

The Flow'rs unfown in Fields and Meadows reign'd;
And Western Winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
In following Years the bearded Corn enſu'd
From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd.
From Veins of Vallies Milk and Nectar broke;
And Honey ſweating through the pores of Oaks.

The SILVER AGE.

But when good *Saturn*, baniſh'd from above,
Was driv'n to Hell, the World was under *Jove*.
Succeeding times a Silver Age behold,
Excelling Braſs, but more excell'd by Gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear;
And Spring was but a Season of the Year.
The Sun his Annual Courſe obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then Air with ſultry heats began to glow;
The wings of Winds were clog'd with Ice and Snow;
And ſhivering Mortals, into Houſes driv'n,
Sought ſhelter from th' inclemency of Heav'n.
Thoſe Houſes, then, were Caves, or homely Sheds,
With twining Oziers fenc'd; and Moſs their Beds.
Then Ploughs, for Seed, the fruitful Furrows broke,
And Oxen labour'd firſt beneath the Yoke.

The BRAZEN AGE.

To this came next in courſe the Brazen Age:
A Warlike Offspring, prompt to Bloody Rage,
Not Impious yet —————

The