

Thus, while the mute Creation downward bend
 Their Sight, and to their Earthly Mother tend,
 Man looks aloft, and with erected Eyes
 Beholds his own hereditary Skies.
 From such rude Principles our Form began ;
 And Earth was Metamorphos'd into Man.

The GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age was first ; when Man, yet New,
 No Rule but uncorrupted Reason knew ;
 And, with a Native bent, did Good pursue.
 Unforc'd by Punishment, un-aw'd by Fear,
 His Words were simple, and his Soul sincere :
 Needle's was written Law, where none oppress ;
 The Law of Man was written in his Breast :
 No suppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd ;
 No Court erected yet, nor Cause was heard ;
 But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.
 The Mountair-Trees in distant prospect please,
 Ere yet the Pine descended to the Seas ;
 Ere Sails were spread, new Oceans to explore ;
 And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,
 Confin'd their Wishes to their Native Shore.
 No Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Mote, nor Mound ;
 Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry sound :
 Nor Swords were forg'd ; but, void of Care and Crime,
 The soft Creation slept away their time.
 The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the Plough,
 And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow :
 Content with Food, which Nature freely bred,
 On Wildings and on Strawberries they fed ;
 Cornels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,
 And falling Acorns furnish'd out a Feast.