

Exploring Grampa's childhood world in Denmark through his journals.

Edited by Karen Board Moran from the translation done by Paul Sorensen in 1984 for easier reading.



Hanna Jorgensen Larsen

(1859-1899)

#24

Delavan, WI 3 November 1908

I love the old rolling fields, the loving home and what childhood offered me. I learned to be satisfied with a little. My loving mother made it comfortable and looked after me so no harm was done. I was her happiness and her comfort. I picked every summer the green fruit and planted our place at home. During the day she slaved [as a maid at the Aagard sugar beet plantation house] so in the evening we could enjoy the fruit of her work. We would sit and sing and the song was the Angel Wings. ["sangen sig lafted paas Englenes Vinge" Would this be more correct to say "the song itself was lifted by or safe by angels wing"?] I still remember the song and enjoyment. I loved the poor home; the cradle by the window. I loved the surroundings, but you will not understand and what there out in the big world I moved. Our poor home we long to see again with its sunburned [sunny?] window. We were happy while we were small and since when thought would pain I had comfort in our poor home. I remember my mother's voice and I will never forget.

GOOGLE translation of above

; Vugge ved vinduet. Jeg elskede de omgivelser, men du vil ikke forstå, og hvad der ud i den store verden flyttede jeg. Vores fattige hjem længes vi efter at se igen med sine sunburned [solrige?] Vindue. Vi var glade, mens vi var små, og siden, når man betænker ville smerte jeg havde komforten i vores fattige hjem. Jeg husker min mors stemme, og jeg vil aldrig glemme.

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Transcribed Journal translated by GOOGLE:

Au Dagen hun sled for am Aftenen at bringe mig Frugten of Slidet saa sad vi og sang
og Sangen sig lafted paas Englenes Vinge End husker jeg Sangen saa mangen en
Gang

Au The day she stages for am evening bringing me fruit of slides
so we sat and sang and the song itself lafted ensure angels Wing
End I remember singing many a time

Og siden haas Tankerne vilde mig nage floj Tanken am Trost til
det barnlige Hjem da mindes jg moder din karlige Stemme mit Hjem
or min Moder de gaar ej a Glem

And, since Haas wild ideas rankle me floj idea Trost am the
childish mind jg home because your mother karlige vote my home
or my mother the passing not Forget

Jeg elsker den gamle den vaklen de Renne de klinede Vagge de Vinduer smaa.

I love the old wavering on the Renne de klinede Vagge the small
windows.

Jeg elsker den gamle den vaklende Ranne men det kan I andre vel nappe forstaa.

I love the old the faltering ränne but it may in other well
nappe understand.

Gamle=old

Smaa=small

Og=and

Elskede=loved