

# THE COBLER OF HAMBURG.

## PART FIRST.

**G**OES the Day down? What red rich fires  
Burn on the City's lofty spires,  
Linger on peak and mountain crest,  
And kindling gleam on Elbe's breast.  
Glad stream! with banks by beauty crowned,  
Enchanting pictures far renowned.  
Proud stream! —the laden wave has flowed,  
Midst good and ill by man's abode,  
And ease and affluence bestowed.

Yes, Day's departing splendor fires  
Hamburg's proud pinacles and spires.  
And o'er the hum of crowded streets,  
Shadow with stealing shadow meets.  
And noise of trafic and of trades,  
With lessening din the scene pervades.  
While like a prince with gems bedight,  
Soft eve leads on the restful night.

Midst frowning roofs and towering walls.  
The sky in sprinkled patches falls.  
Attempered in the holy hight,  
By waiting seraphs of delight.