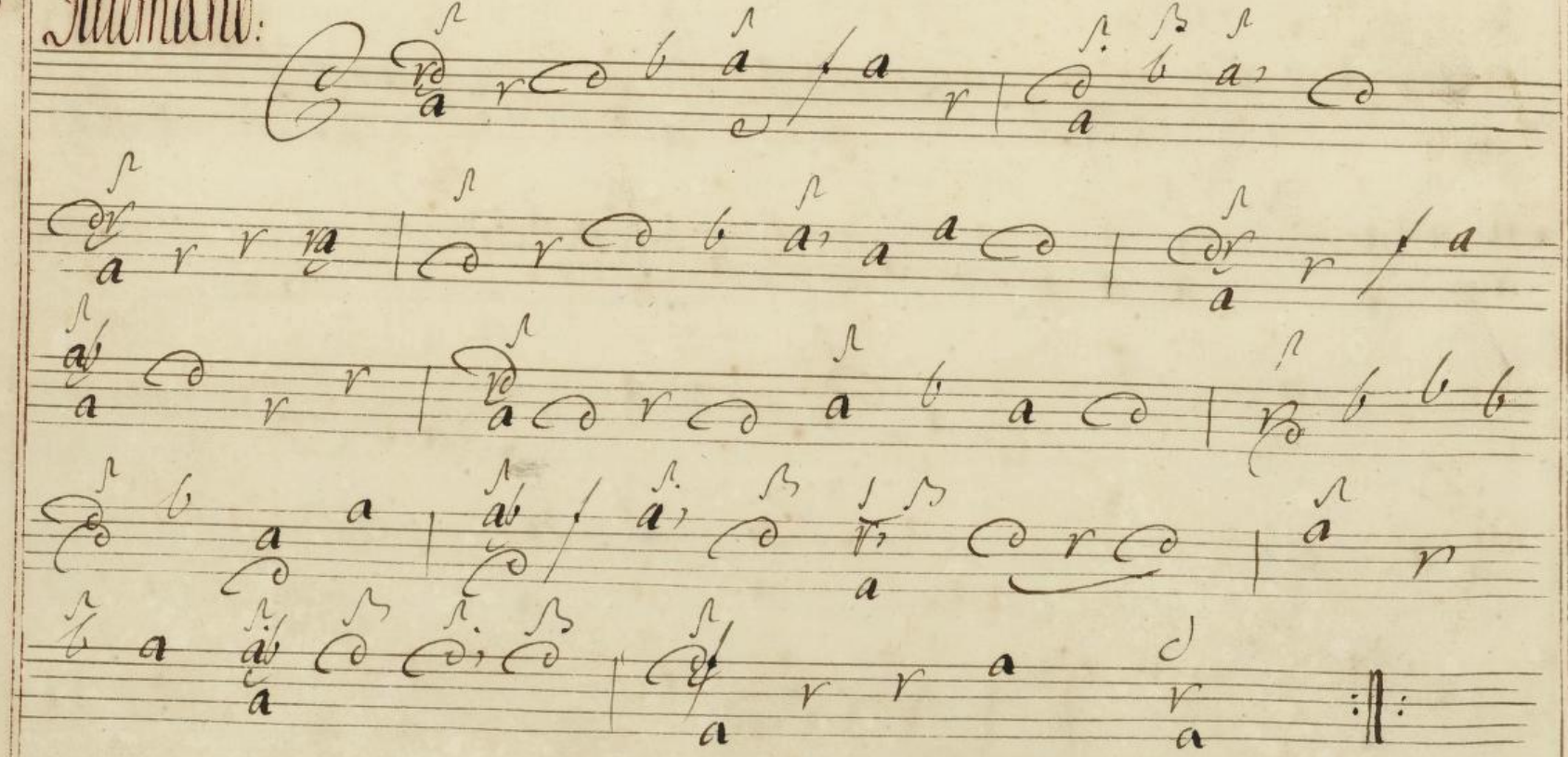

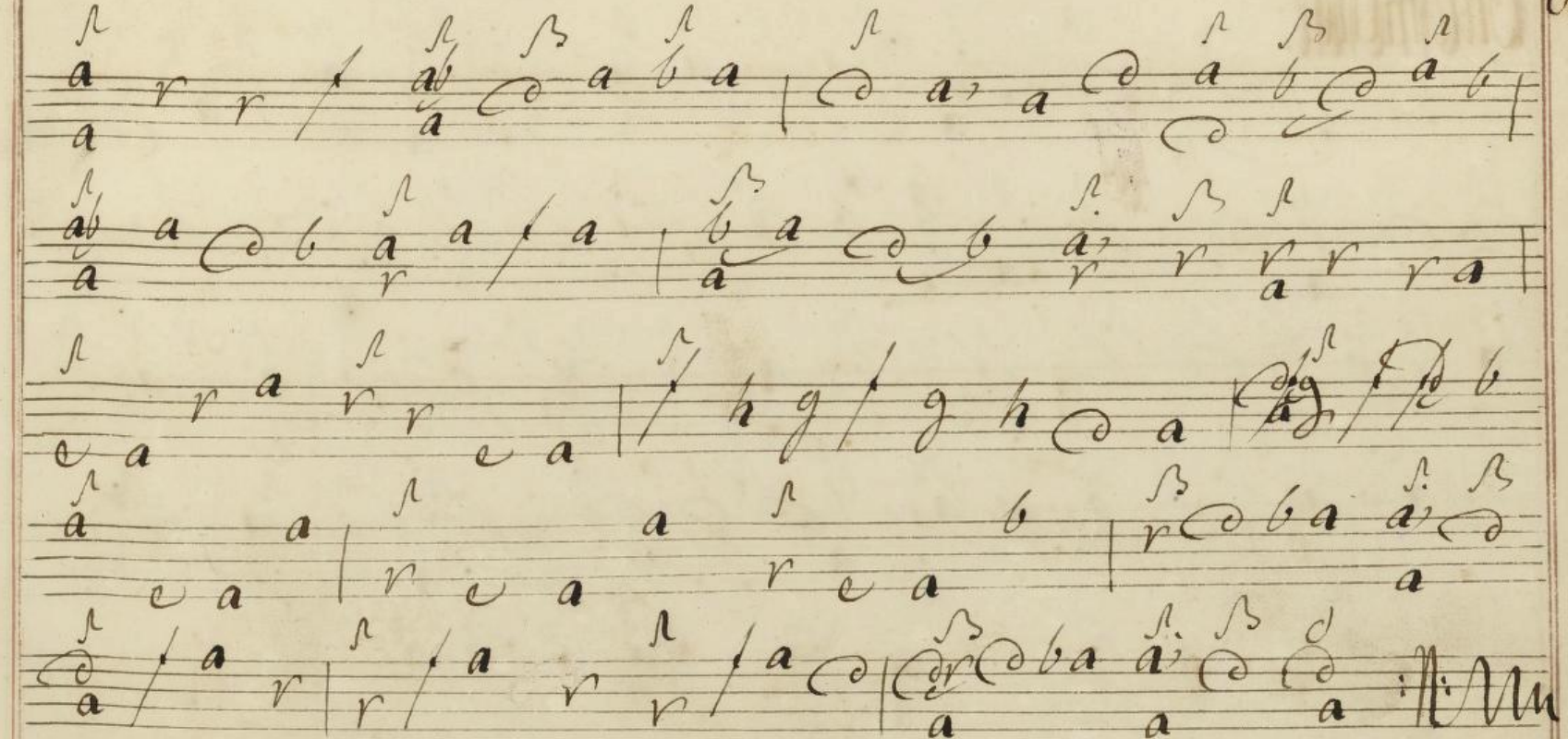

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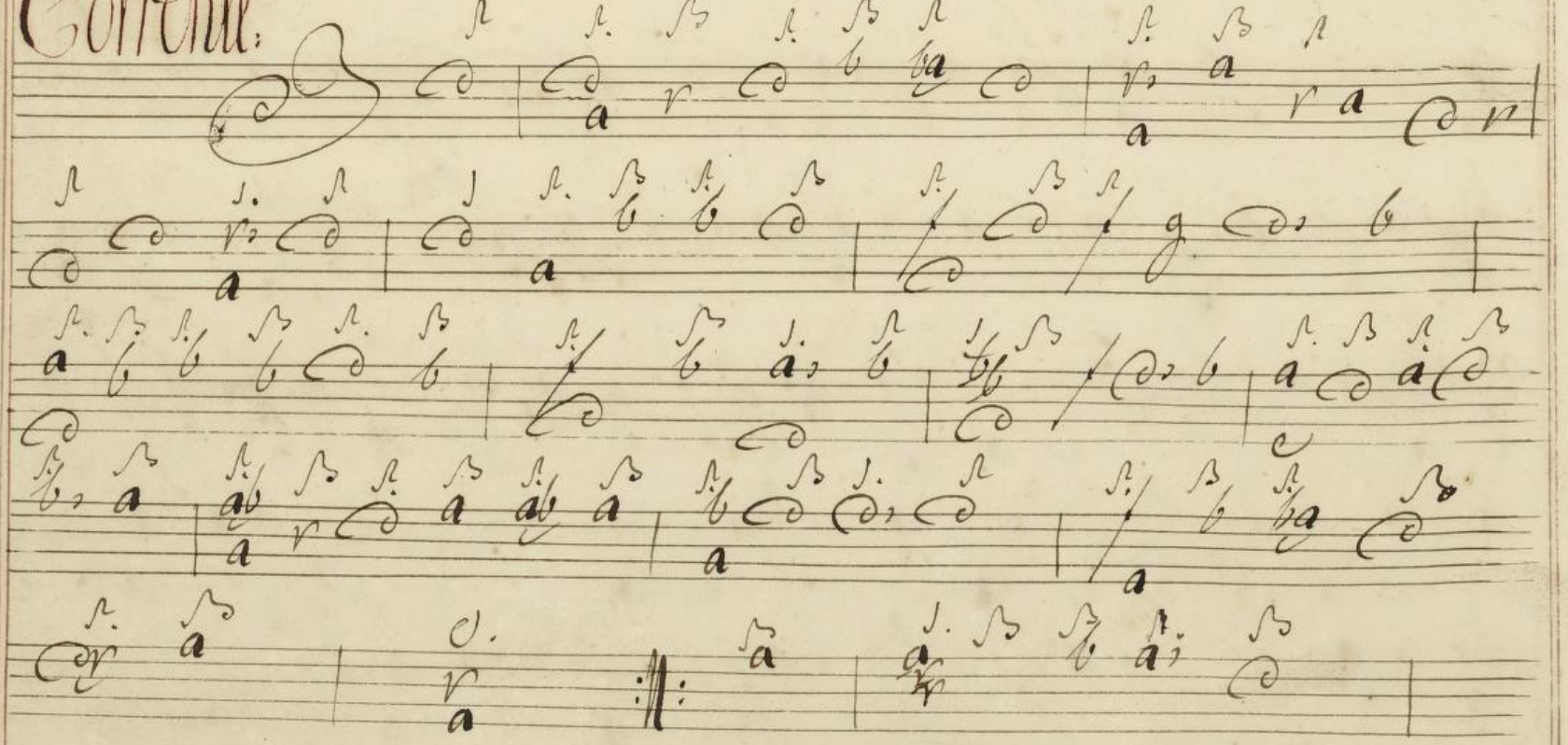

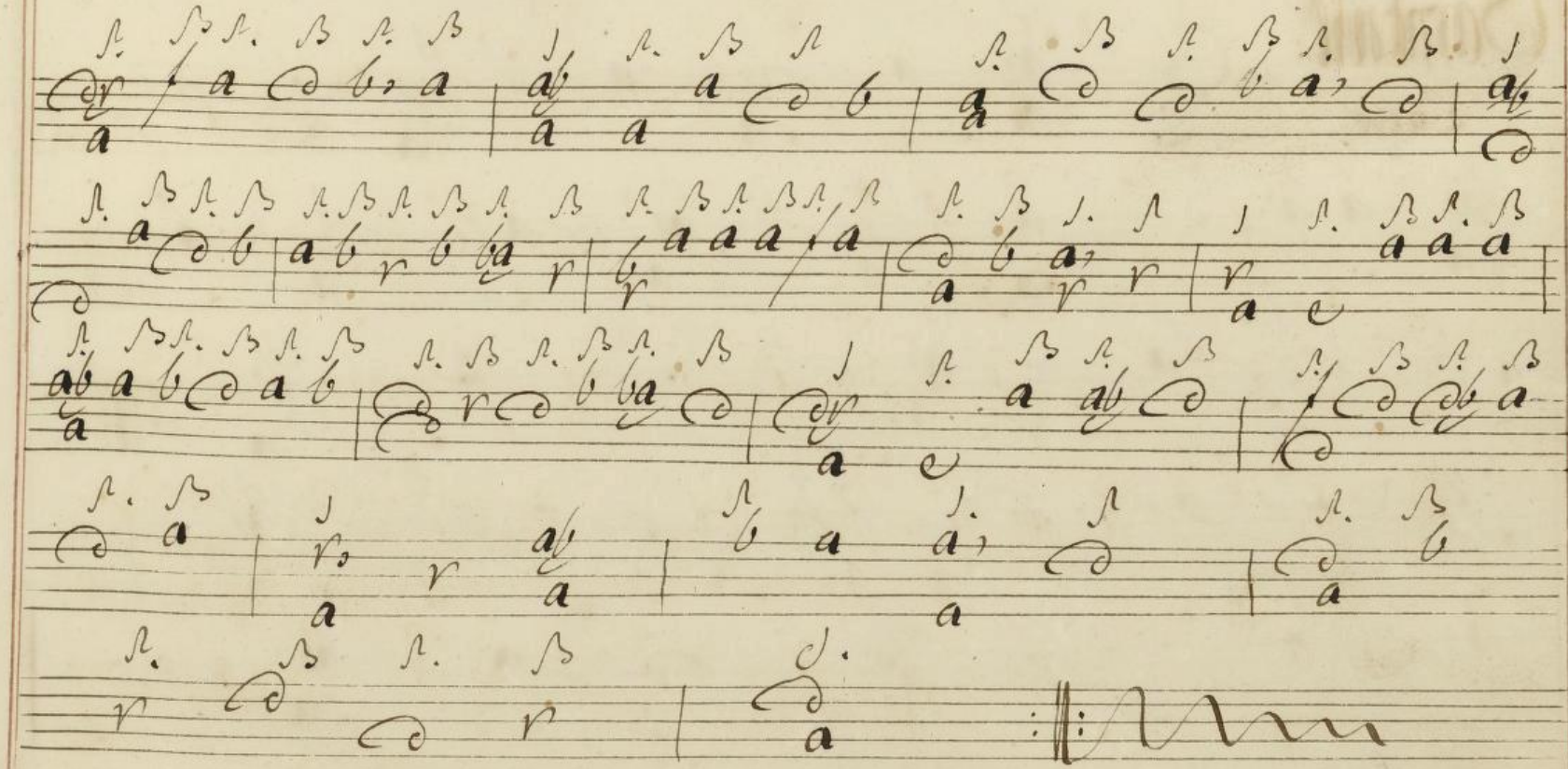

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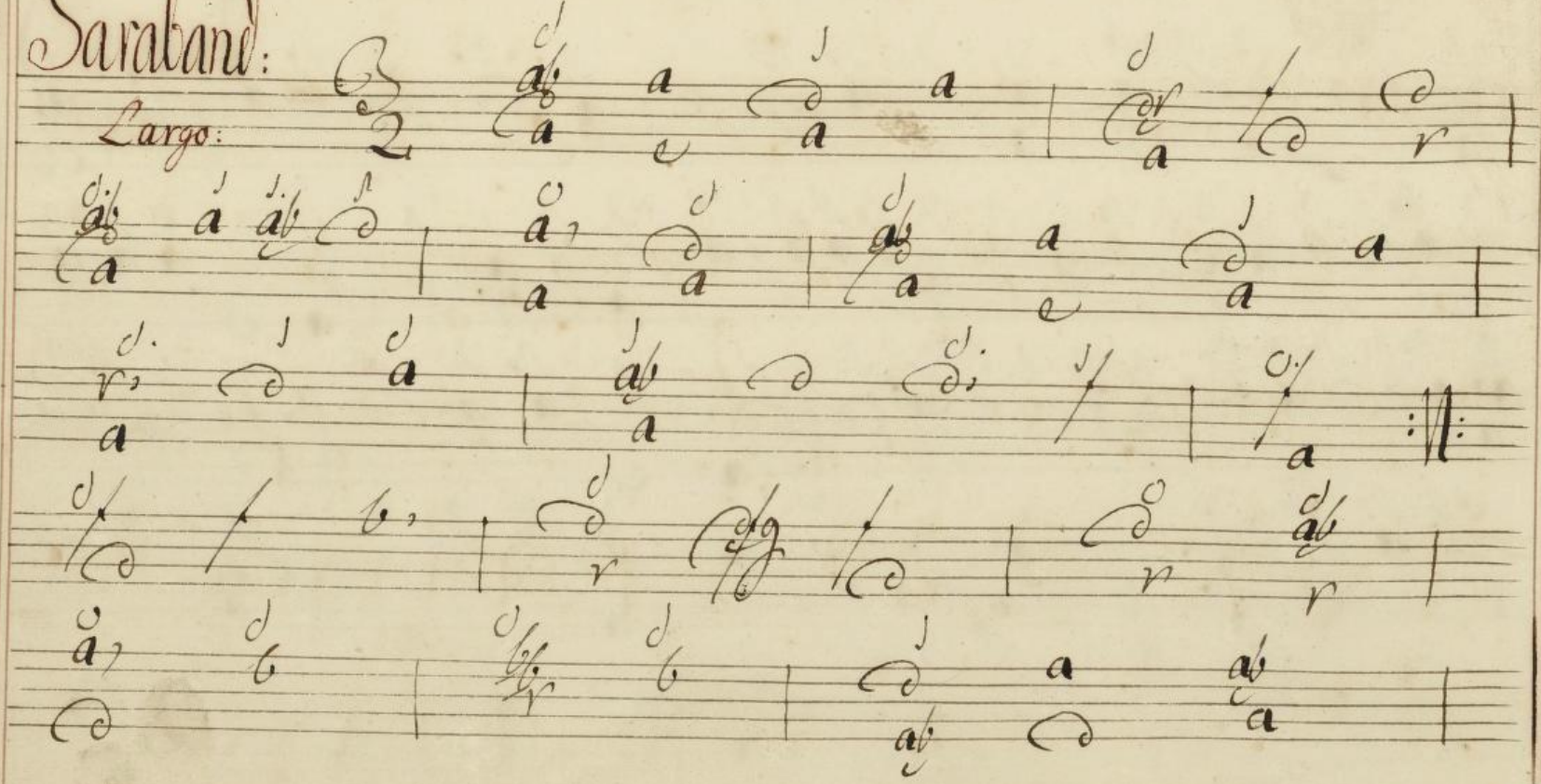
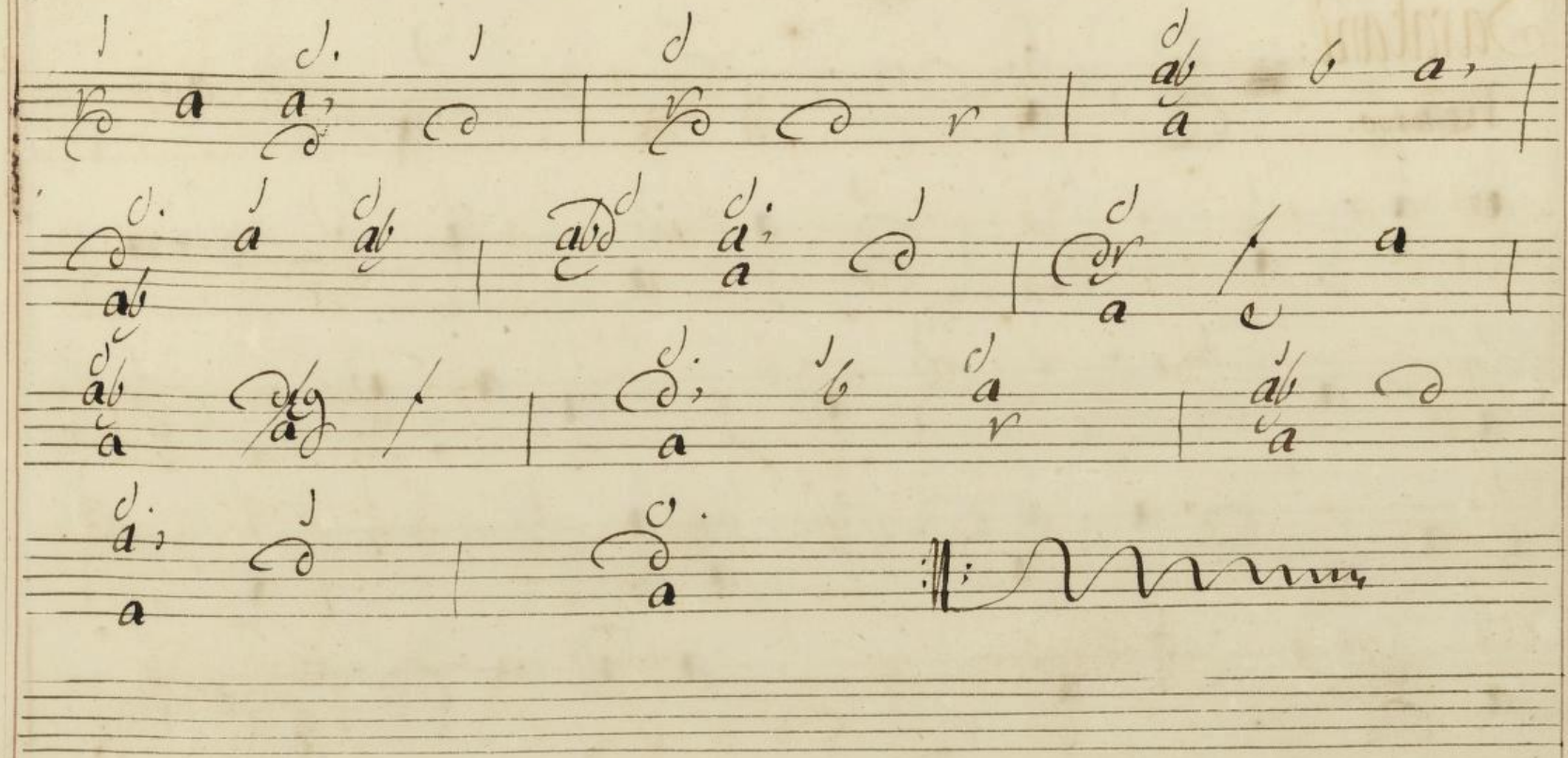
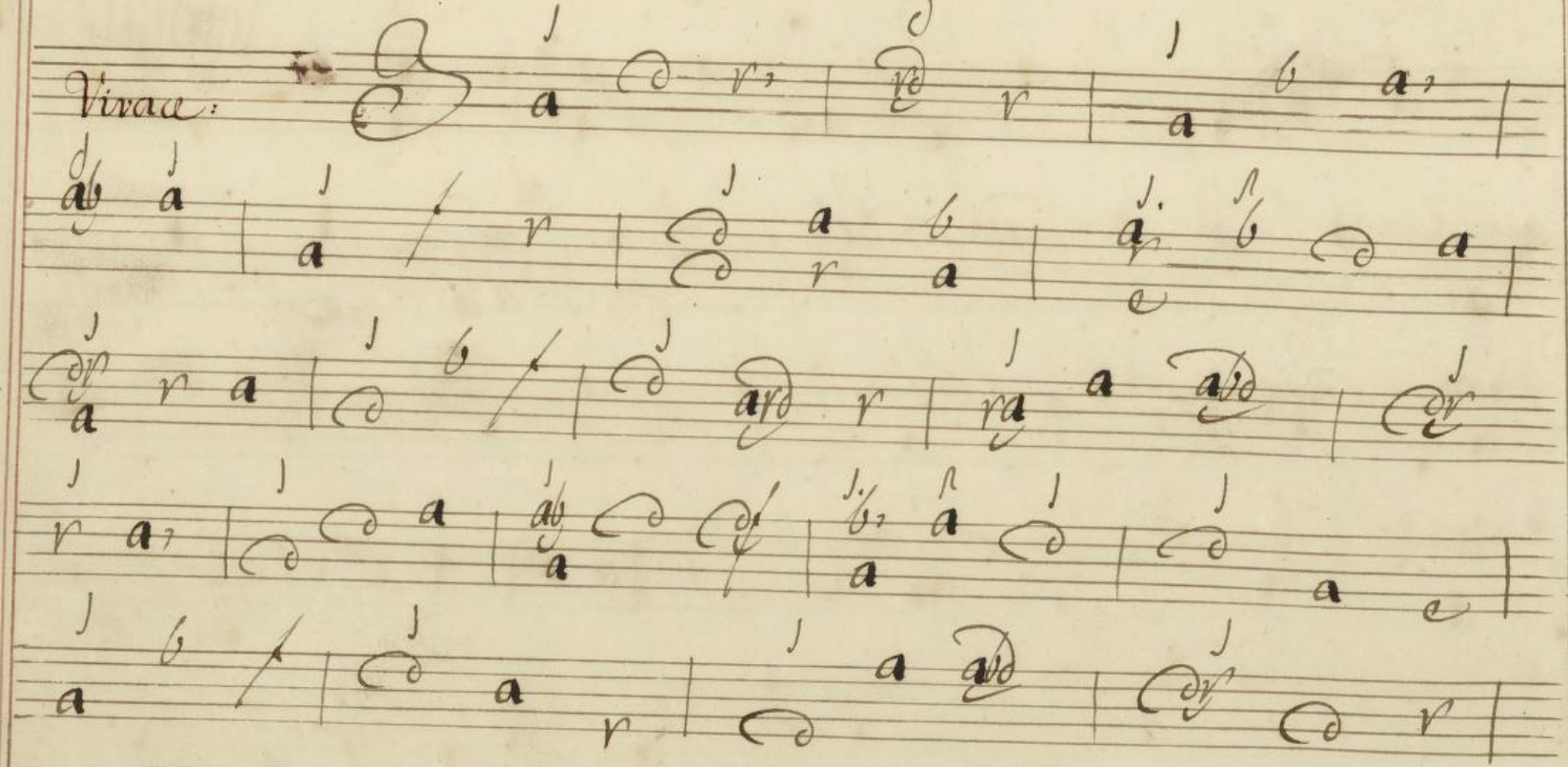
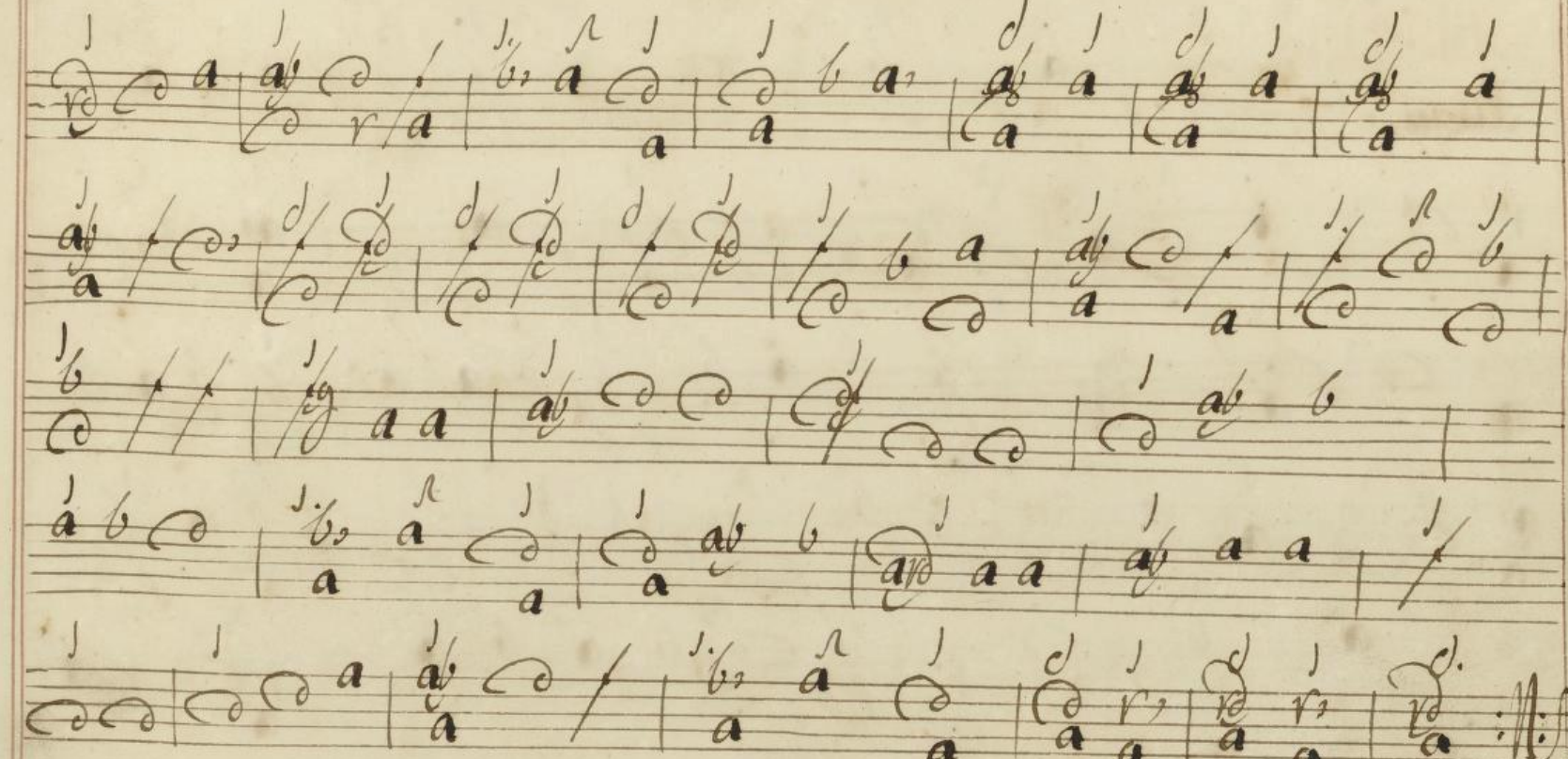
Saraband:

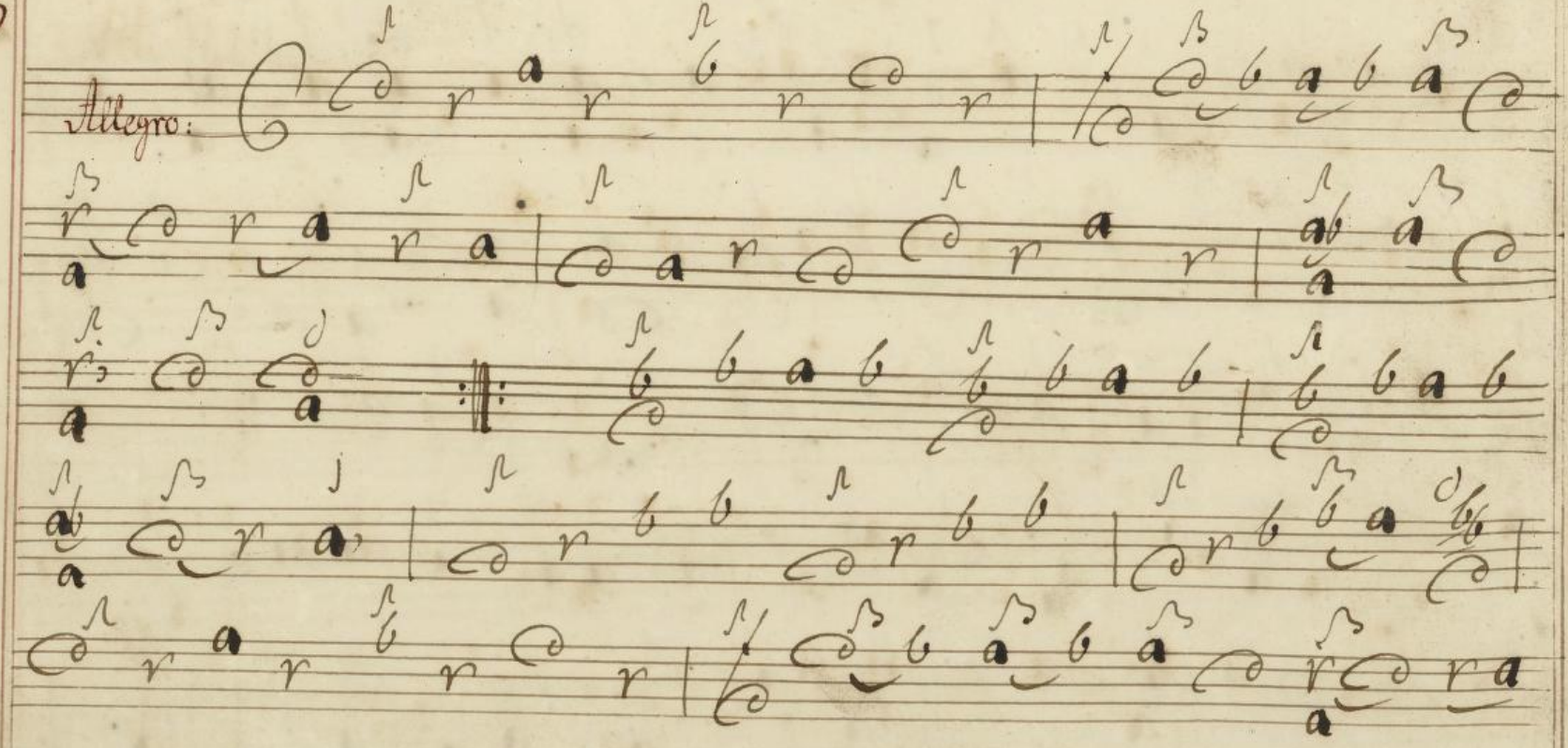
Largo:






Vivace

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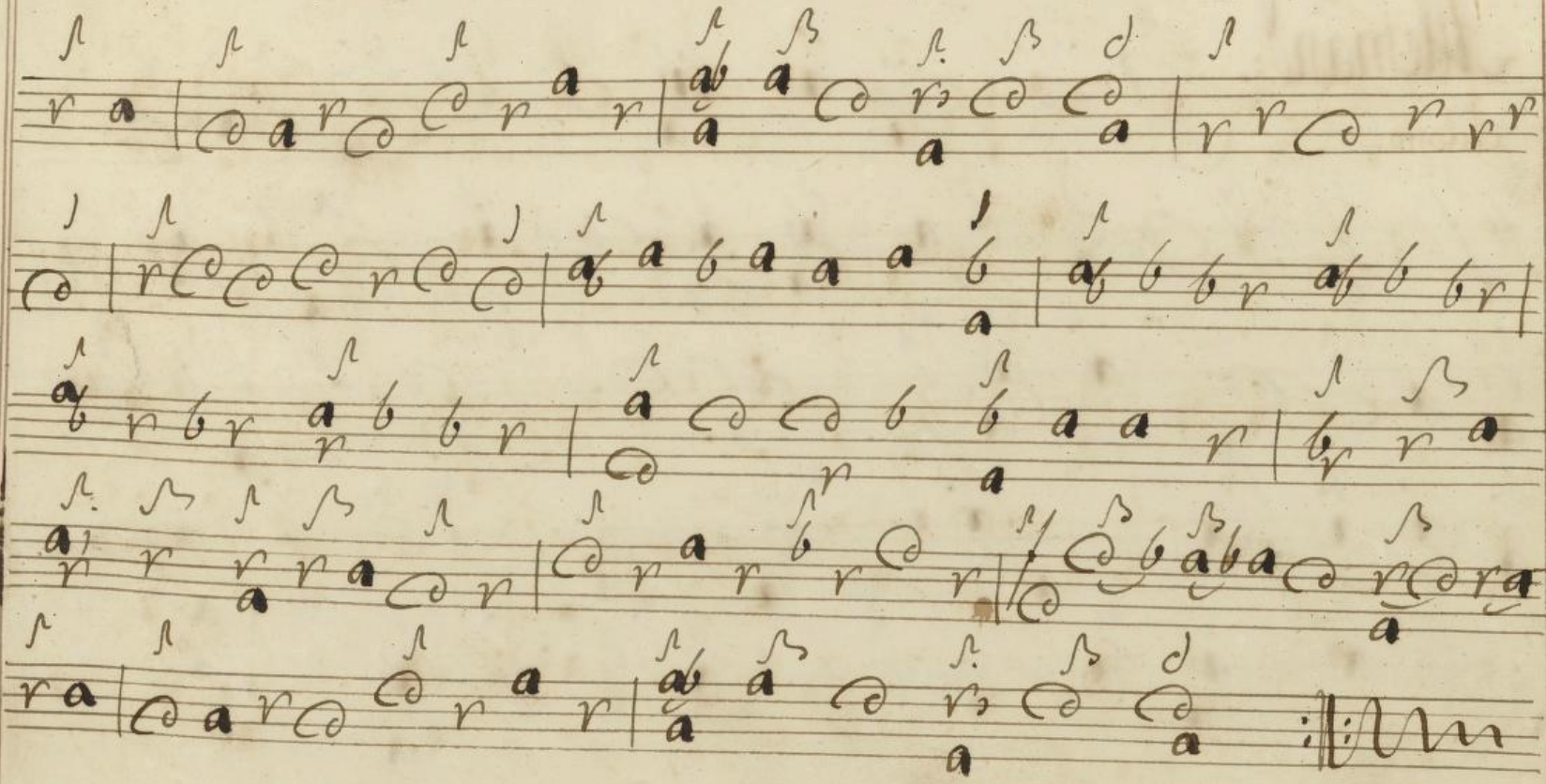

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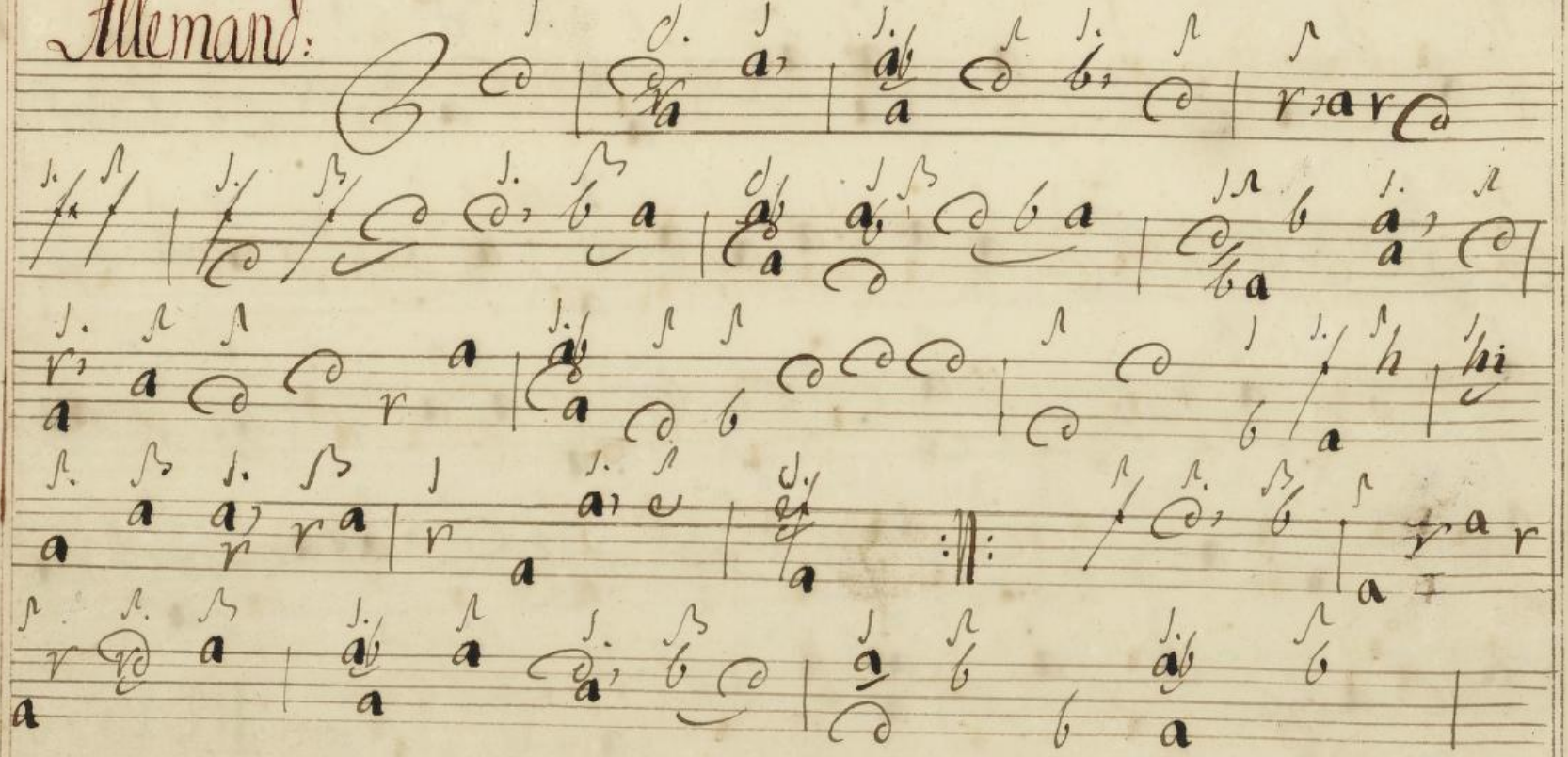

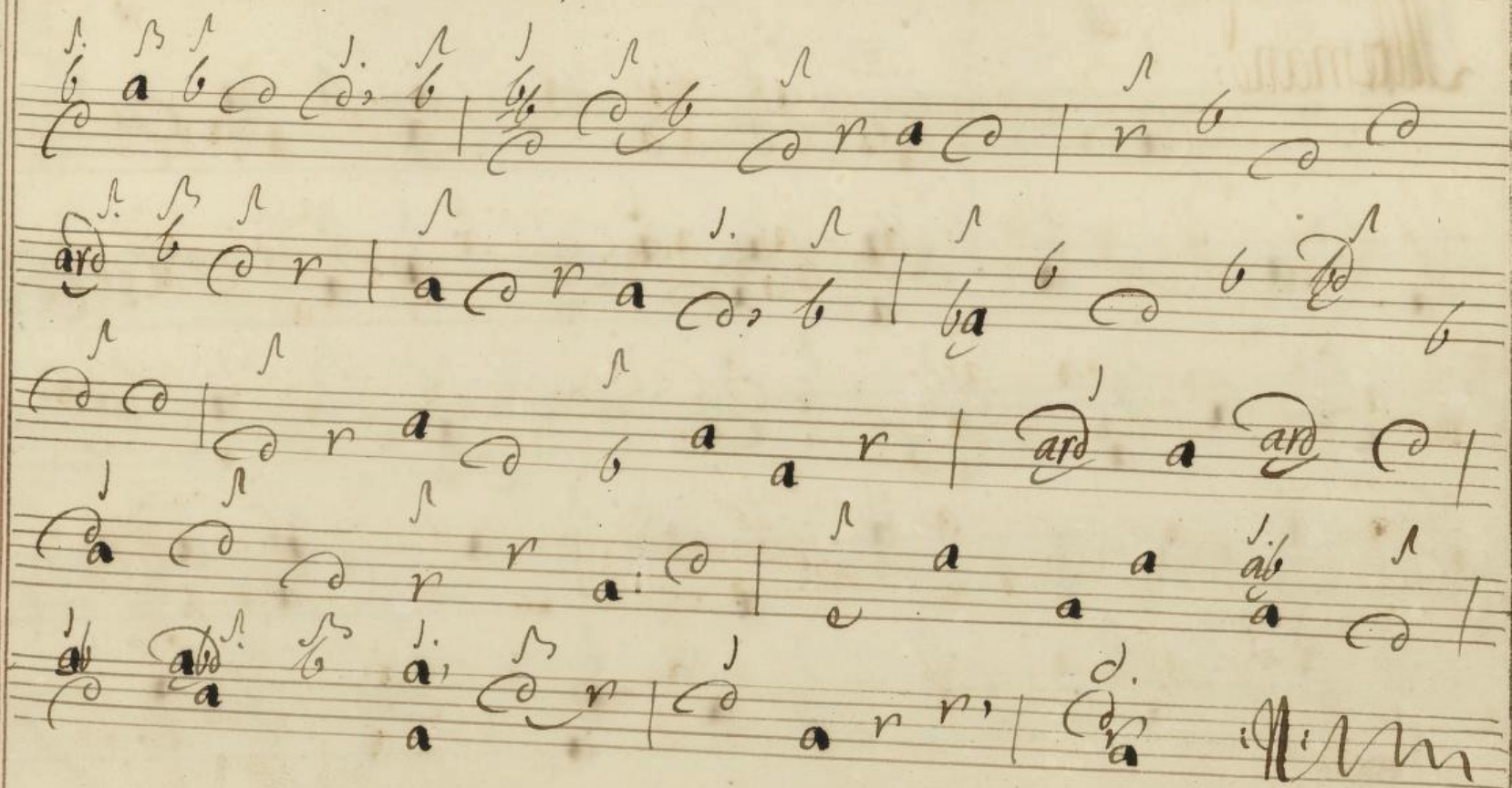

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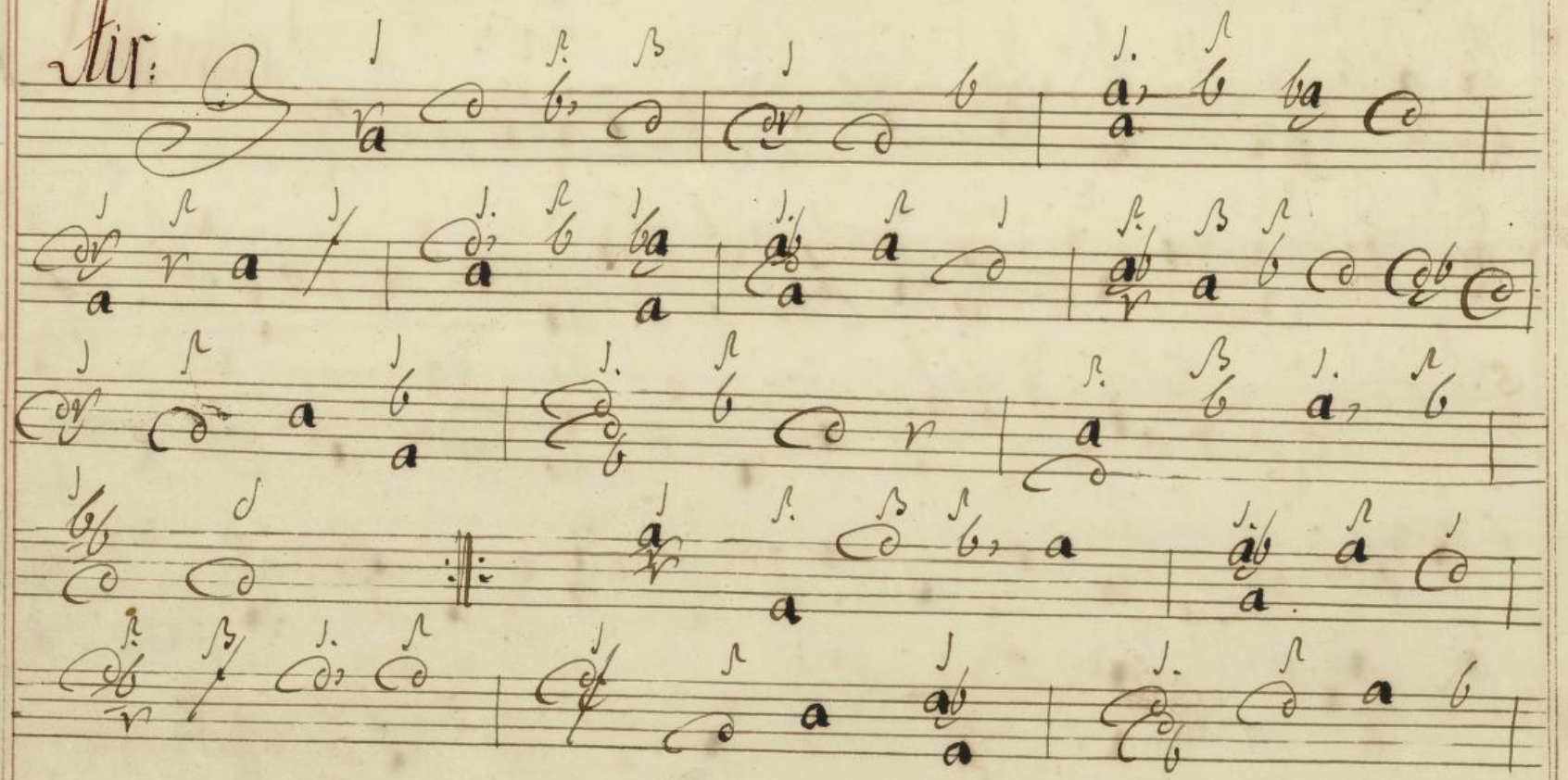
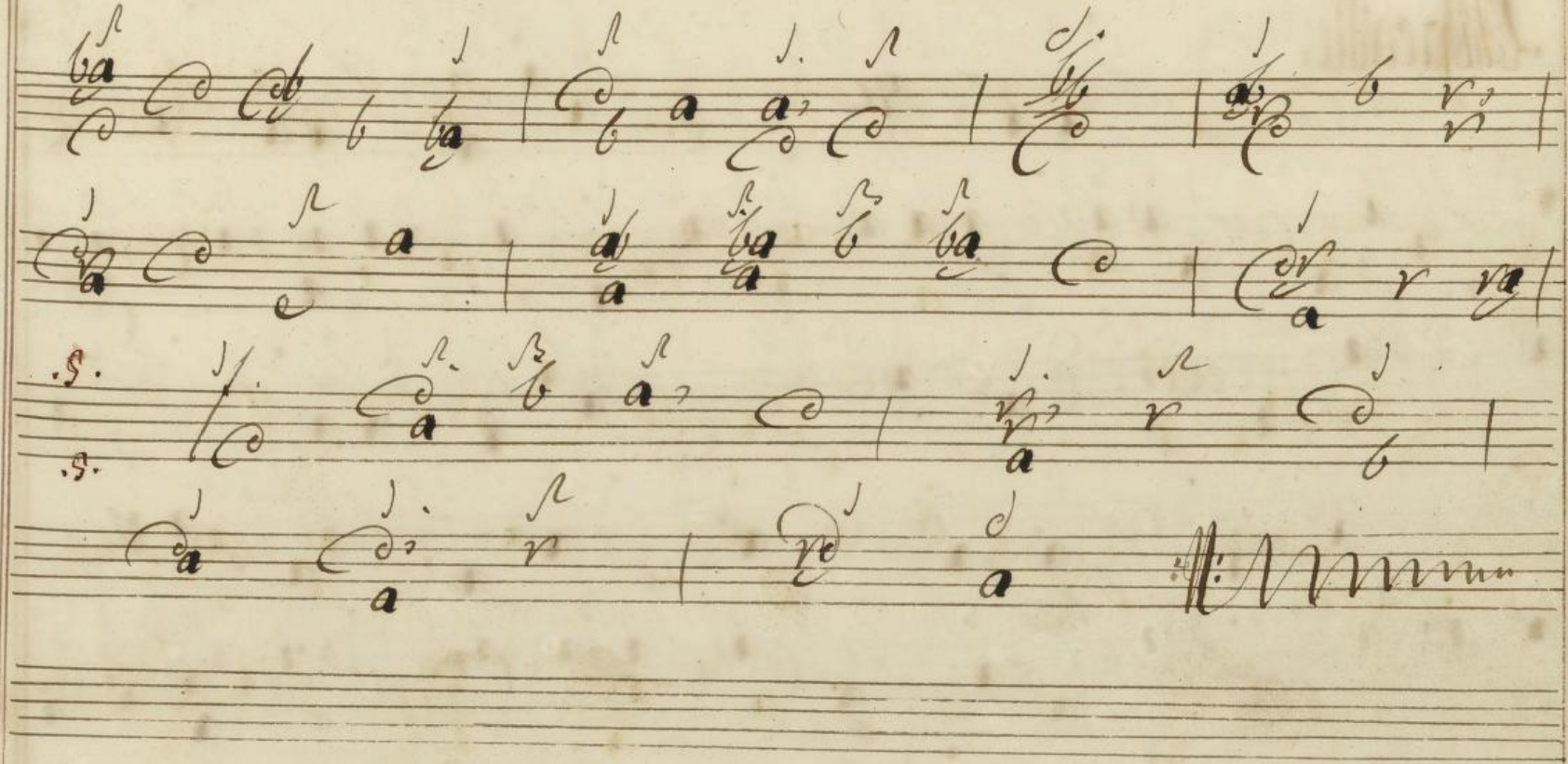
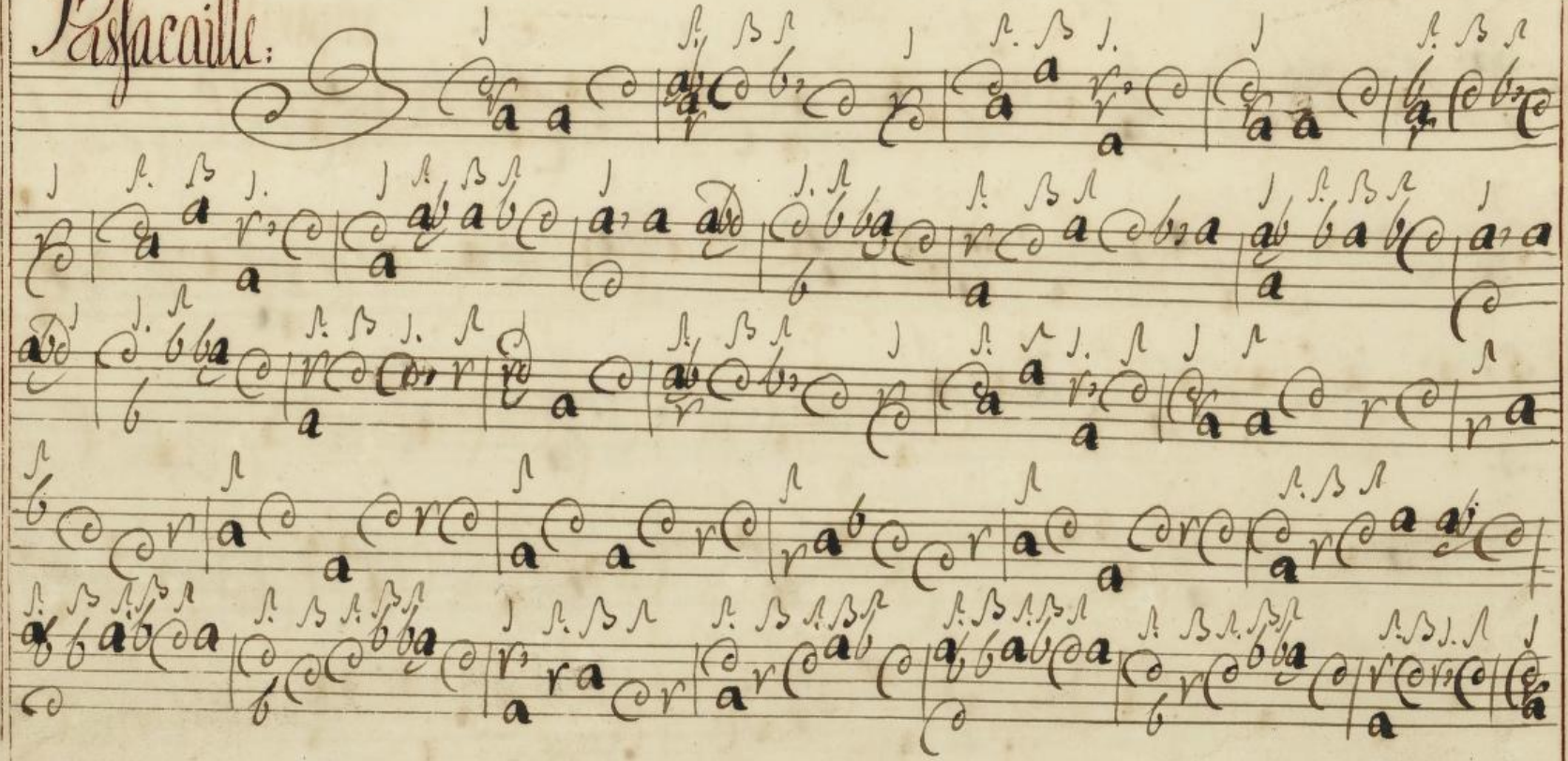
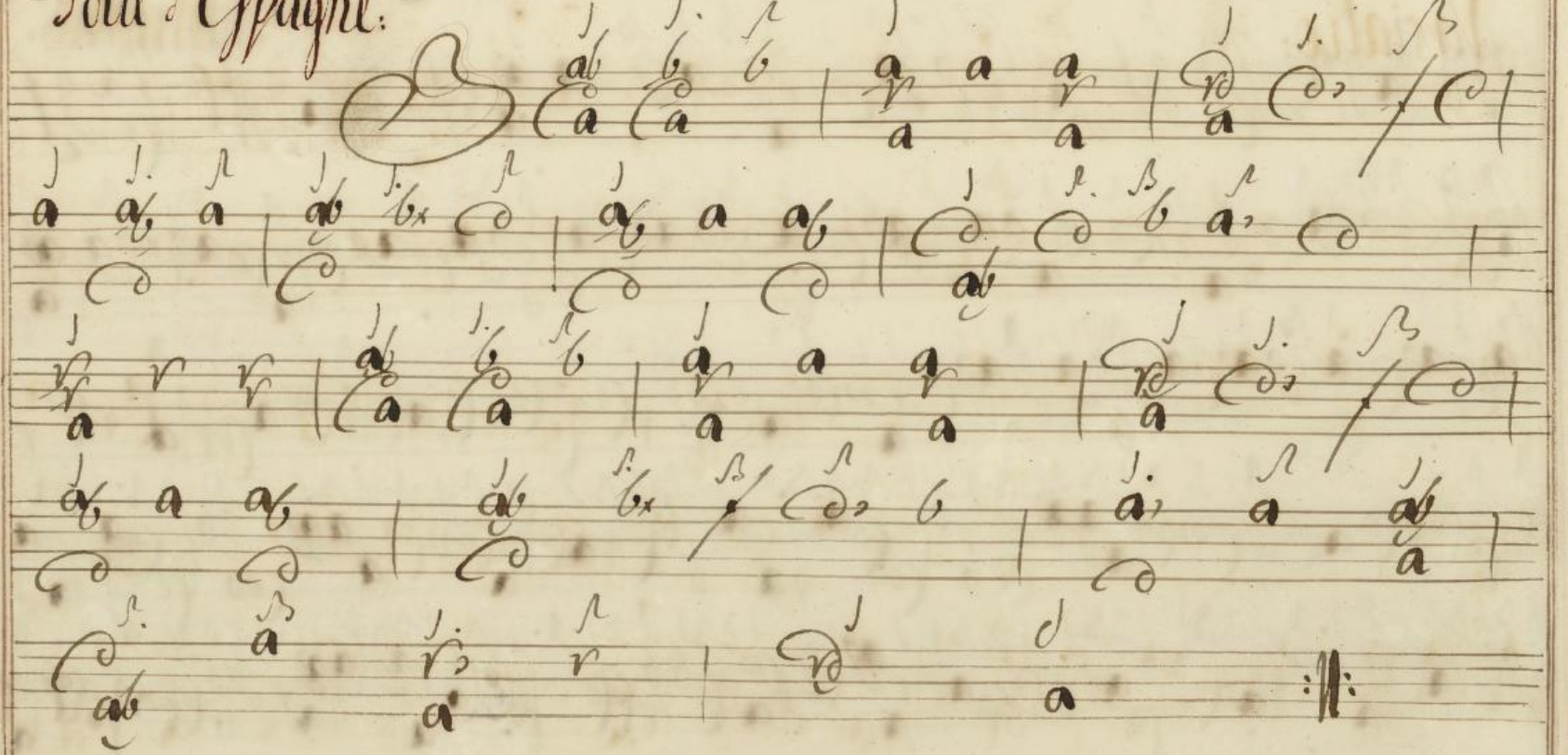




Passacaille.



Folie d'Espagne.



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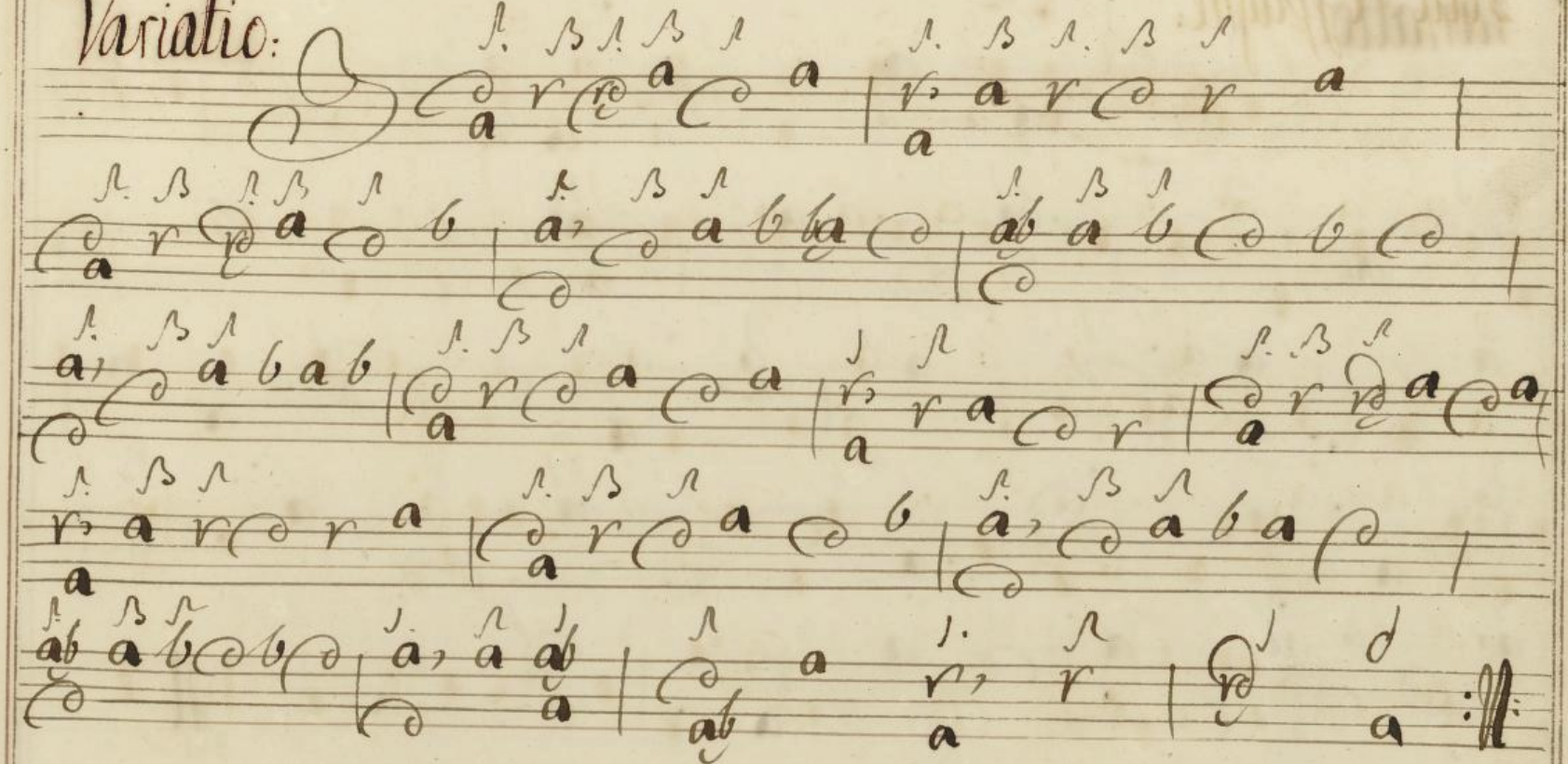

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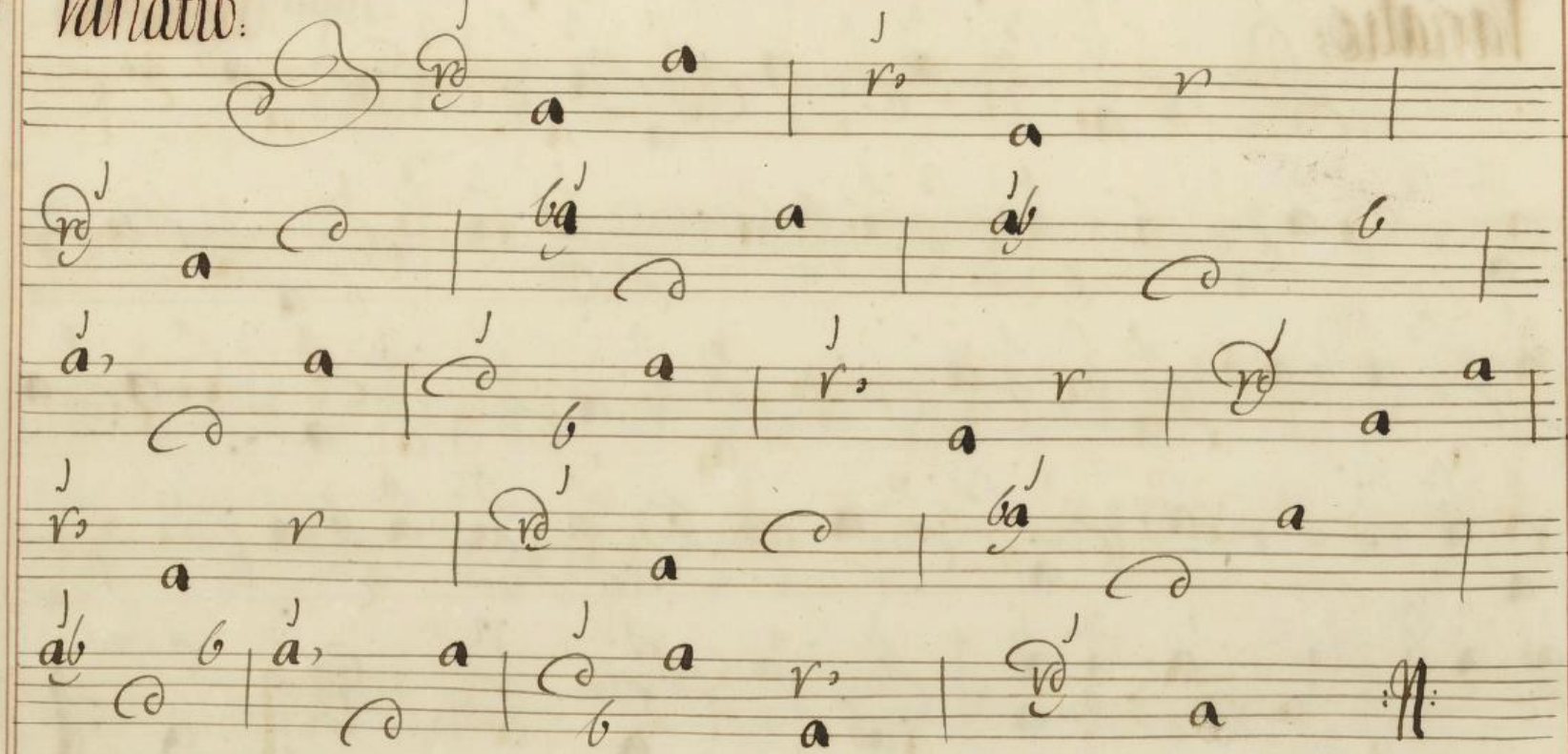

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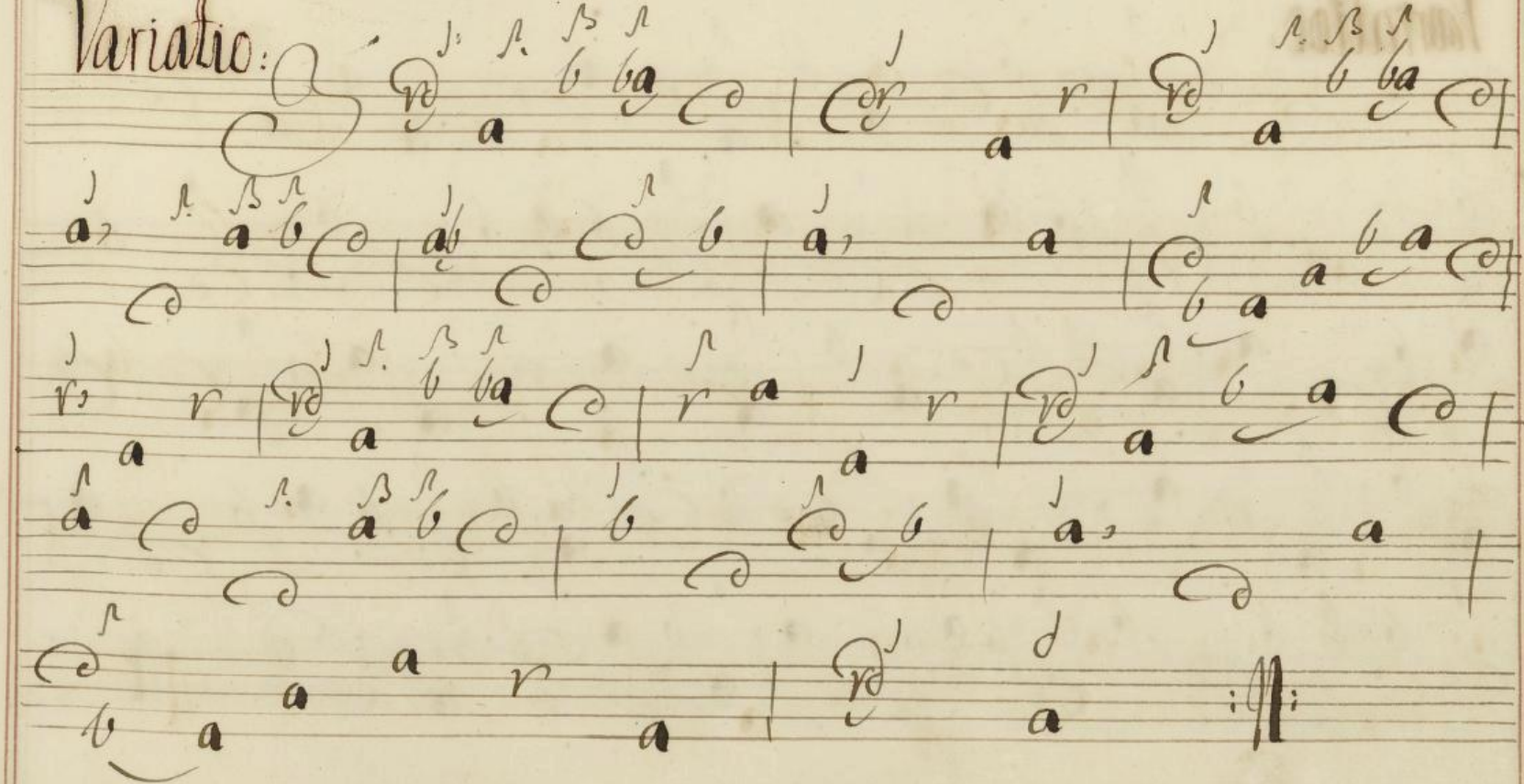

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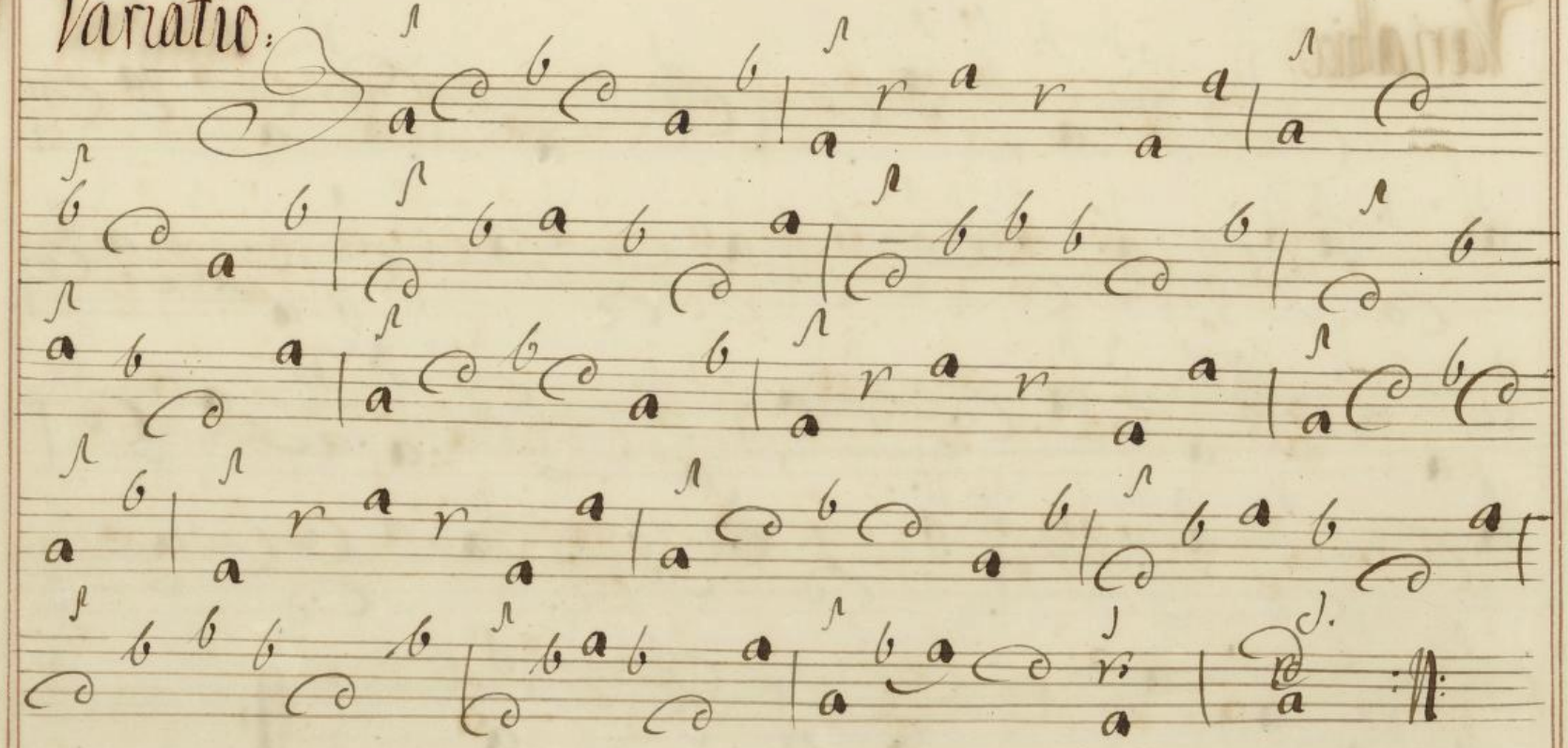

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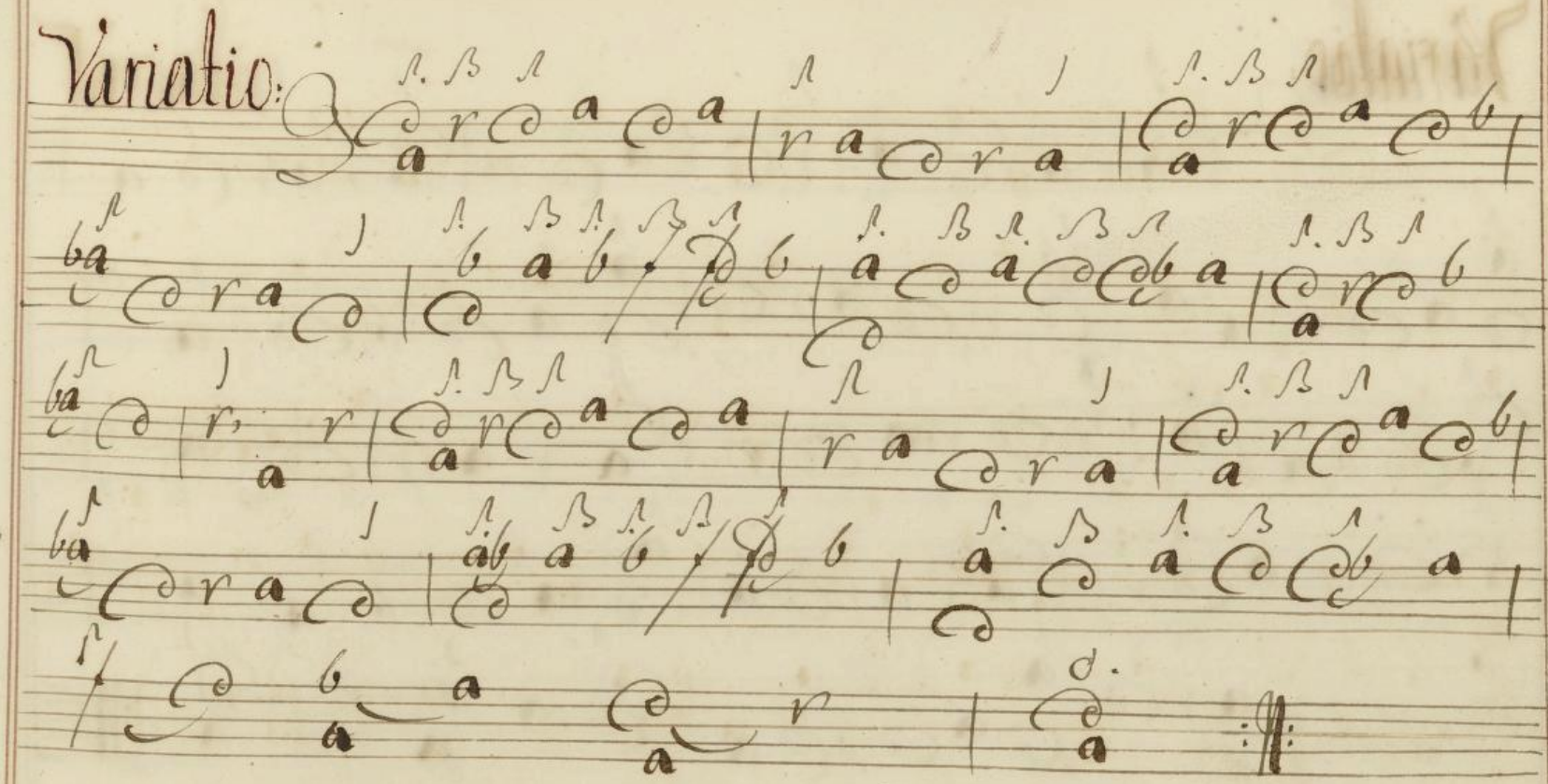

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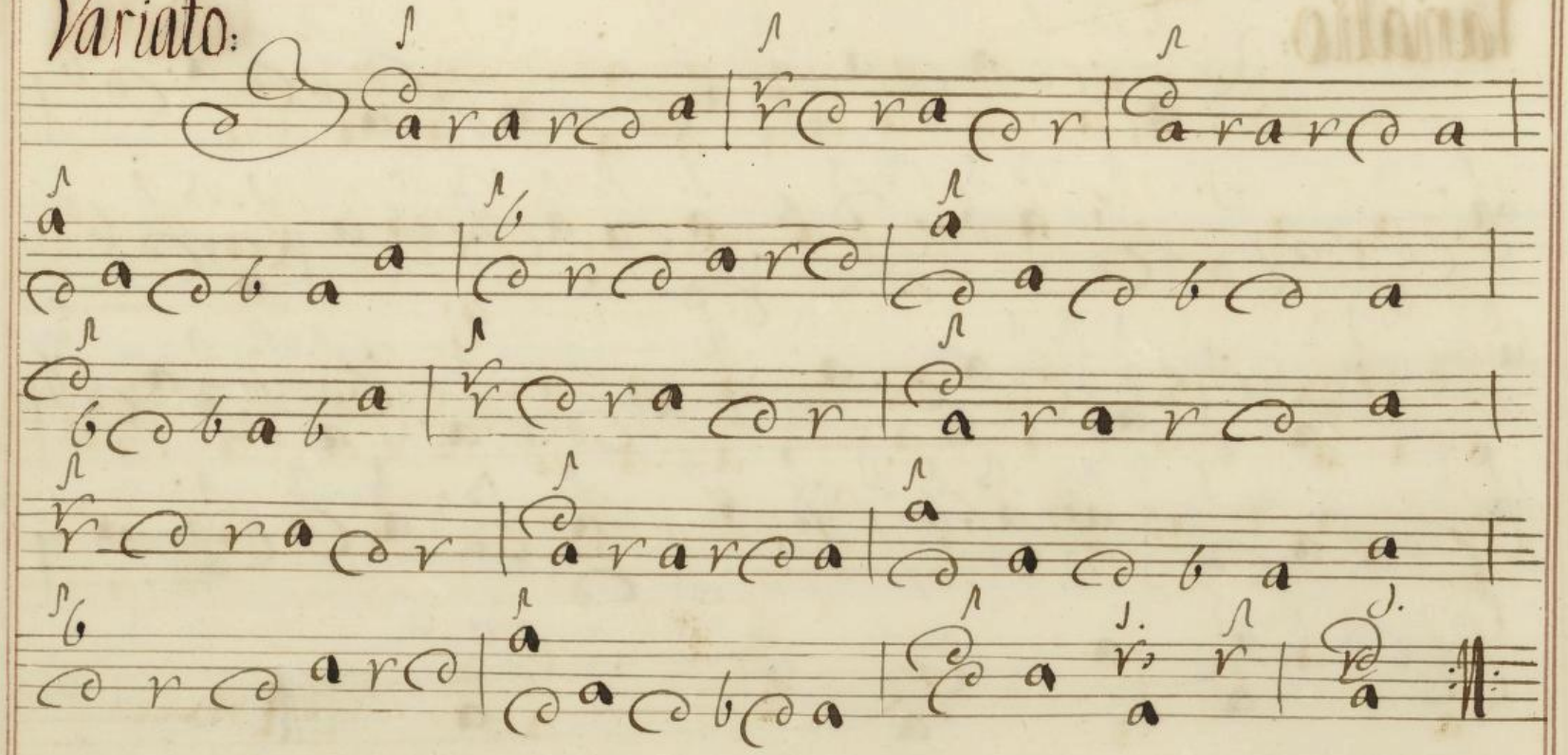

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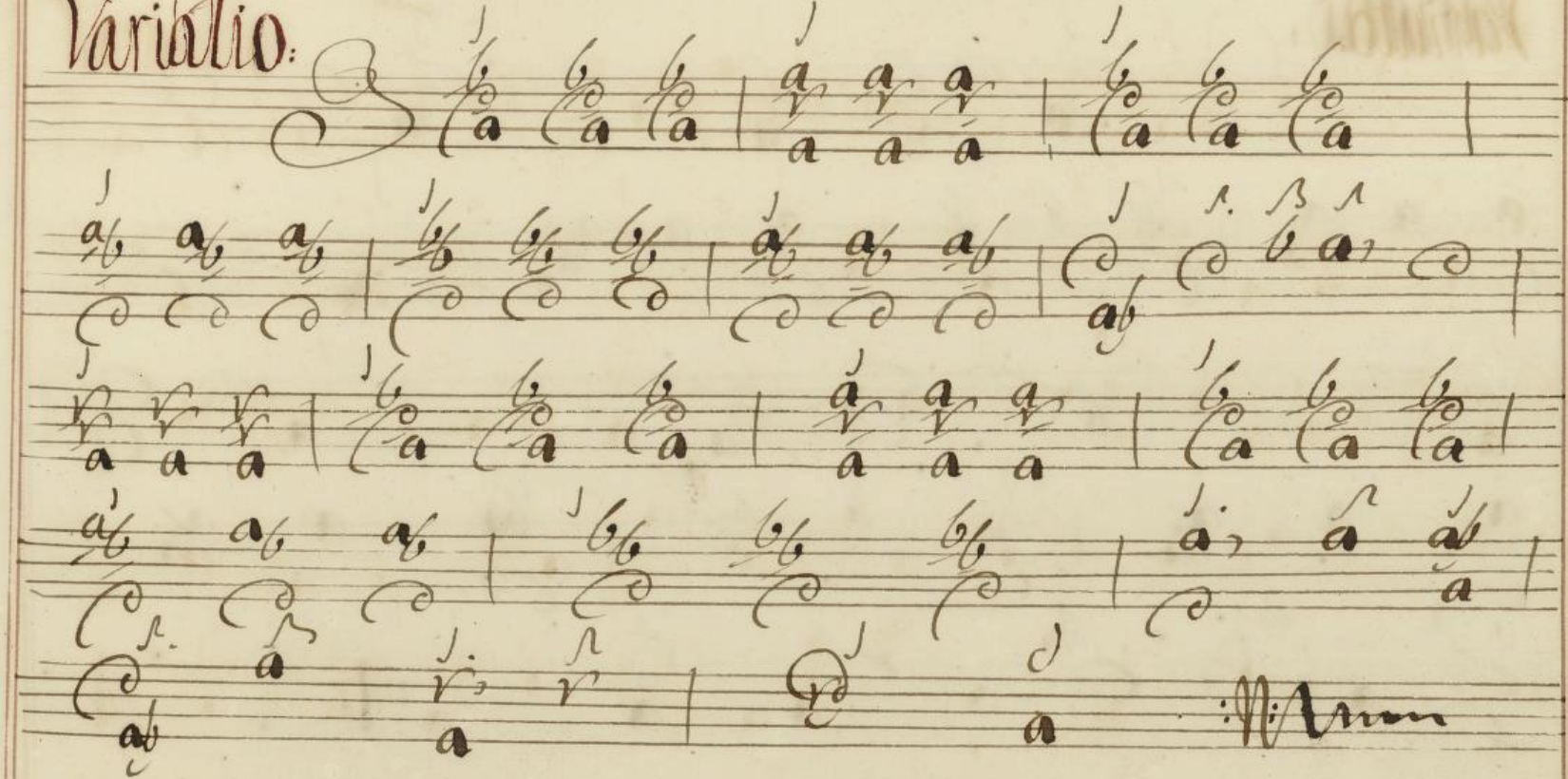

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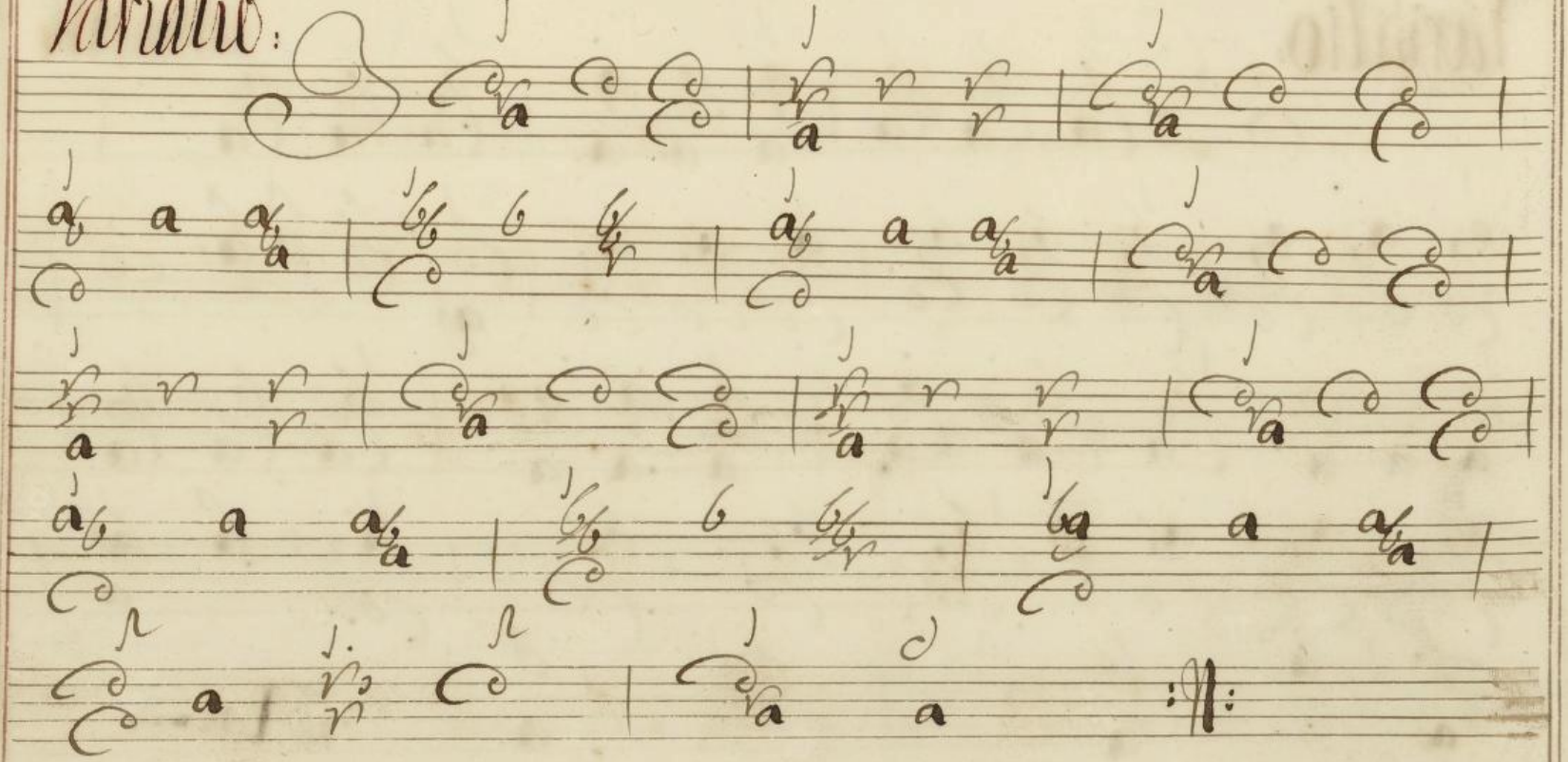

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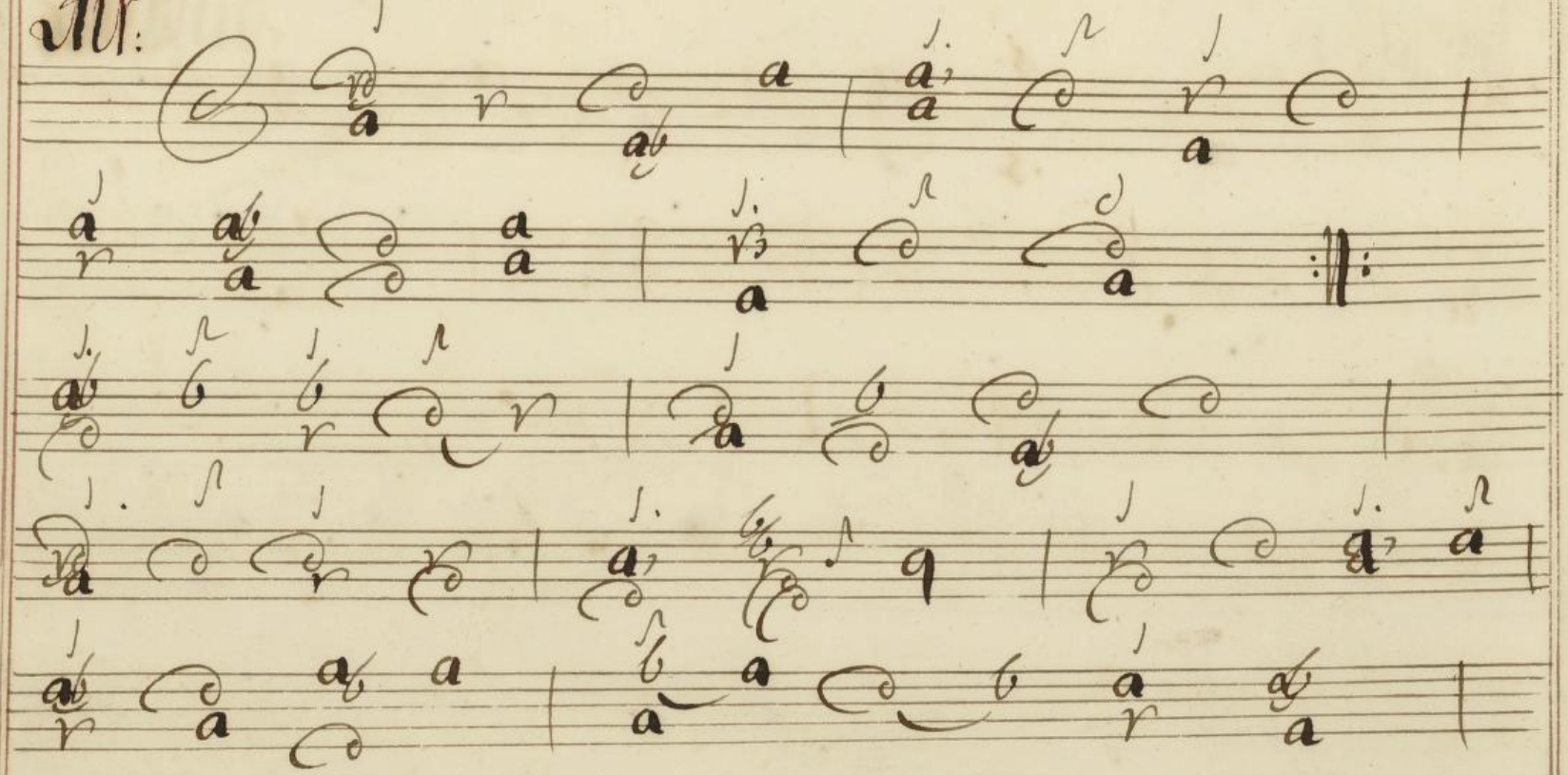

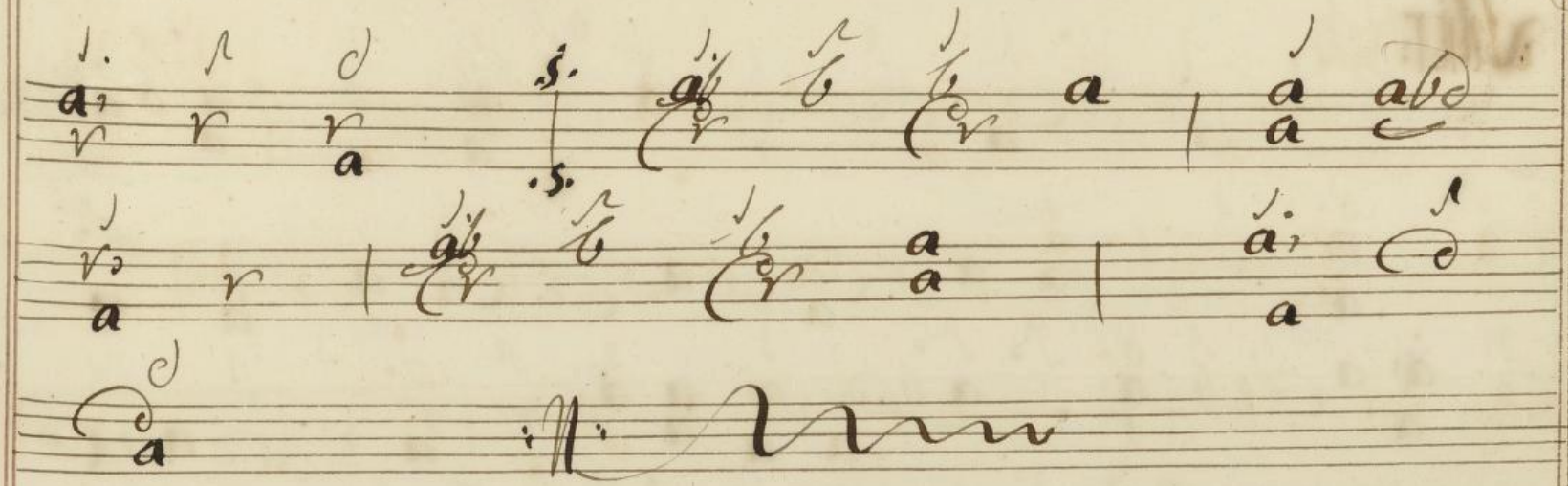

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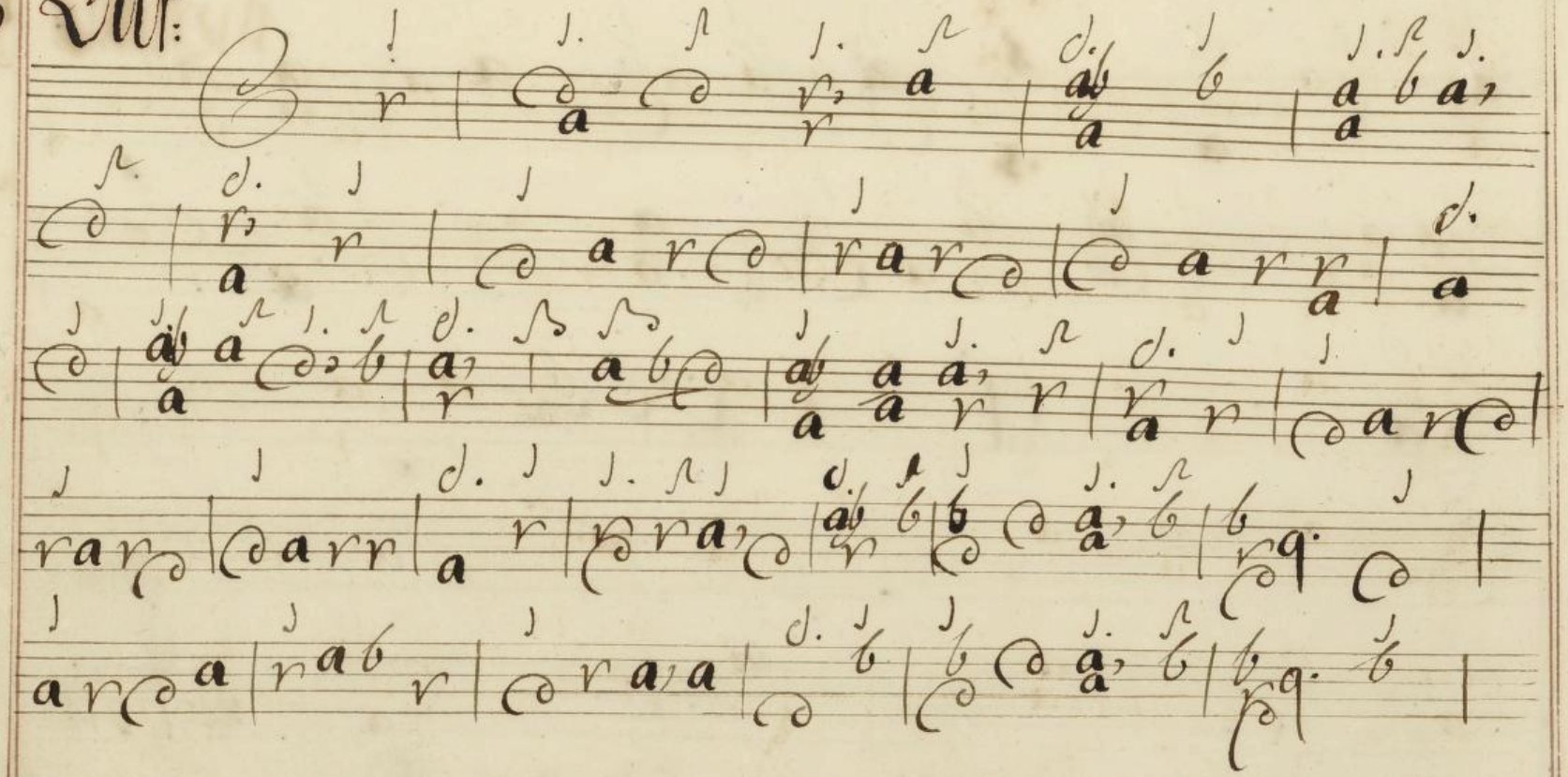

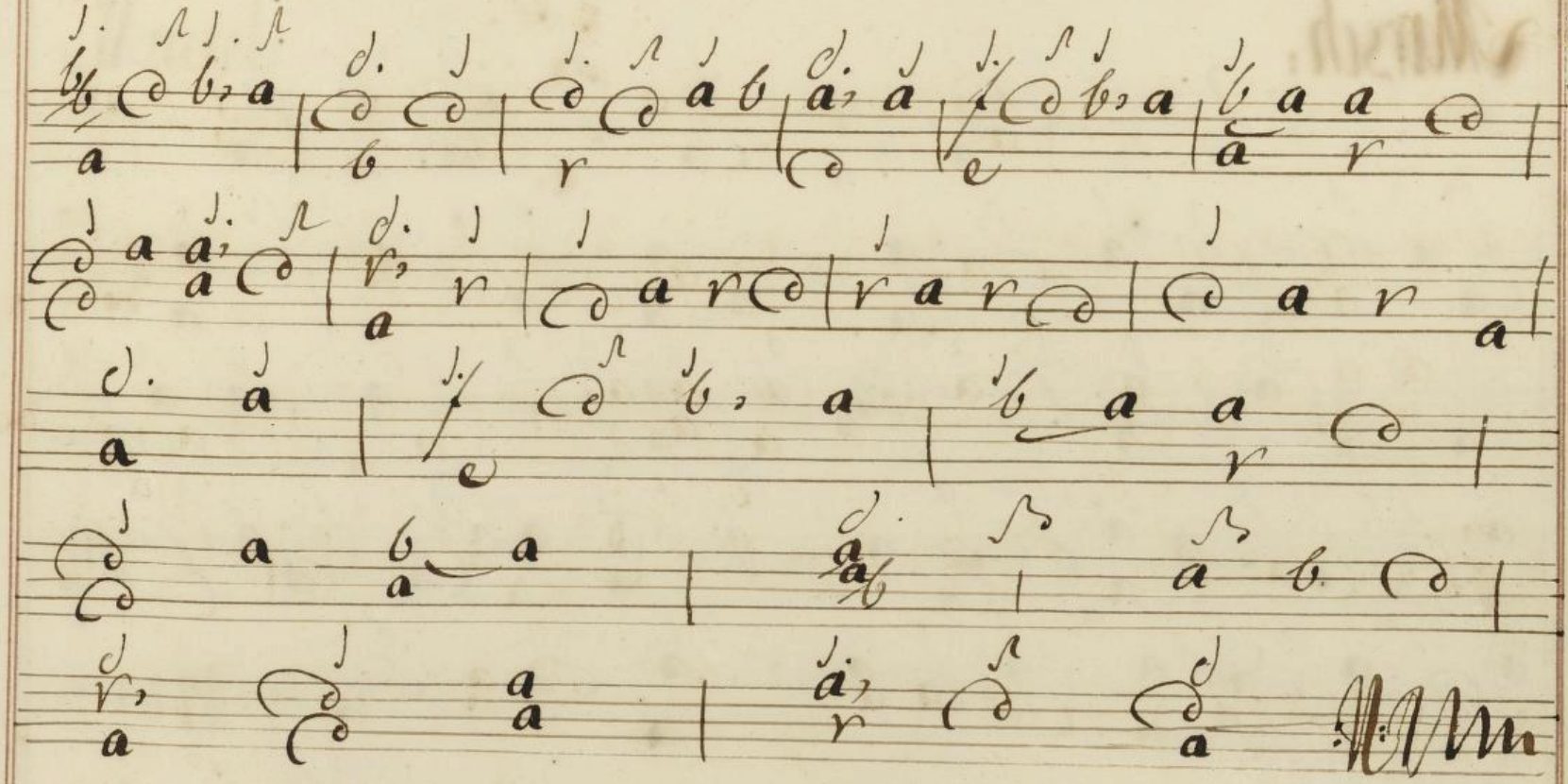

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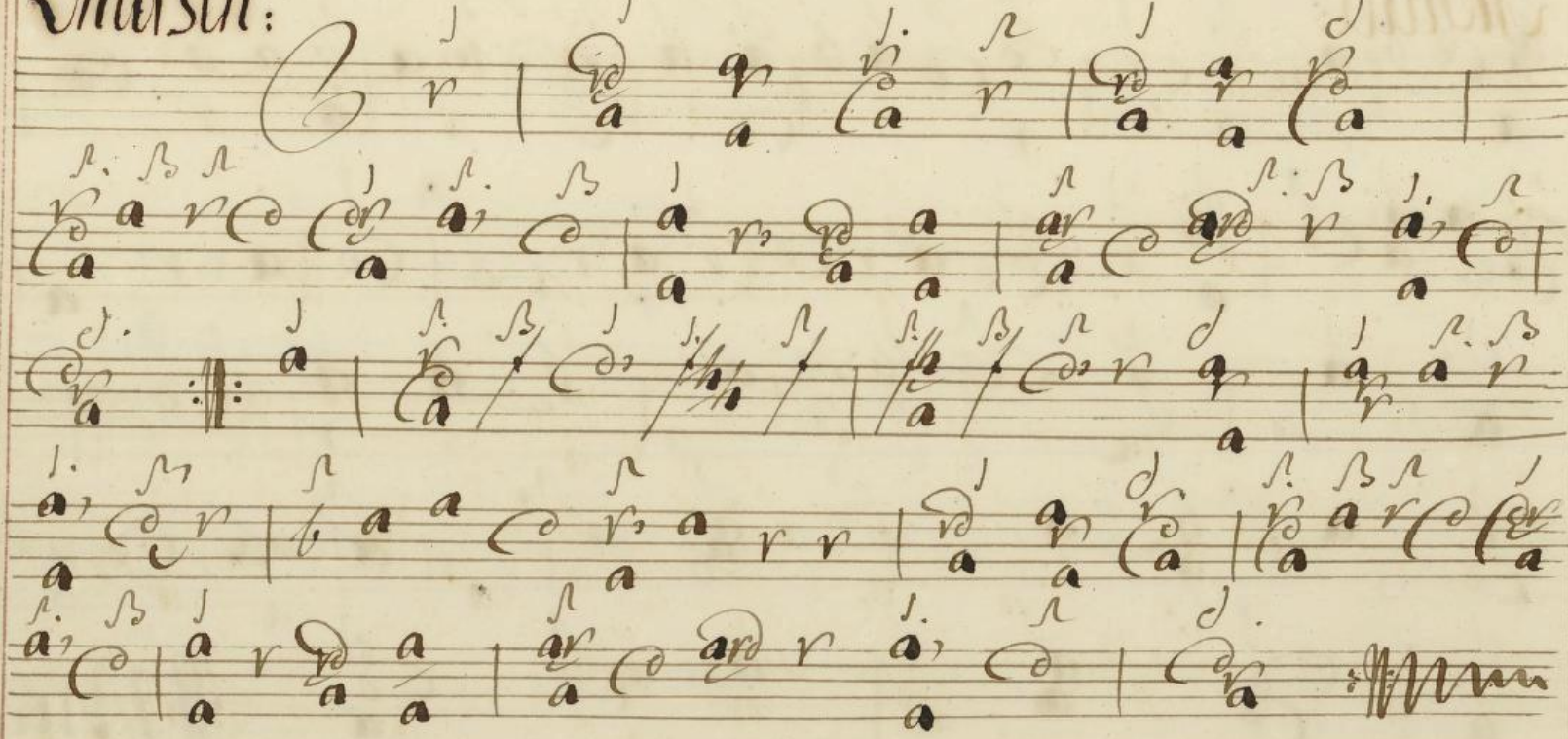
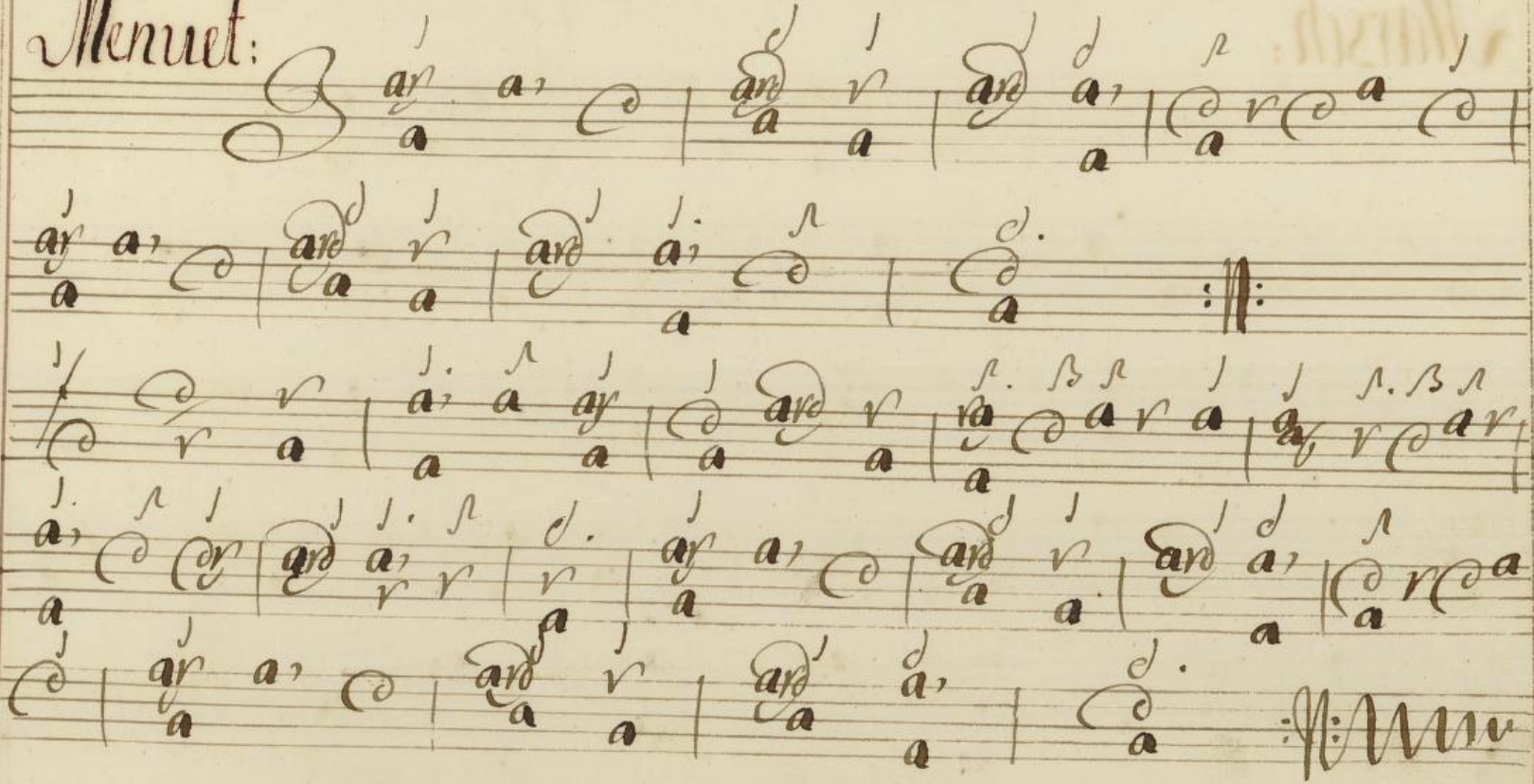
Marsch:



Menuet:



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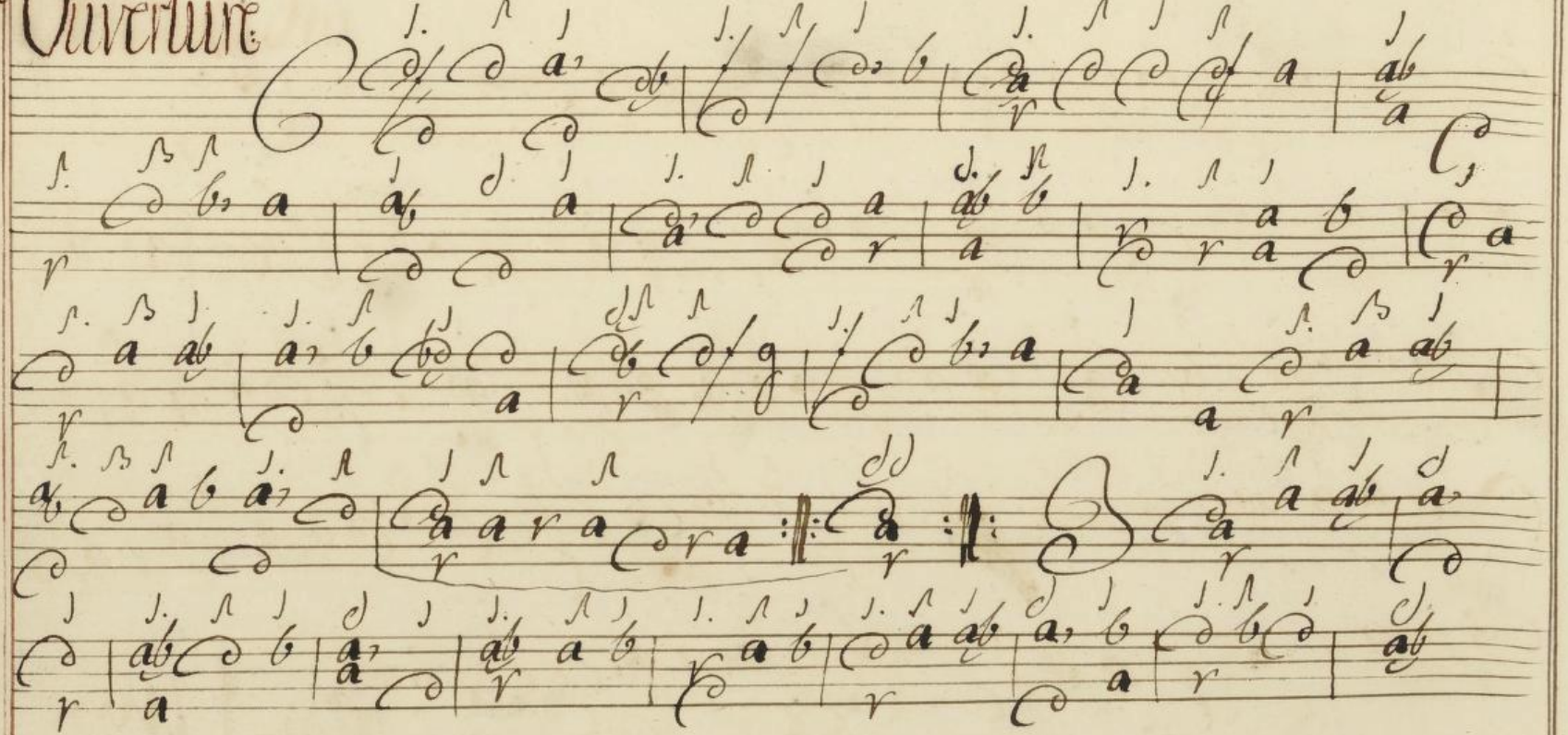

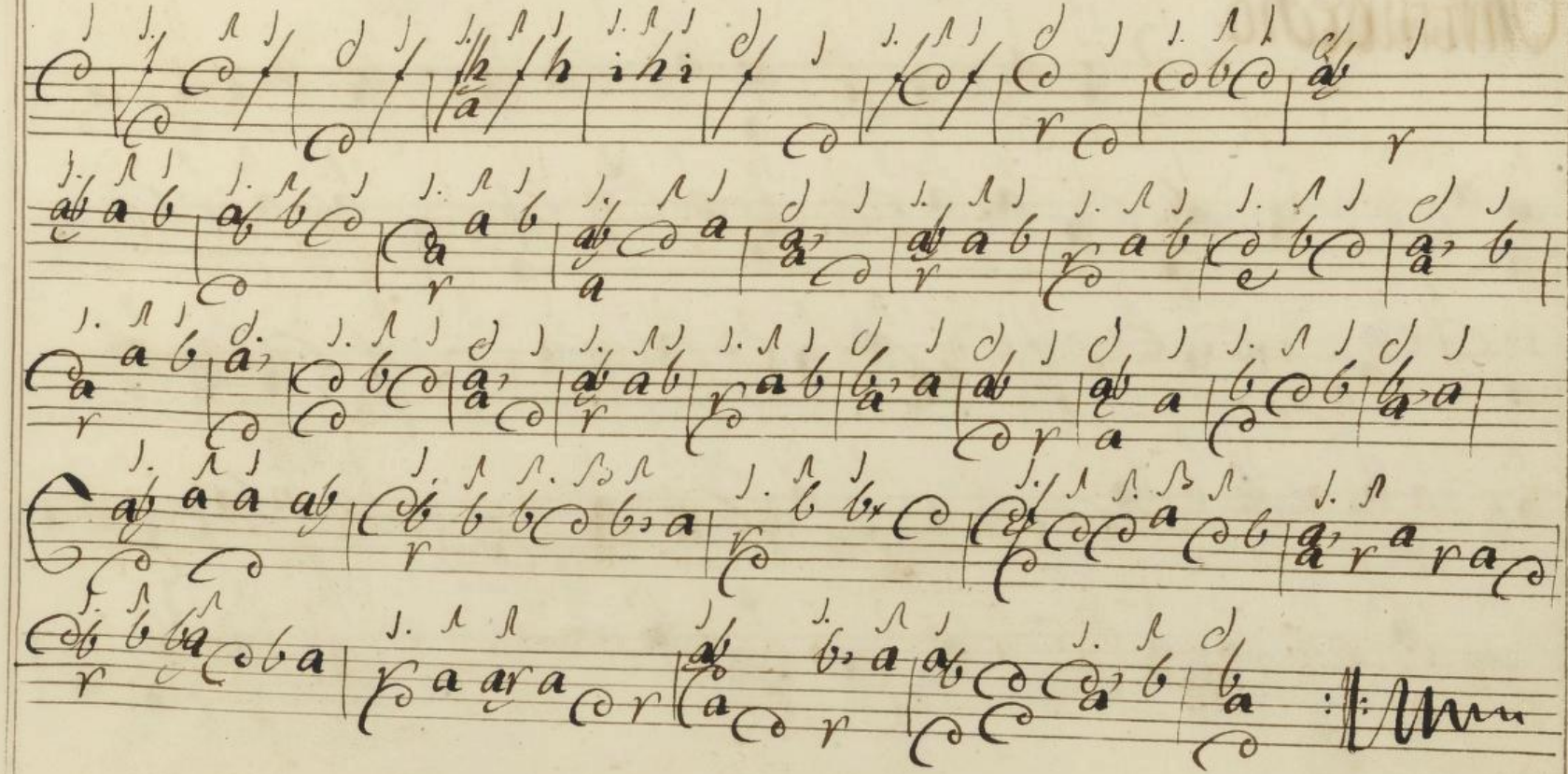

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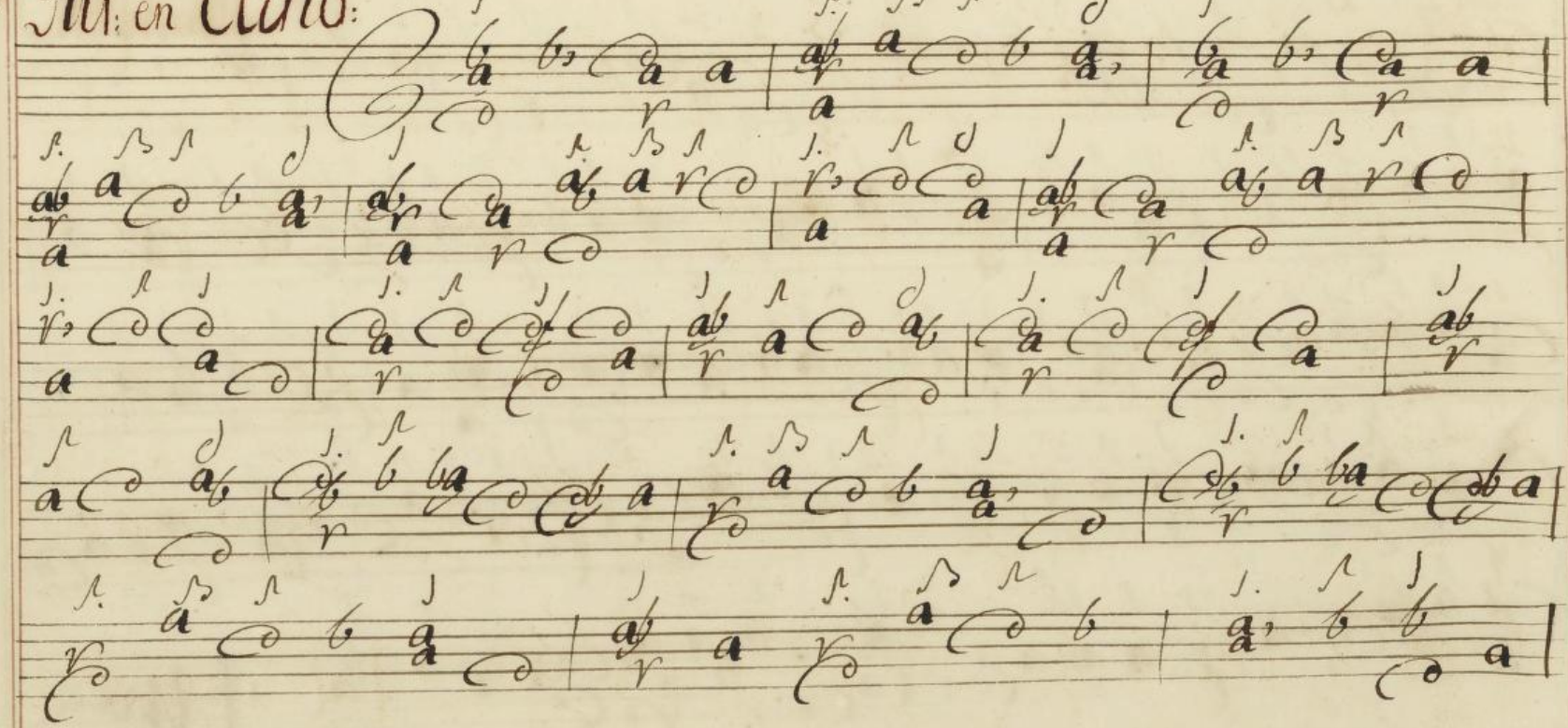
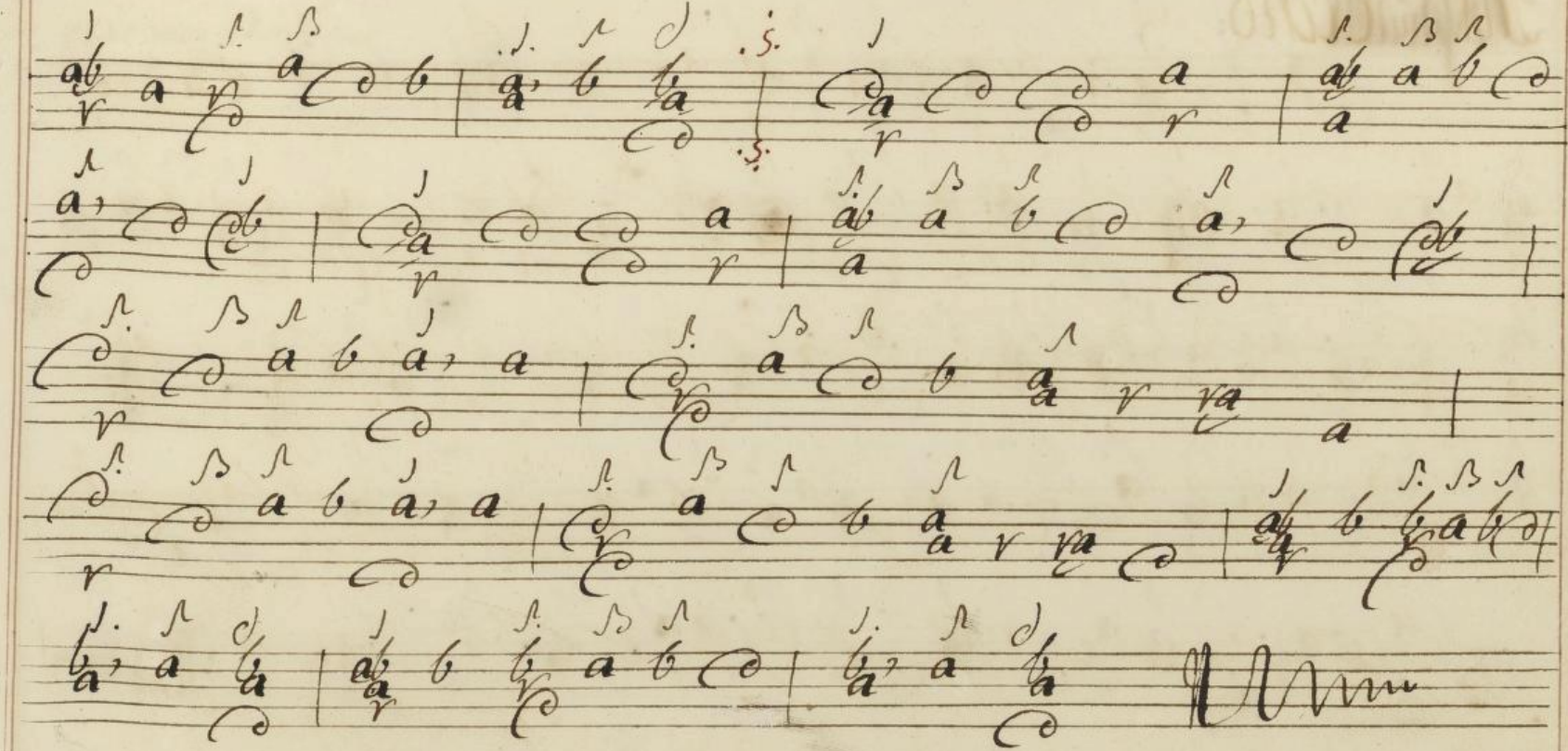
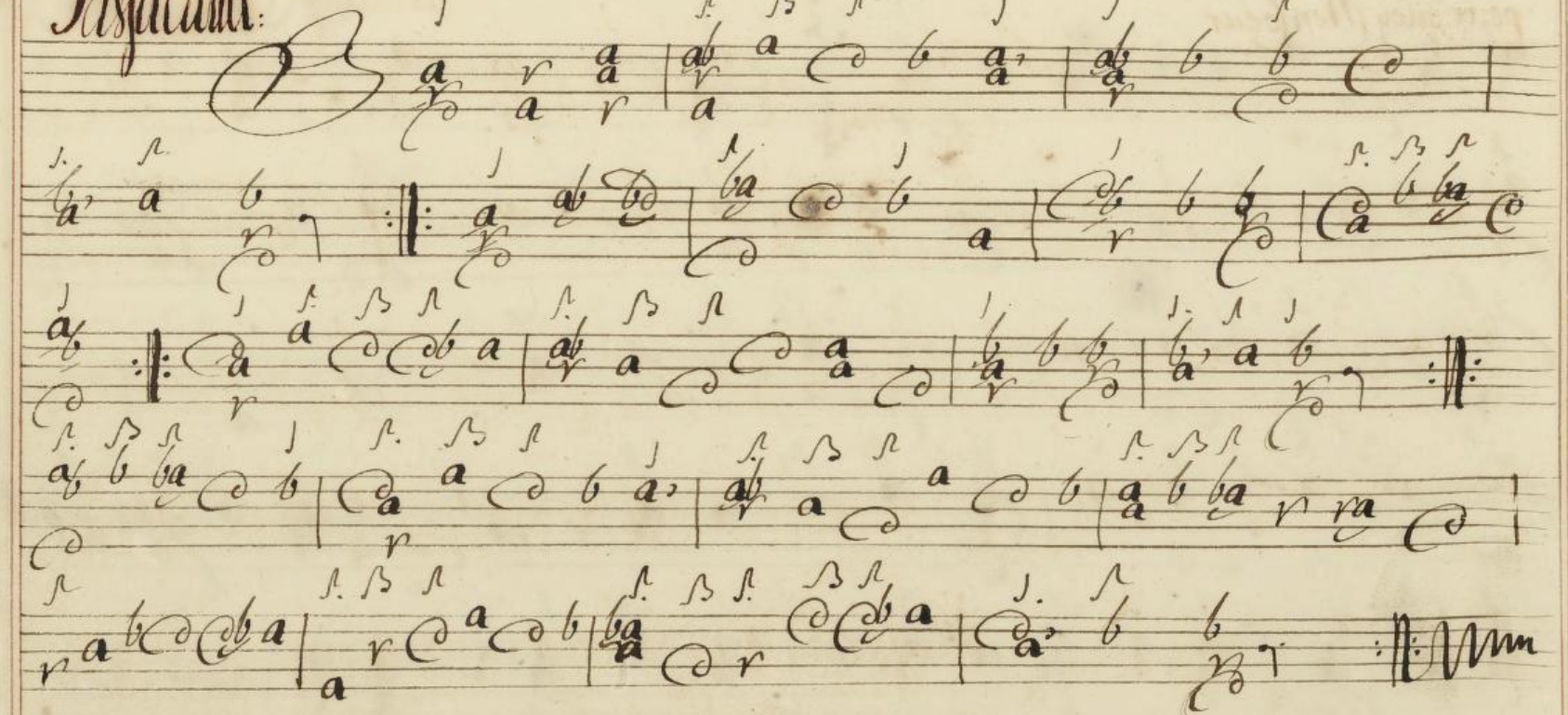
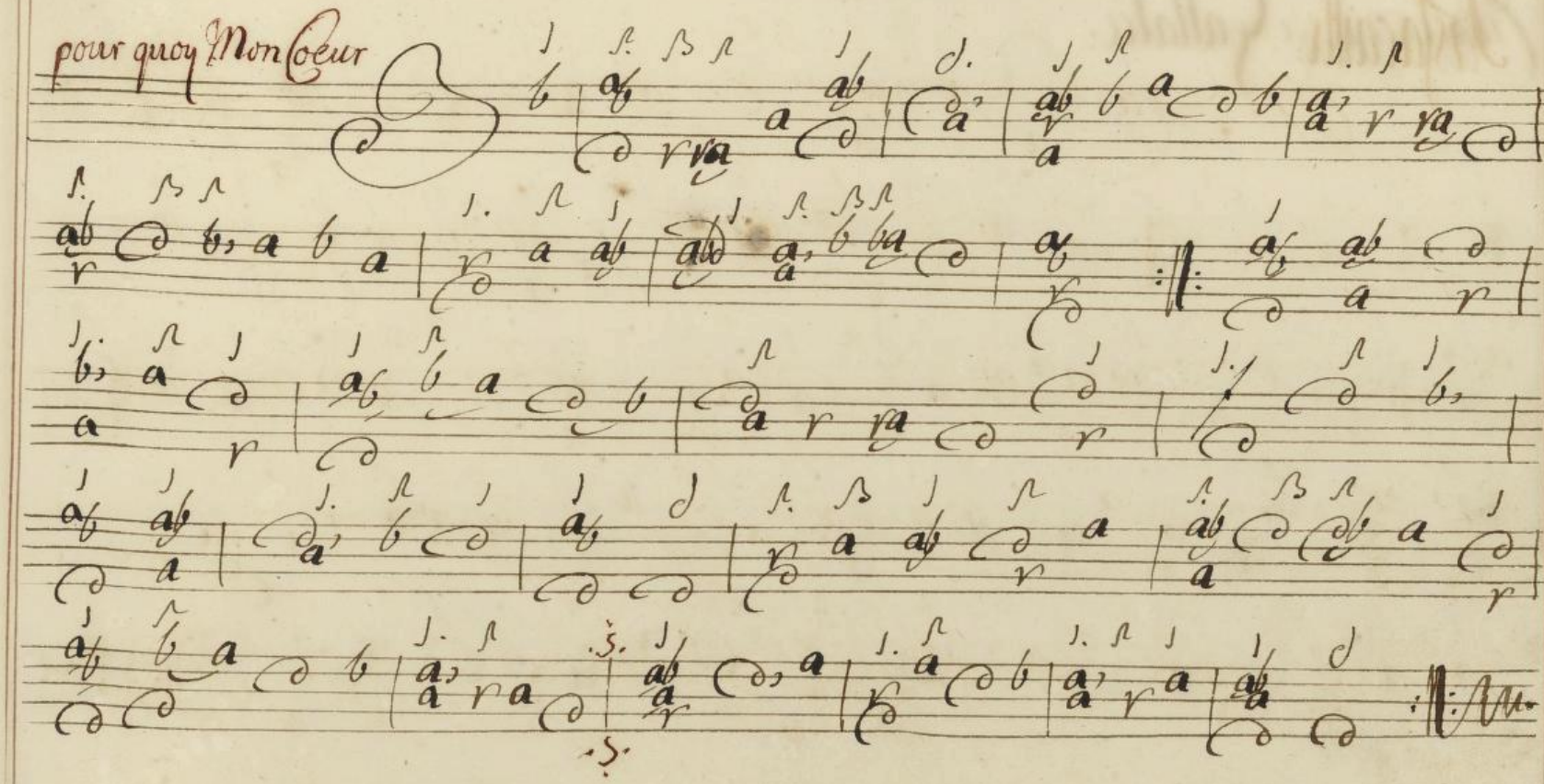




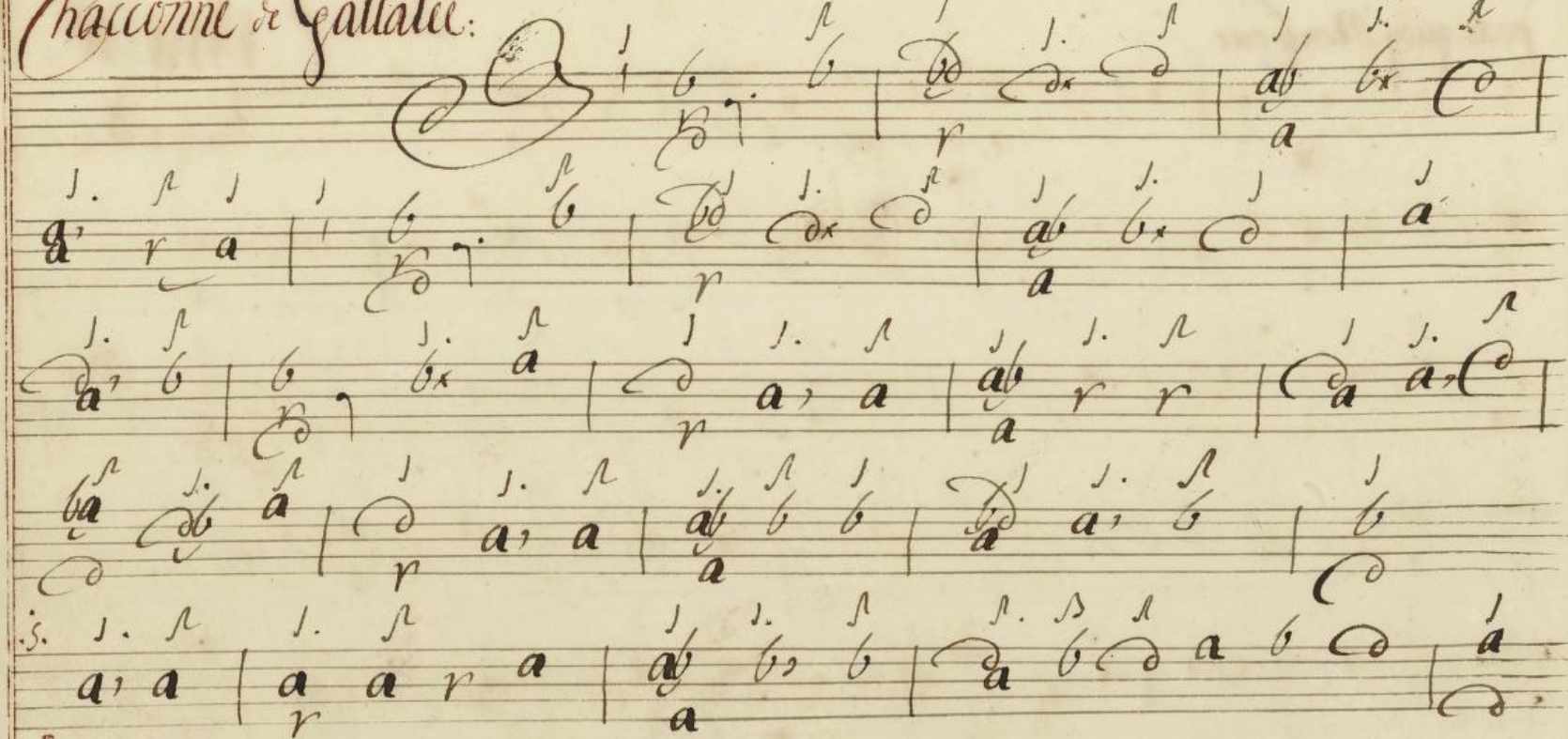
Passacaille.

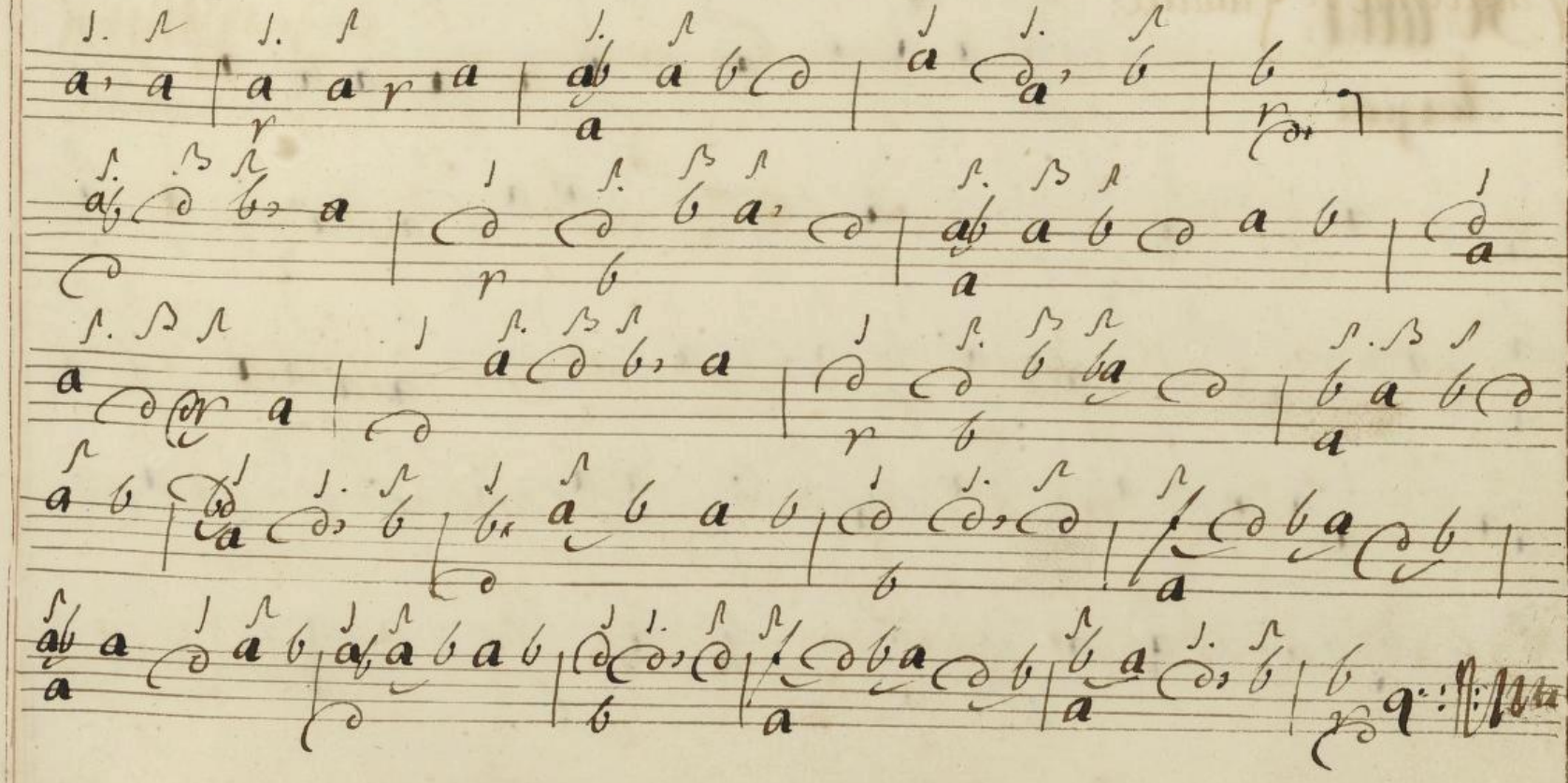


pour quoy Mon Coeur



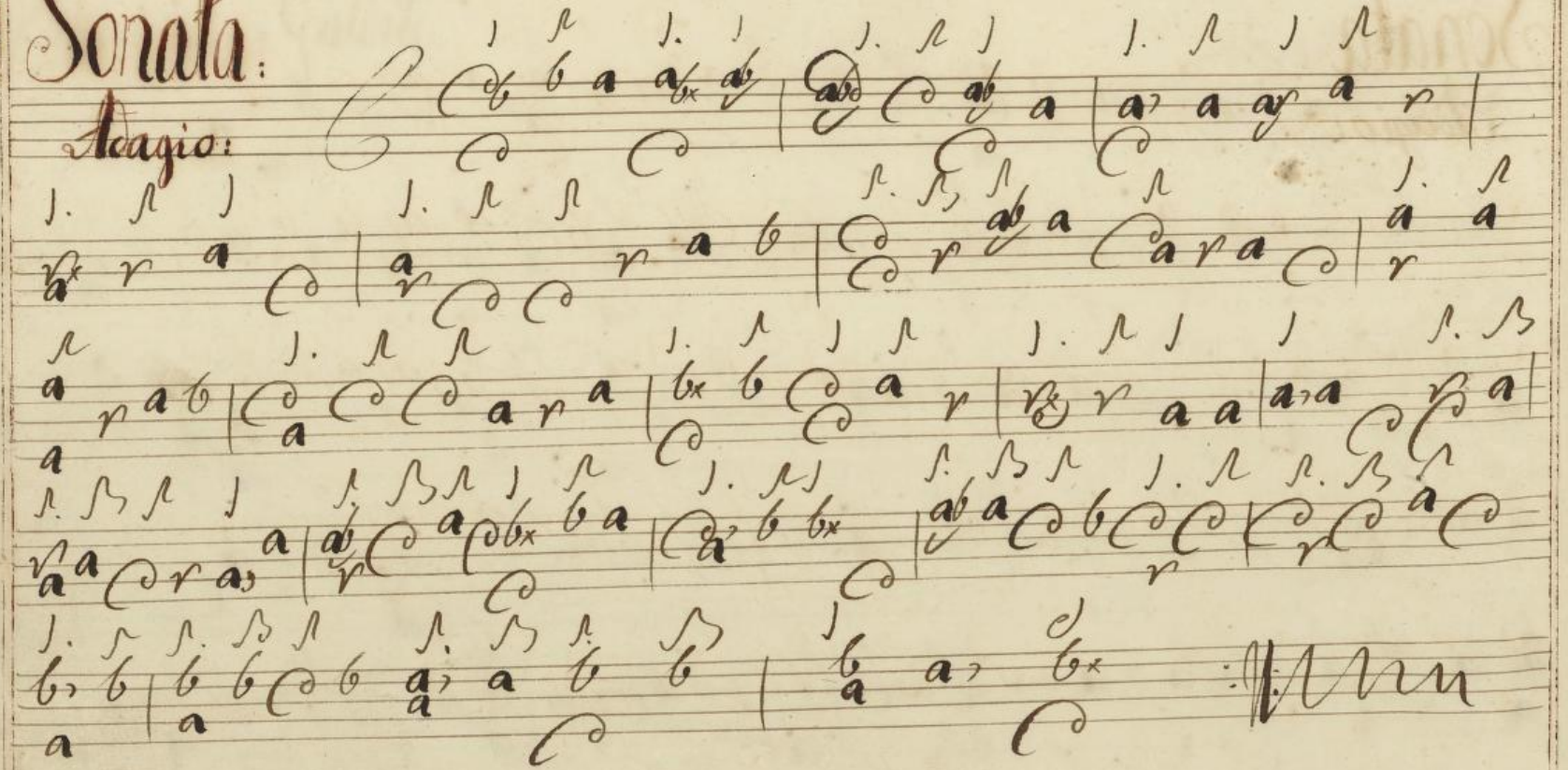
Chacconne de Gallatée.





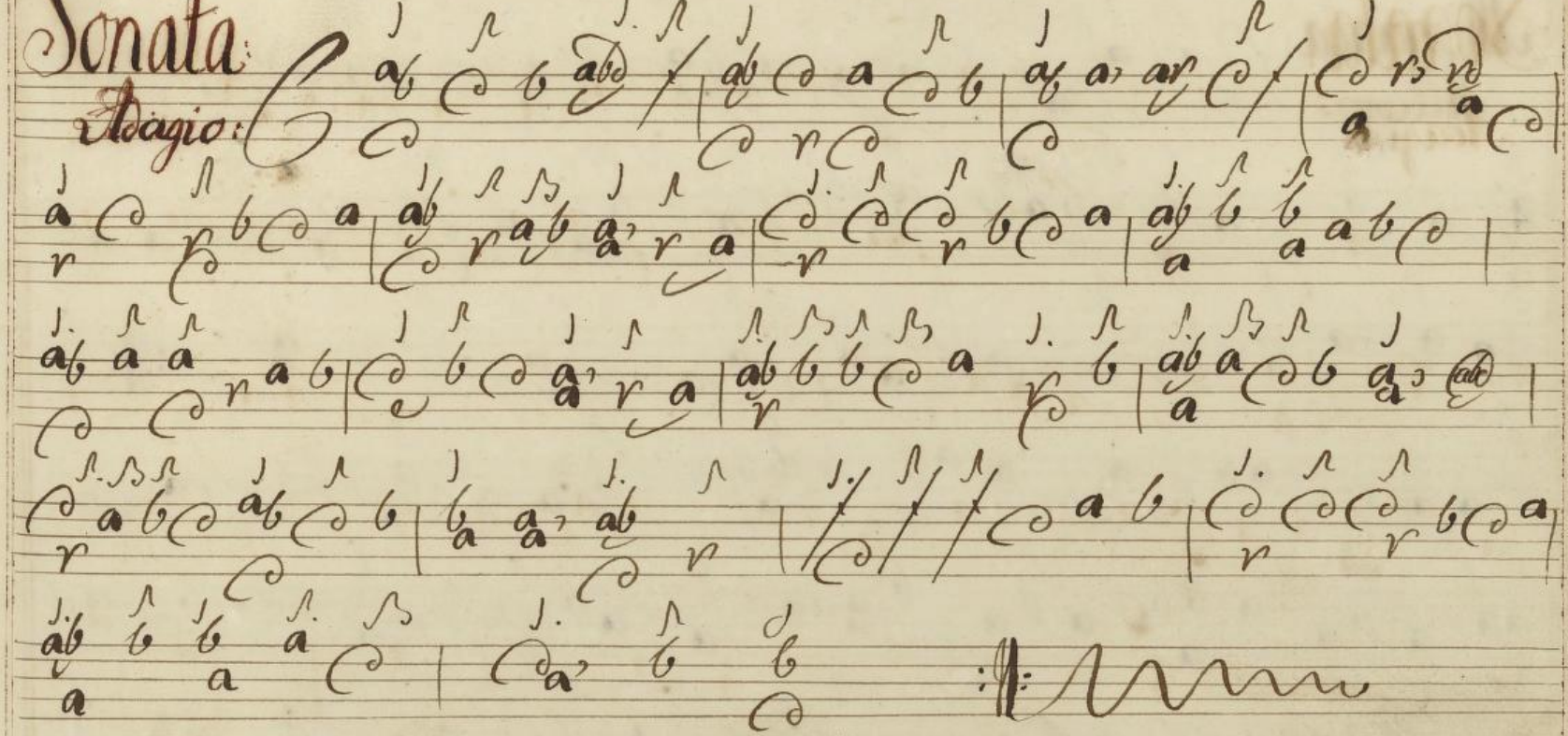
Sonata.

Adagio.



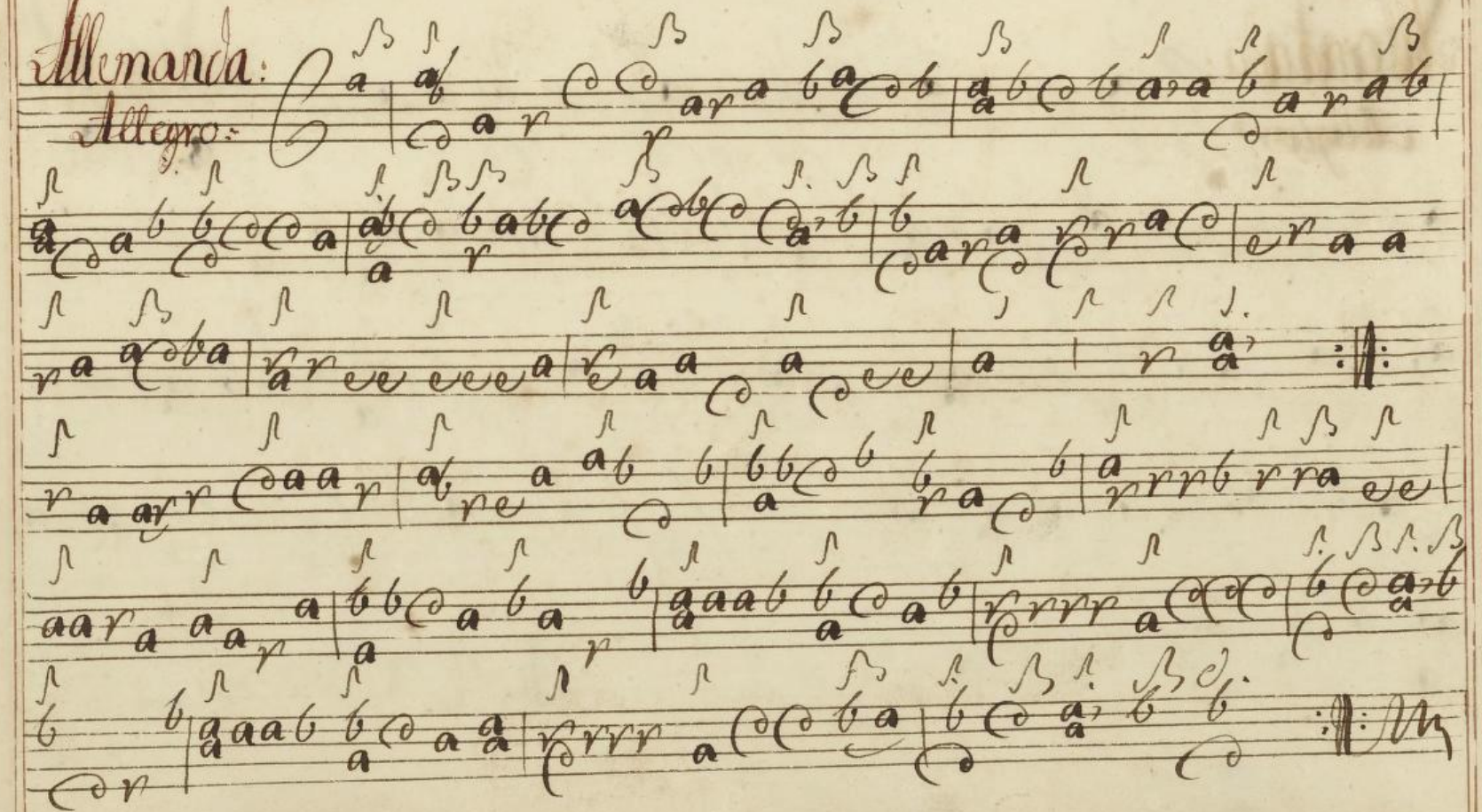
Sonata

Adagio:



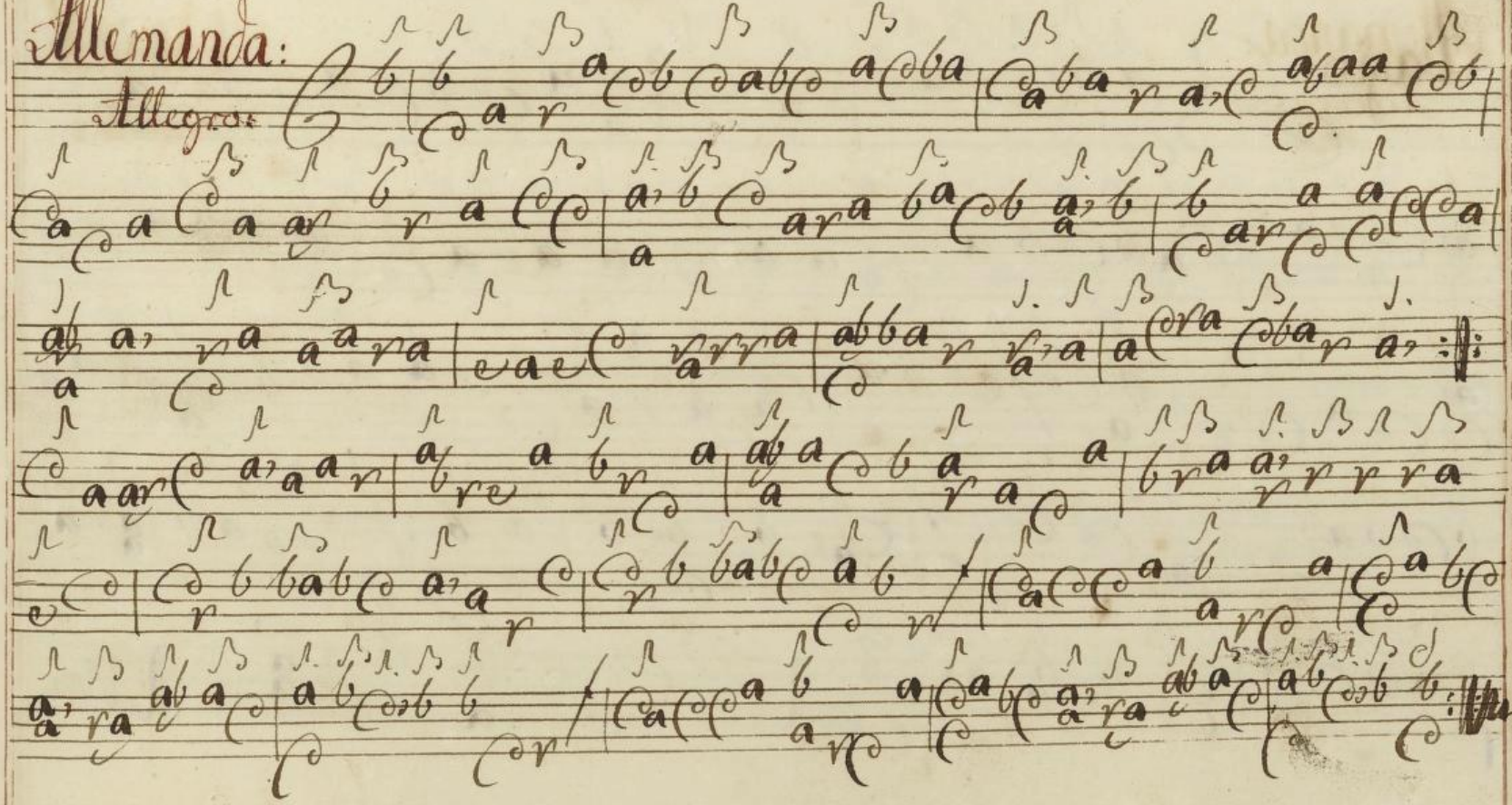
Allemanda:

Allegro:



Allemanda:

Allegro



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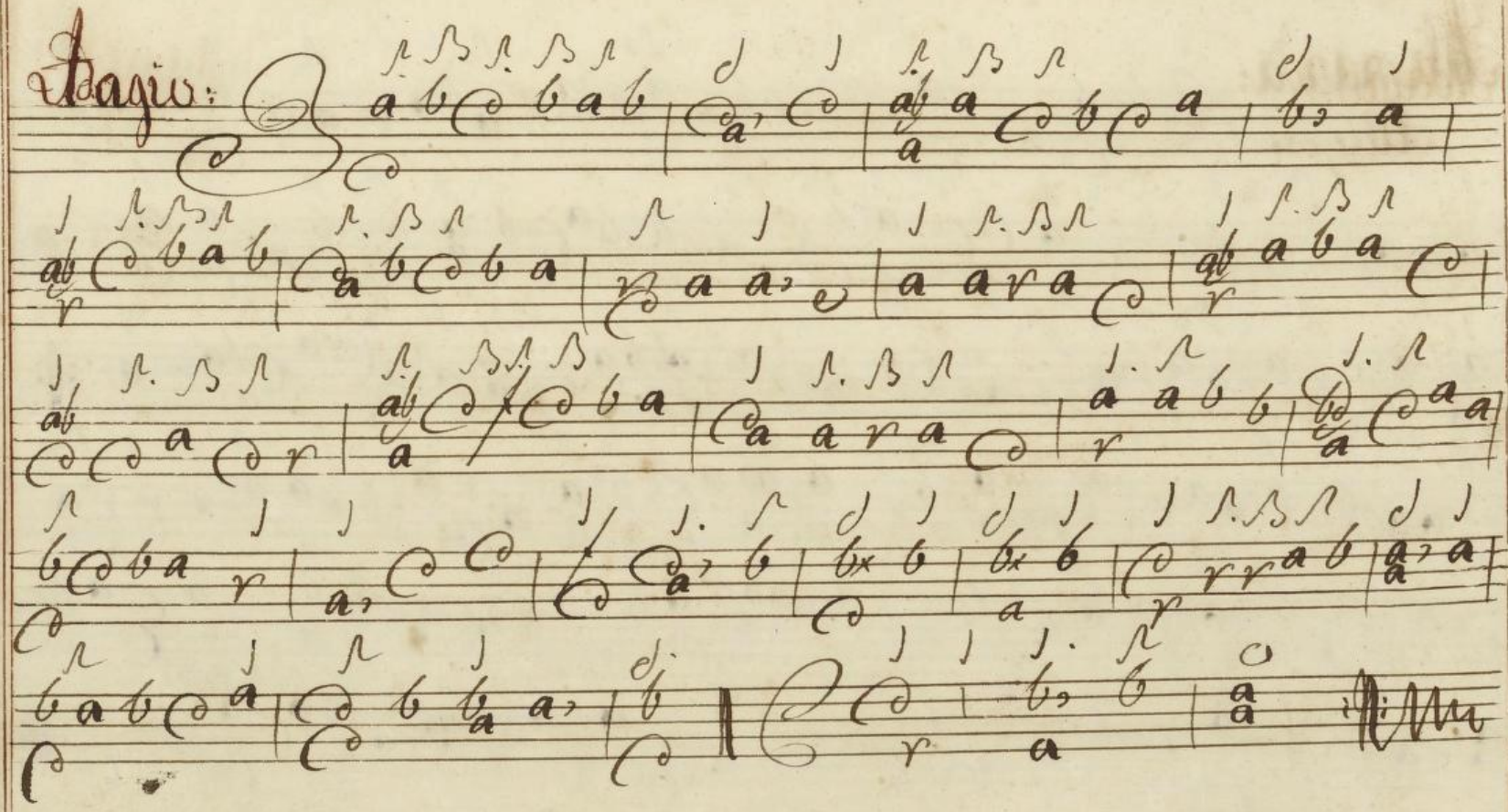

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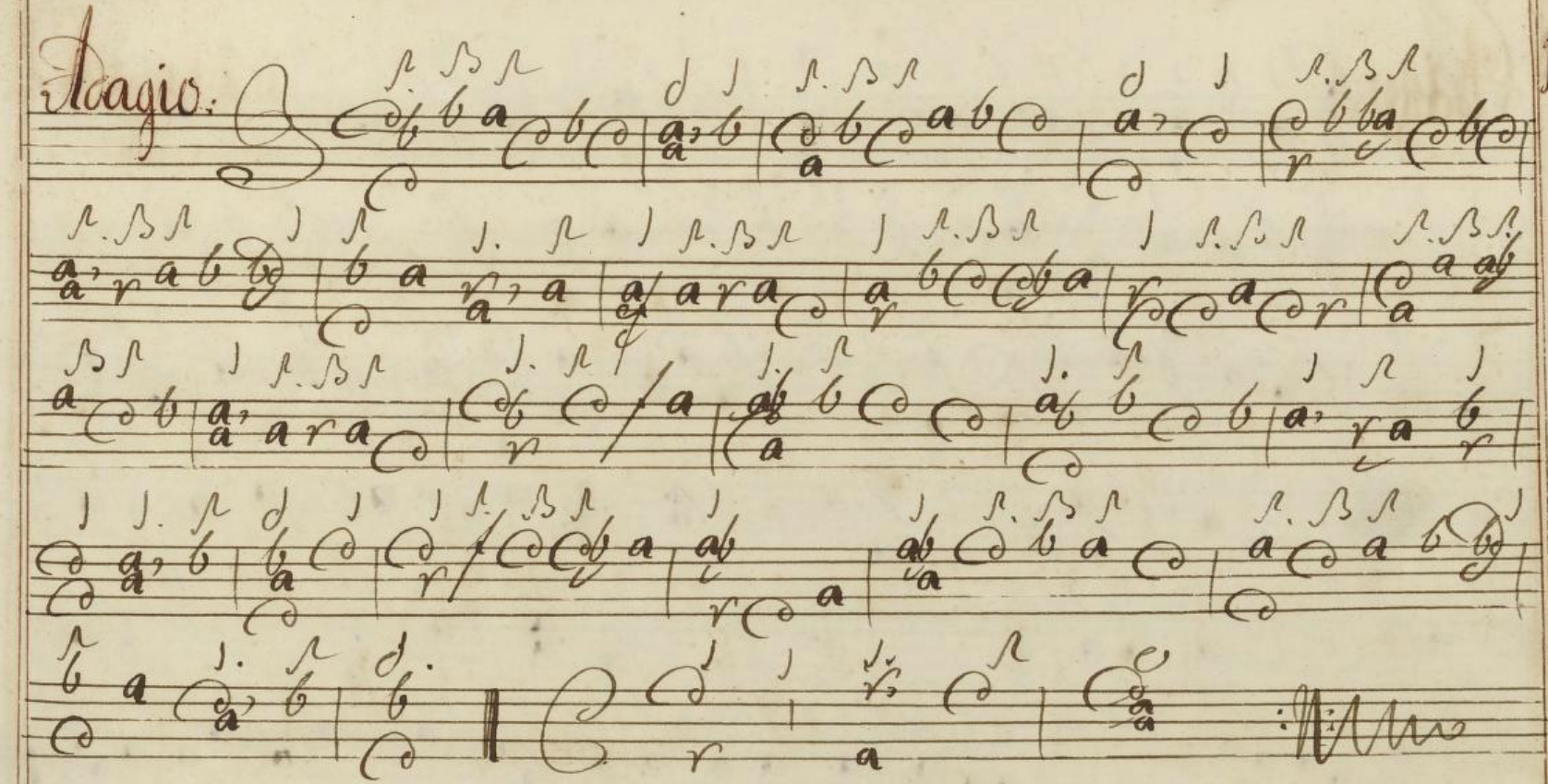

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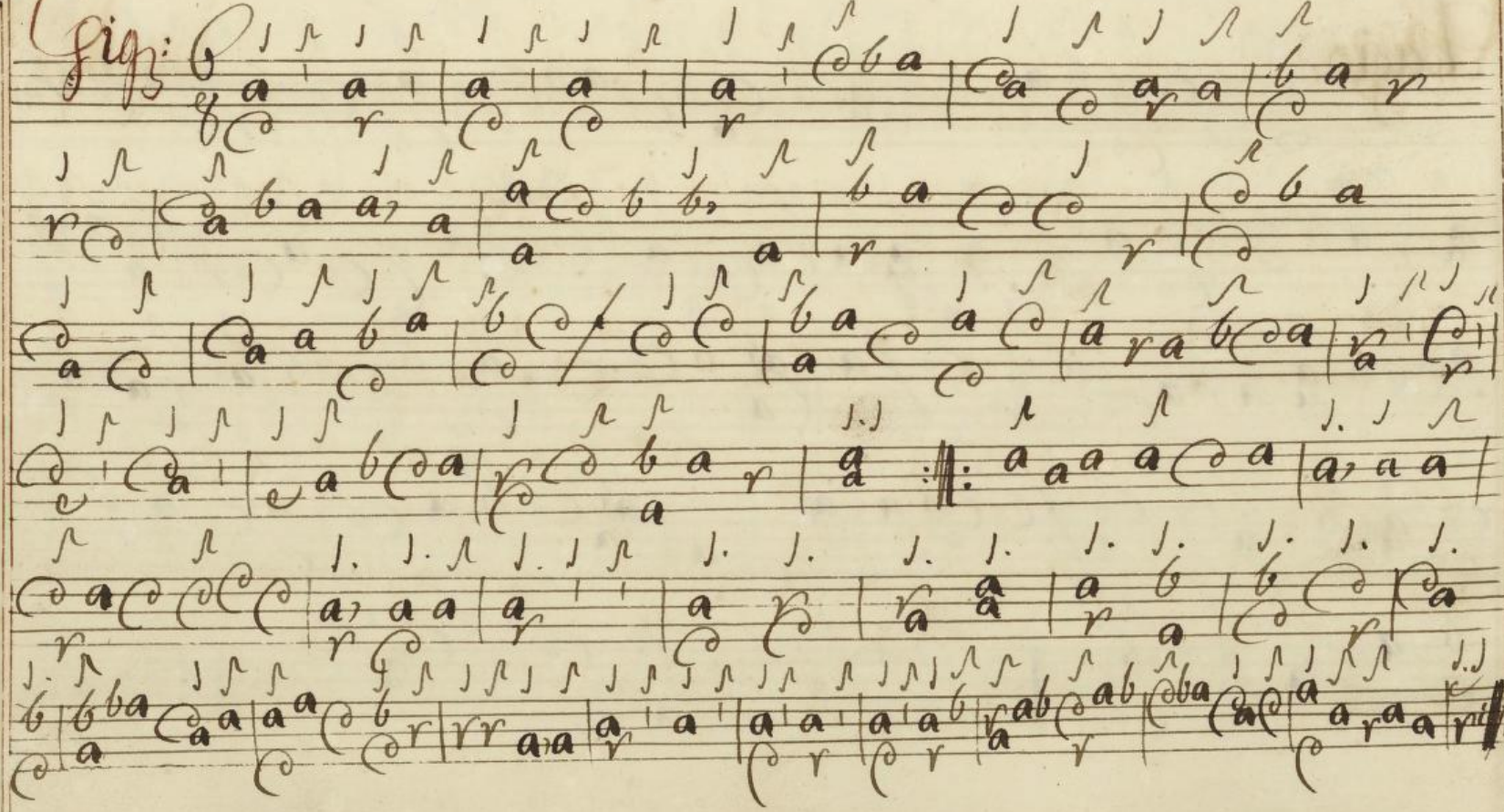

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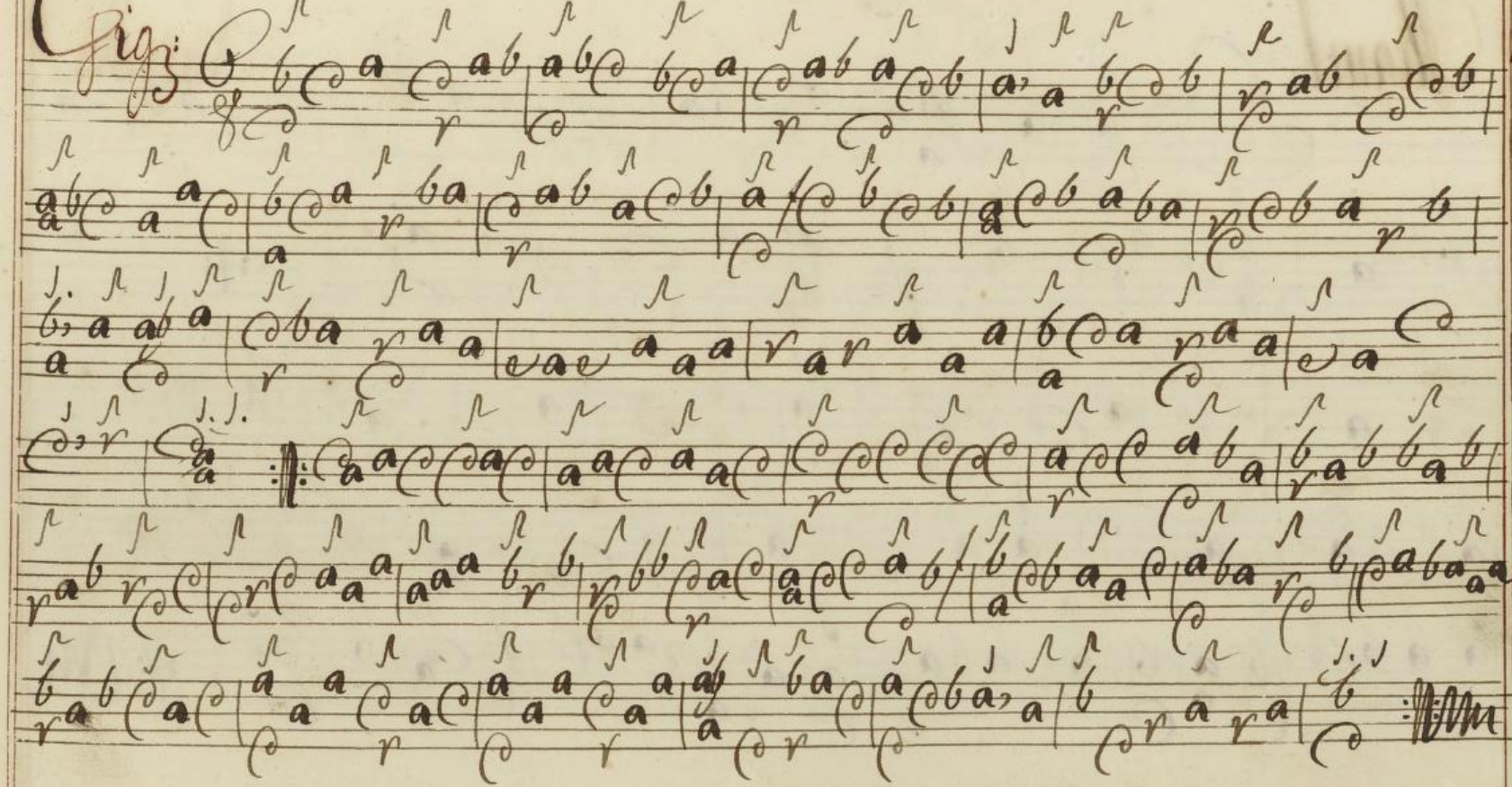
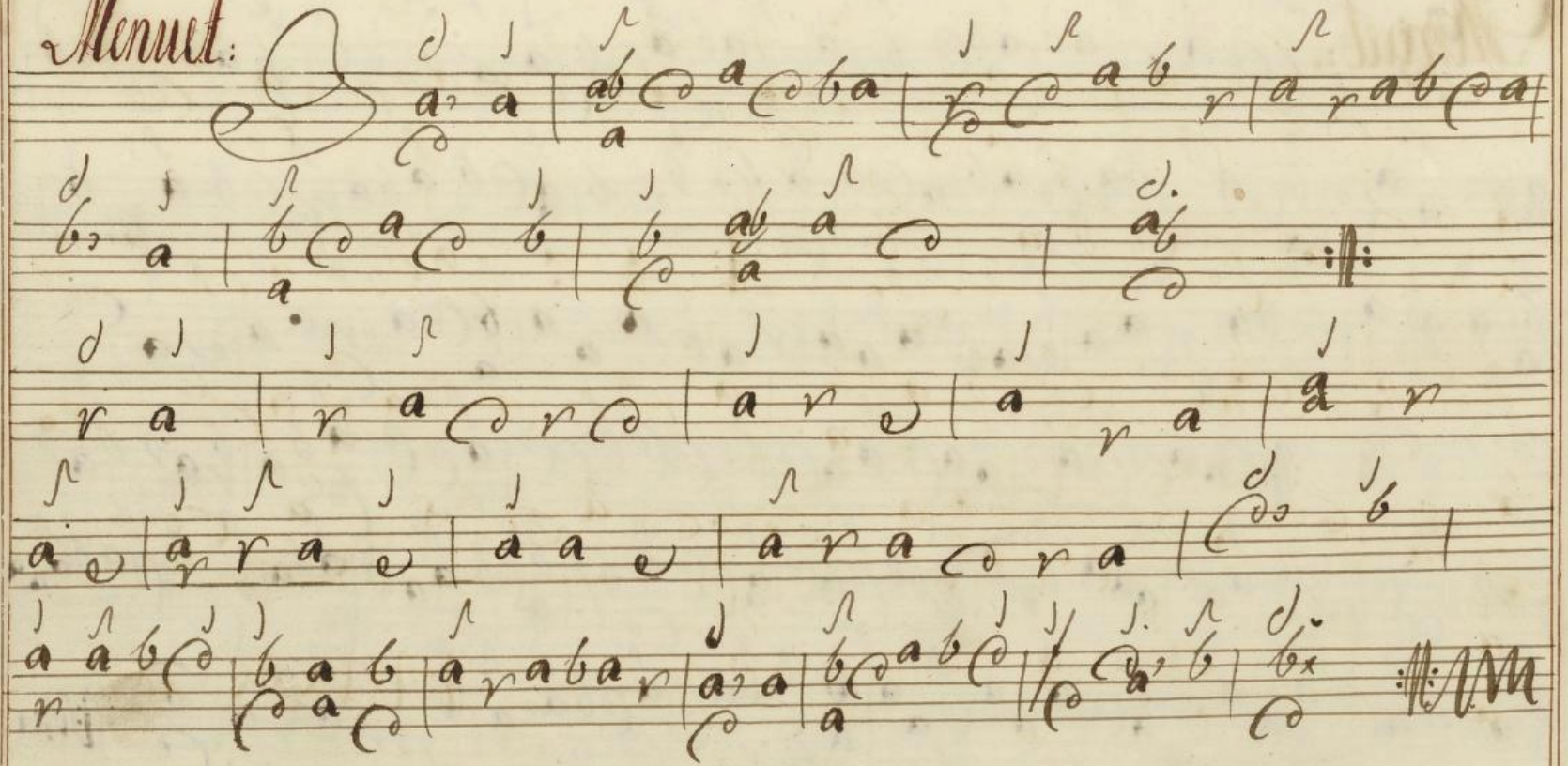


Menuet.



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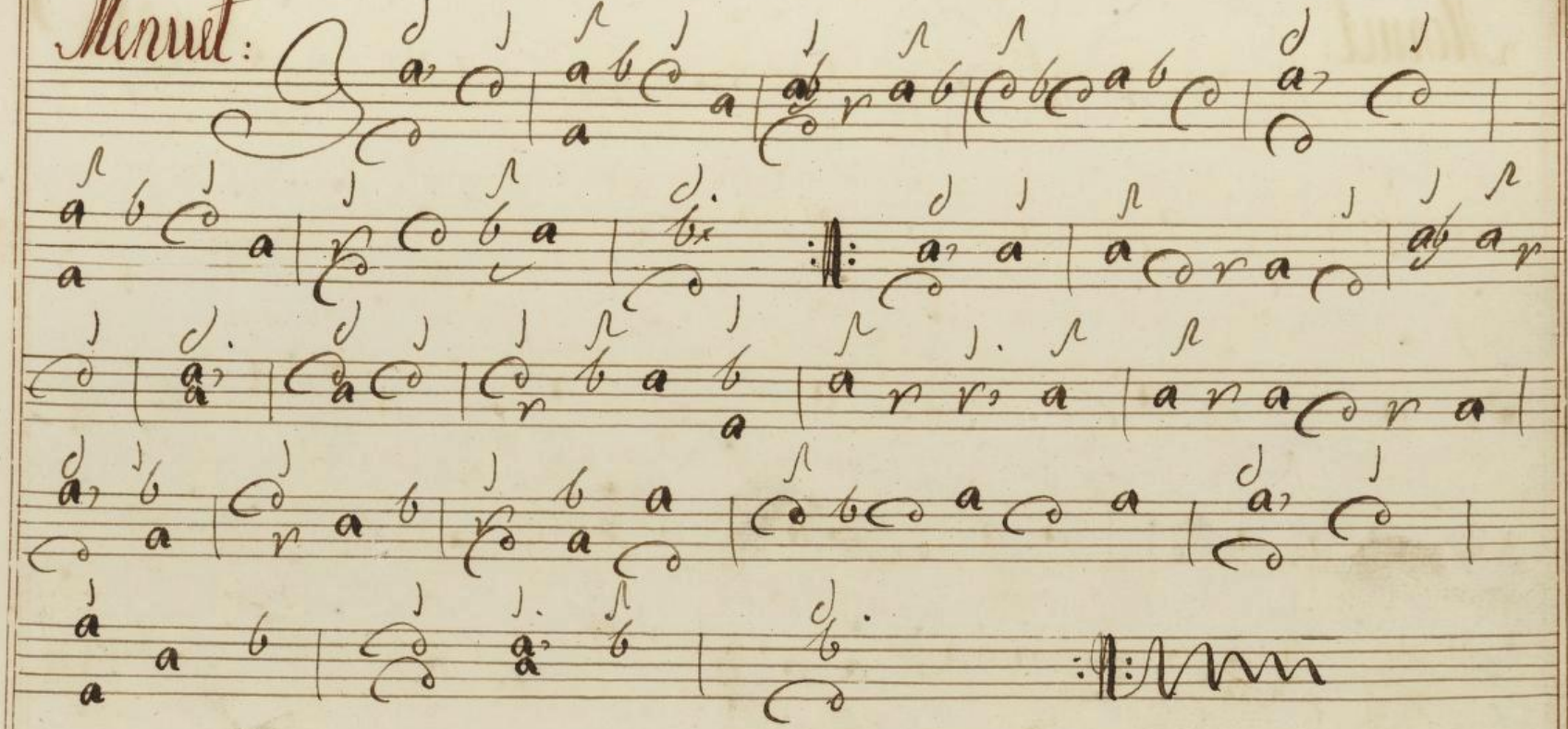


Die min Söster

Frue Commandeur Capitain i Söe Etaten Her: Hans Lemmings Agtefelle Johanne Christine fød Hertzberg.

Bel aarene flere end 110,
af Tiden ben regnes tilbage.
Da Mormoer baldyrede Bogen i Di,
Samt spillede Noterne fage.
De fingre som sydde og legte af den,
I Nöret de findes ei mere
Men Mindet af Hende, er ei svundet hen
Selv Bogen Afmindelser Bære. –
Saa stande dit Minde, kjær Syftern min!
Thi Du Hendes Navn, monne bære. –
– Ullenvangs Pr. gd. 3 Julii 1829
Nls Hertzberg

Een uskiendt Söster Ønsker dem
Hen tykkelig i fiærne Hiem
Nyd' Moderheld — Med Elsket Mage
Nyd' Mange, skiønne, Glade, Dage.

Ullensvang d. 3^{die} Juli
1829

Anna Christine Egede Hertzberg
fod
Thomsen

At skrive Poetisk, jeg ej oplagt er
Derom Du vel og er forvisset
Sehi kjende maae Du selvs min Pennefærd
Hvorledes jeg den monne reisset
Dog skriver jeg dette i stambog Din kiær søster min
Der ej maae betragtes som minde
Da mit Minde blir vel hos dig som hos mig
Vit Livet af os maae udvinde. —

Din søster

Molde Gaard den 8 Juli 1829

Magrethe. Susanna Hertzberg

Höjere taler Modets Stemme,
End Des i Stammebog;
Dog skal du og af dem fornemme,
Mit hjerte stedse Lærligt slog
For Dig, som arves denne Nog,
og Varn, og Rand, som vi ey glemme.

Malmanger d. 19de Augusti 1829

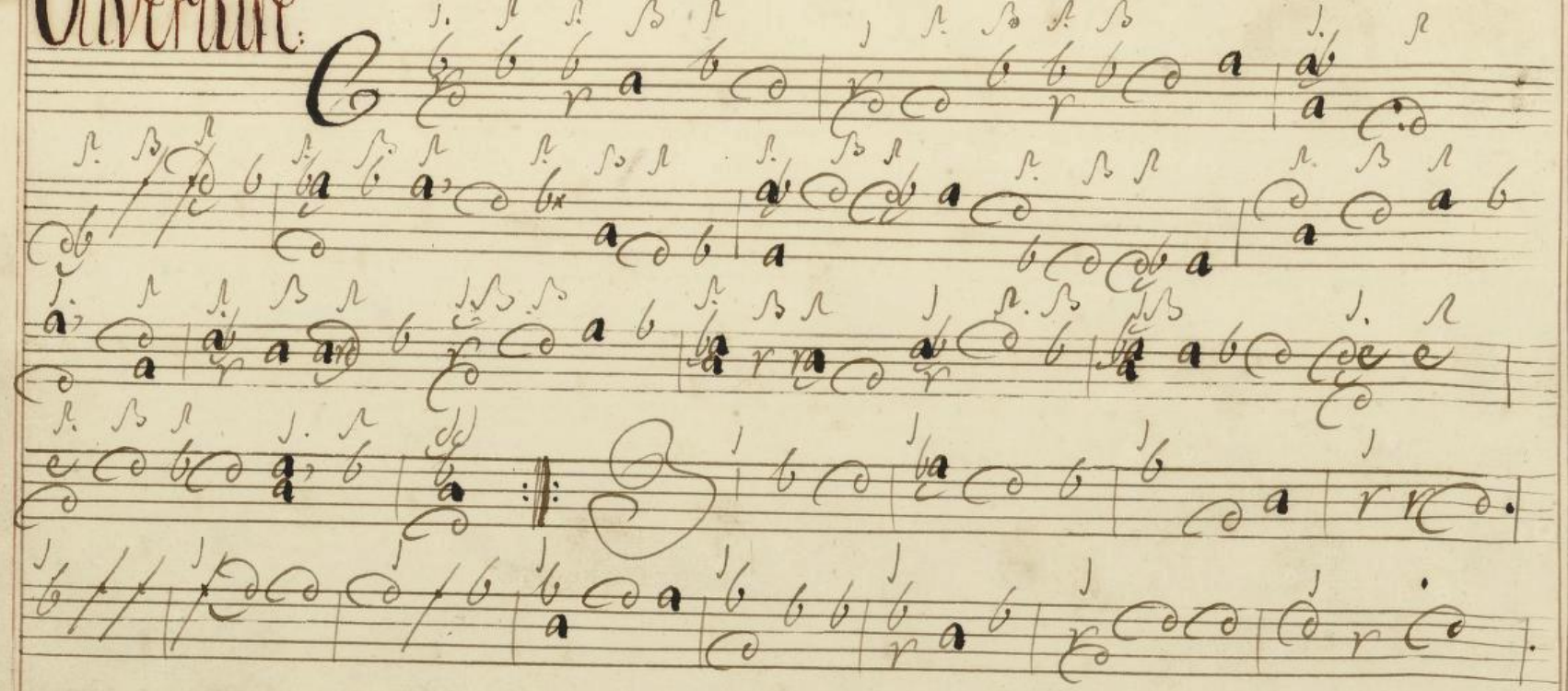
Hertzberg

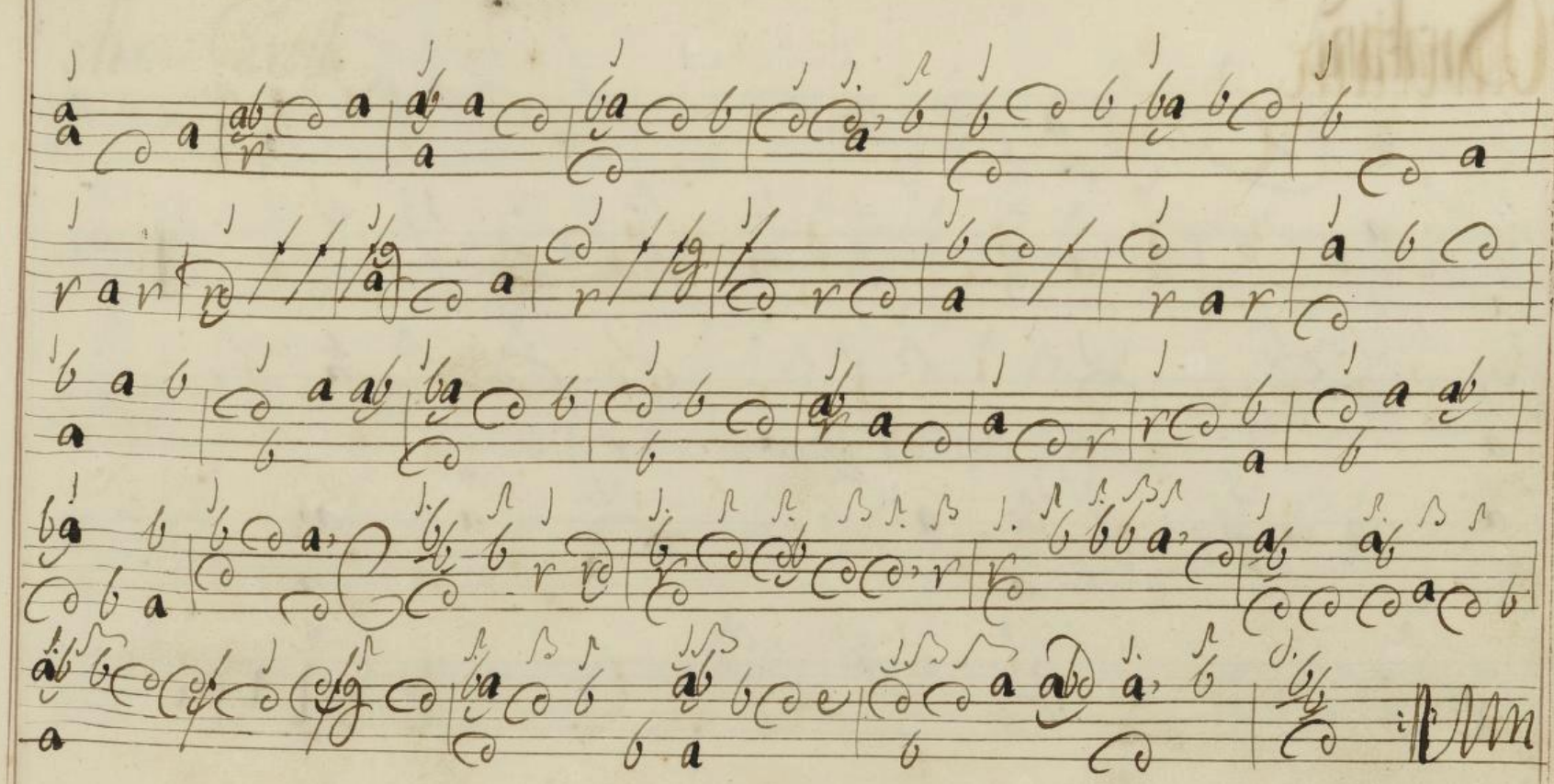
Een Fader og een Moder os paa Jorden fødte,
Een Amme vi som Glutter diede,
I een og samme Stue blev vi døbte,
Paa et og samme Sted som Børn vi legede;
Ved Tidens Gang vi vidt adskildte bleve,
Og du end og til fremmed Sted;
Saa tumles vi imens vi leve —
Tak Gud fordi han fulgte med! —
Vi begge kjære Ægtefæller mistede
Vor Sjelne: mørk og tung da blev
Da Døden dem af kjære Favn udvristet
Dog vi bør tie, thi Gud Værket drev
Vor Ishe nu er skjult med sølvgraae Lok.
Naar vi faaer Himlen hisset, har vi nok!

Findaas Præstegaard den 10de December 1829.

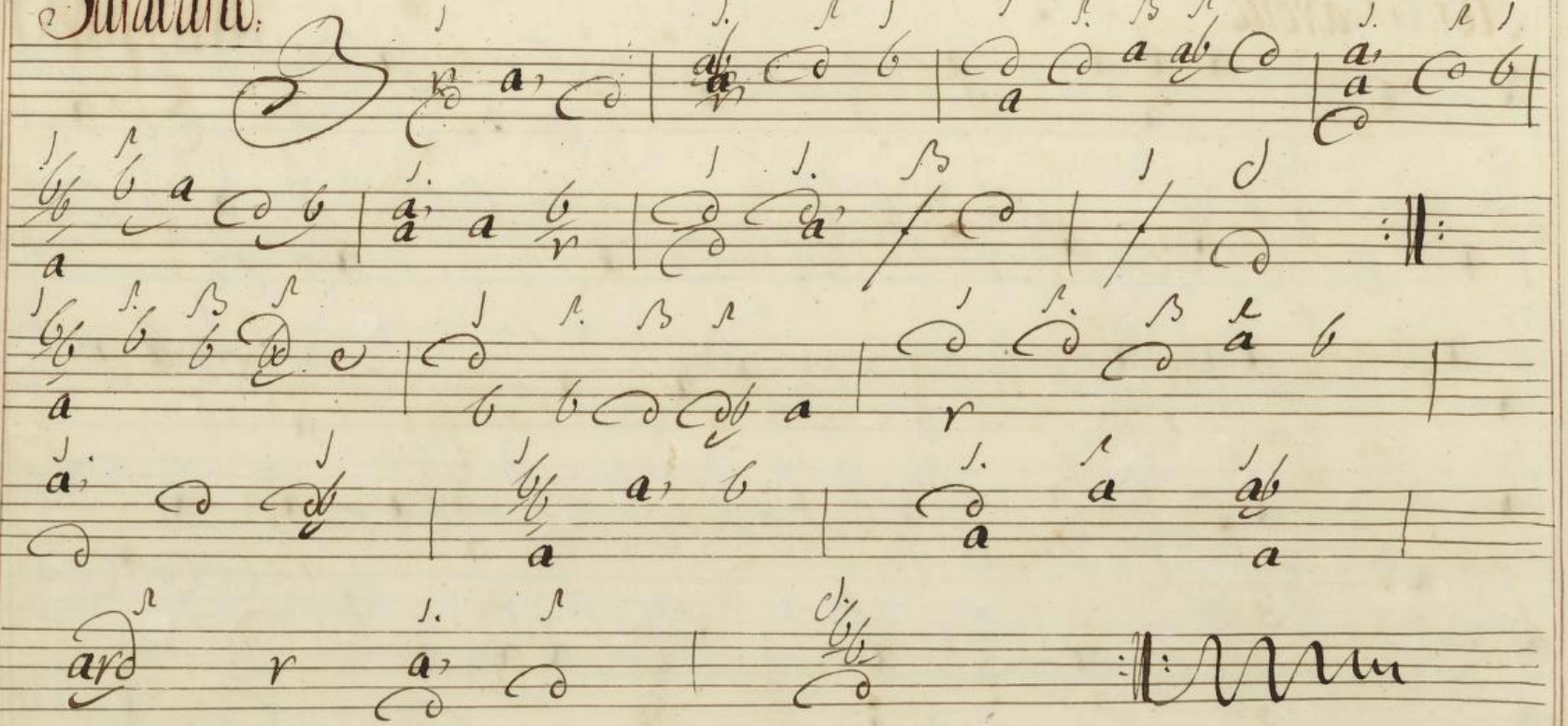
J. Hertzberg

Ouverture.

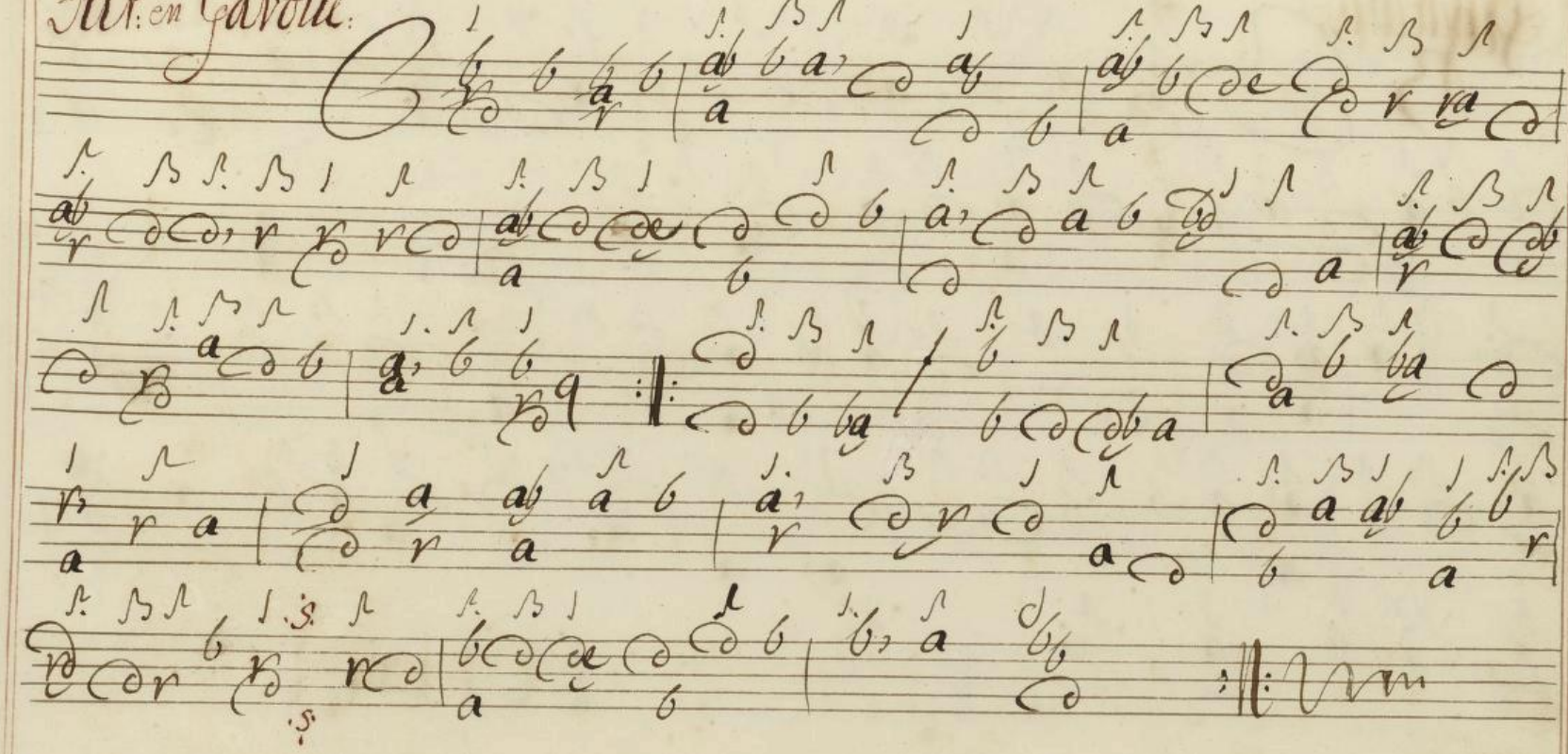




Sarabande.



Air: en Gavotte.



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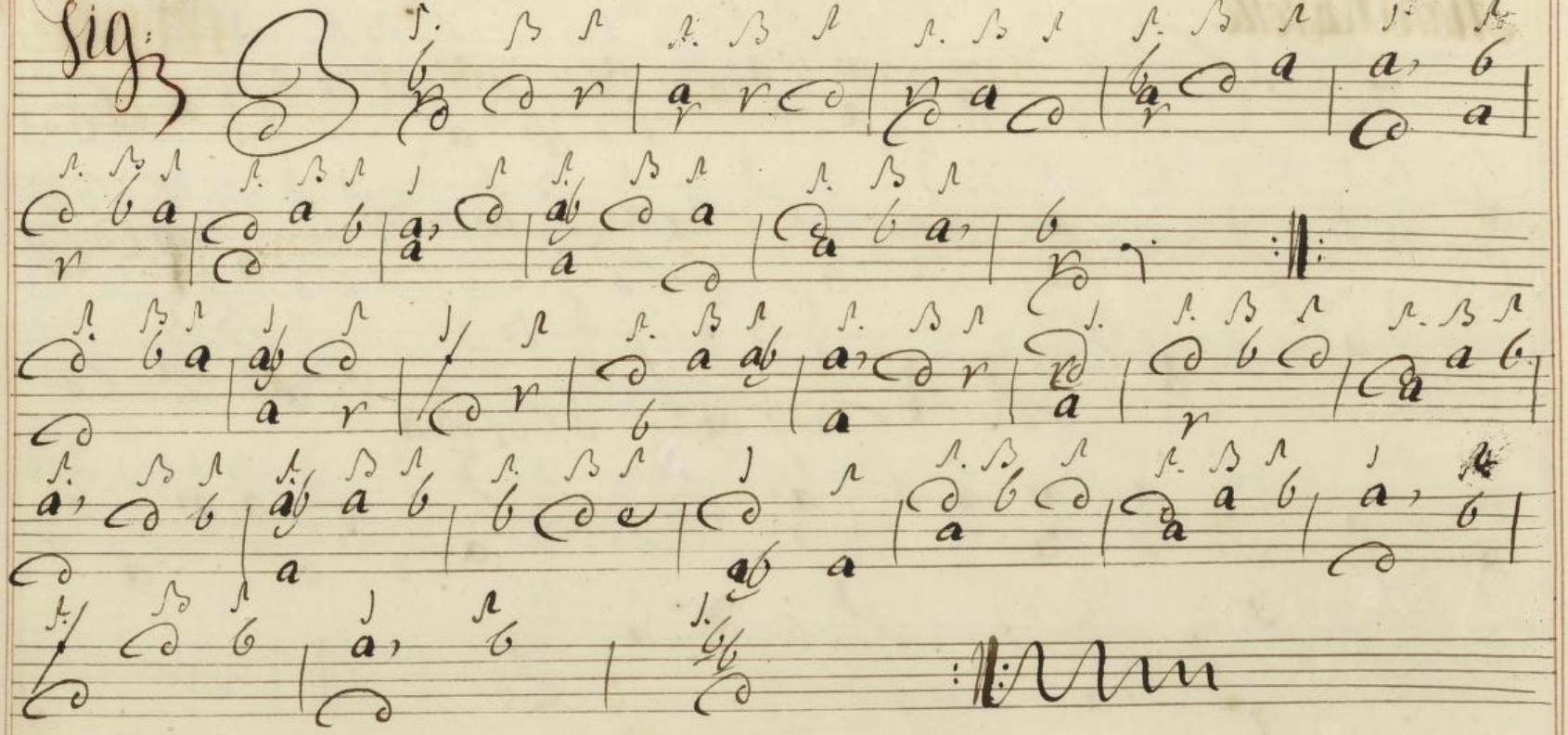

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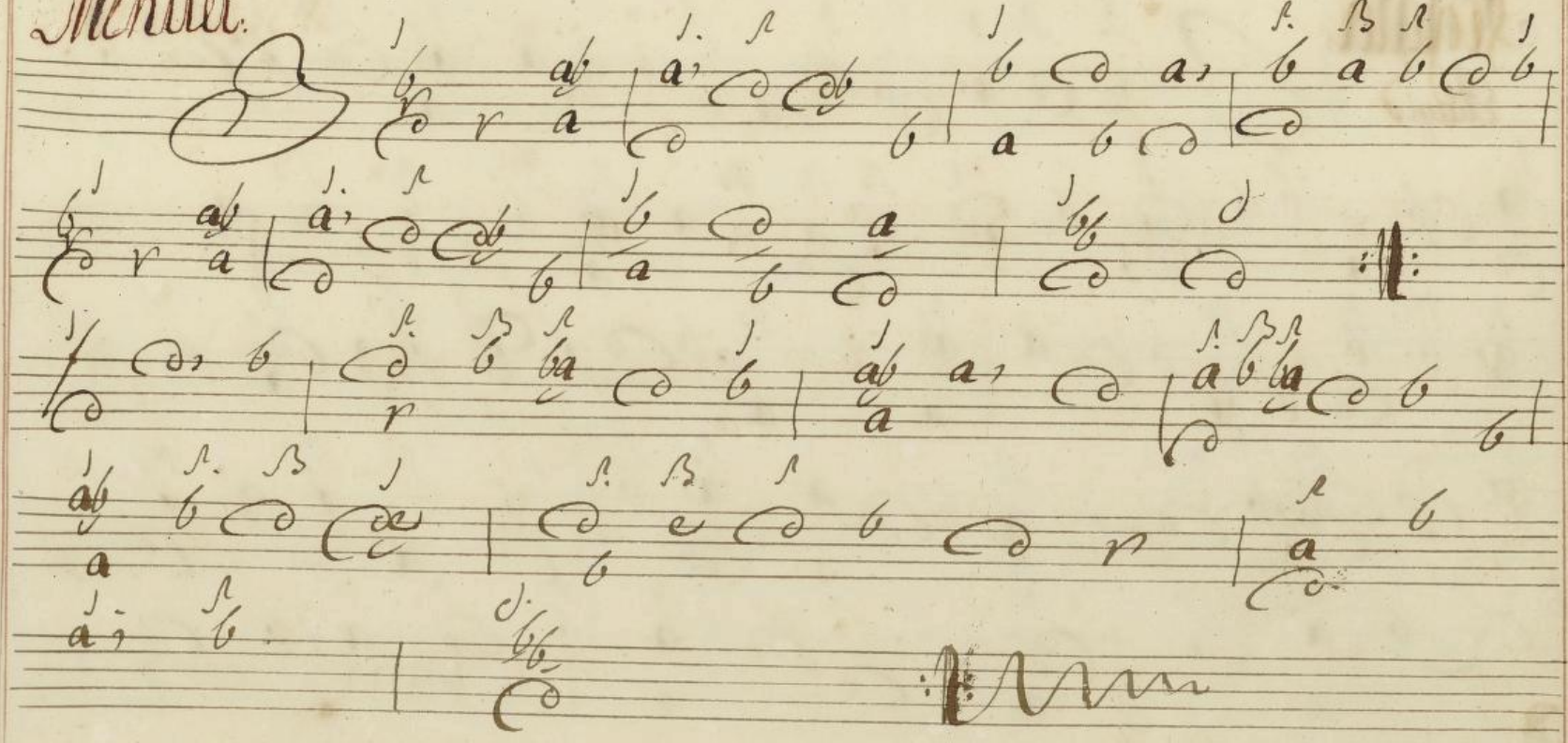

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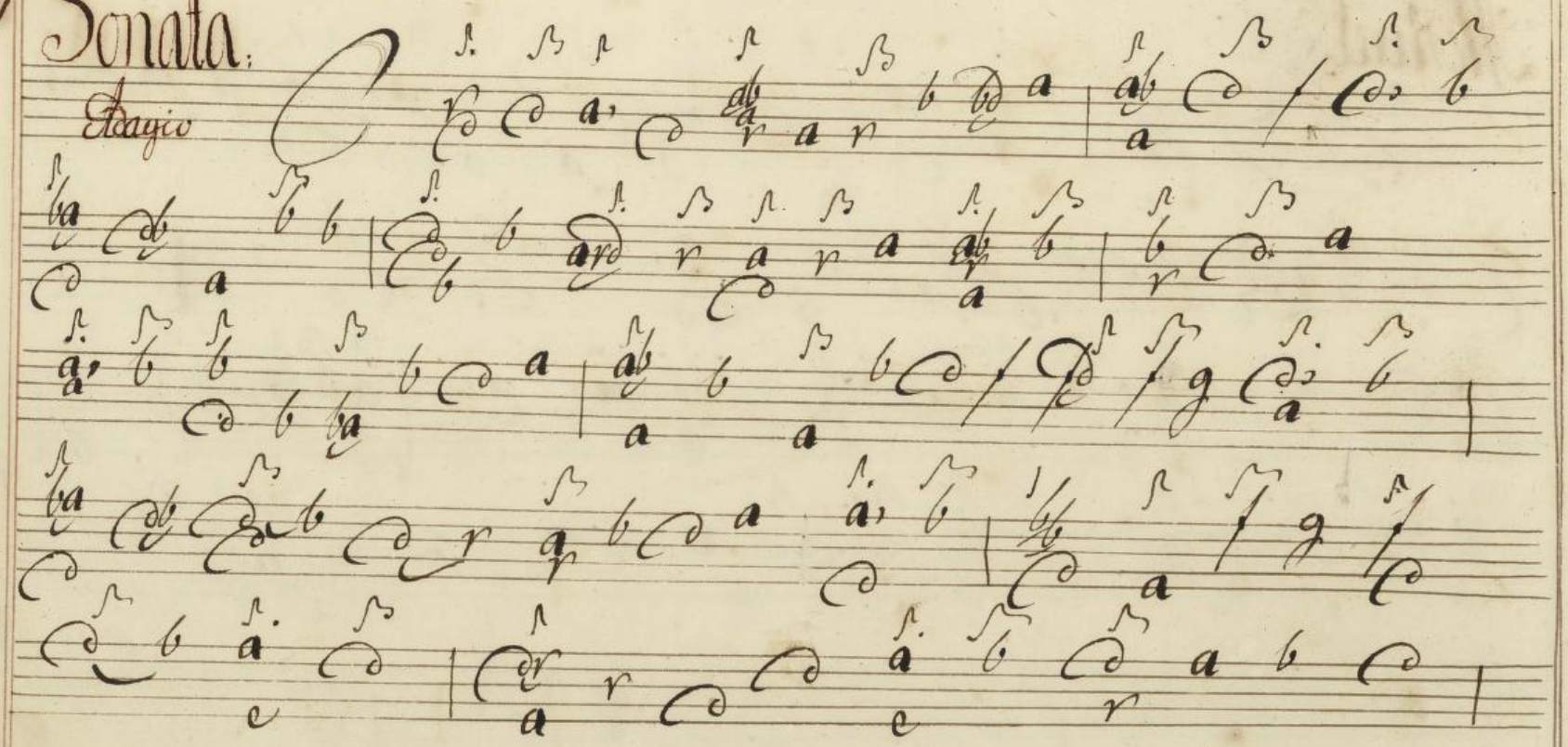
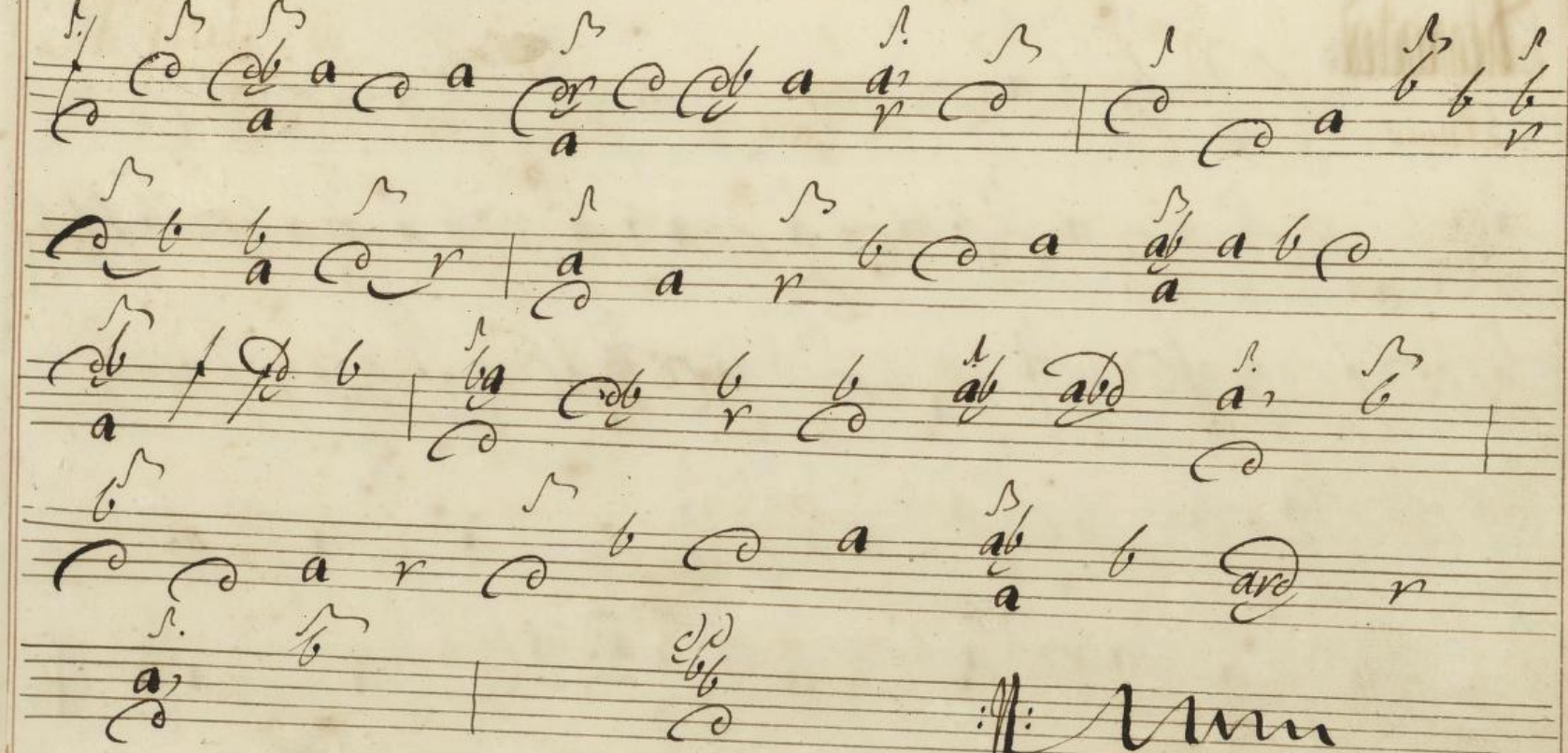
Sonata.

Adagio





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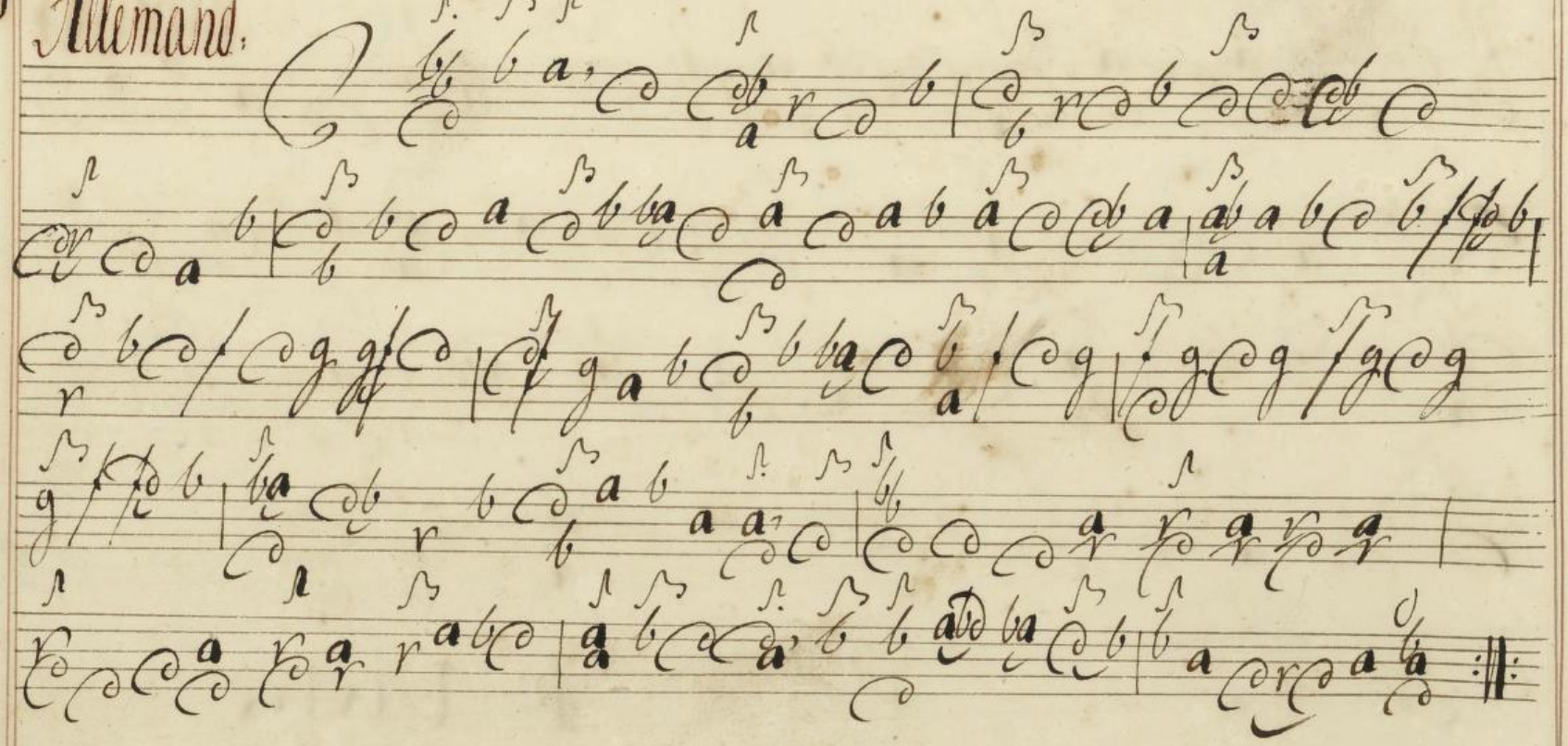

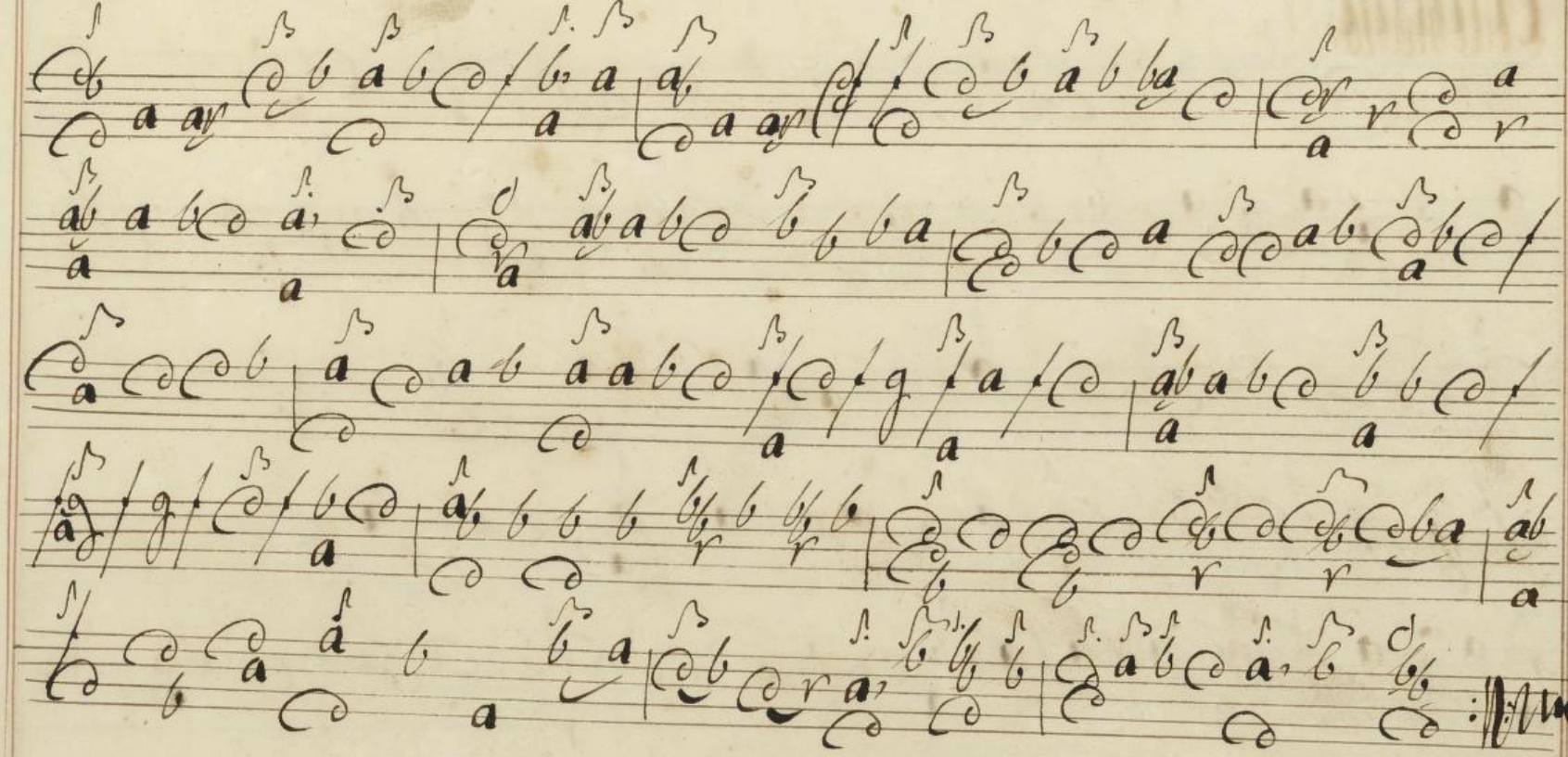

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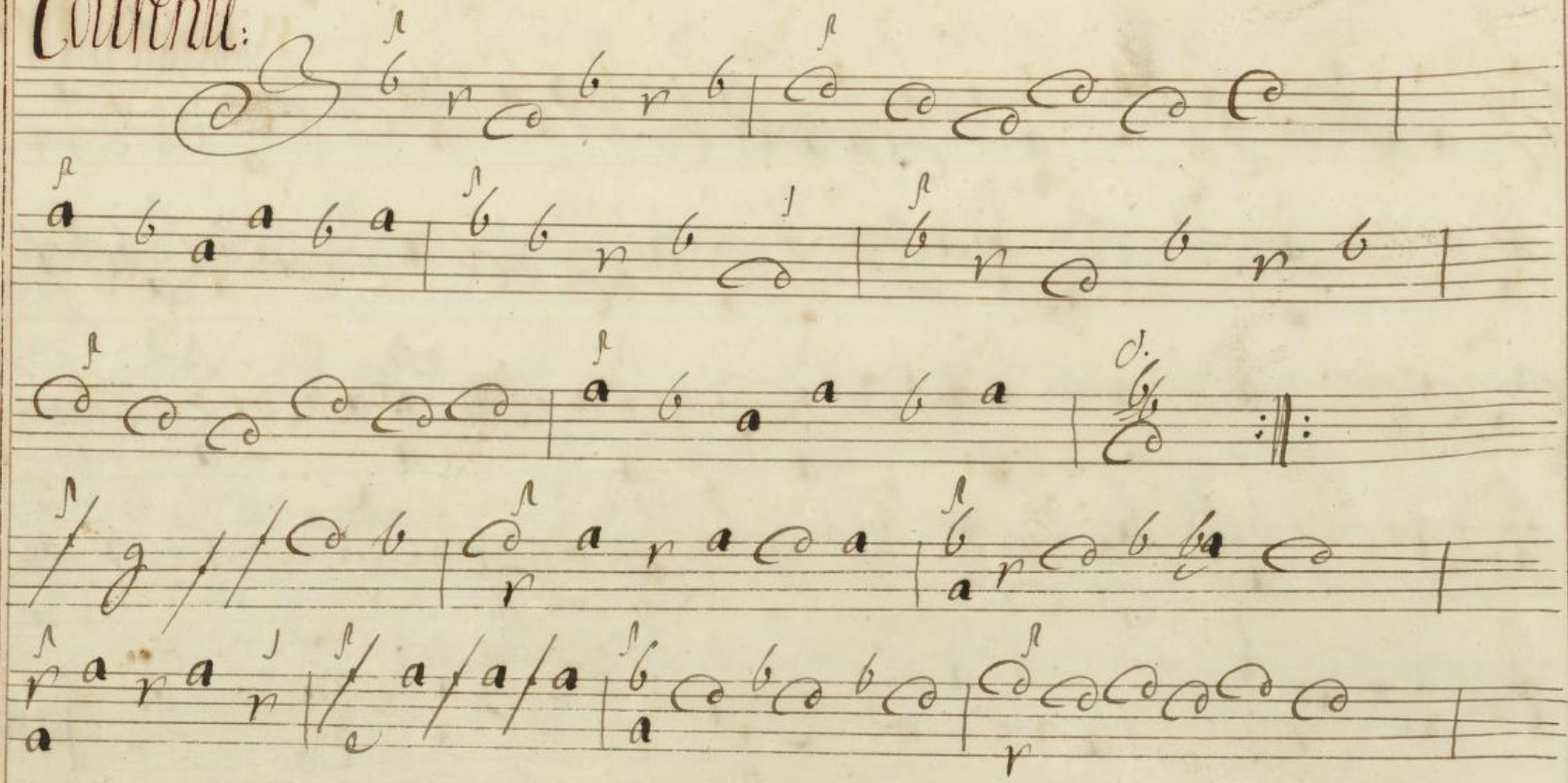

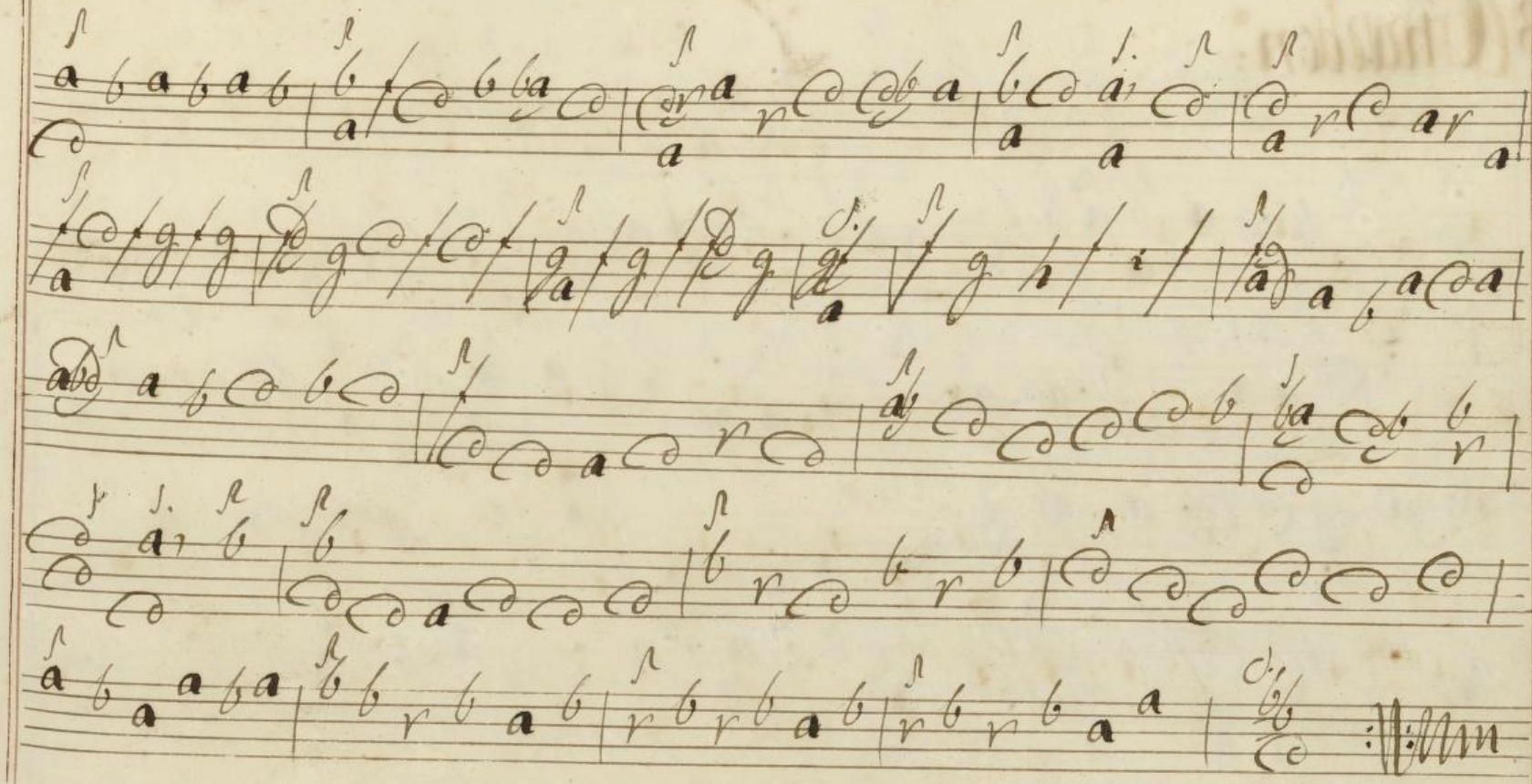

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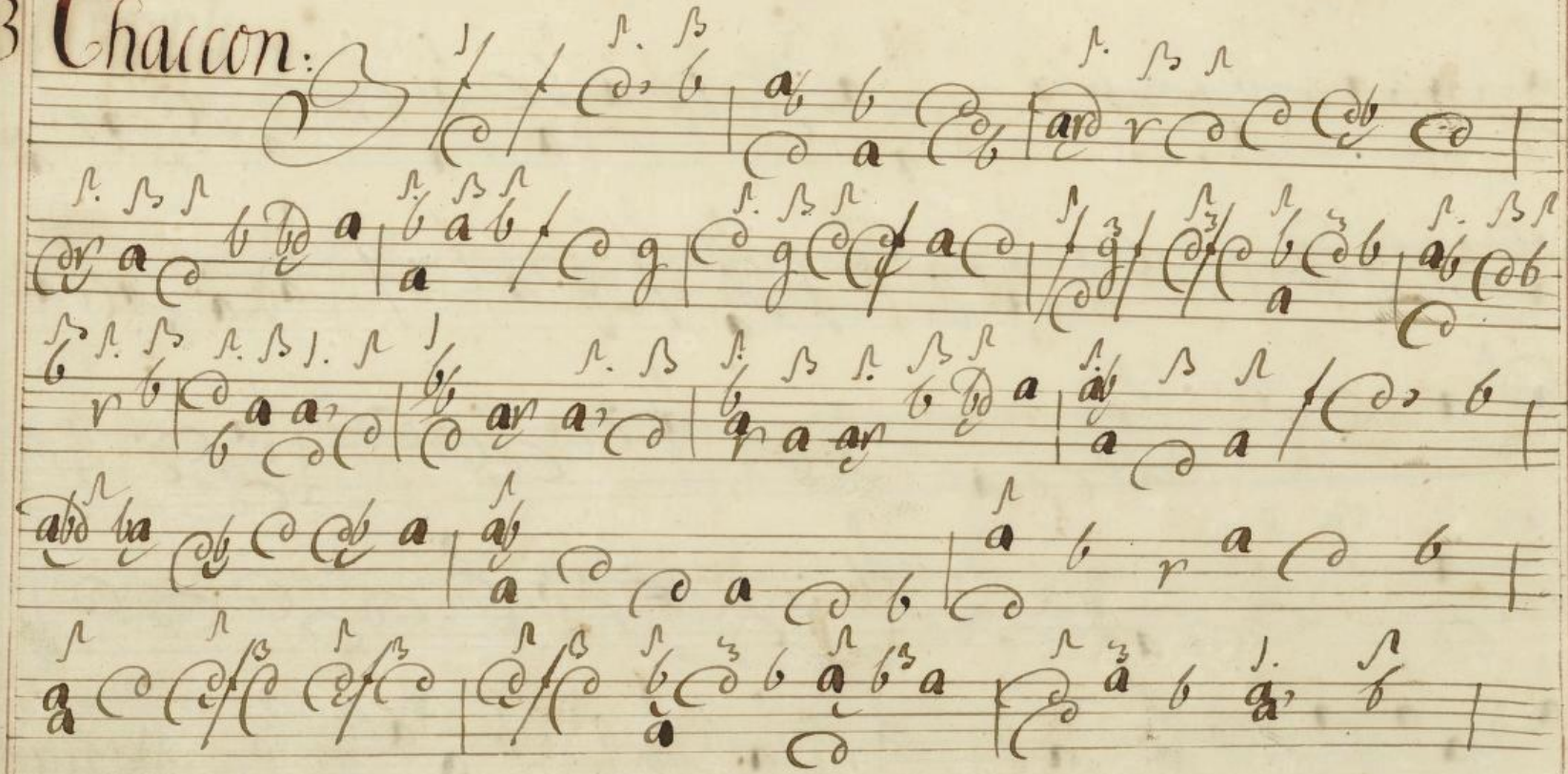

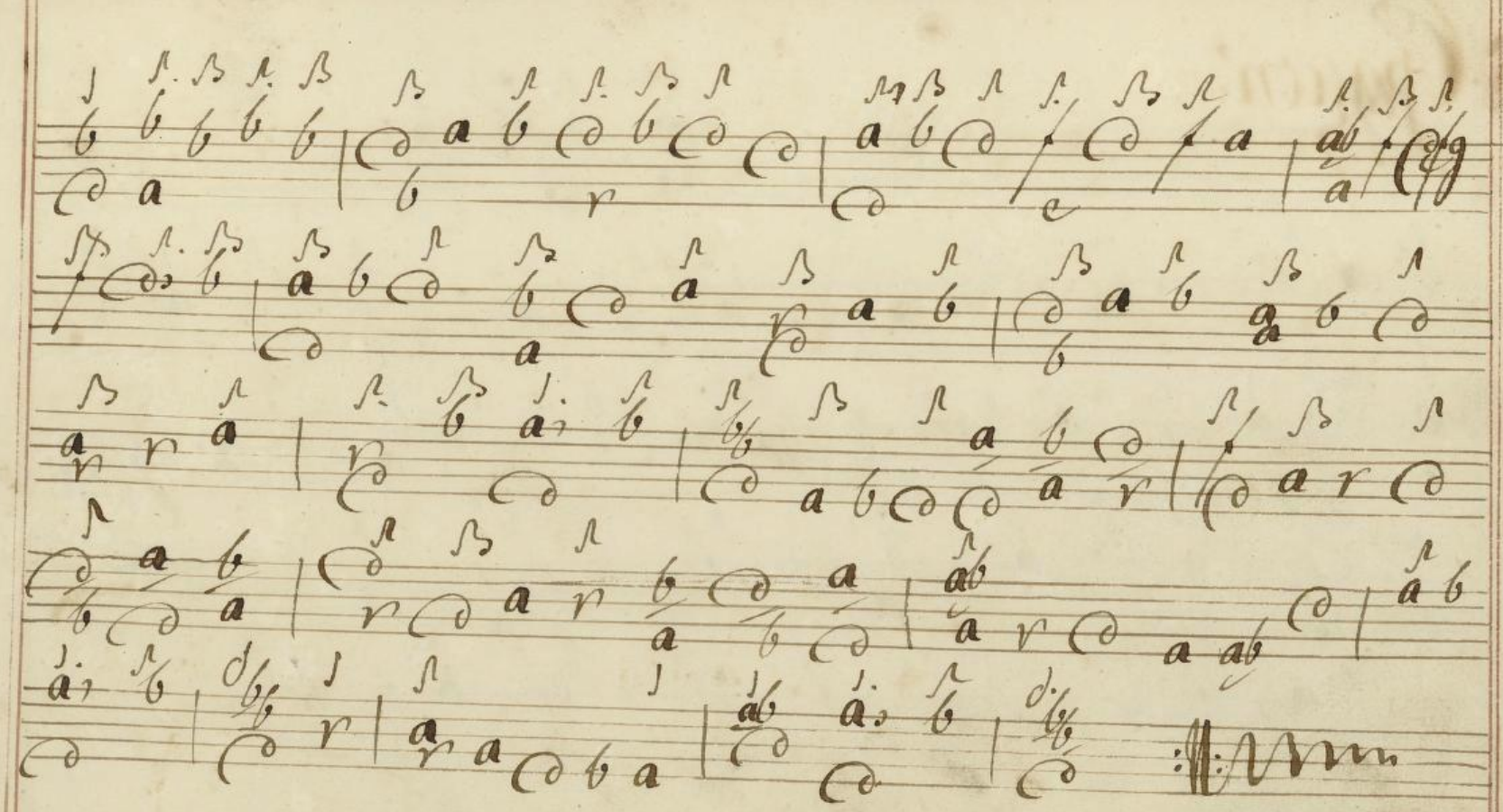

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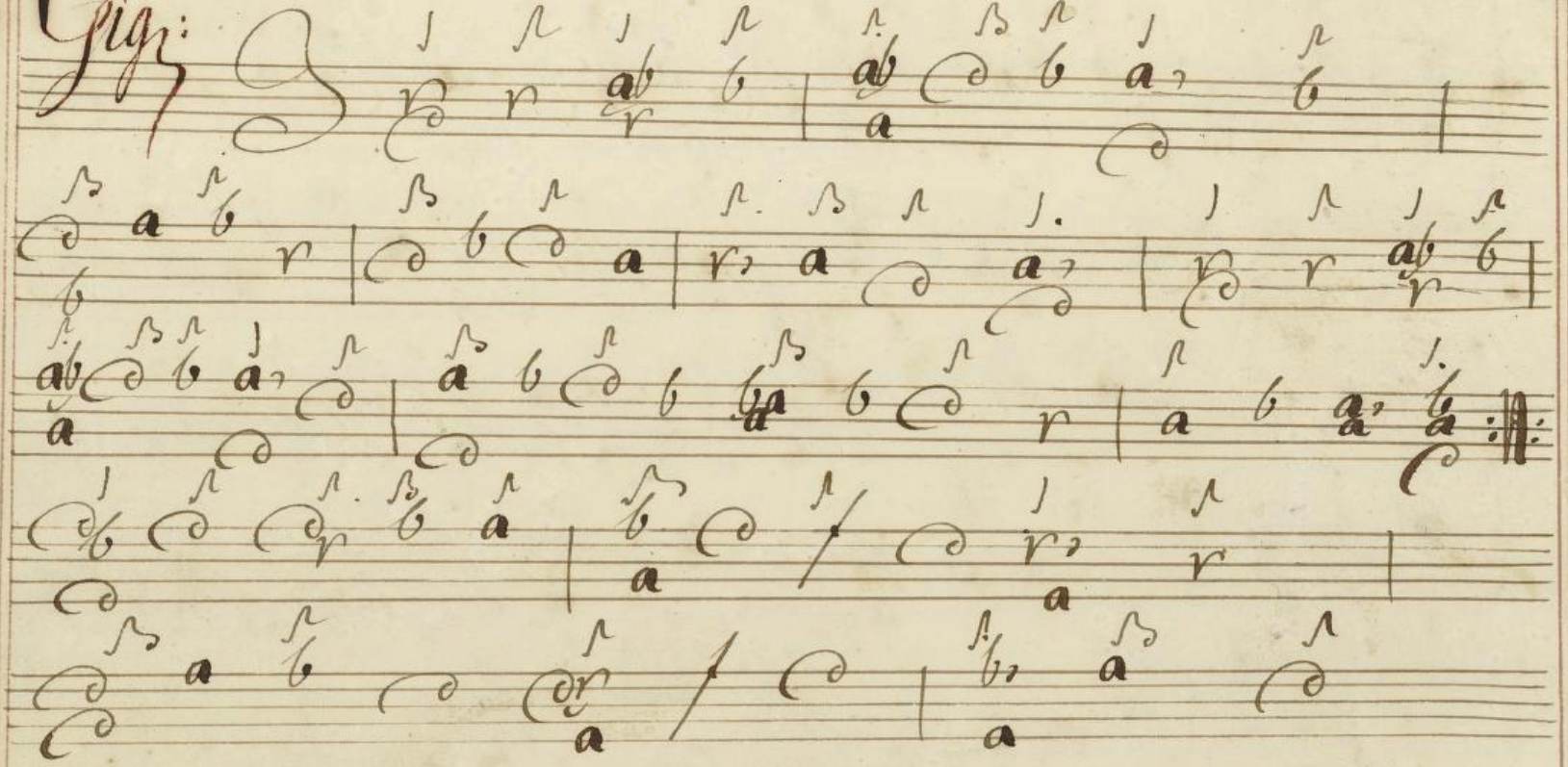
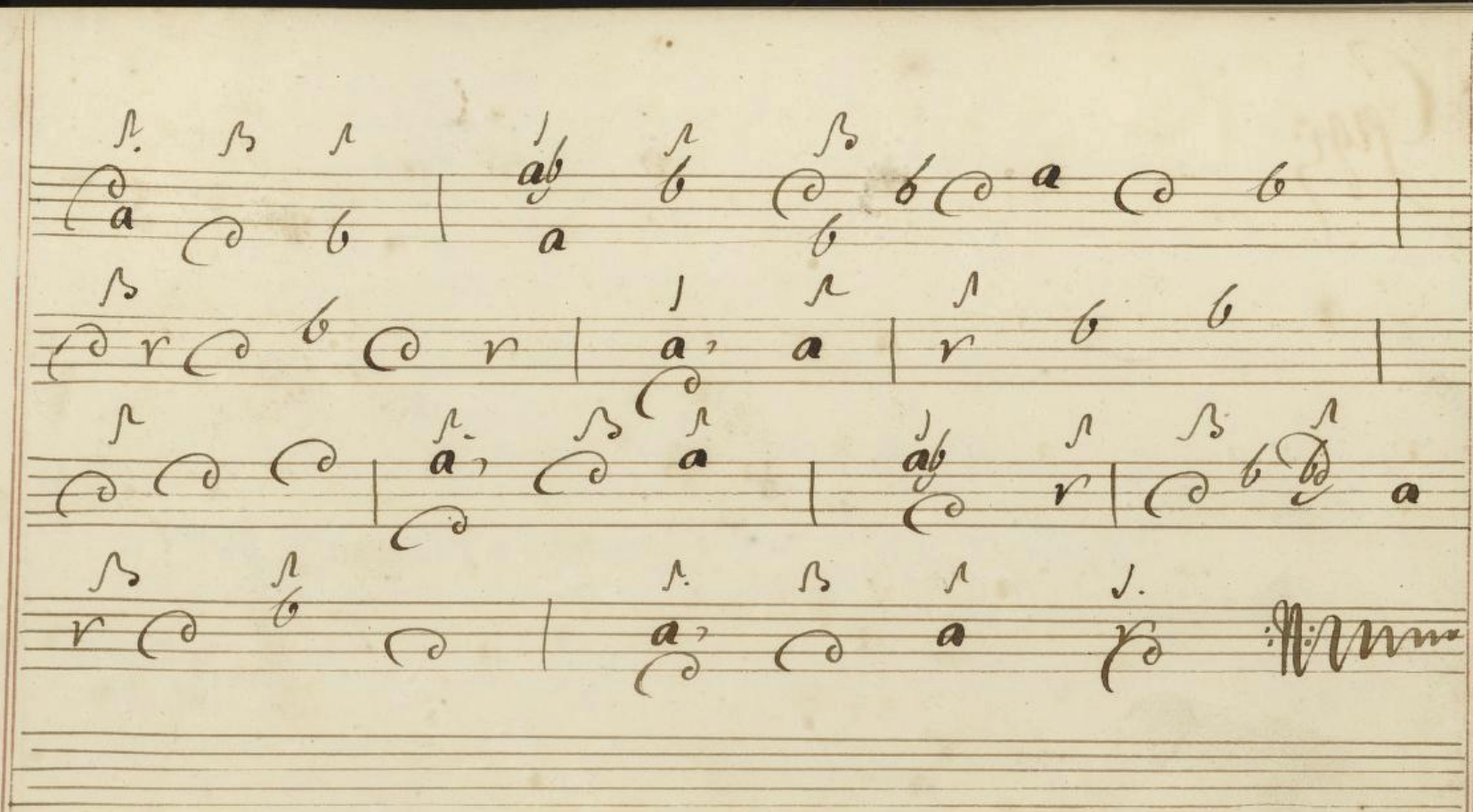




Som fordum vore Fædre, ved trofaste Venskabs-Baand,
som Intet her paa Jorden nogensinde skildte;
|: Det varede til Almagts Bud det bød at skilles — men kun
for hiinet fastere at knyttes :|
Saa blev hiint dyre Baand nedarvet paa os Børn!
O dyrebare Arv! — end Guldet mere hellig!
Den ville vi bevare!! — og, skiønt ved lange Afstand fiernet,
Den lyde for os klart, og blideligt med hvert et kierligt Minde
Om hine Salige, og hine Lykkelige Sage!
Og føre os ved hvert et Skridt, som længere fra Jorden
Saa nærmere til hine Eskte, som førend os er salig' voeden!!!

Hougs Præstegaard d. 4de Maii 1830.

J. Paludan.

Söster! Vores afskeed nærmer sig
Vel for stedse, mens Jaa Jord vi ere,
Derfor jeg at Winde setter Dig
Her imellem Alle mine Kiere;
Her i denne Bog, Du selv som Winde fik
Fra en fælles Elsket, som os foran gik
Til hiint dunkle Giensyns Land bag Graven,
Hvor vi Mödes skal naar Lagt er Vandrings staven;
Söster, naar du hende mindes Dig,
Som for længst til Ledre Egne Svoved
Knyt til hendes Winde, Windet da om mig
Og de Dage vi tilsammen Leved.

D. Paladan

Hoags prostegaard den 2 Maj 1830

Tiden ruller paa sin Bölge.
Haab og Savn den har i Følge.
Gid Haabet altrig maa Dem svige,
Og Savnet brat for Haabet vige.
Vaag den 4de Marts 1830.

Hans Paludan

Under Stormens vilde Brag,
Plöied De den stolte Bölge
For at gjensee Födeland.
Naar De fjernt i blide Lunde
Mindes dem, De glad gjensaae,
Sujaene da ogsaa den et Minde,
Som Dem hilste da De stod
Glad igjen paa Norges Strand.

Eger den 26d April 1830.

F. Holst.

Held os, om vi Regge Bogenes første Eier
Kunne ligne her i Vandel, som i Navn;
Ei uberedt os Döden da bortmeier,
Og fror vi mödes hist i blide Havn.
O, tag fra Den, for hvem end Livet smiler,
Et venligt Ønske med til fjerne Egn,
Om Held og Lykke i den Tid, som hviler
Bag Fremtides dunkle Slör, al Vidnes Hegn.

Haug den 3 Mai 1830.

Hanna Paludan

1

Bort igjen fra Norges Fjelde
Drager De til Herthas Favn,
Mindes dog, – trods Afstands Vælde, –
Derfra vistnok maagt et Navn.

2.

Naar da Norske Minder ville
Stille sig for Sjelen frem,
Lad Erindring og fremstille
Ungen Ven i Klippens Hjem

3

Var jeg Skjald, – et Mindegræde
Steeg fra Harpen, – fra min Sjel, –
Klippen hörte da mit Græde,
Ekko raabte Dem: "Lev vel!"

4.

Det jeg kan ei; – men jeg flette
Dem en Mindekrands dog vil,
Og i Krandsen Blade sætte,
Hvor ei Blomsterne staae til.

5.

Dog imellem Krandsens Blade
Blaaner en Forglemmigei;
Den skal bede, – som vi bade, –
"Hvor De gaaer forglem mig ei!"

Hongs Præstegaard den 2de Mai 1830.

Hans Nicolai Wraamann

Tante De fra Fædelandet
Vender hjem til Danmarks Strand; –
Mangt et Minde vil Dem følge
Over Nordhavs Bølge.

Mellem Minderne et Sted
Mindt og mit, og Tante – ved
Det at se paa Livets Bane, –
Mindes stændern Mariane.

Horup den 2 Mai 1830.

Og saae jeg et Led af Vennekreden
Varmt følende for Deres Vel;
Beder Gud at styrke Dem herneden
Og lette tunge Savn ved elskte Børns Held!
Med ogen kuet Sorg jeg saae Dem tidt
Til andres Glæde smile;
I dette Hiærte - saa kiærlig, og blidt
Lad og et Minde om mig hvile.

Eger den 15de May 1830.

J Paludan

Gid Sorgen kun maae ile
Forbi dem flygtig hen,
Og Gloden dem tilsmile
Fra fierne hjem igien!
Gid Modgang aldrig maa
Paa Livets Vei dem naae!
Modtog herved mit Minde
Og standom mig erindre!

Lina Hertzberg.

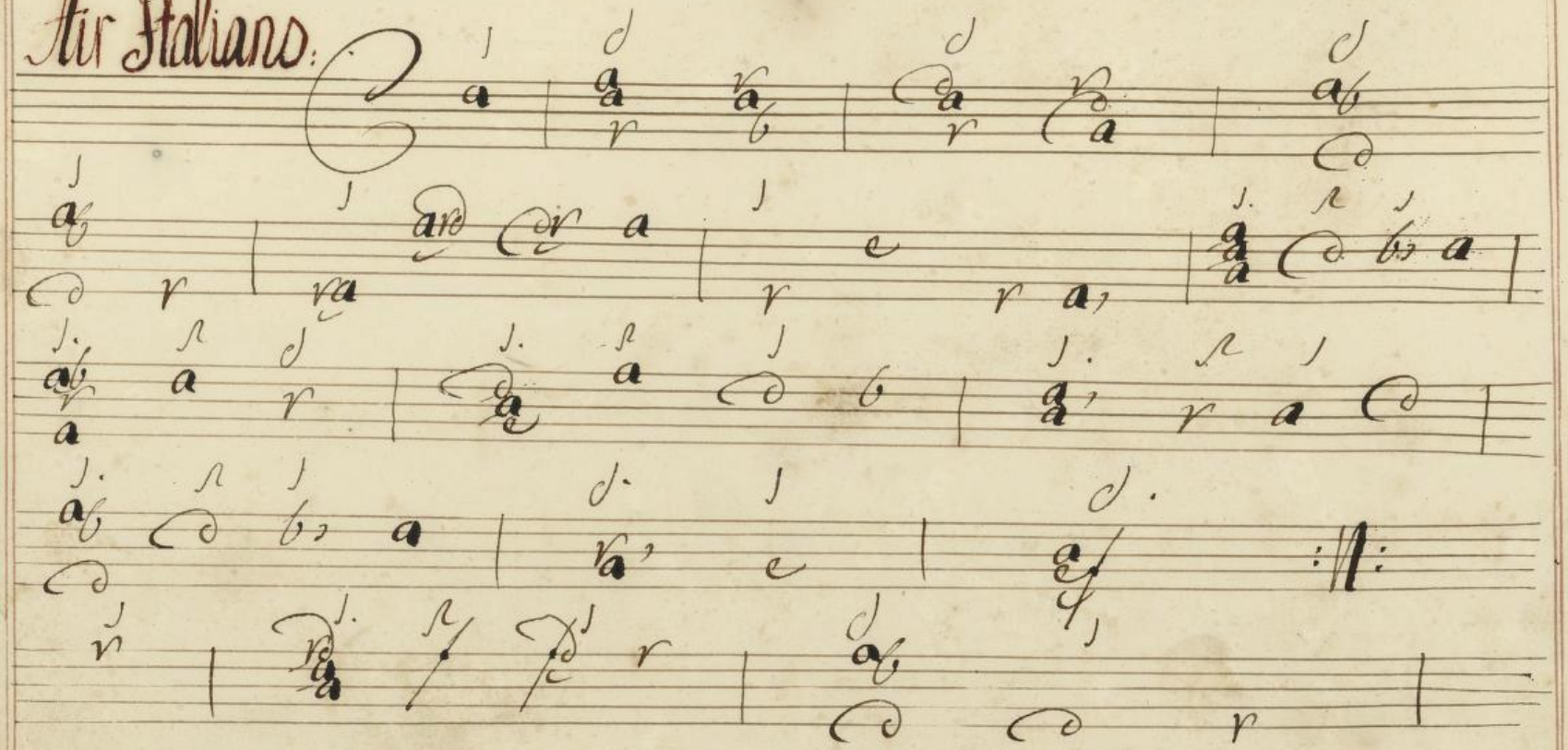
Hougs Prestegaard d. 15de Mai 1830.

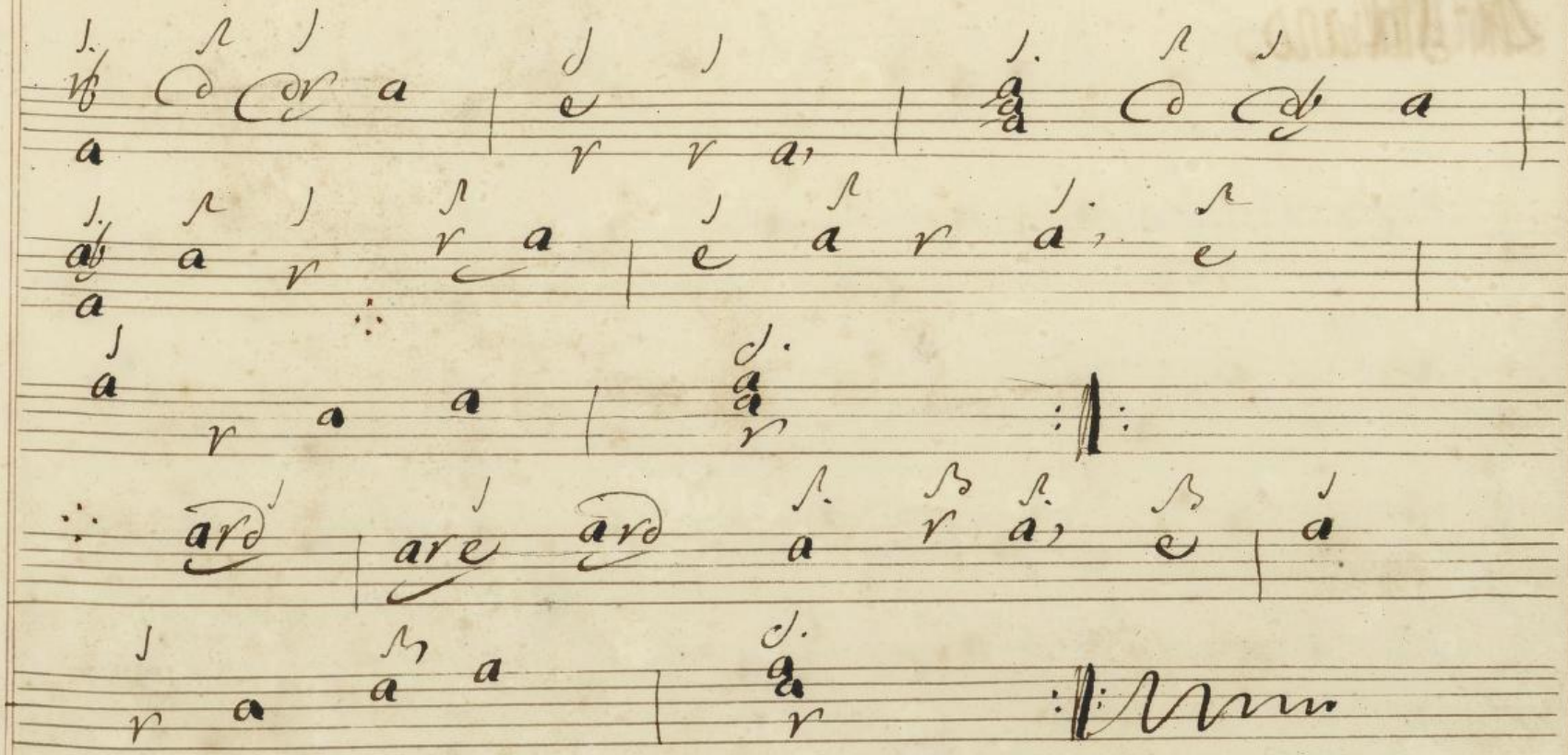
Mellem Norske Venners Minder
Modtag ogsaa et fra mig.
Lev stedse glad! Lev lykkelig
Og stundom mig erinder. —

Petra Blochs.

Hauges Prestegaard den 2½ Mai 1830.

Air Italiano:





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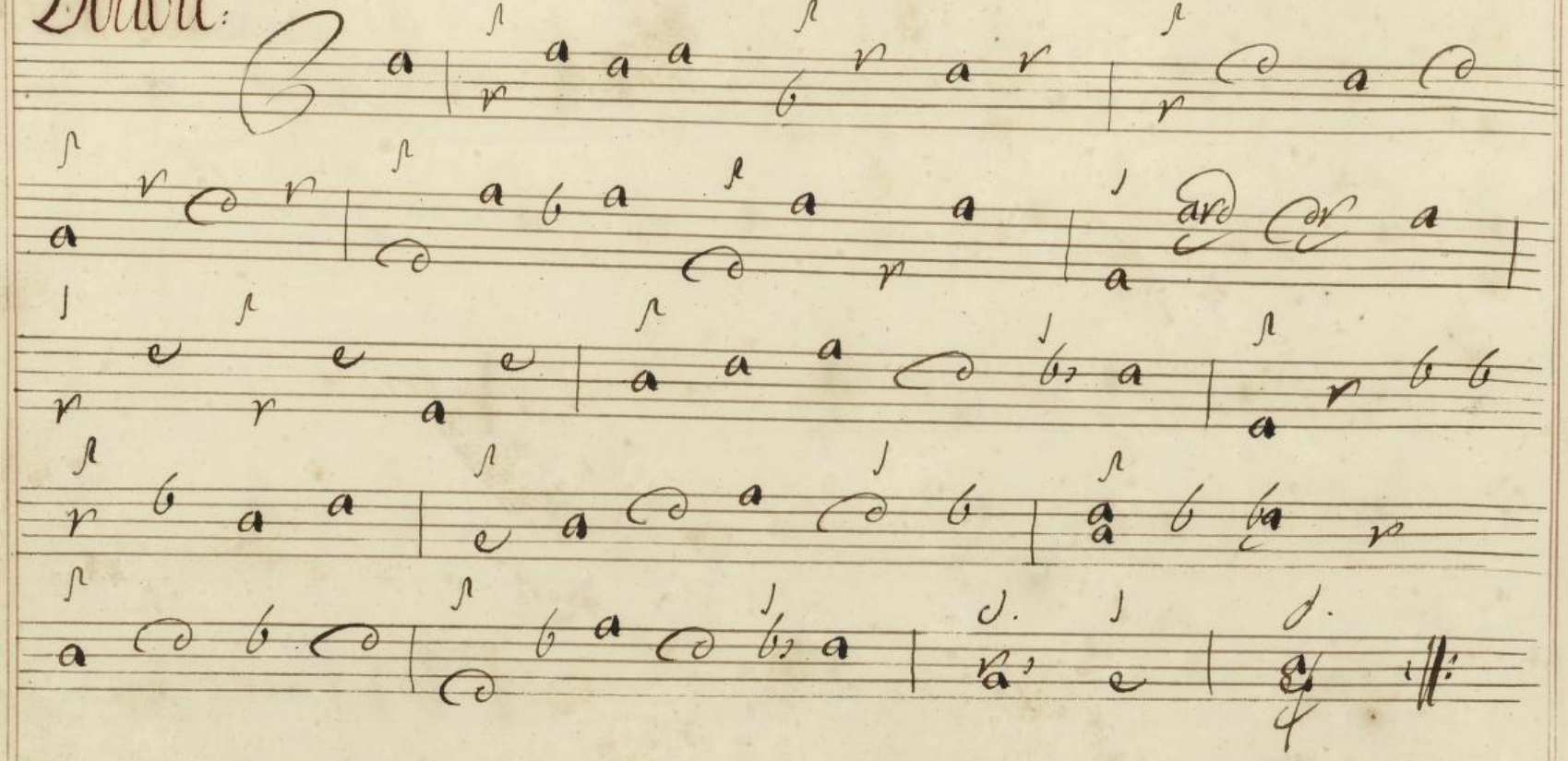
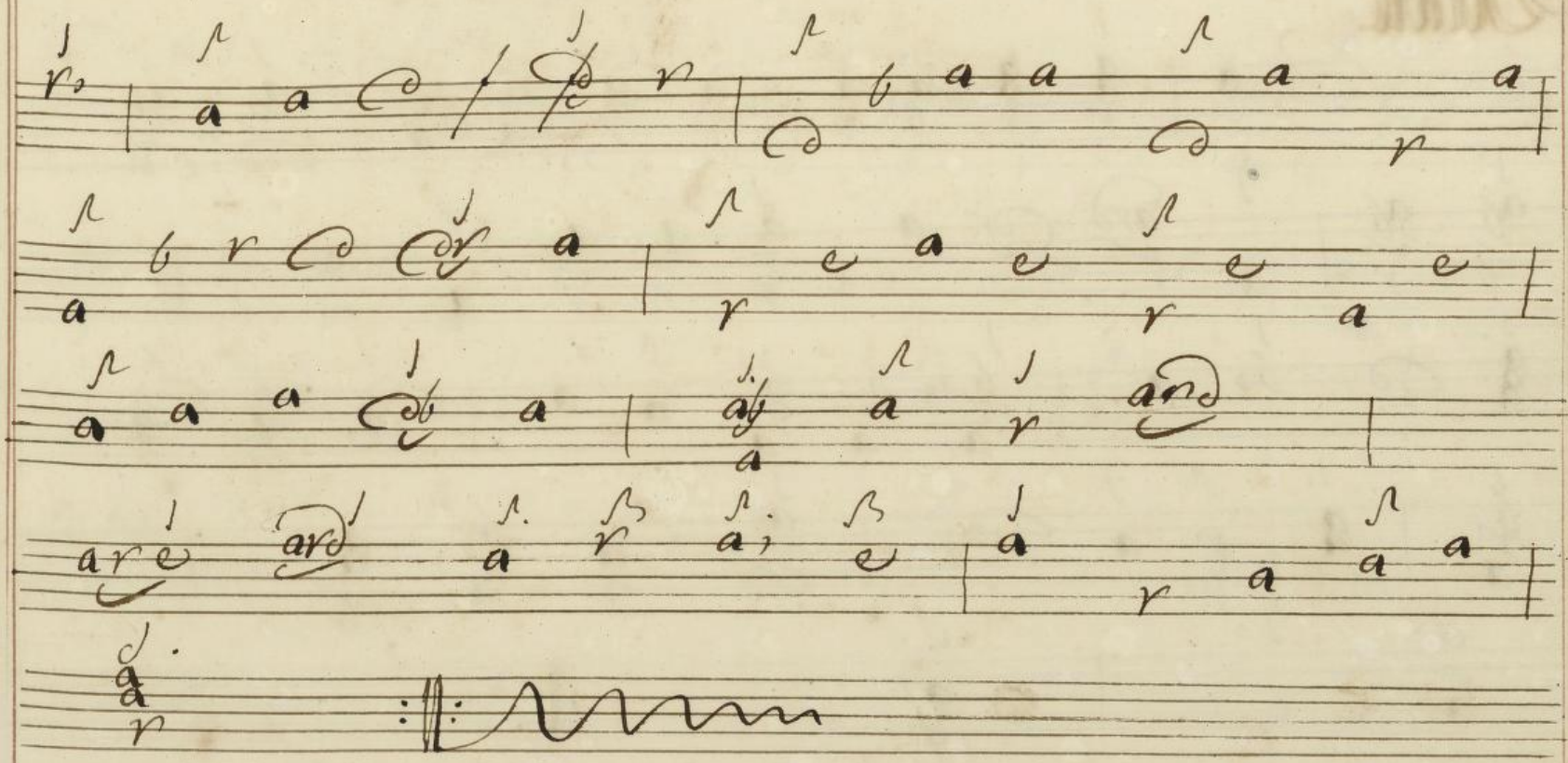
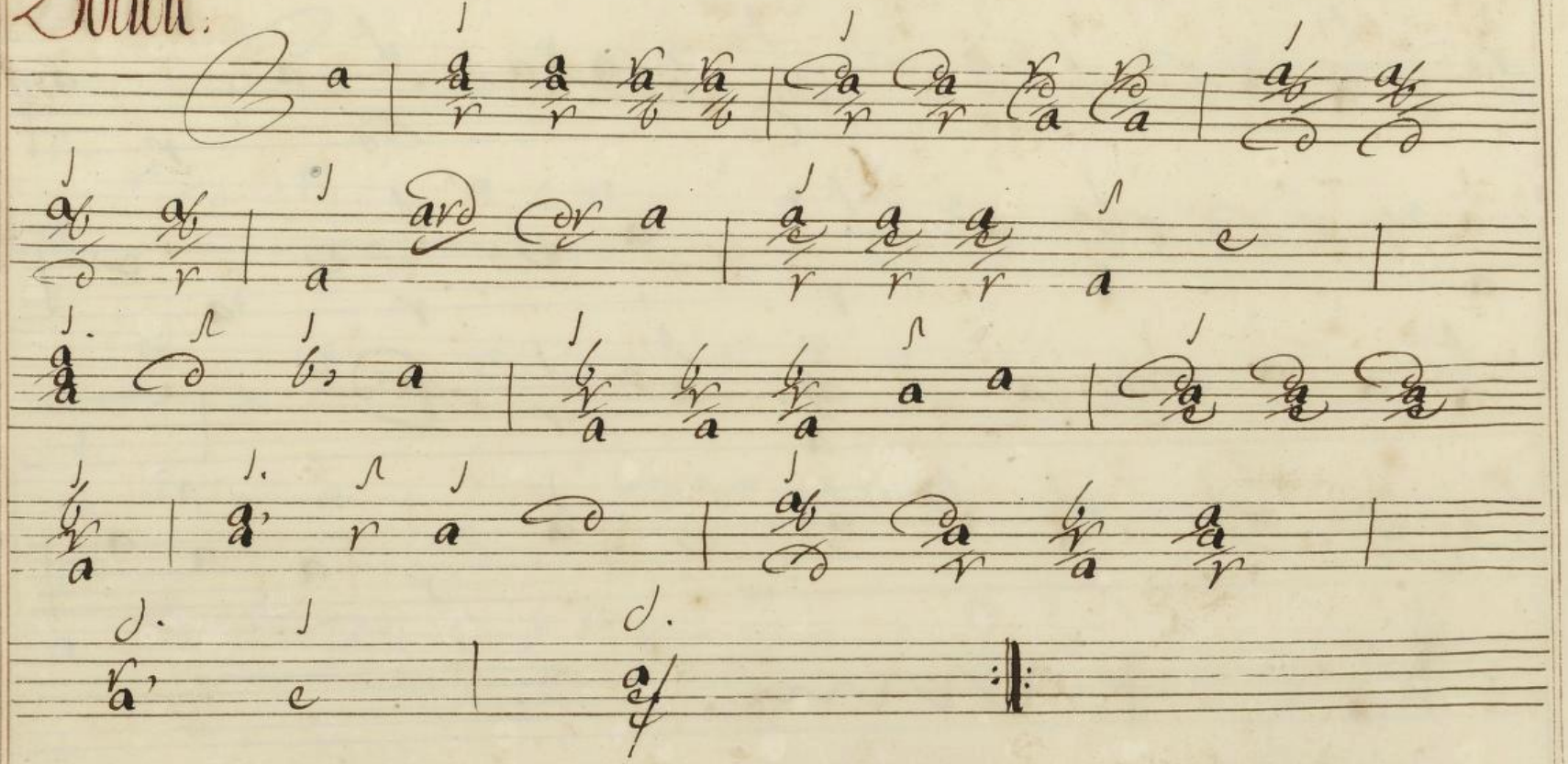
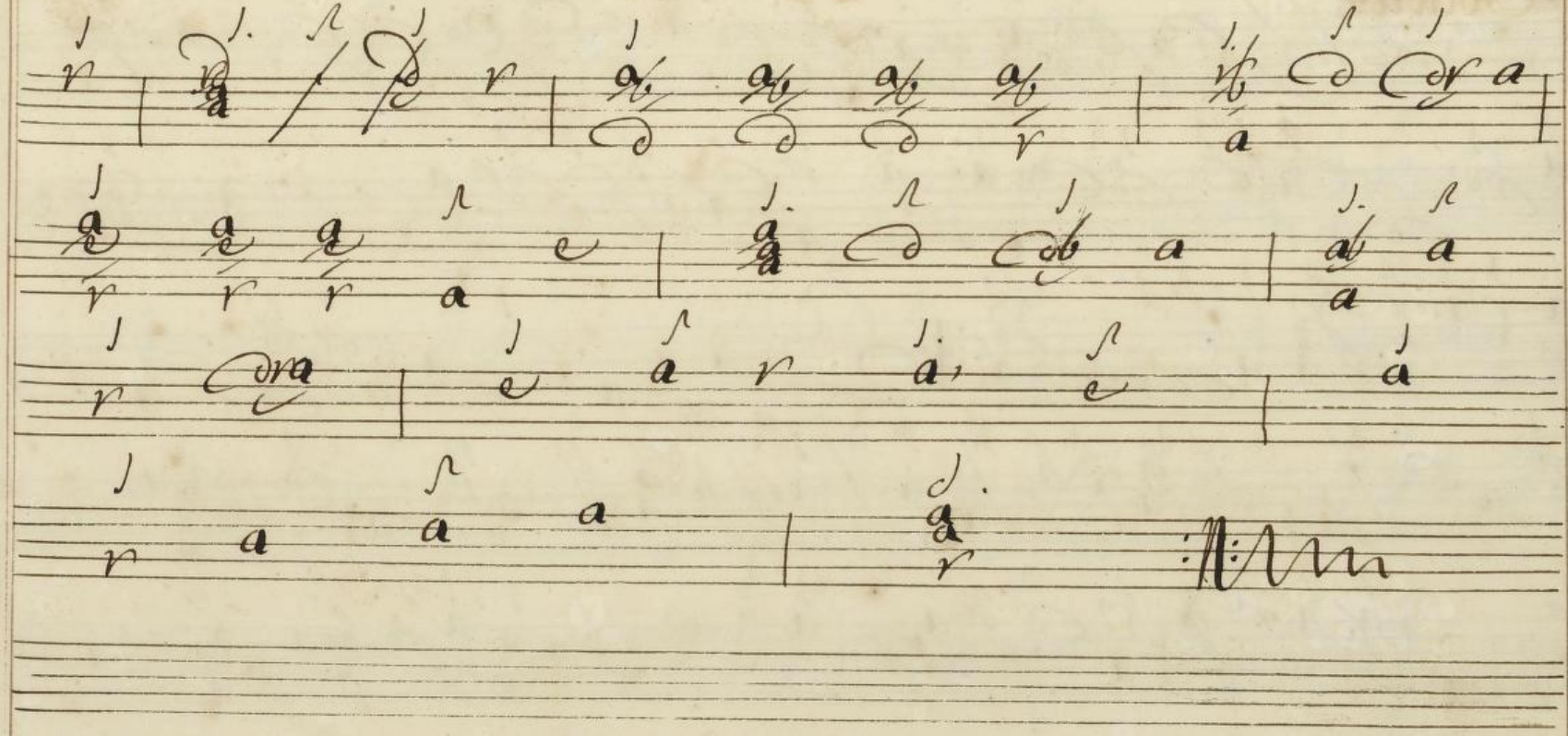


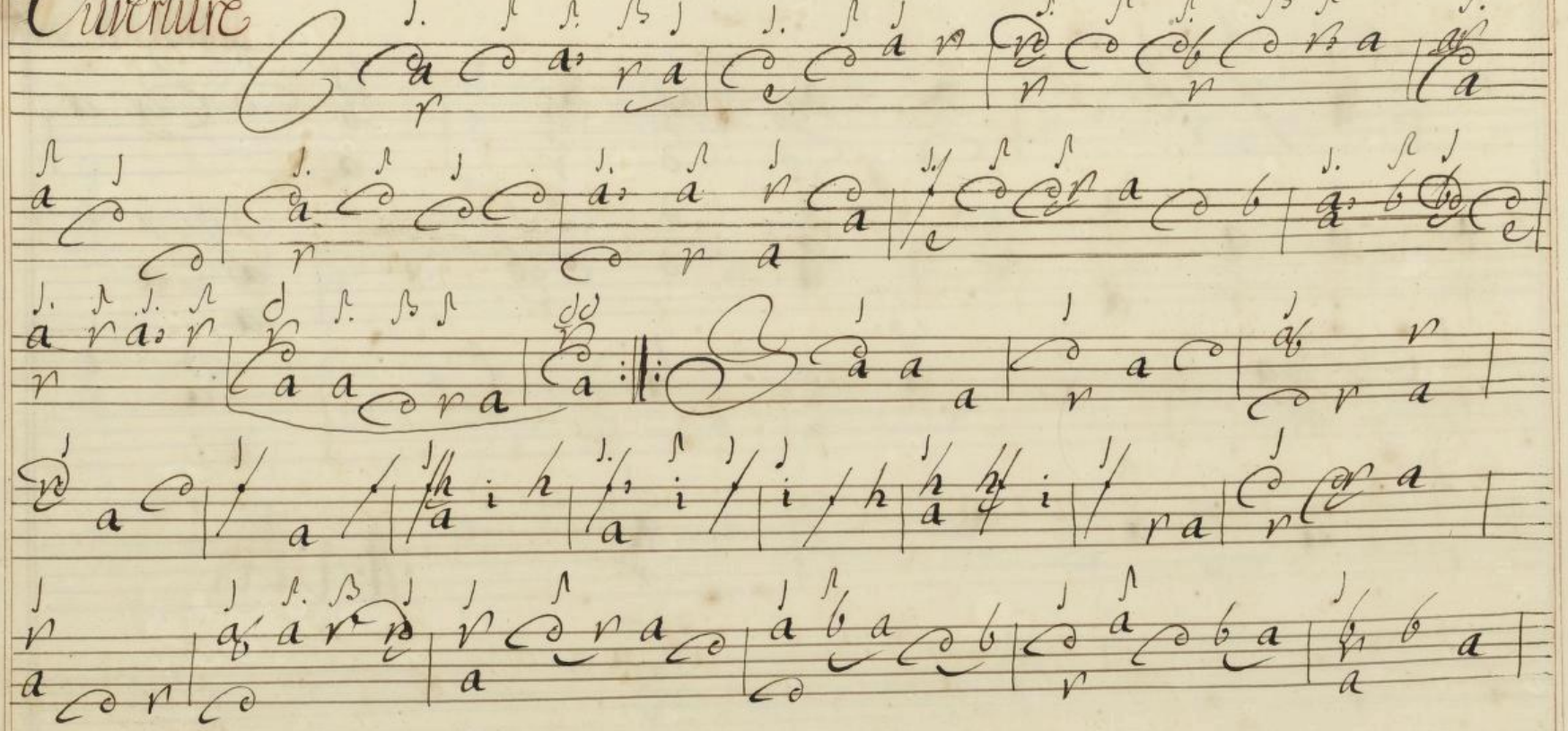


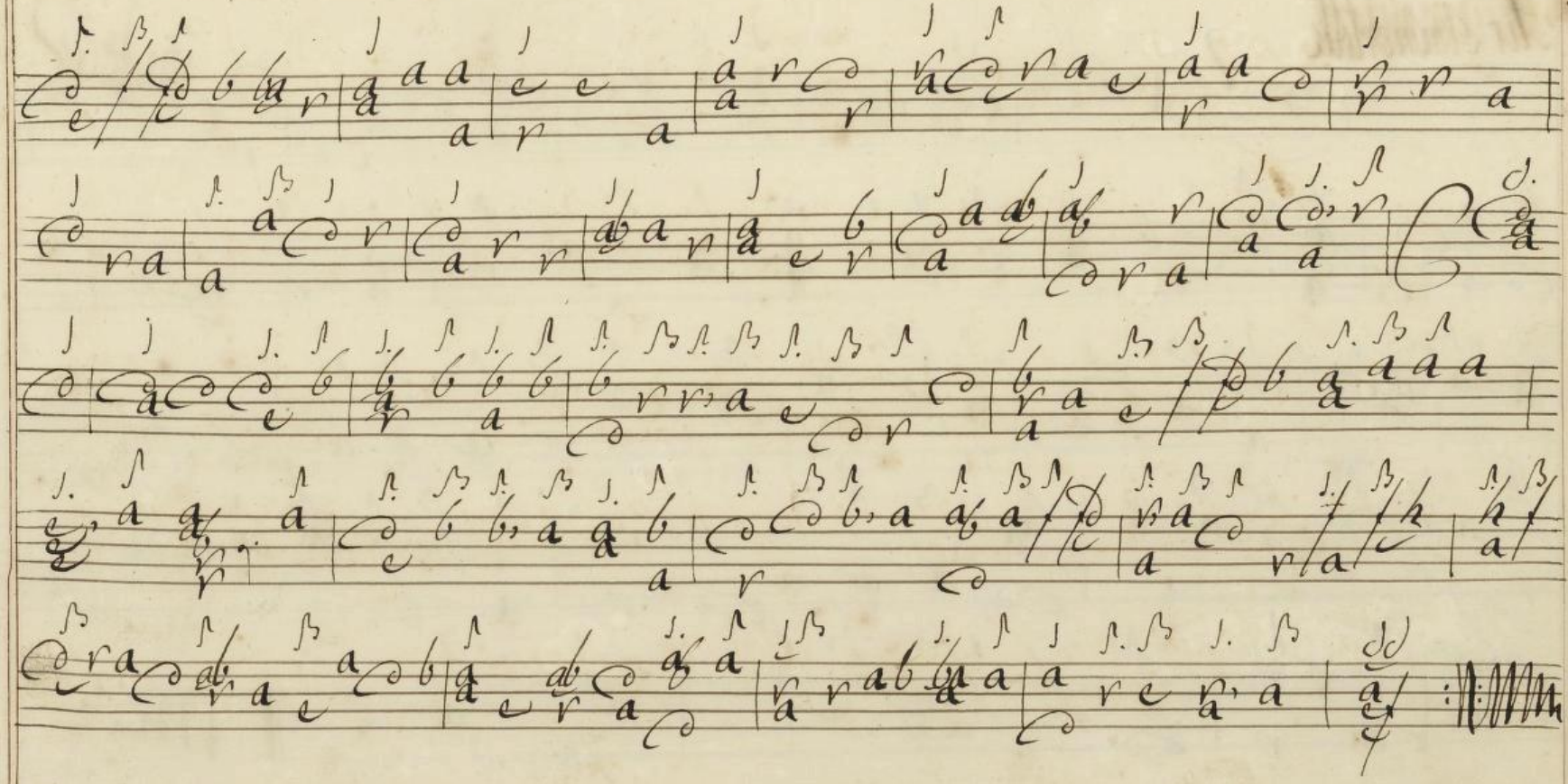
249 Double.





Ouverture





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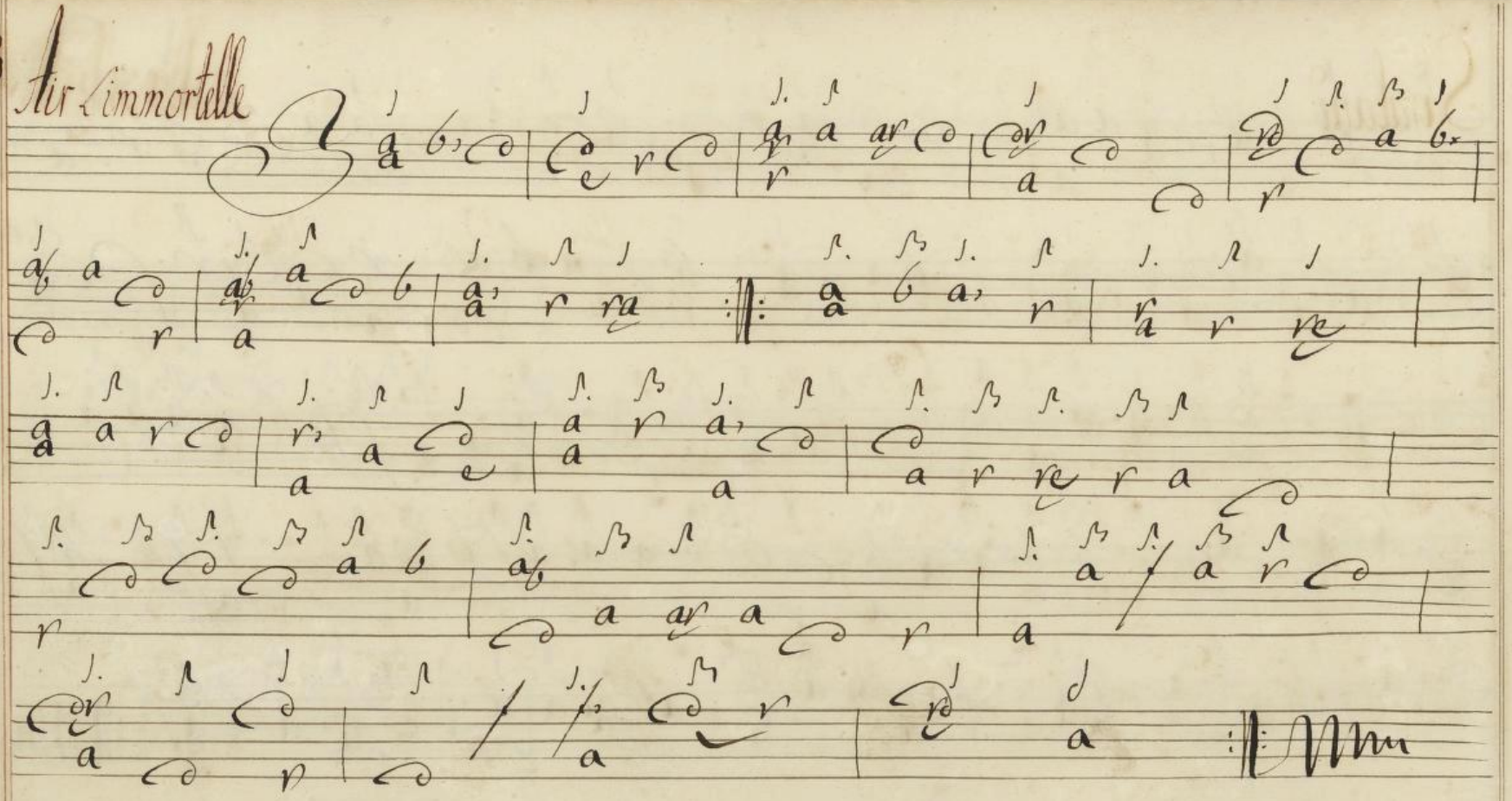

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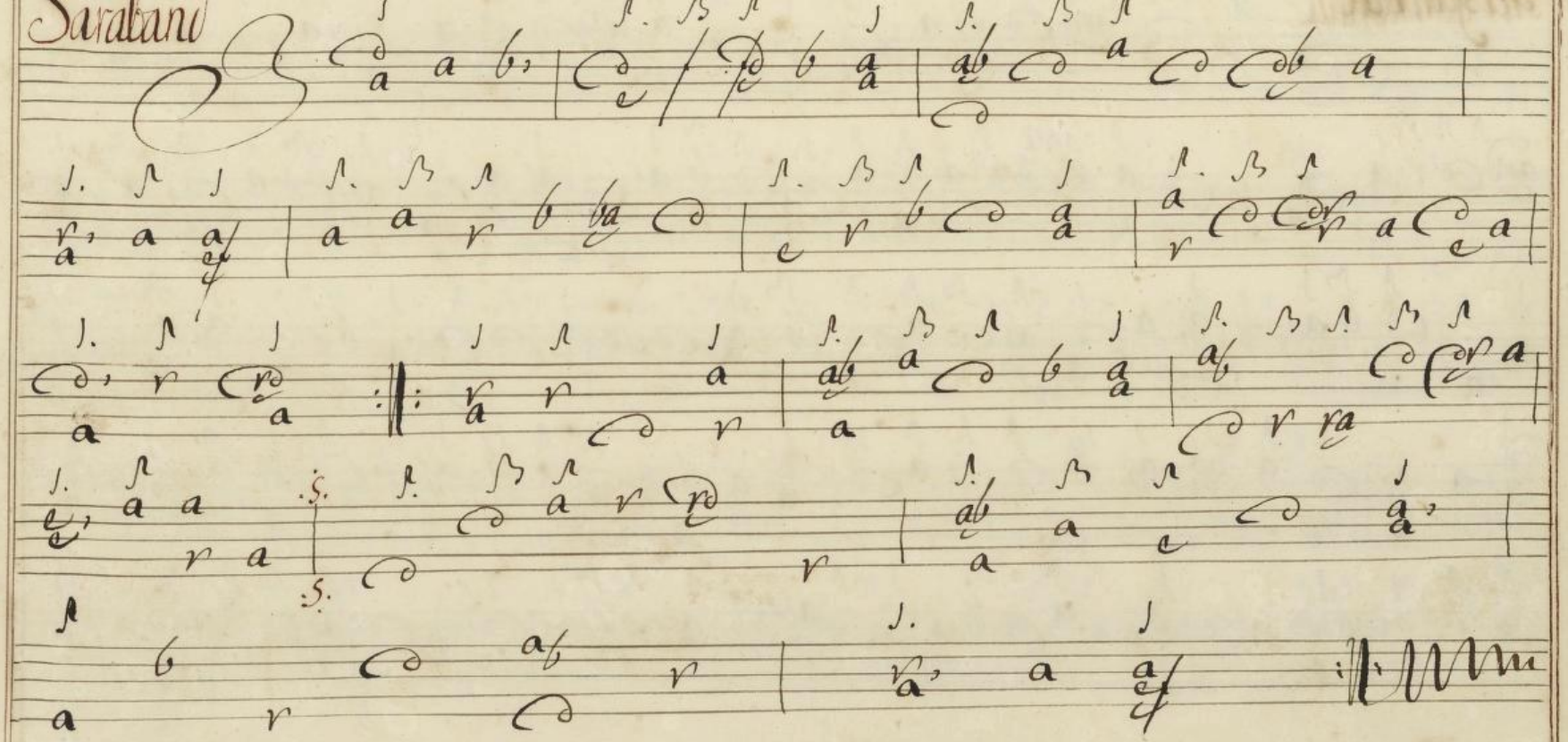
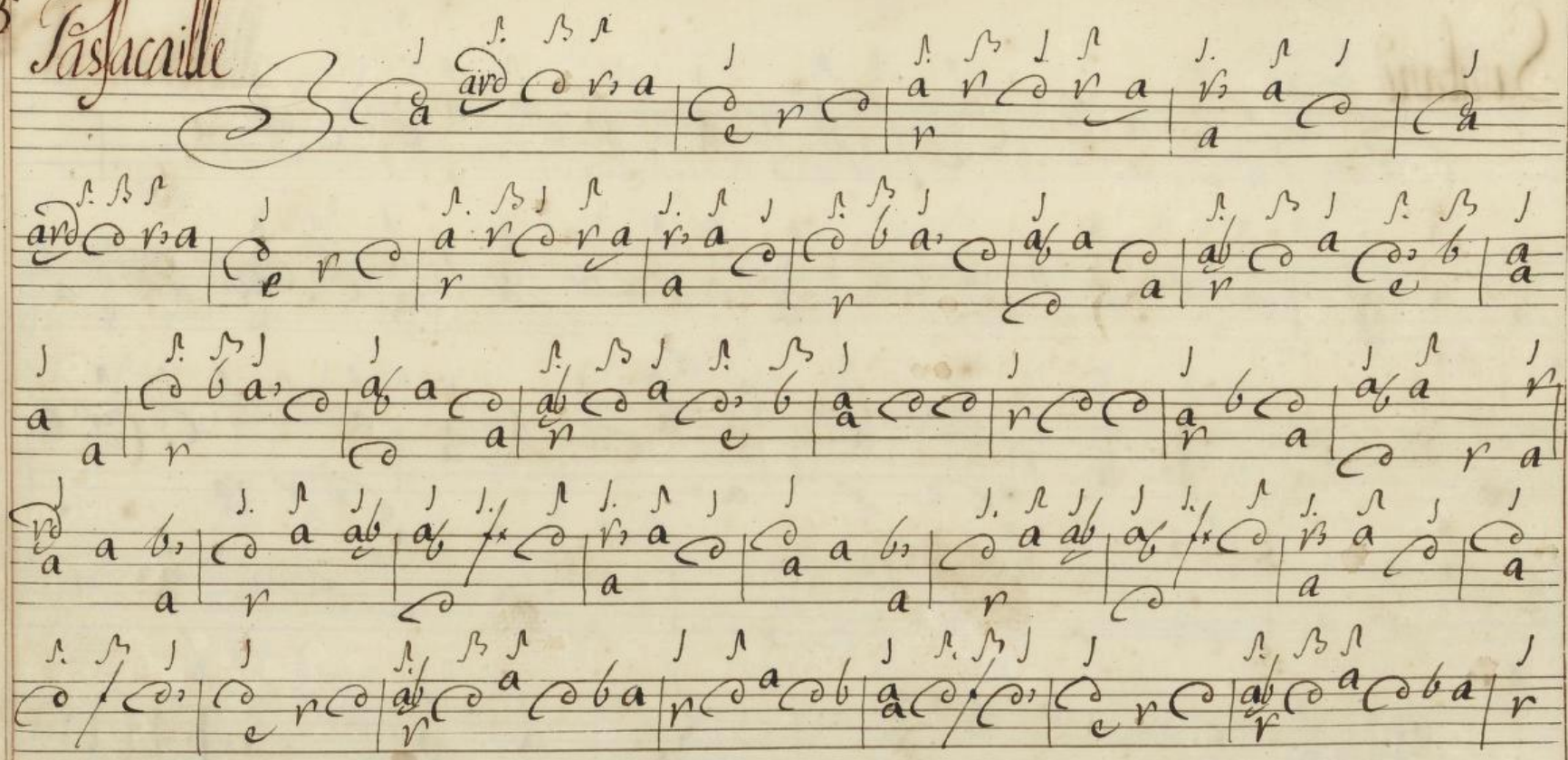
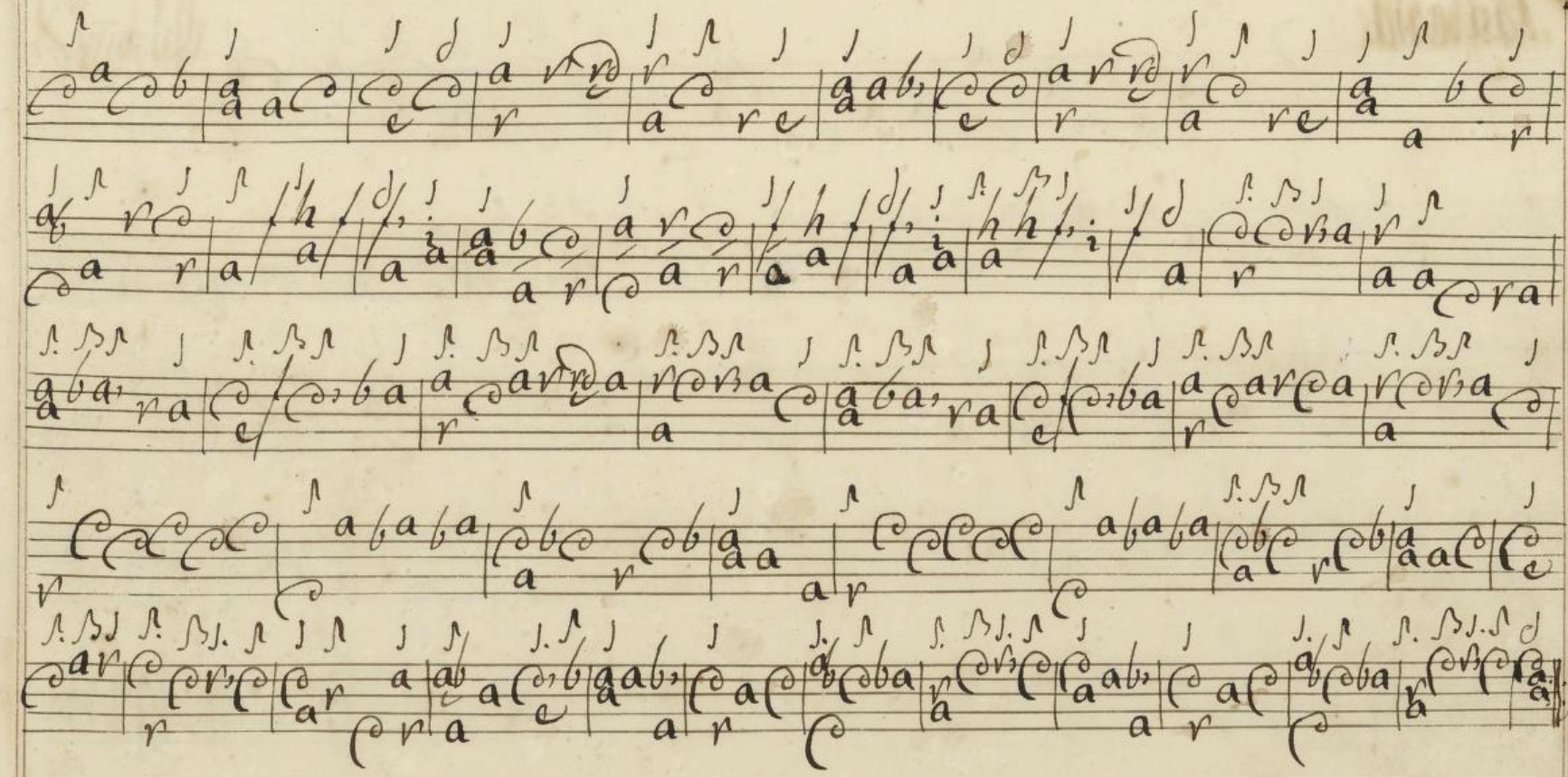
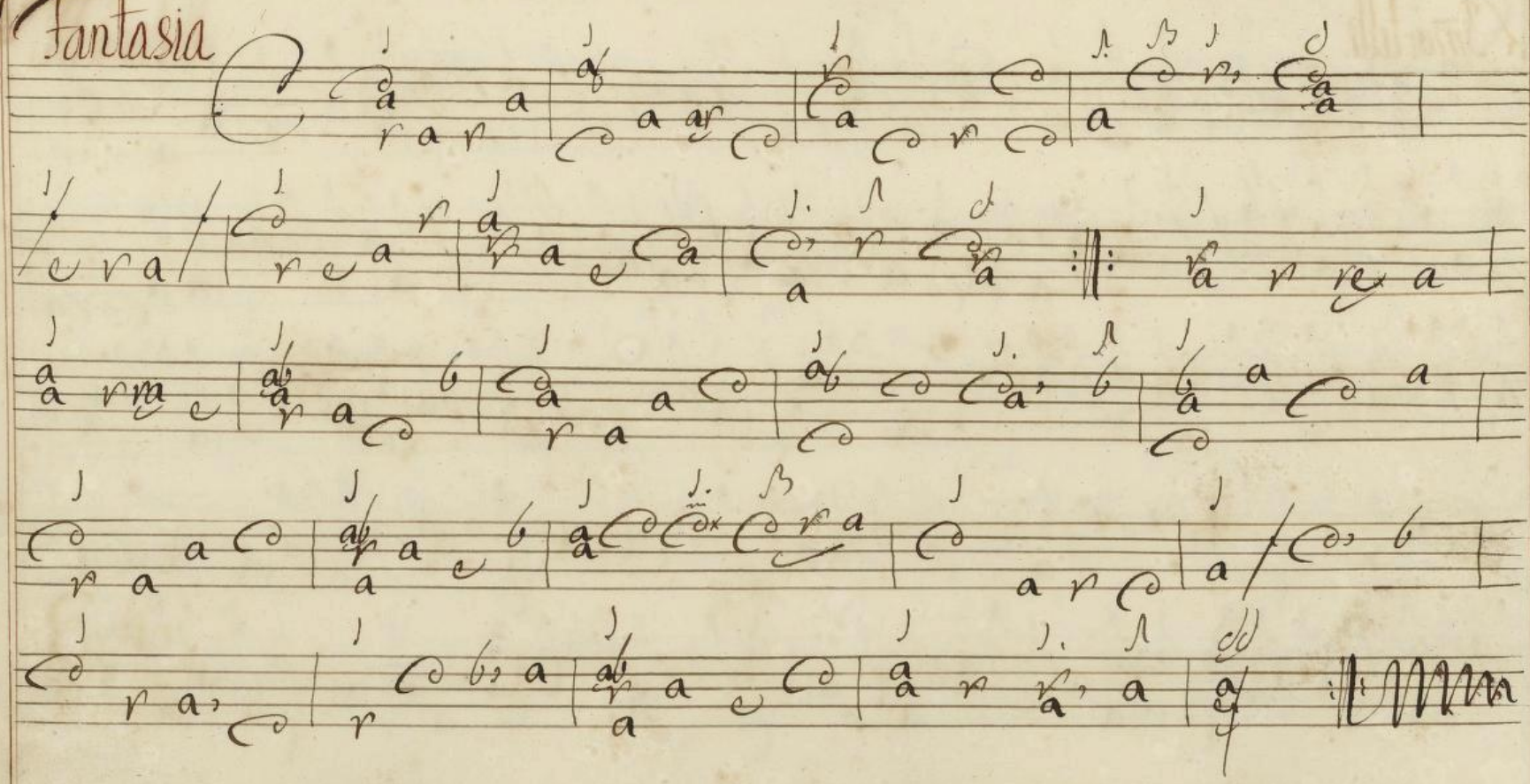


Passacaille

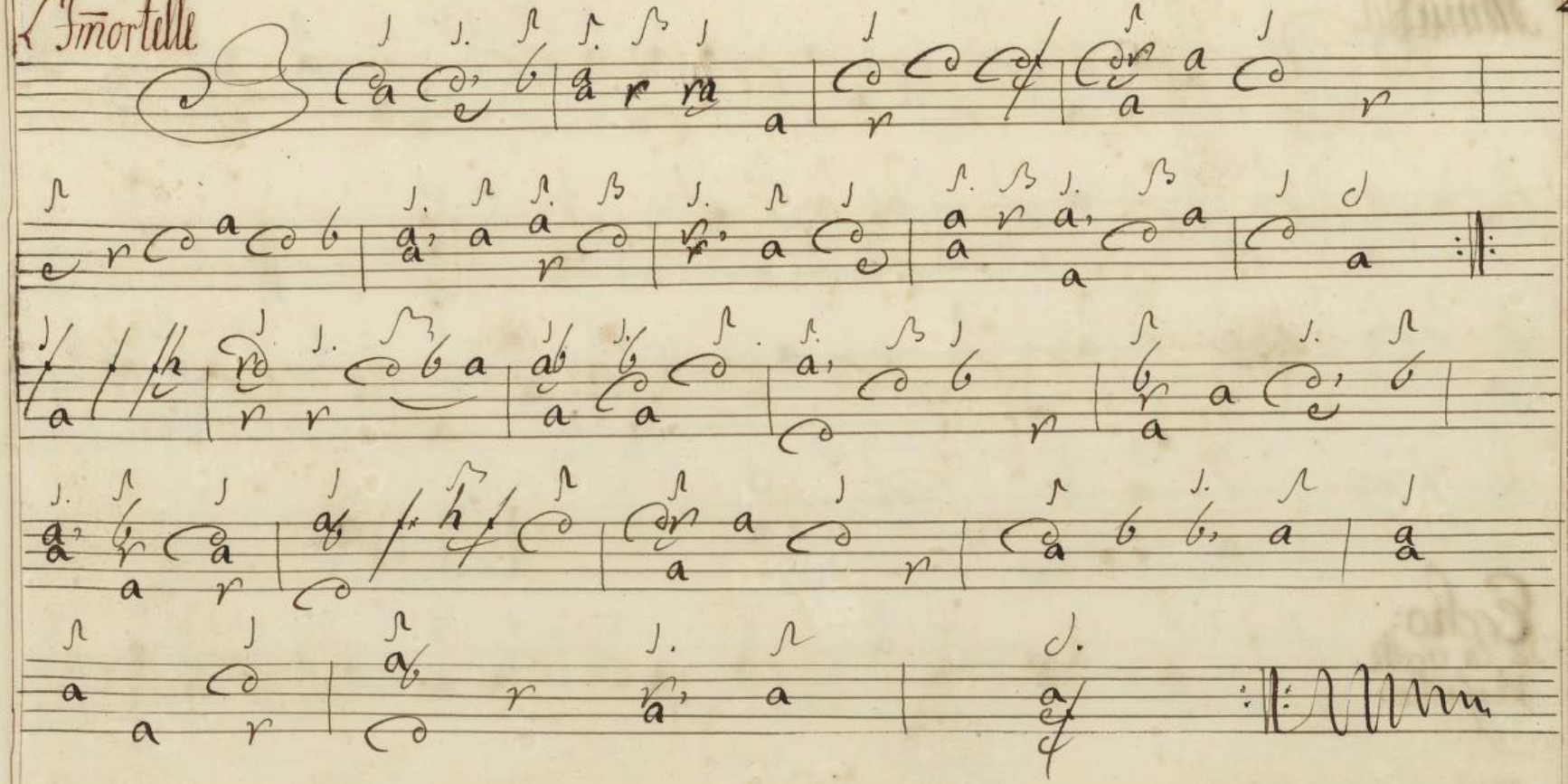




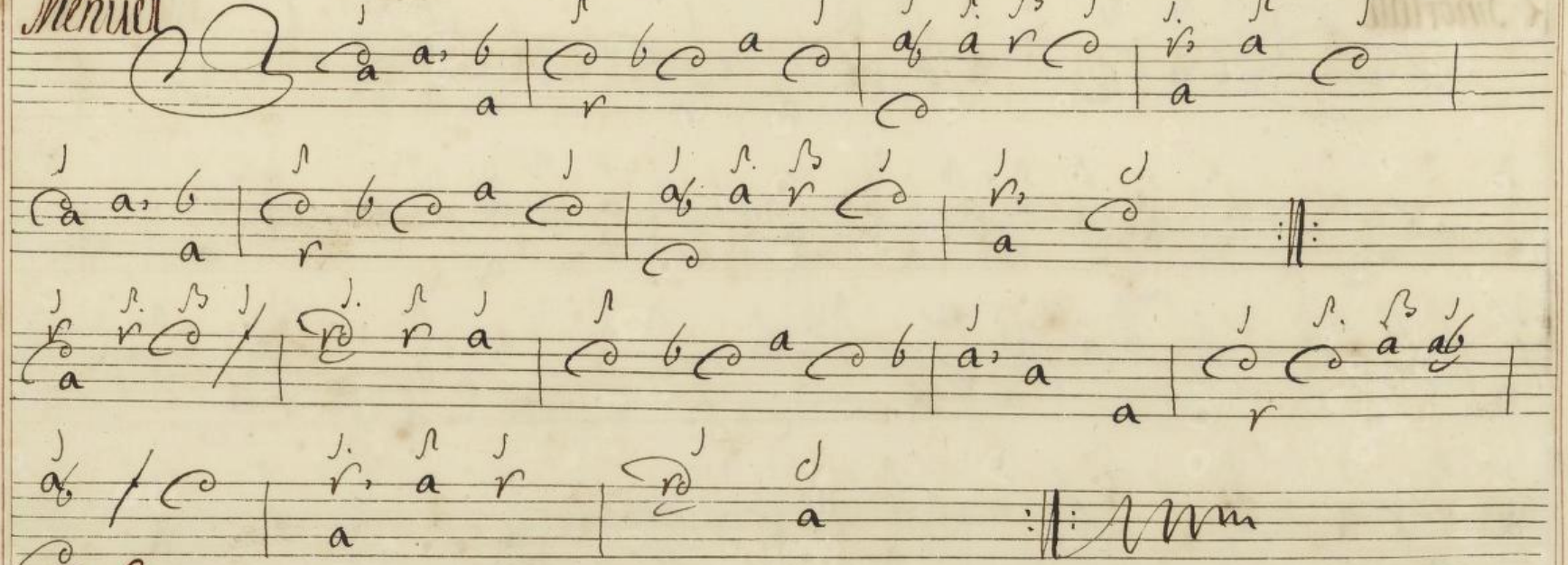
Fantasia



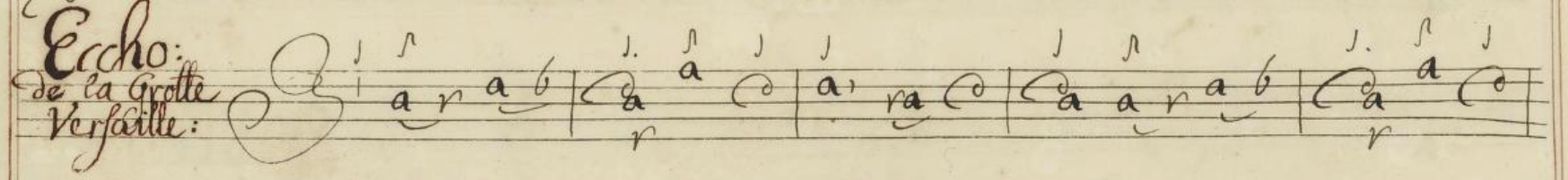
L'Immortelle

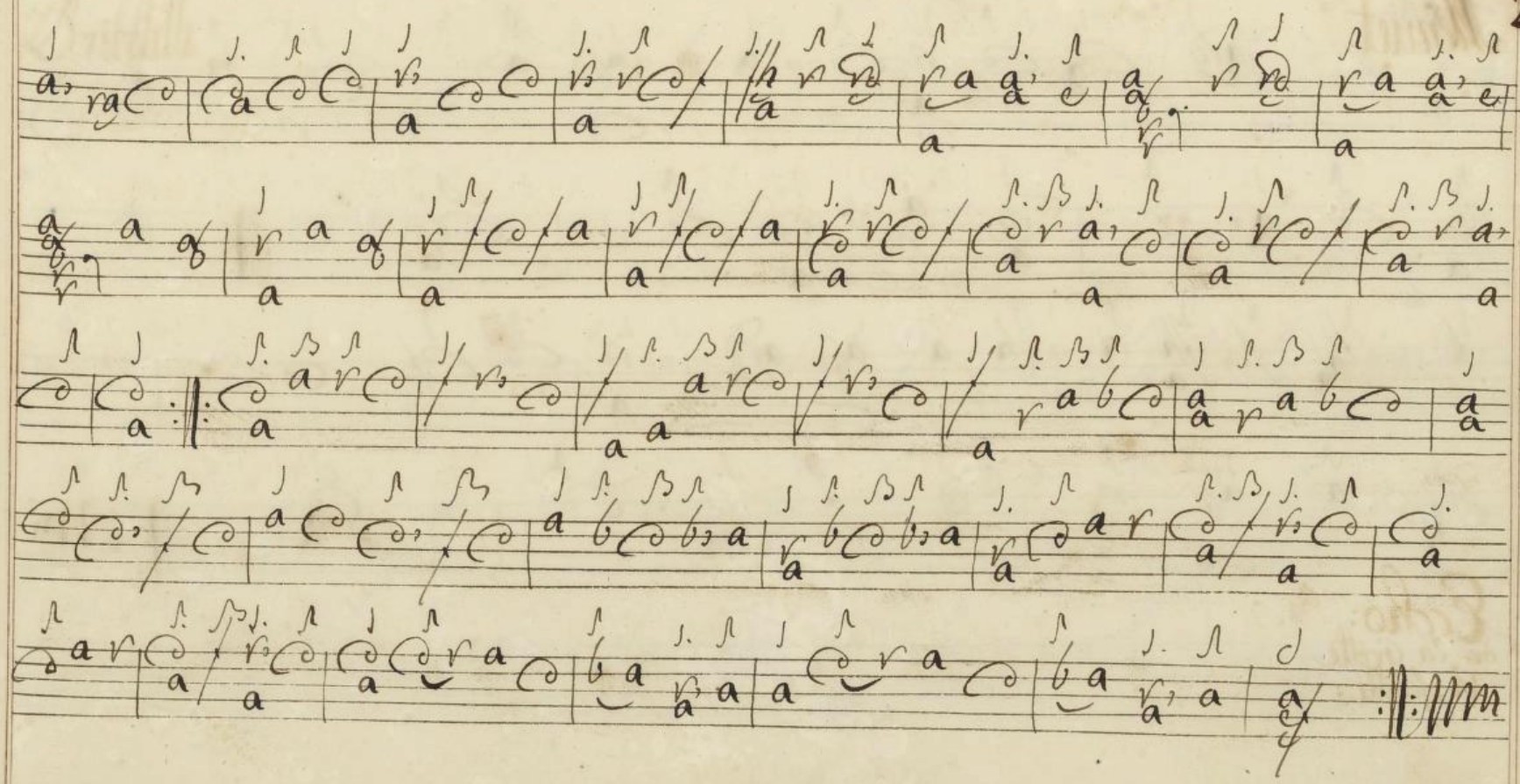


Menuet



Ecchо:
de la Grotte
Verſaille:





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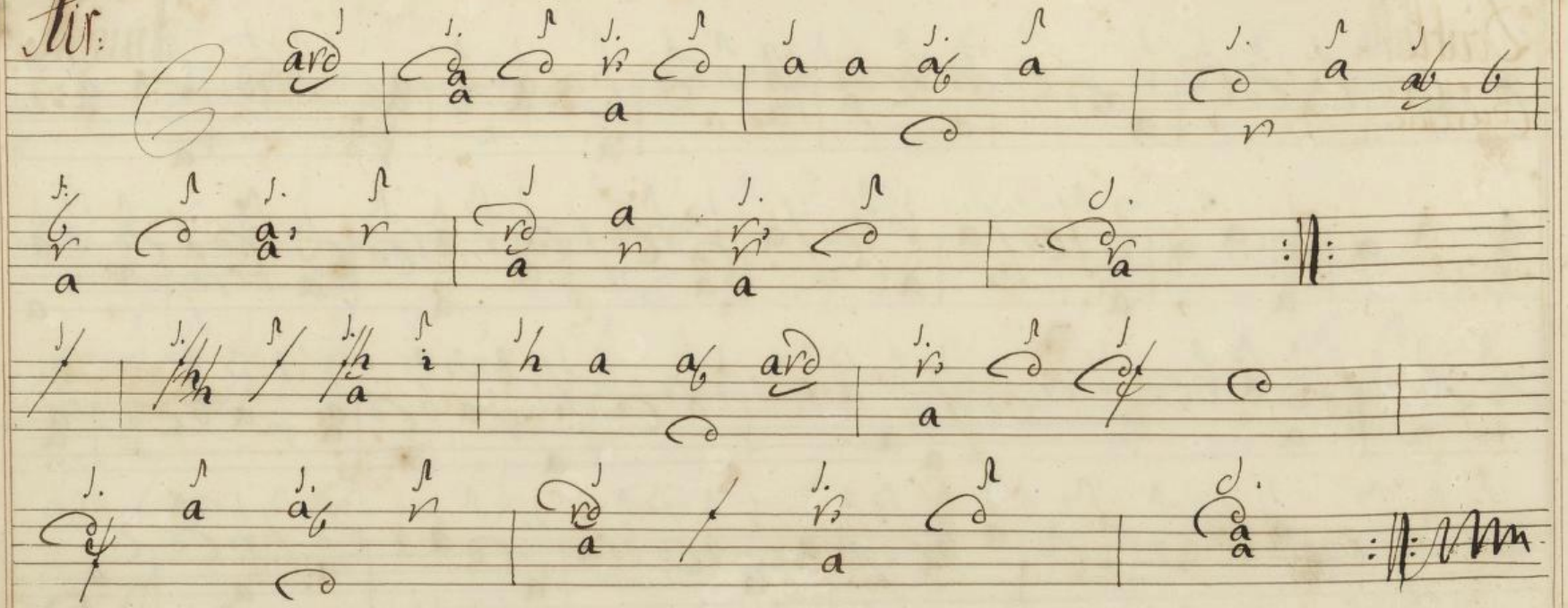
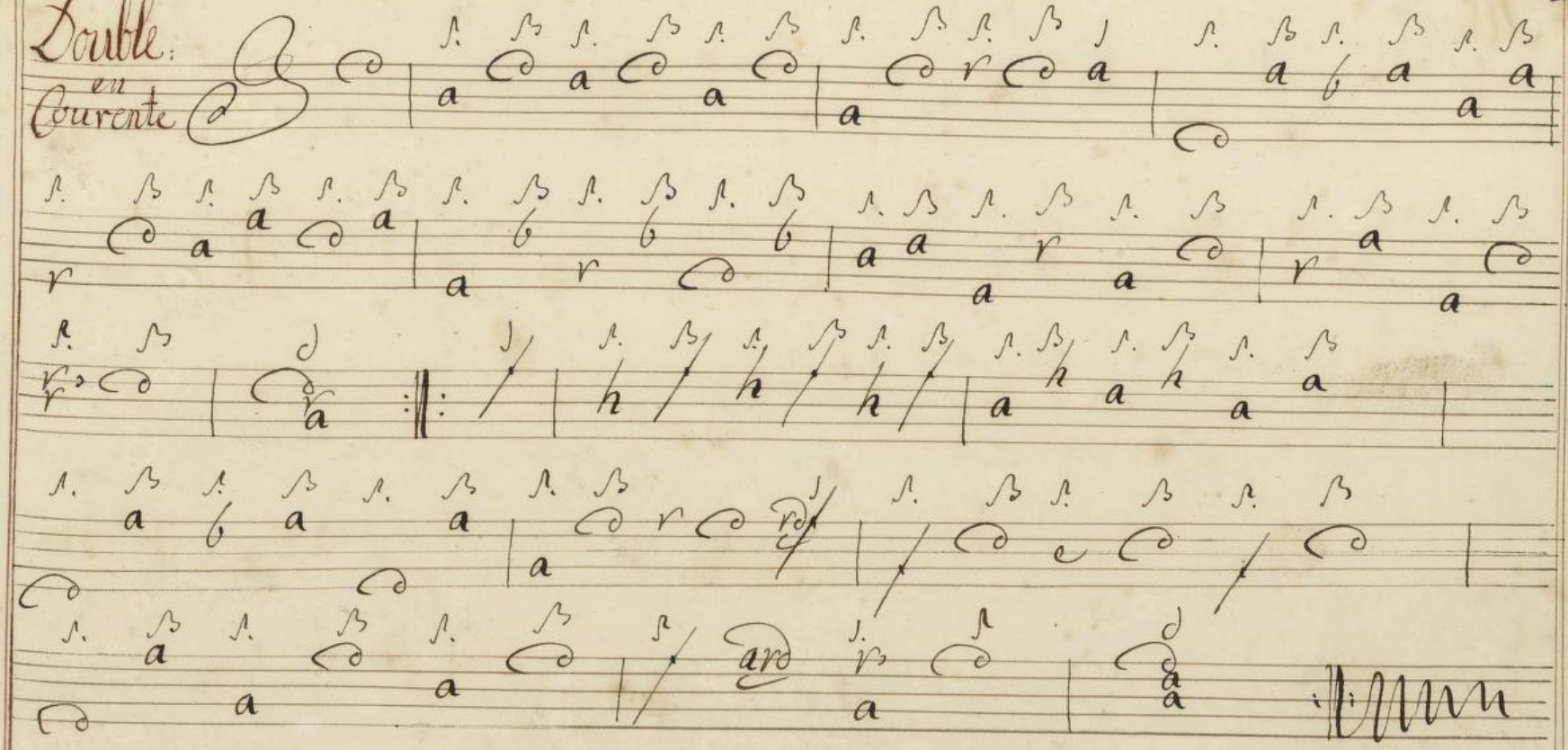


Double:
en
Courente



Festen! ogsaa ieg zil skrive
önsken Himlen Dig zil gige,
Held og Helbred mange Aar,
sildig Du af Vanden gaam.

og glom saa ey
Din Mariane L

Molde d. 11 Augusti 1829,

Jeg ligesom de andre vil,
min liden Skiærv og lægge til,
at denne Bog om muligt maae,
sin Hensigt herved meer opnaae.
Dog Resultatet udaf dette,
er kortelig at fremsætte
mit Ønske, gid Dem dette skee:
tilfreeds med hver tilskikkelse!

Moldegaard 11te August 1829. – ærbödigst
af
N. Leganger

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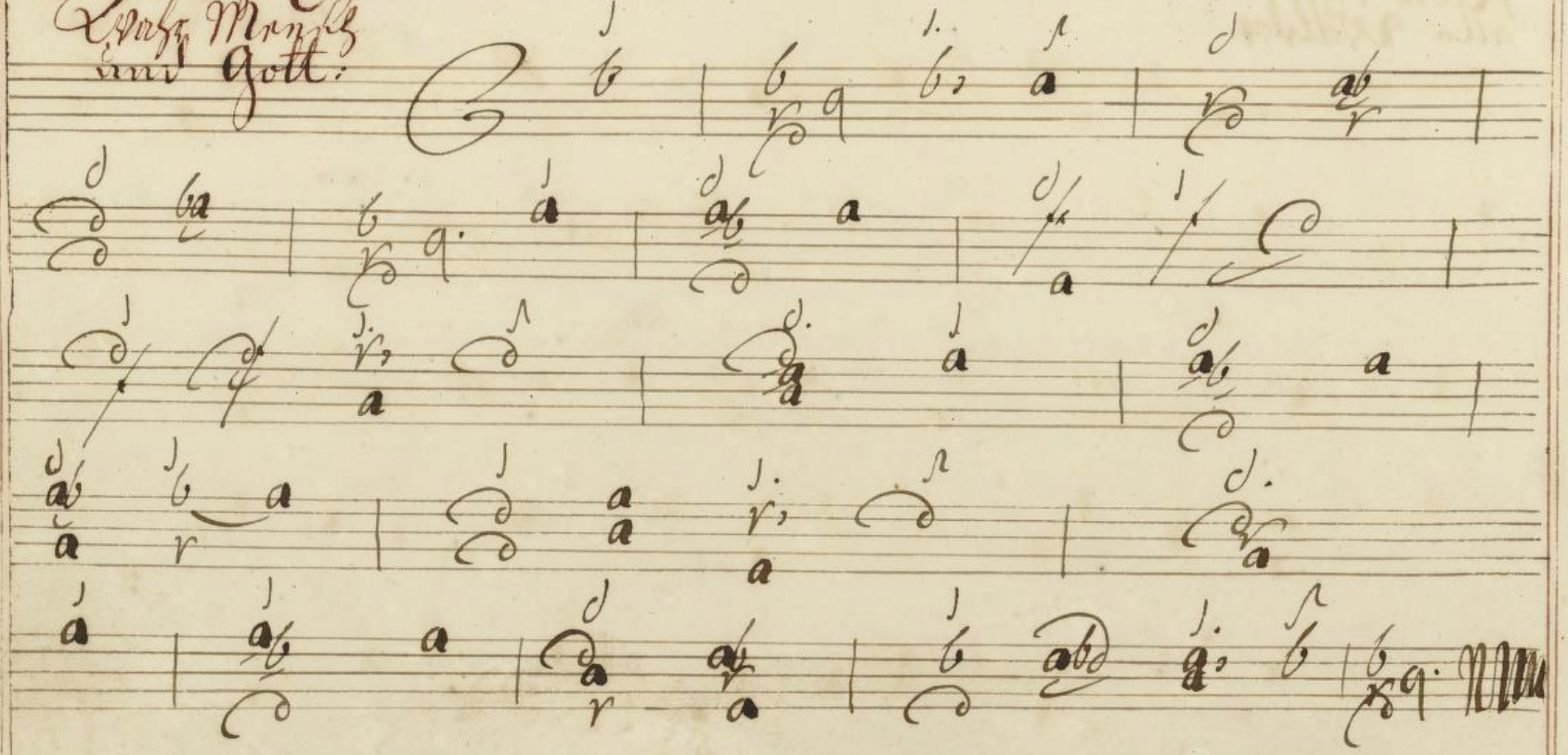
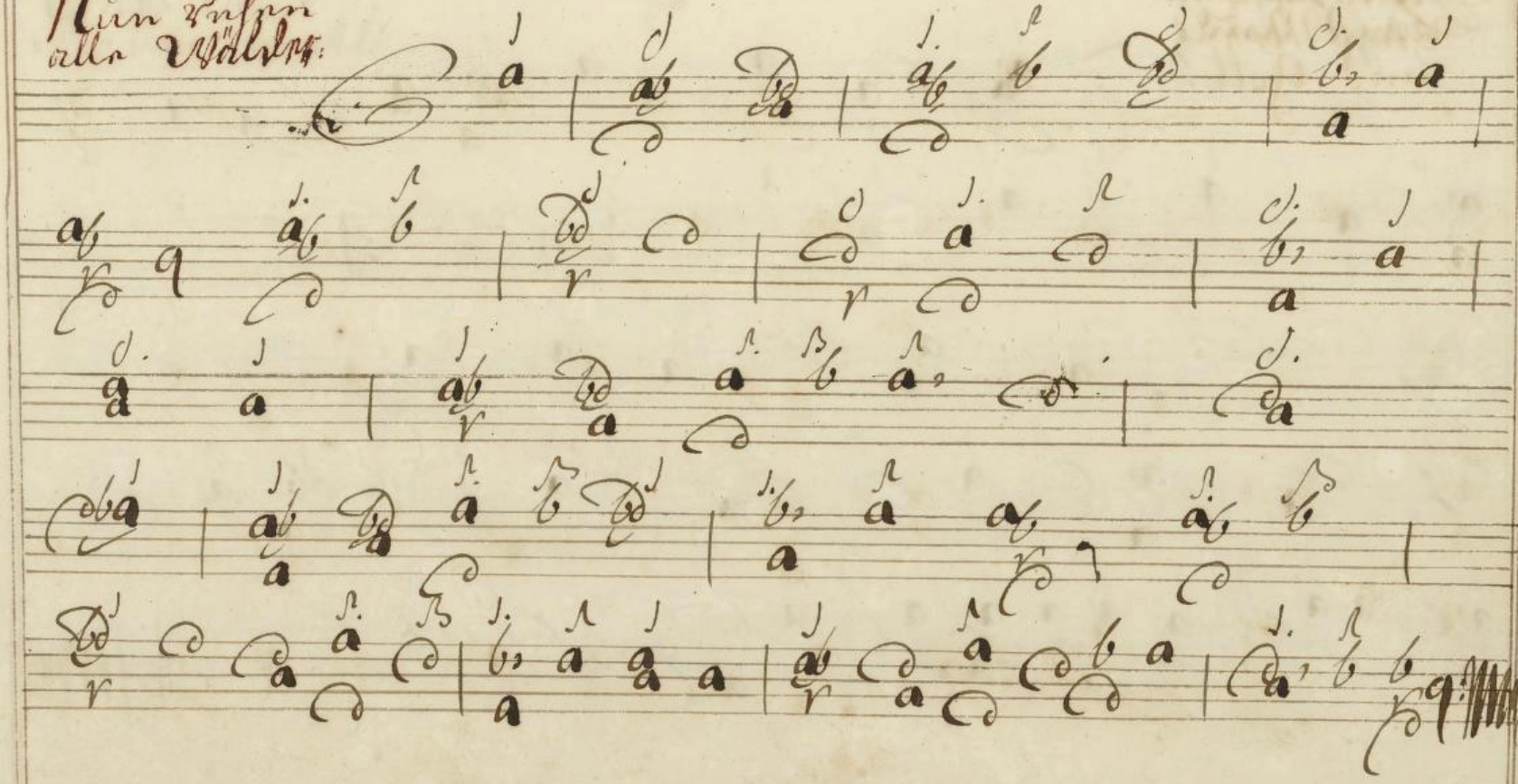
Herr Jesu Christ
Wahr Mensch
und Gott:

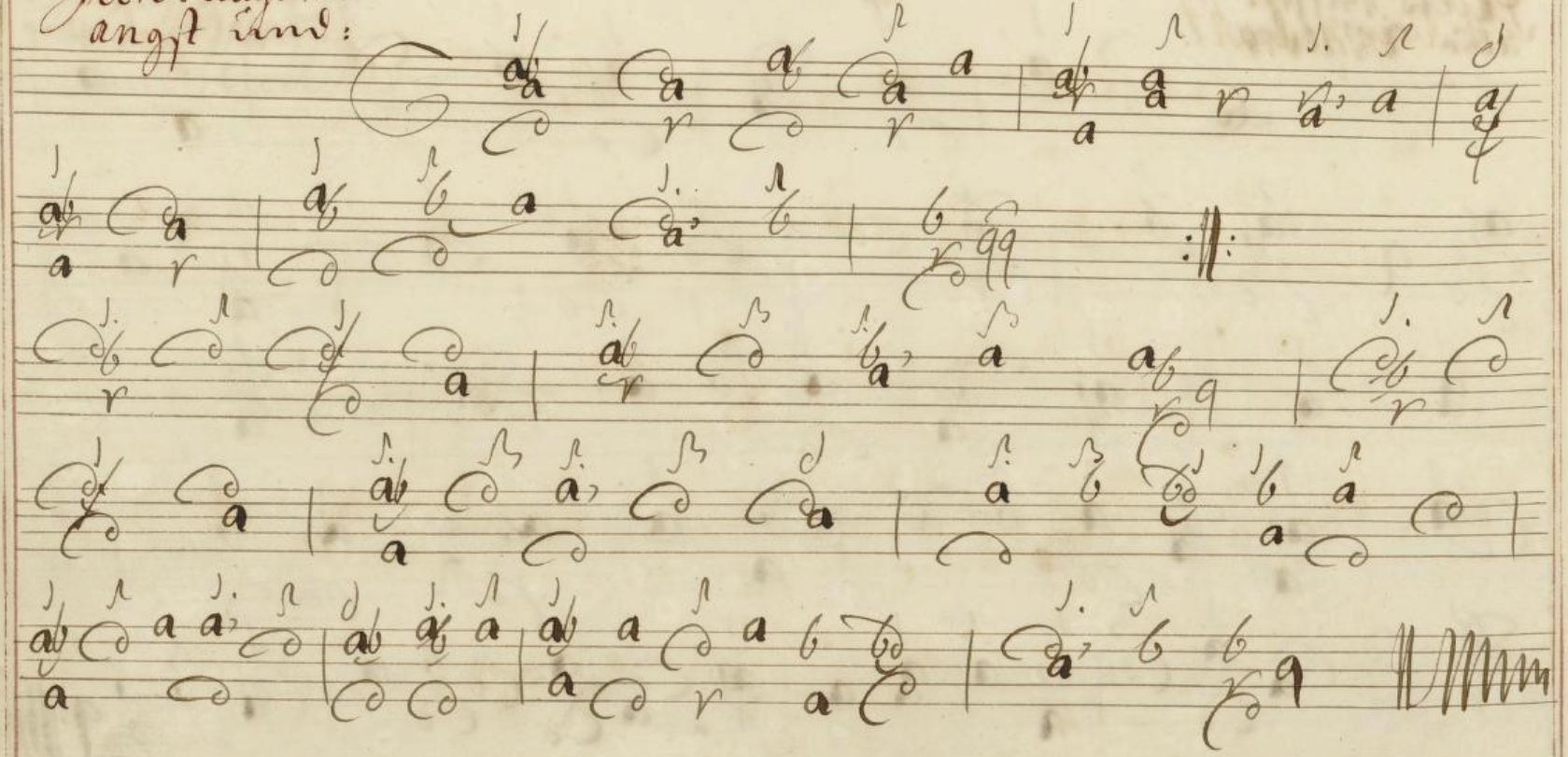


Nun ruhen alle Wälder:

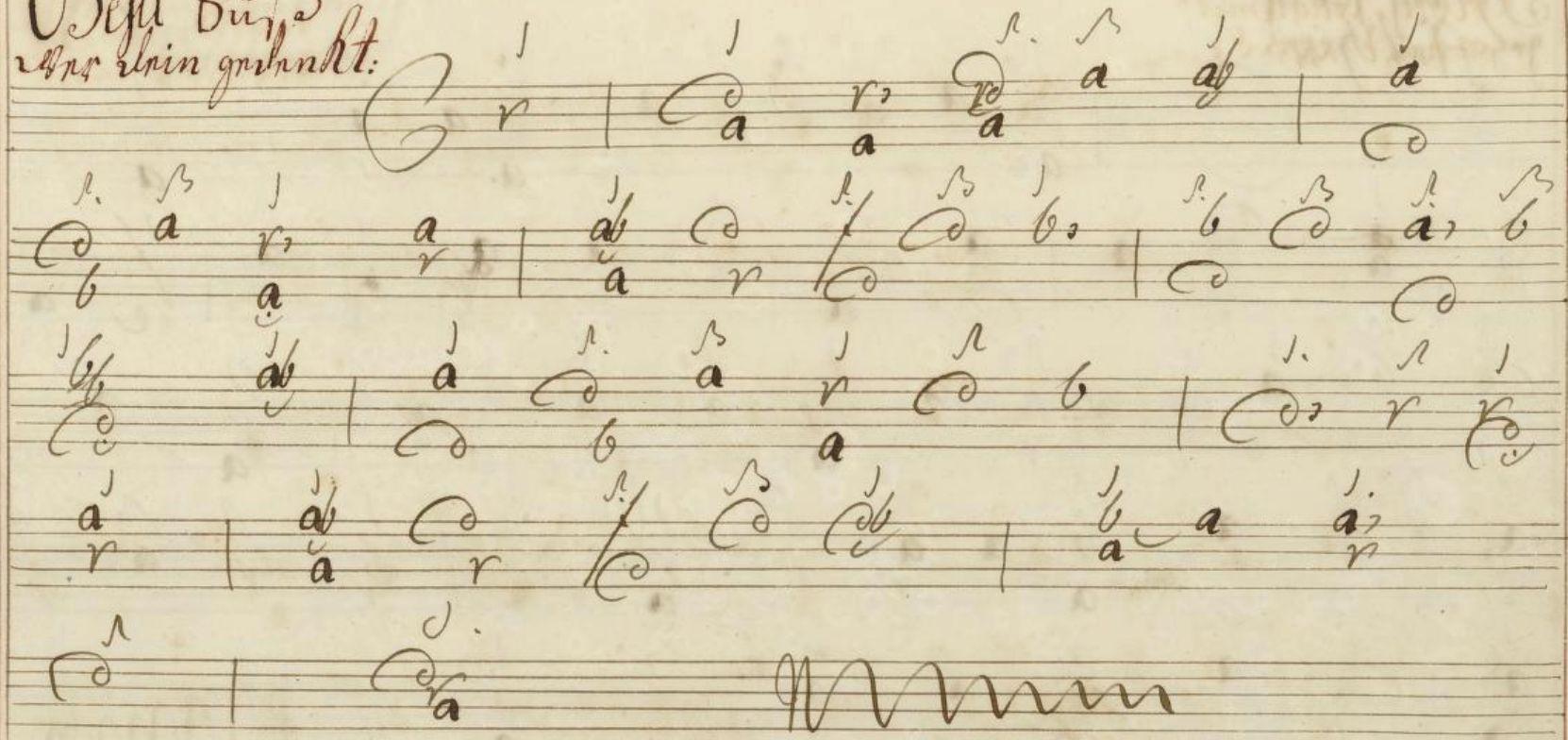


309

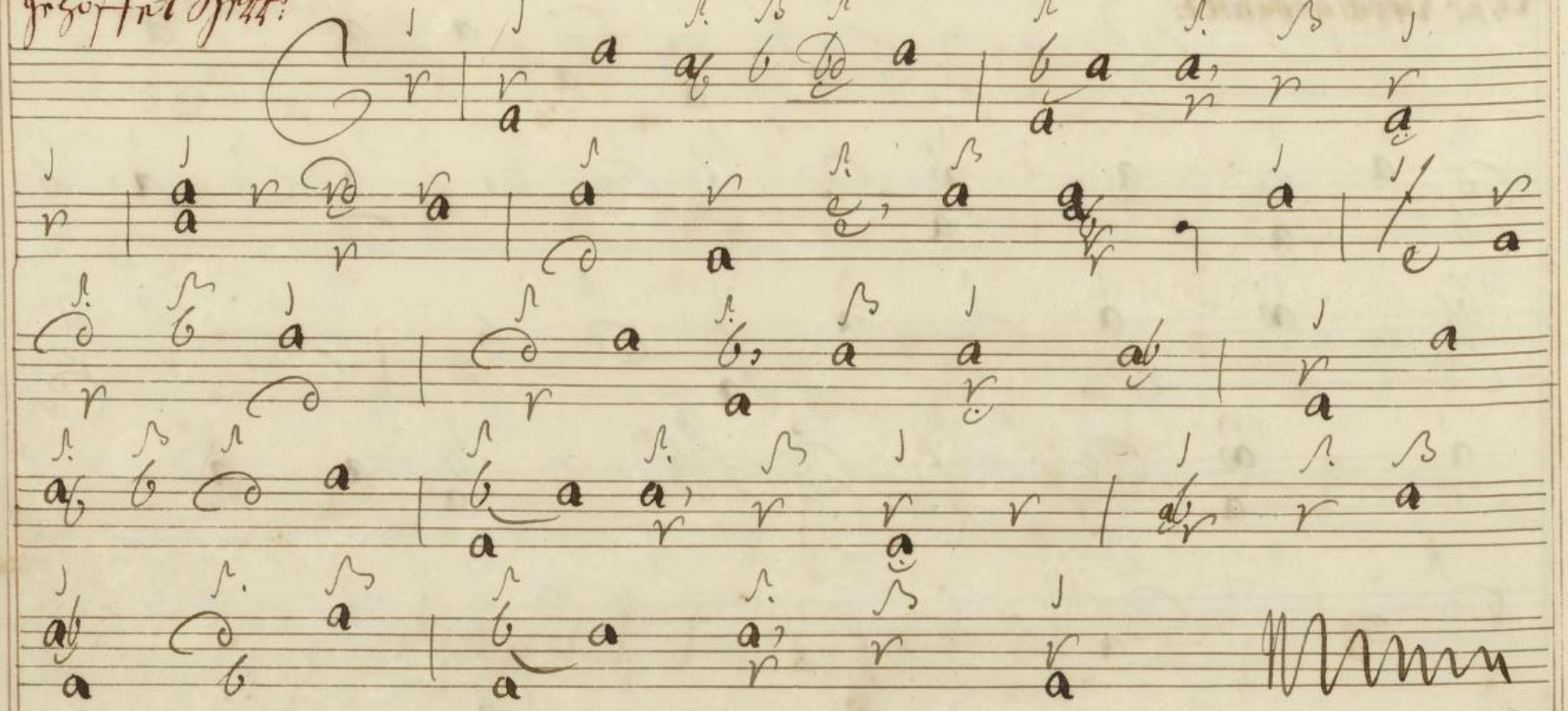
Zion klagt mit angst und:



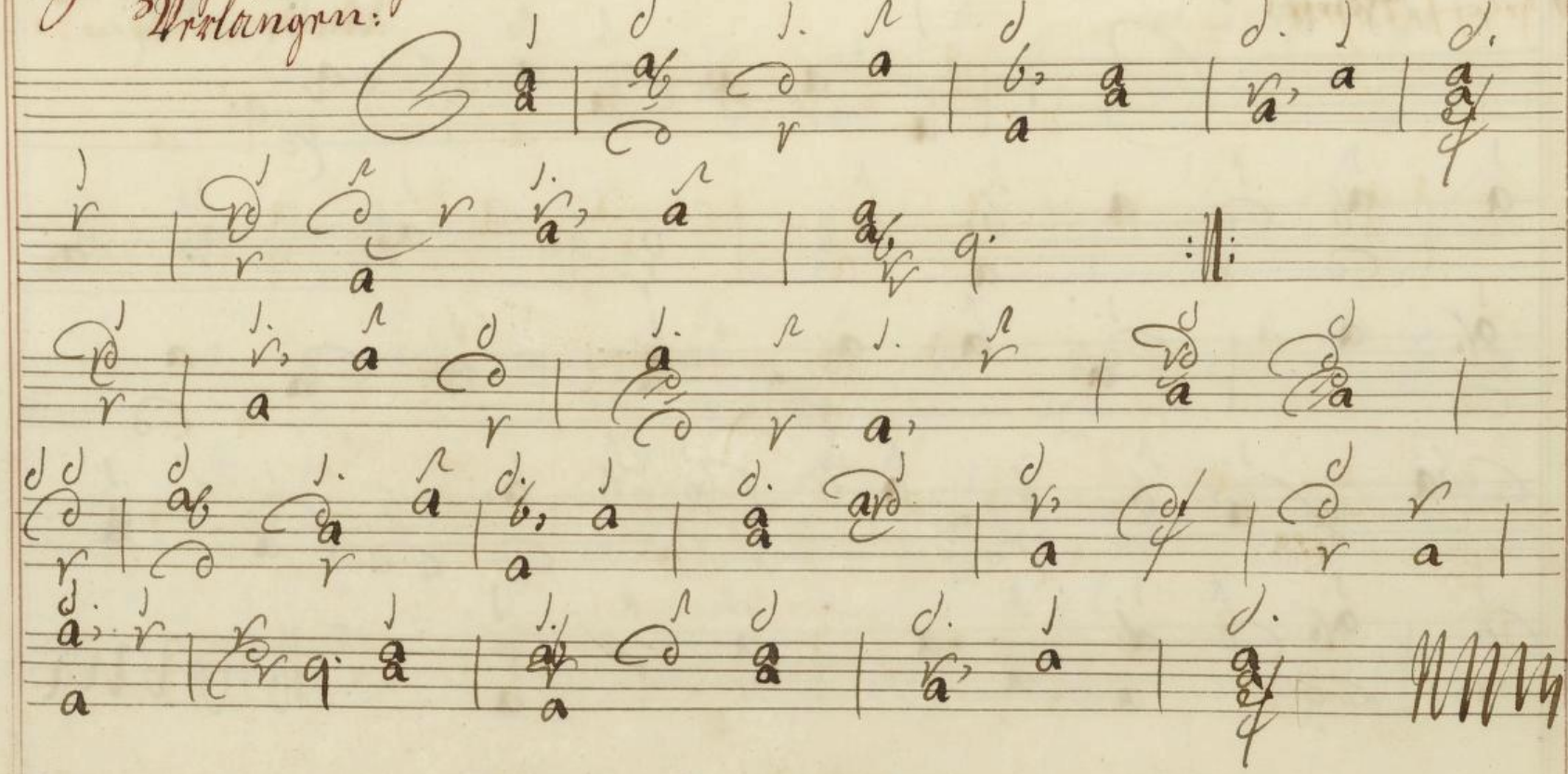
O Jesu Süss
der allein gedenkt:



311 In dich hab ich gehoffet Herr!

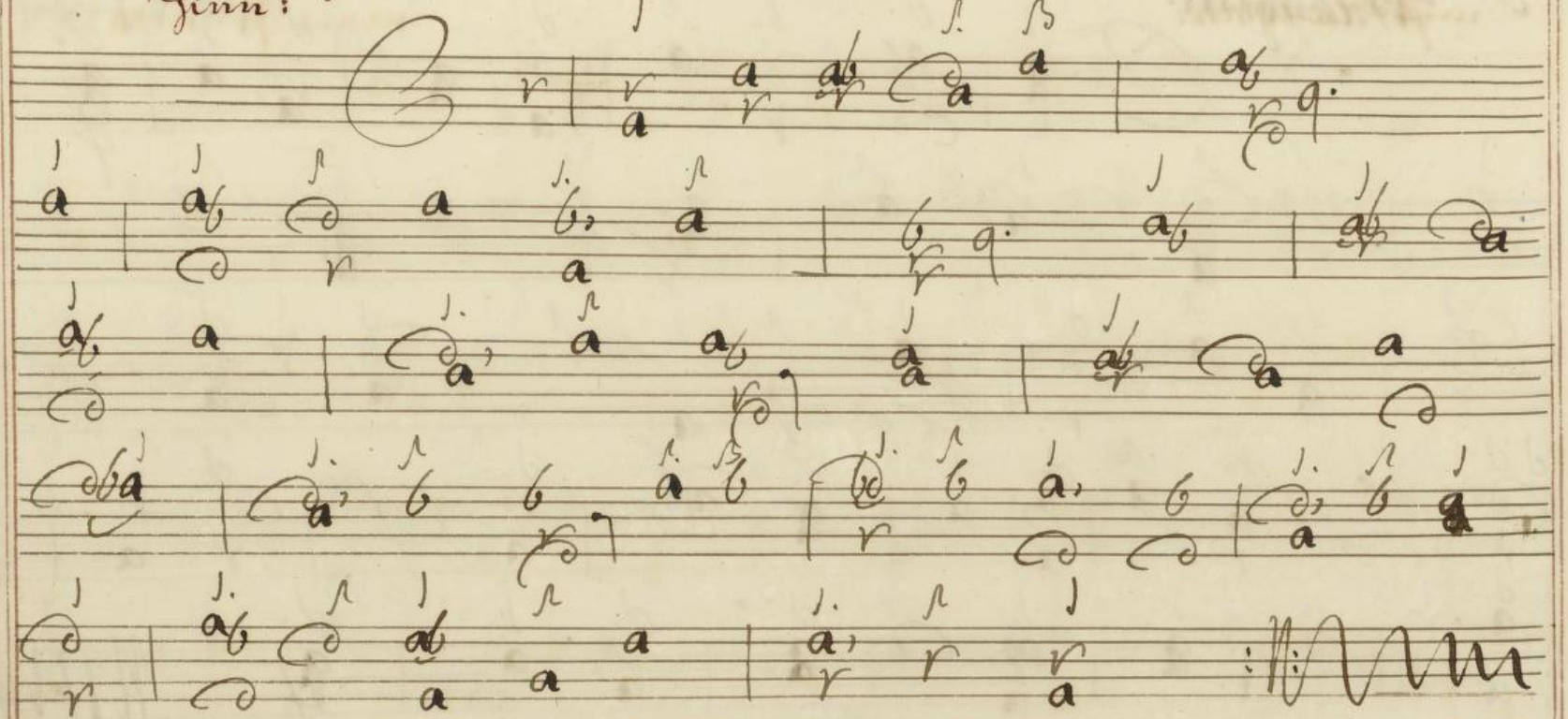


Freylich thut mirs
Verlangen:

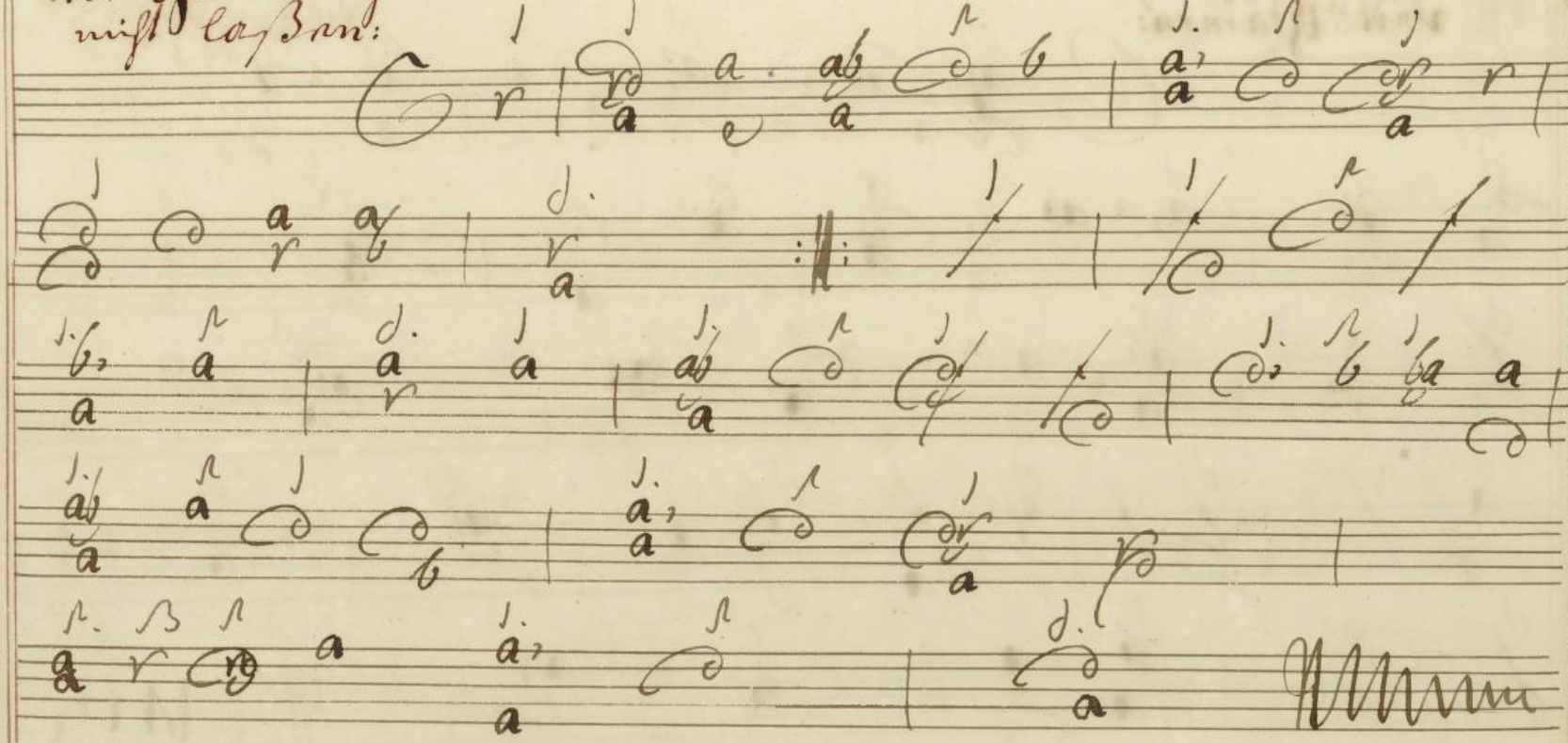


313

Wo soll ich fliehen hinn:

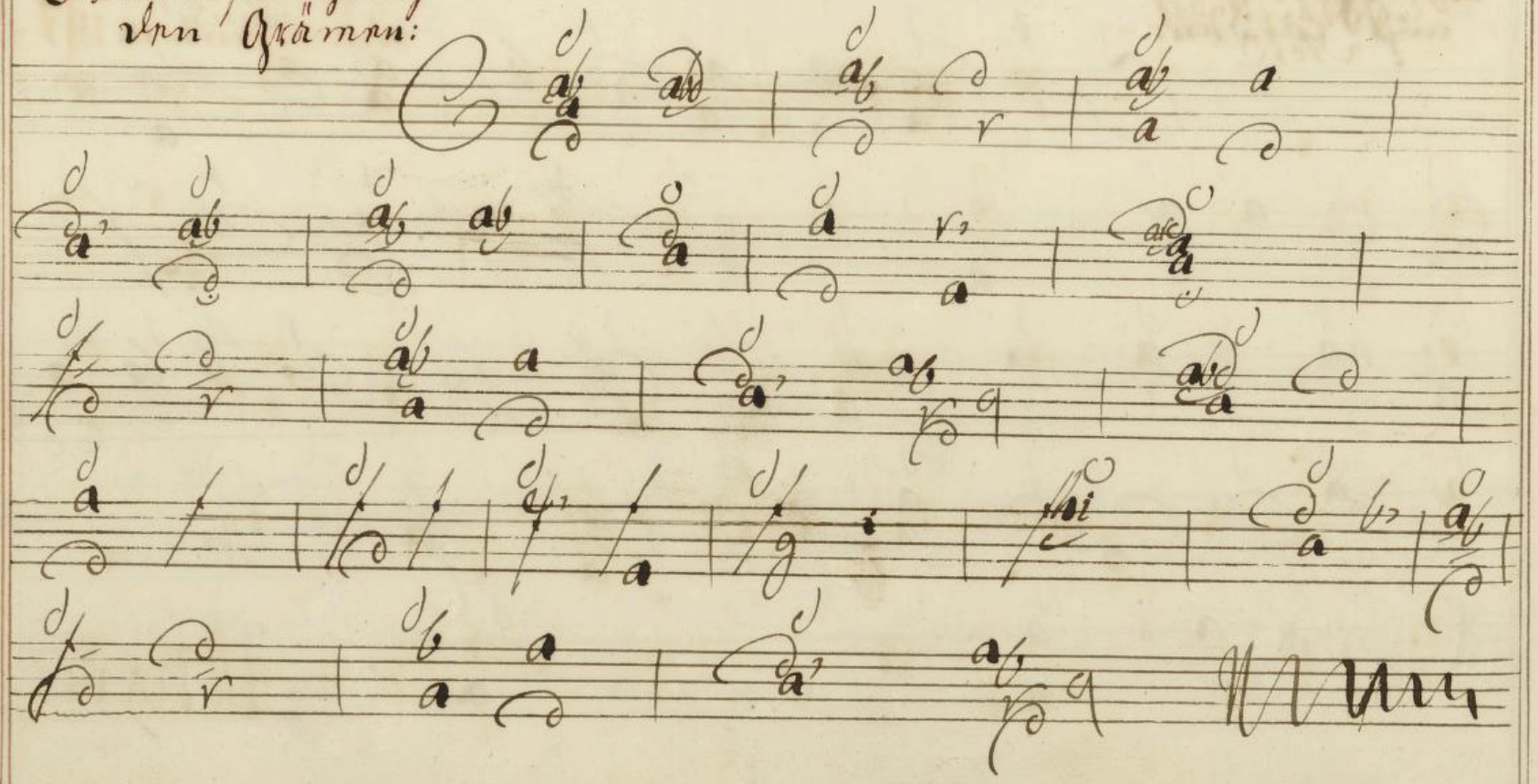


Von Gott will ich nicht lassen.

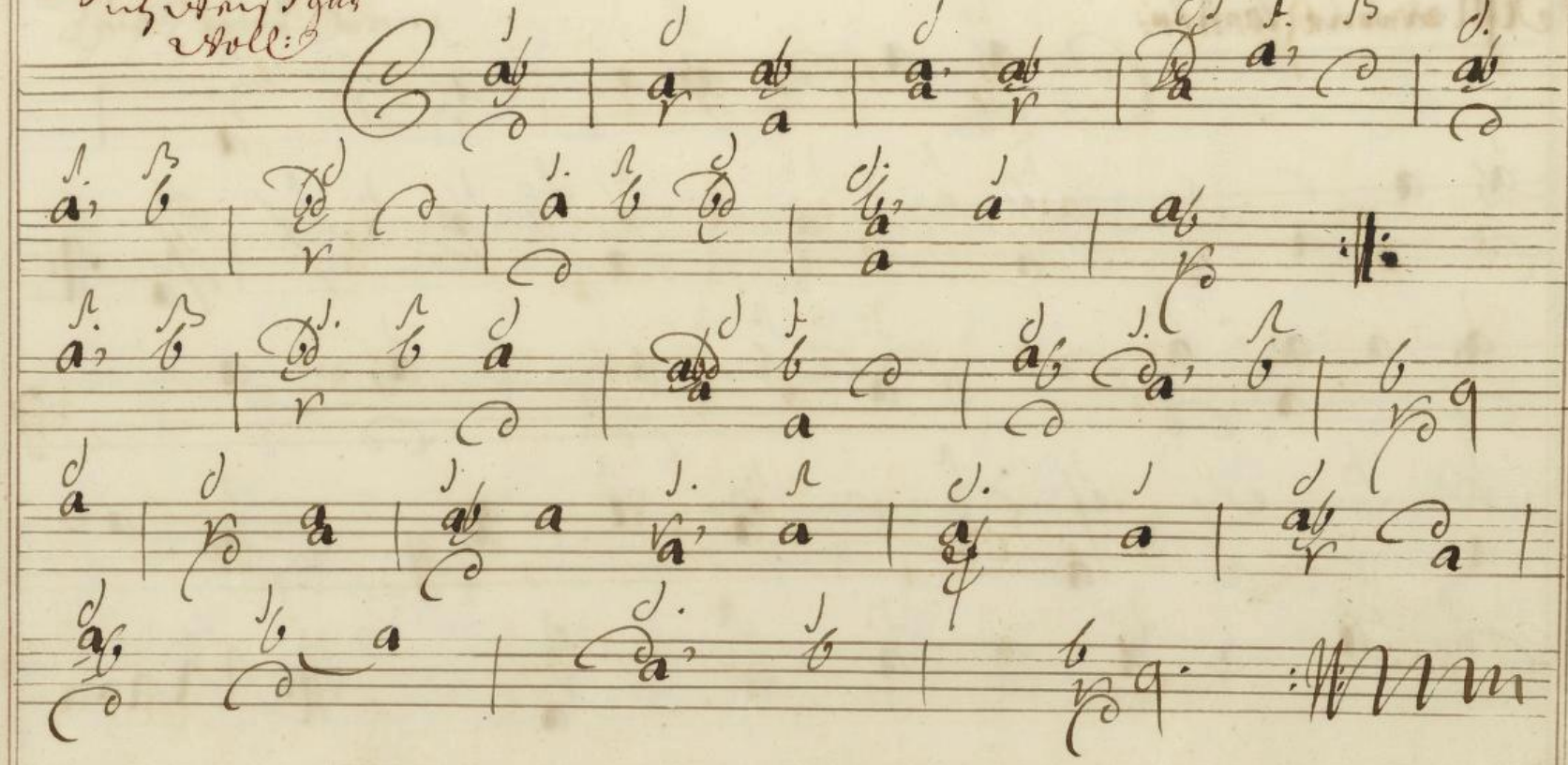


315

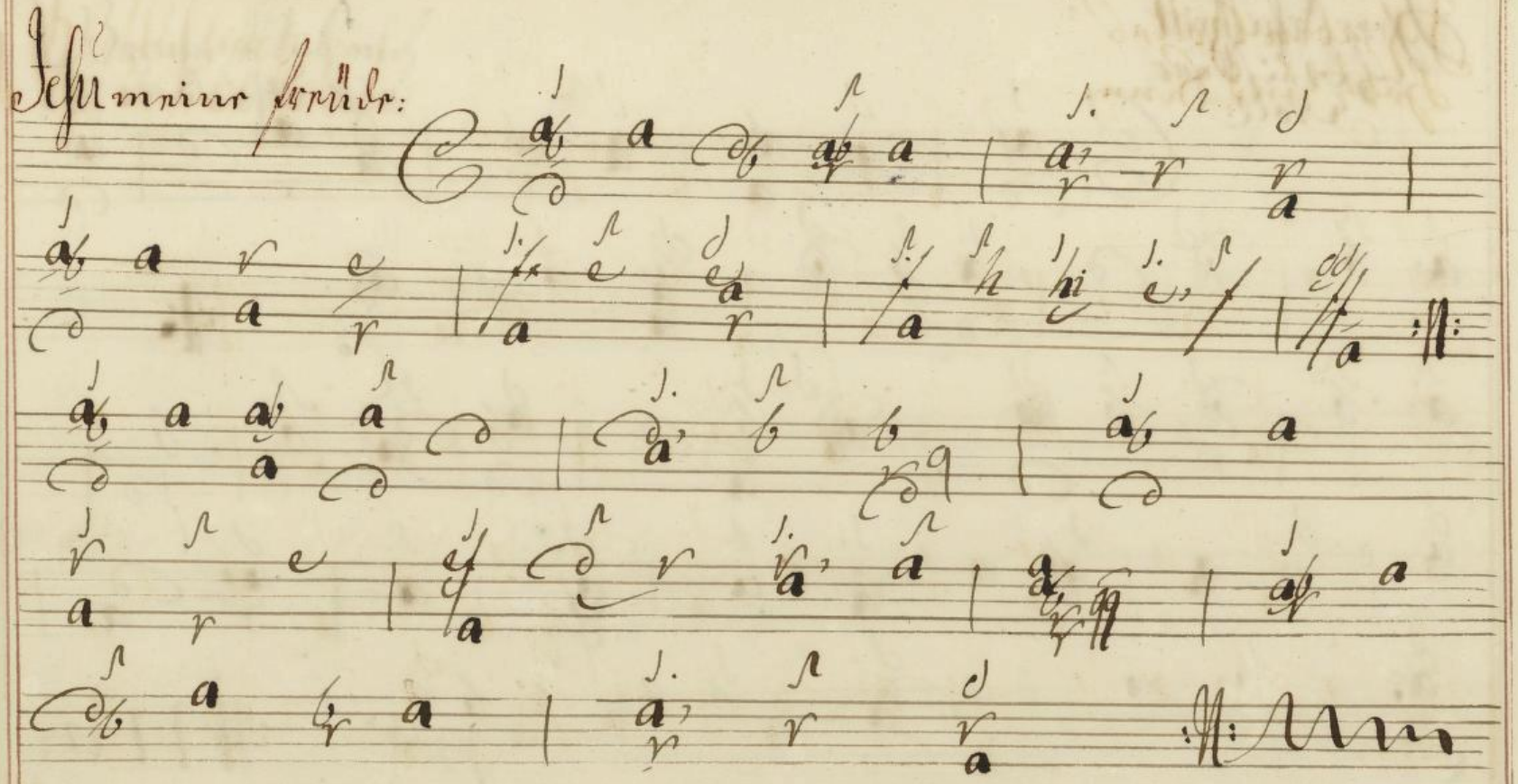
Warum sollt ich mich denn grämen:



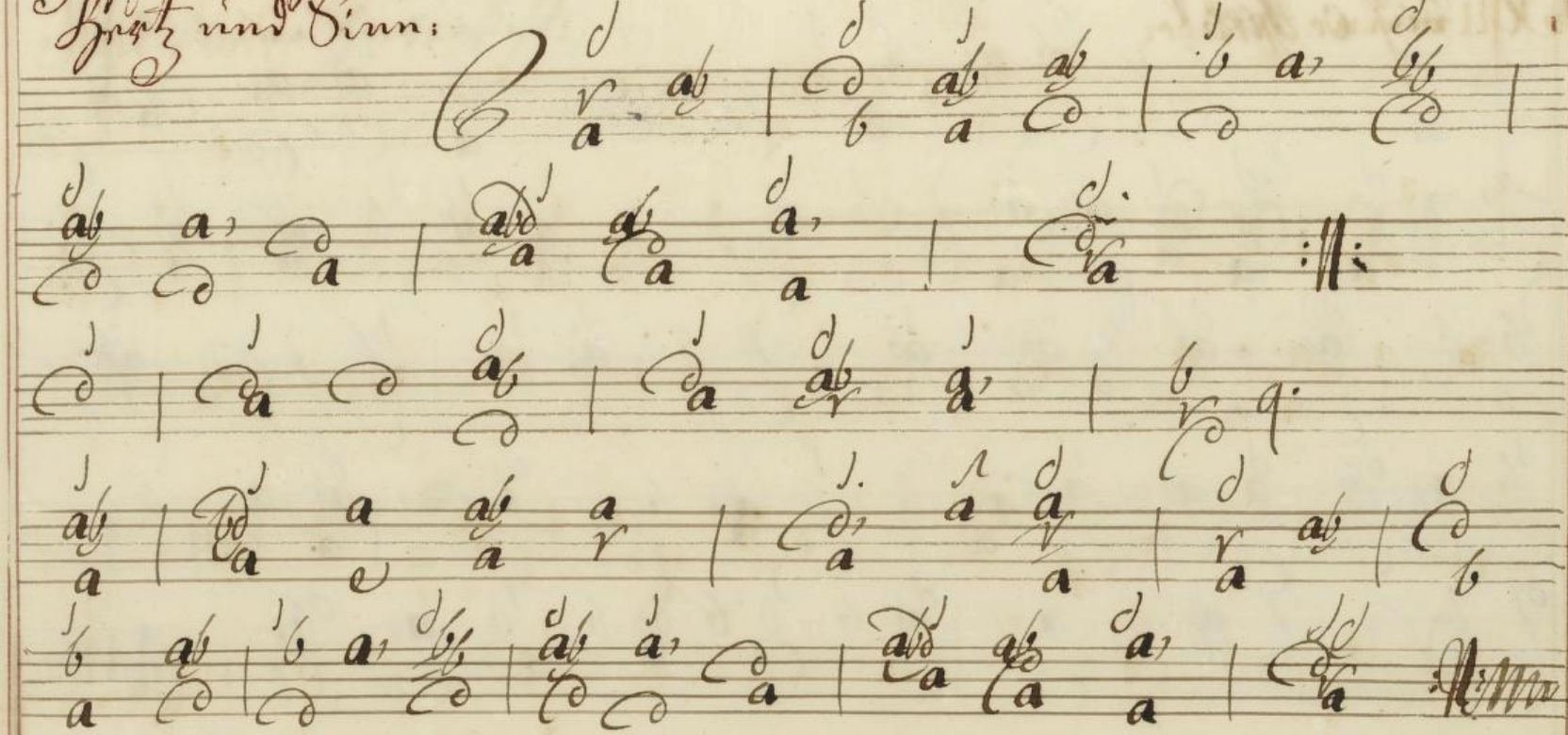
Herr Jesu Christ
ich weiß gar
wol:



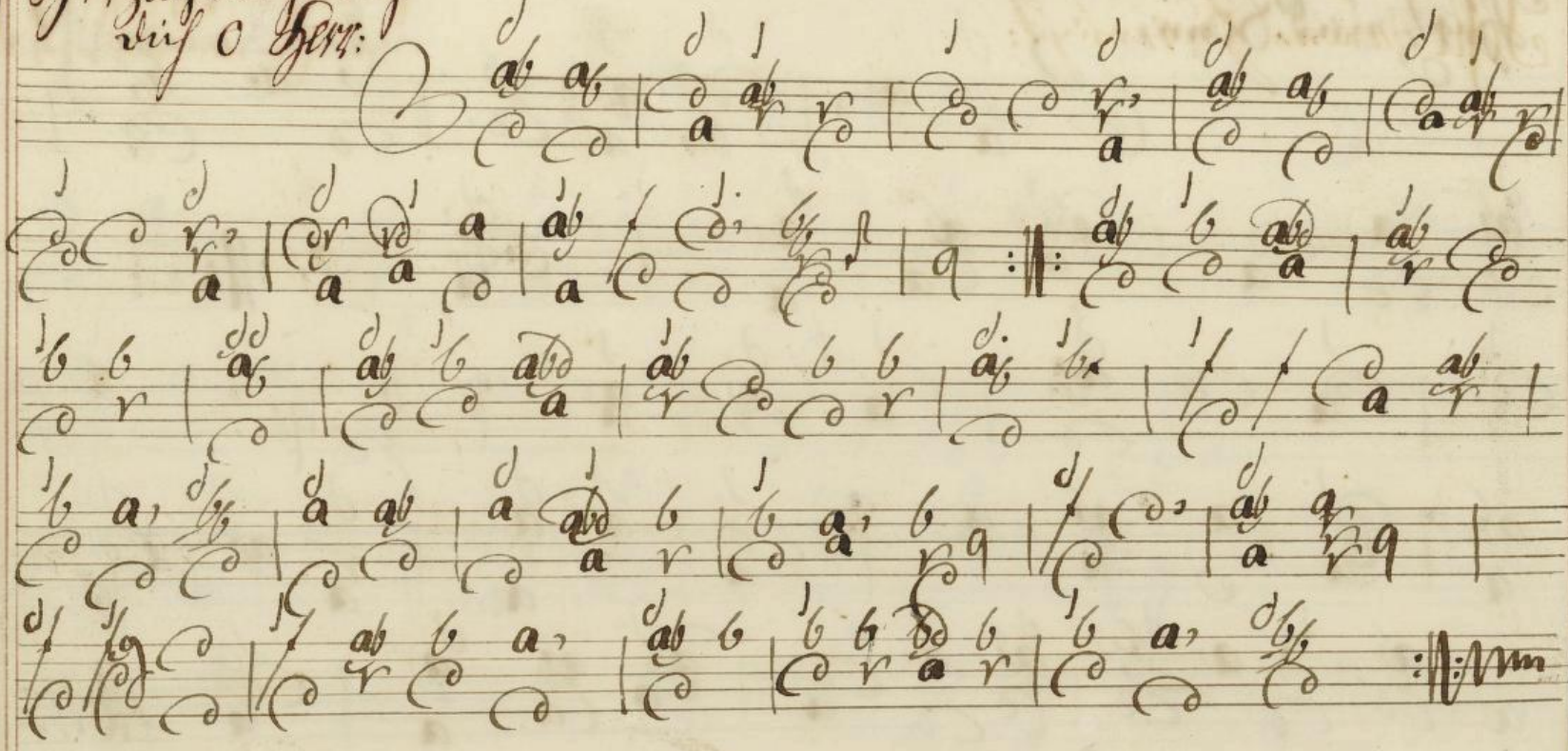
317



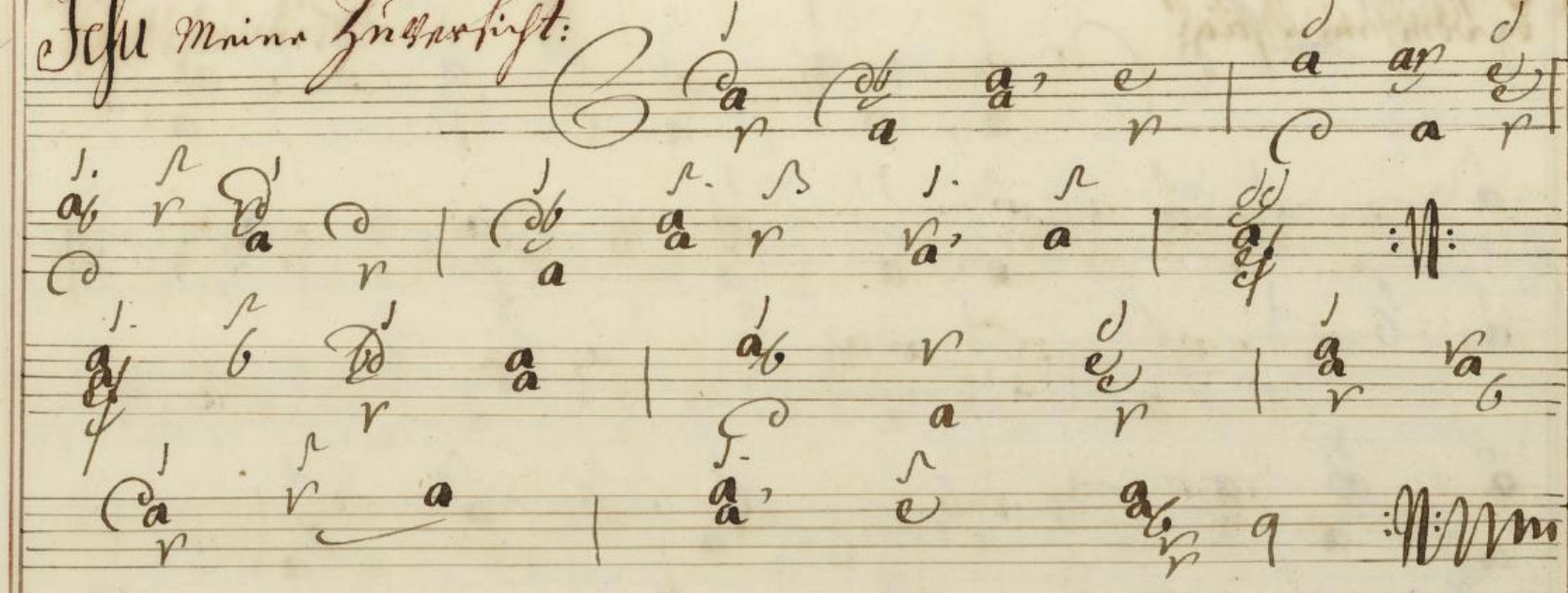
Ich habe Gottes
Herz und Sinn:



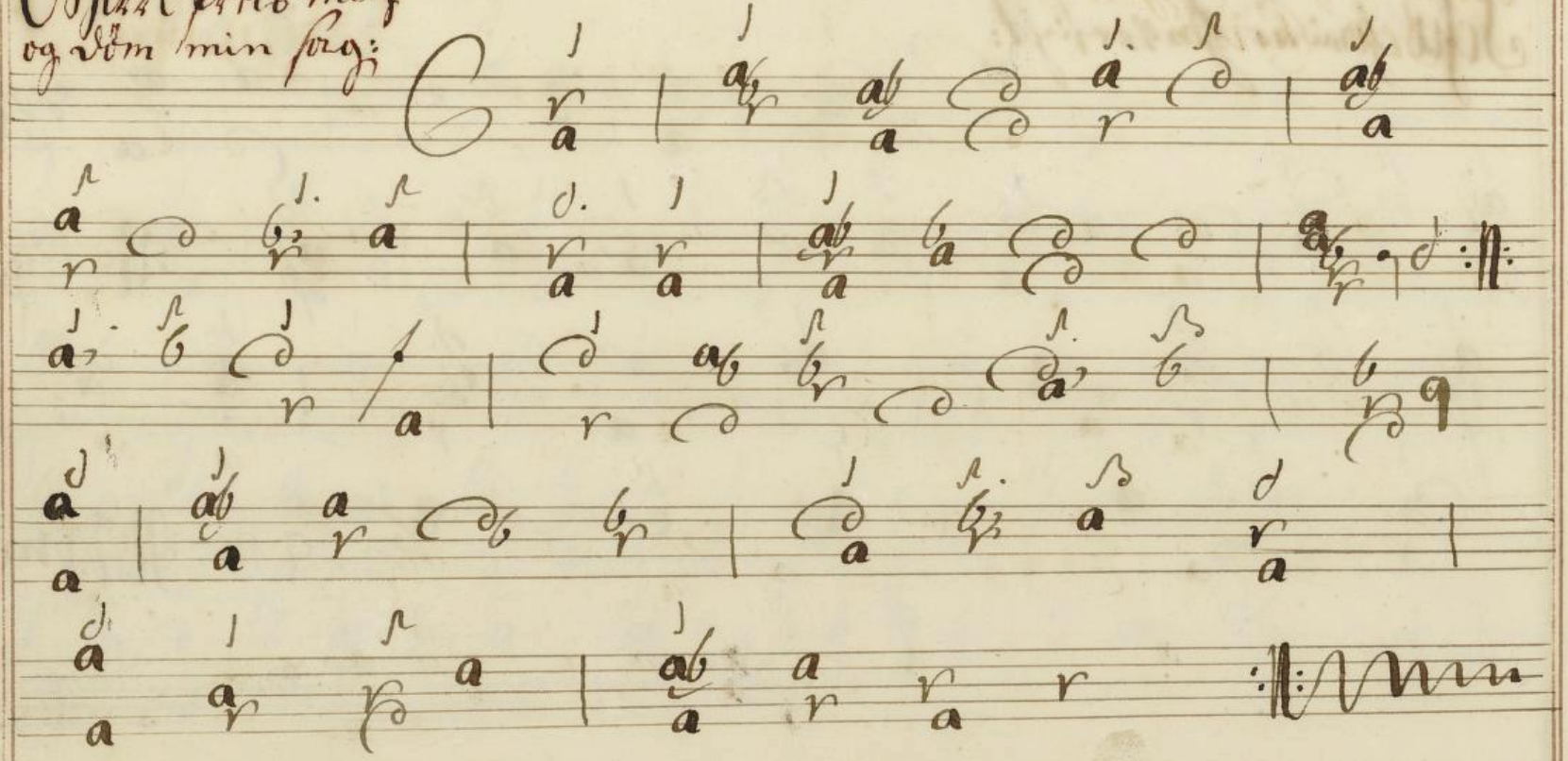
Freylich lieb ich dich
dich o Herr:



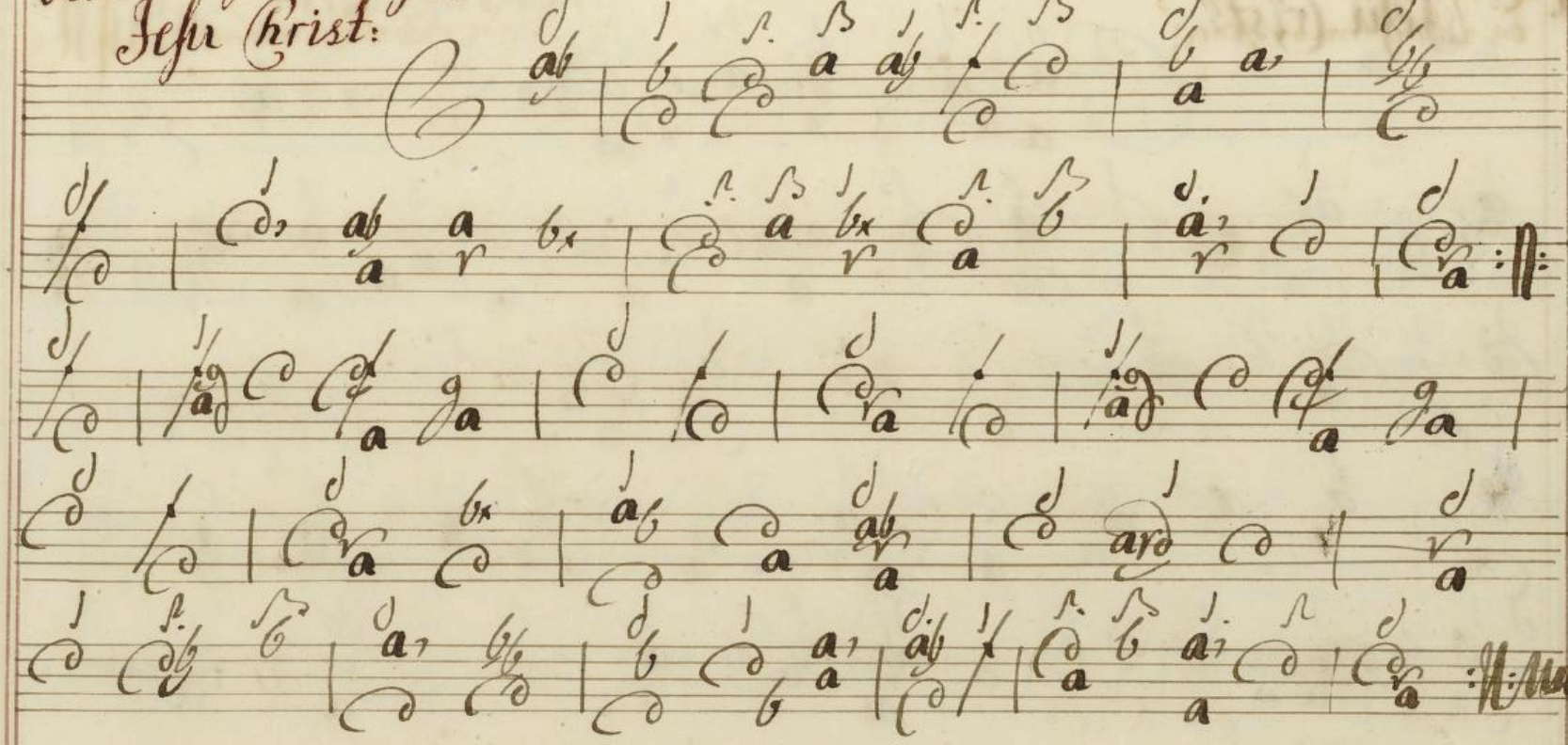
Jesu Meine Zuversicht:



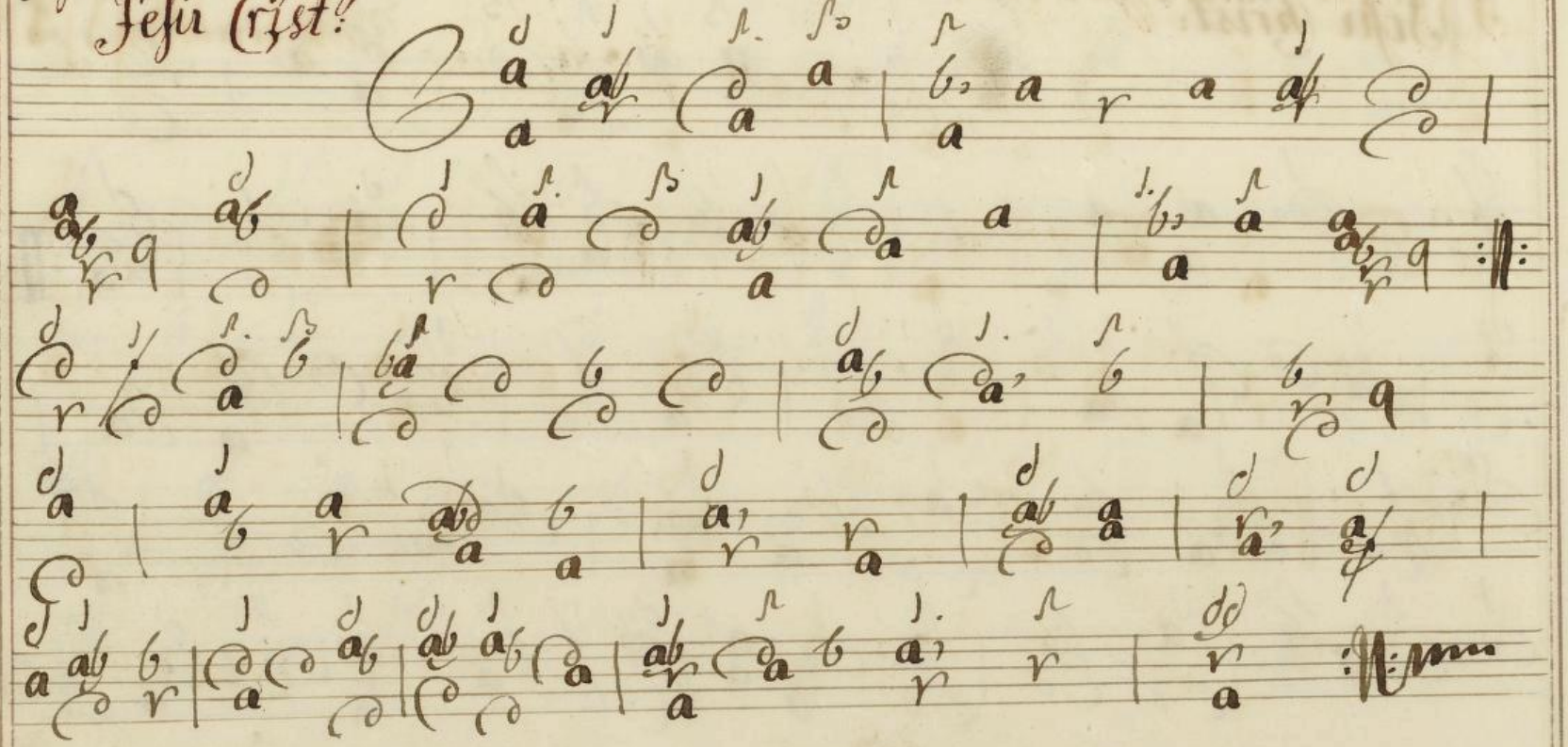
321 O Herre frels mich
og dom min sag:



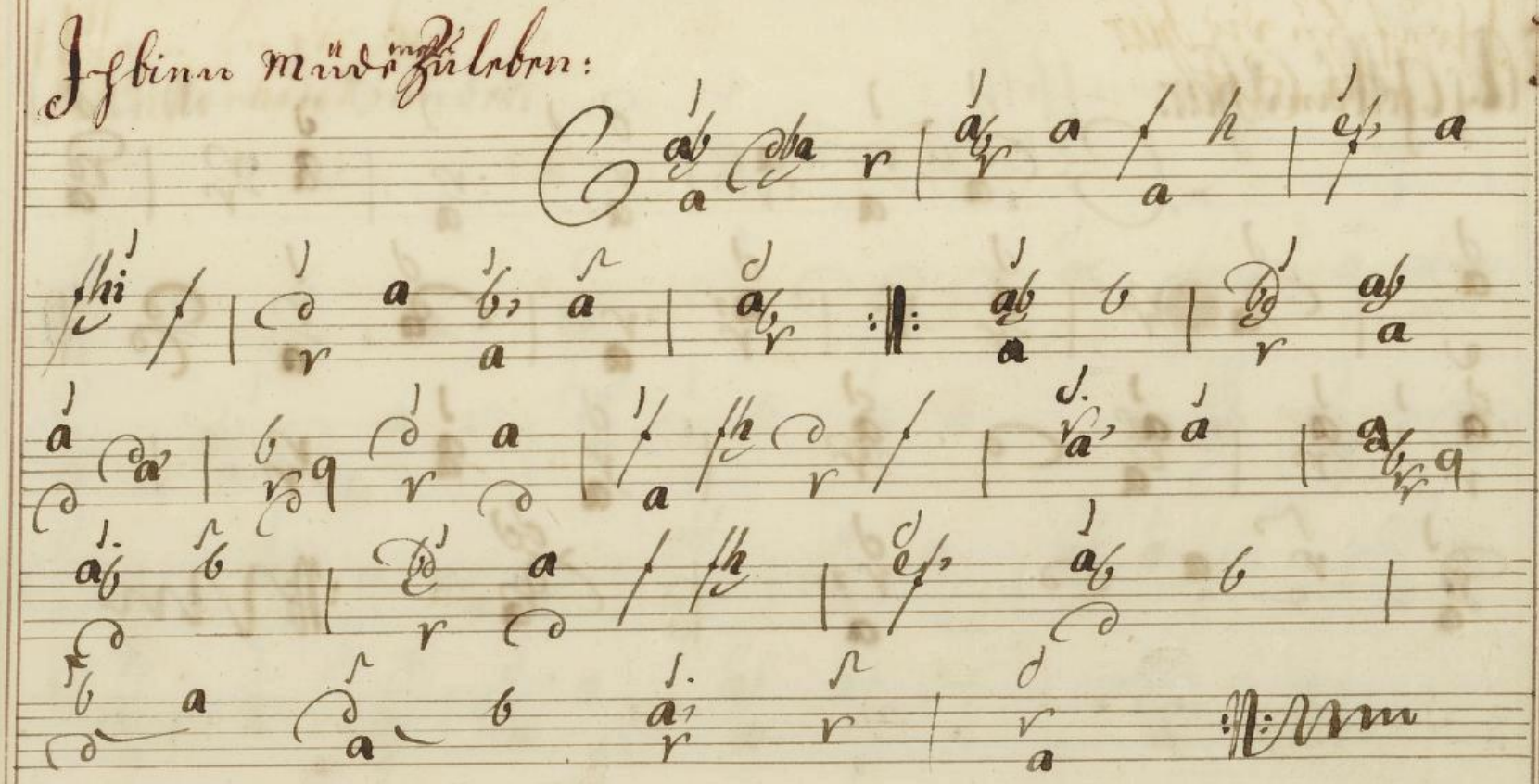
Allein für dir Herr
Jesu Christ:



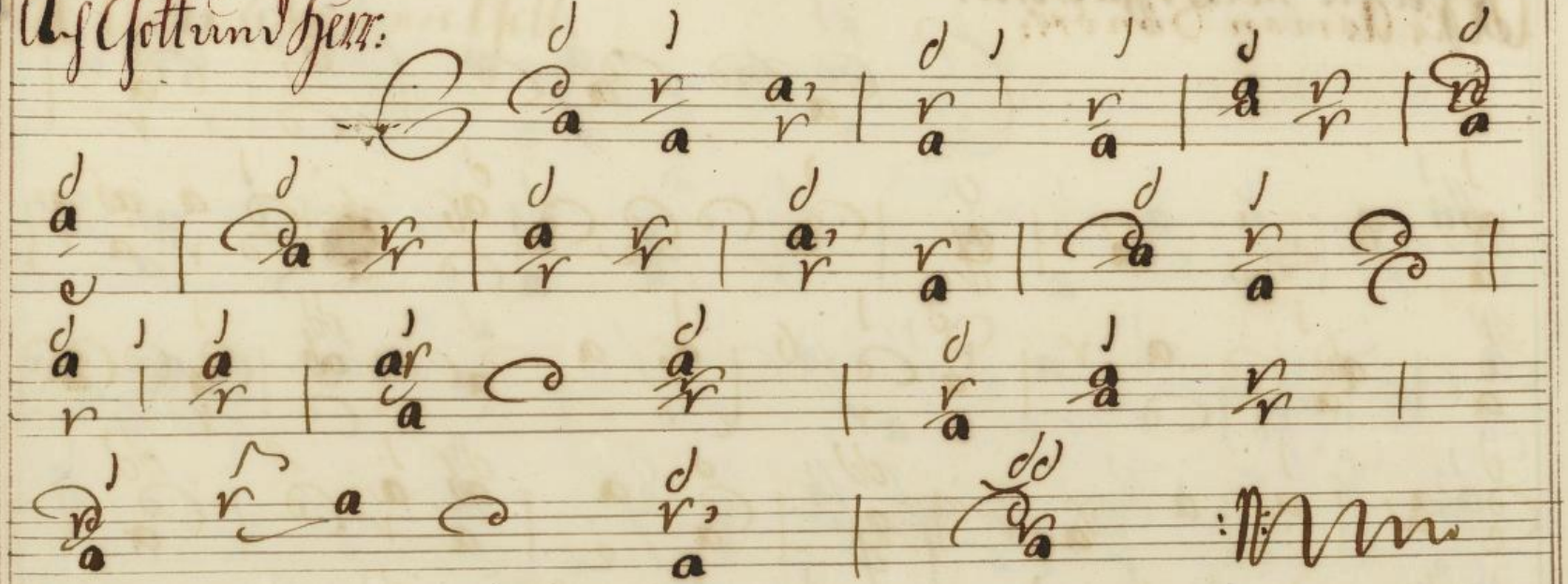
Herr Jesu Christ!



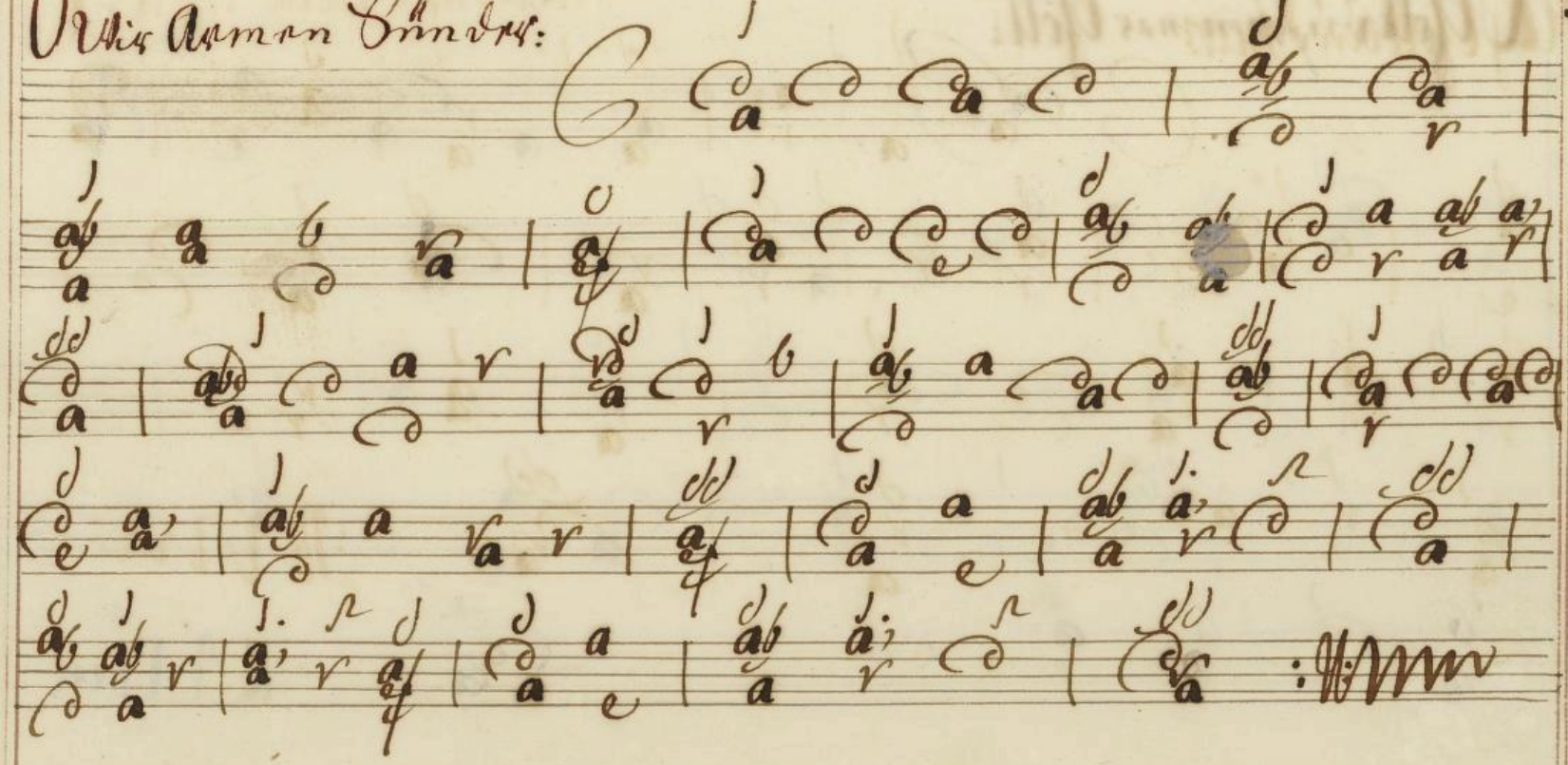
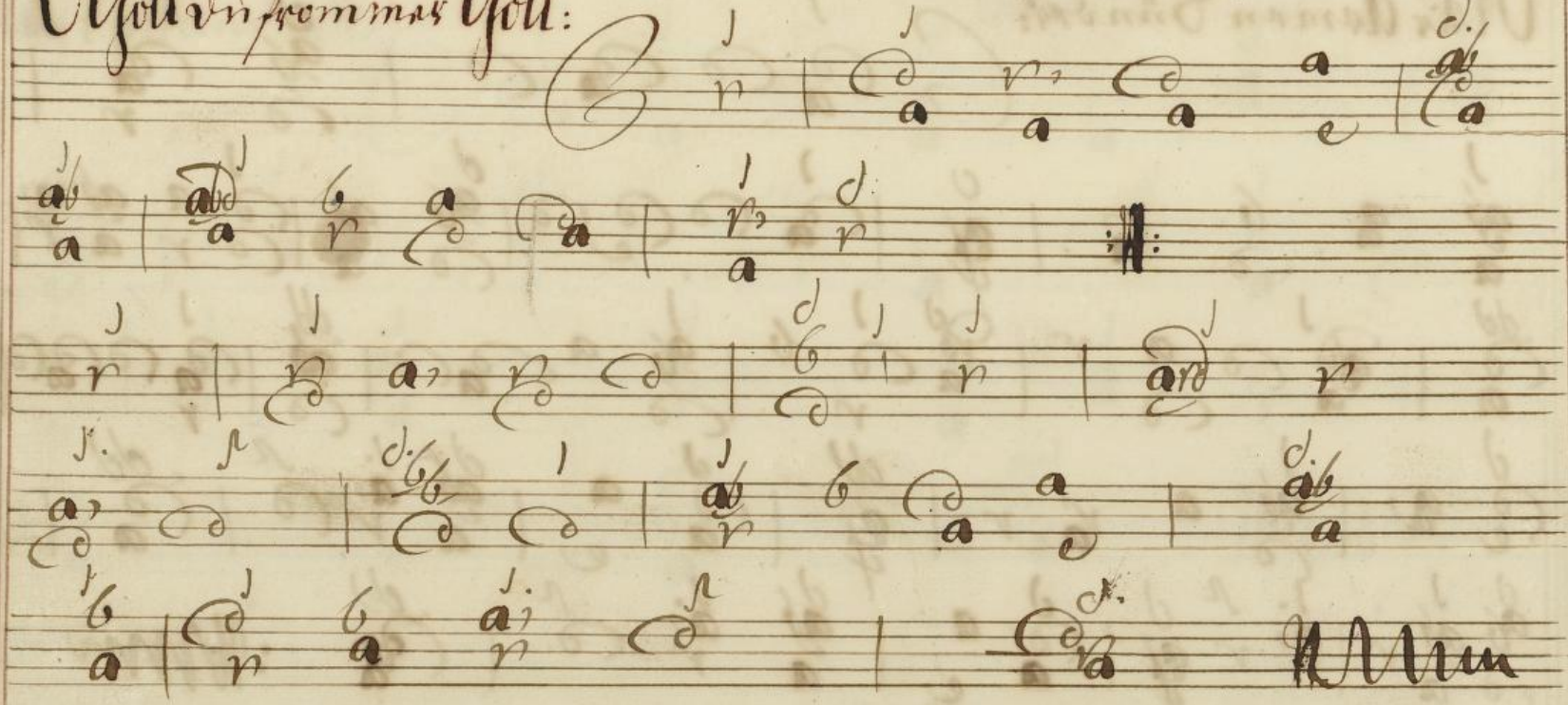
Ich bin müd' zu leben:



325 Ach Gott und Herr:



O Wir Armen Sünder:



327 O Gott du frommer Gott: