

Fearful and wondrous is the skill which moulds  
Our body's vital plan,  
And from the first dim hidden germ unfolds  
The perfect limbs of man.  
Who, who can pierce the secret? tell us how  
Something is drawn from naught,  
Life from the inert mass? Who, Lord! but thou,  
Whose hand the whole has wrought?  
Of this corporeal substance, still to be,  
Thine eye a survey took;  
And all my members, yet unformed by thee,  
Were written in thy book.

PSALM cxxxix. 13-16.