

Does He, who made the Eye, not see?  
Not hear, who form'd the Ear?  
Is God, in whom we live and move  
And are; not always near?  
Not through an Eye-Ball form'd of clay,  
Is spied the Spirit pass:  
Not, till th' imprison'd Soul has left  
Her Transient Obscure.  
A Veil of flesh all from her view  
Now hides the mental Scene;  
Till Death, at his appointed town  
Removes th' obstructing Screen.  
Then He, who but the Surface here  
Describes of grosser Things,  
Shall view the Cause and End of all,  
That now such wonder brings.  
Still is her darksome Prison-House  
Illum'd with Reason's Ray:  
And Revelation's brighter Blaze  
Turns all her Night to Day: