

**“The Measure of a Man”**  
**By Joseph Carey Merrick (1862 – 1890)**

**'Tis true my form is something odd,  
But blaming me is blaming God.  
Could I create myself anew,  
I would not fail in pleasing you.  
If I could reach from pole to pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with a span,  
I would be measured by the soul,  
The mind, [and] the standard of the man.**

**This poem, adapted from "False Greatness" by  
Isaac Watts (1674 – 1778), was used by Joseph  
Merrick to end his letters.**



