There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile;
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

See saw, Margery Daw,
Johnny shall have a new master;
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

See, saw, sacradown,
Which is the way to London town?

One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to London town.

The man in the moon,
Came down too soon,
And ask'd his way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth,
With eating cold pease-porridge.