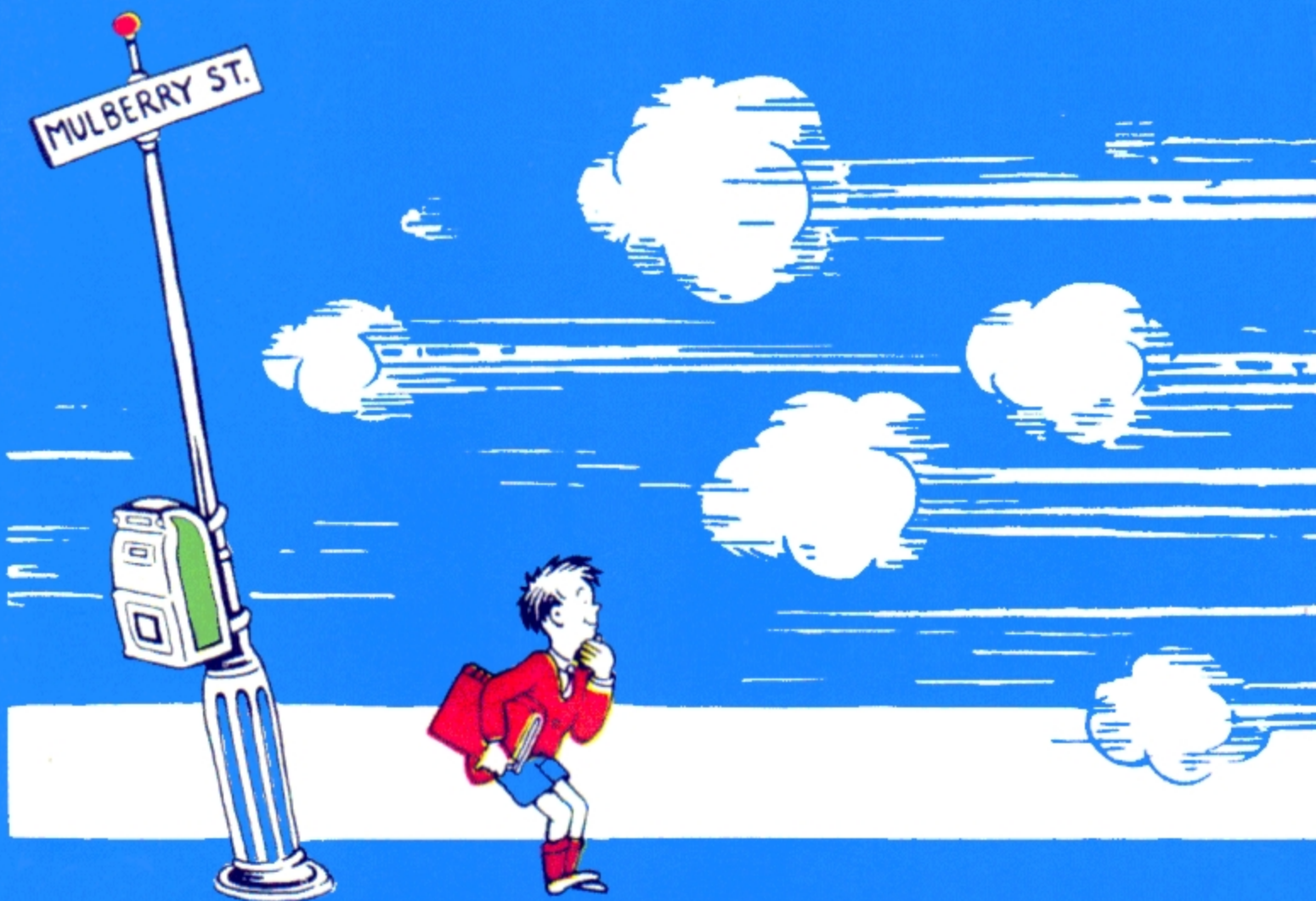


AND TO THINK
THAT I SAW IT ON
MULBERRY STREET



By Dr. Seuss



How a plain horse and wagon on Mulberry Street
Grows into a story that no one can beat. . . .

AND TO THINK
THAT I SAW IT ON
MULBERRY STREET

By DR. SEUSS



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WHEN I leave home to walk to school,
Dad always says to me,
“Marco, keep your eyelids up
And see what you can see.”

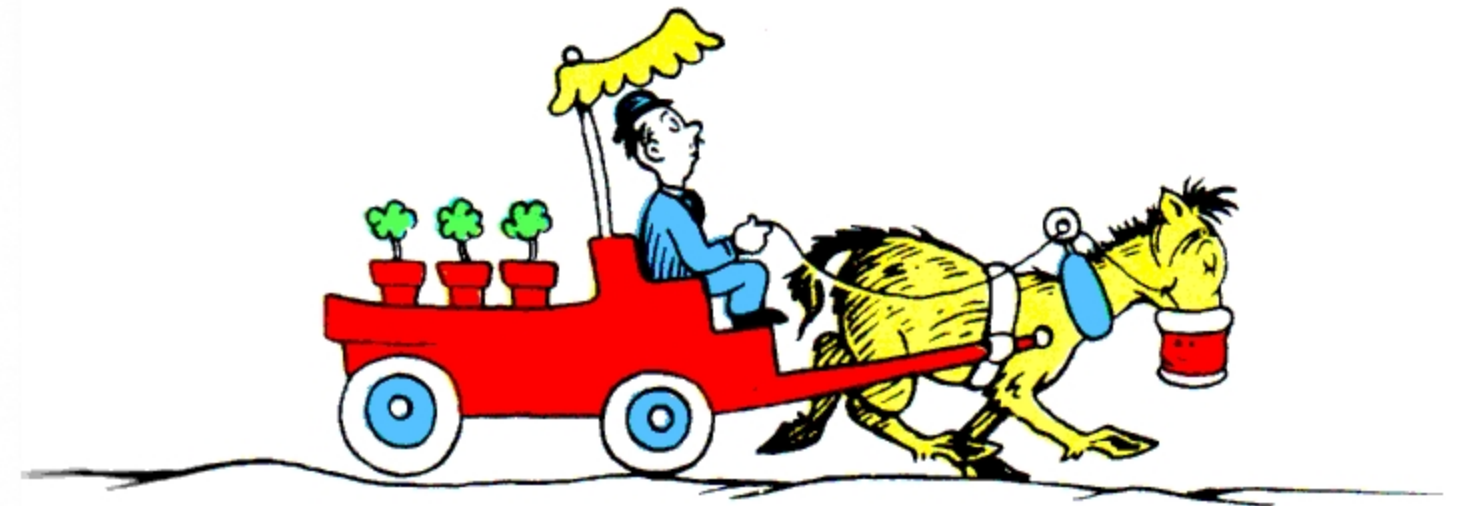
But when I tell him where I've been
And what I think I've seen,
He looks at me and sternly says,
“Your eyesight's much too keen.

“Stop telling such outlandish tales.
Stop turning minnows into whales.”

Now, what can I say
When I get home today?



All the long way to school
And all the way back,
I've looked and I've looked
And I've kept careful track,
But all that I've noticed,
Except my own feet,
Was a horse and a wagon
On Mulberry Street.

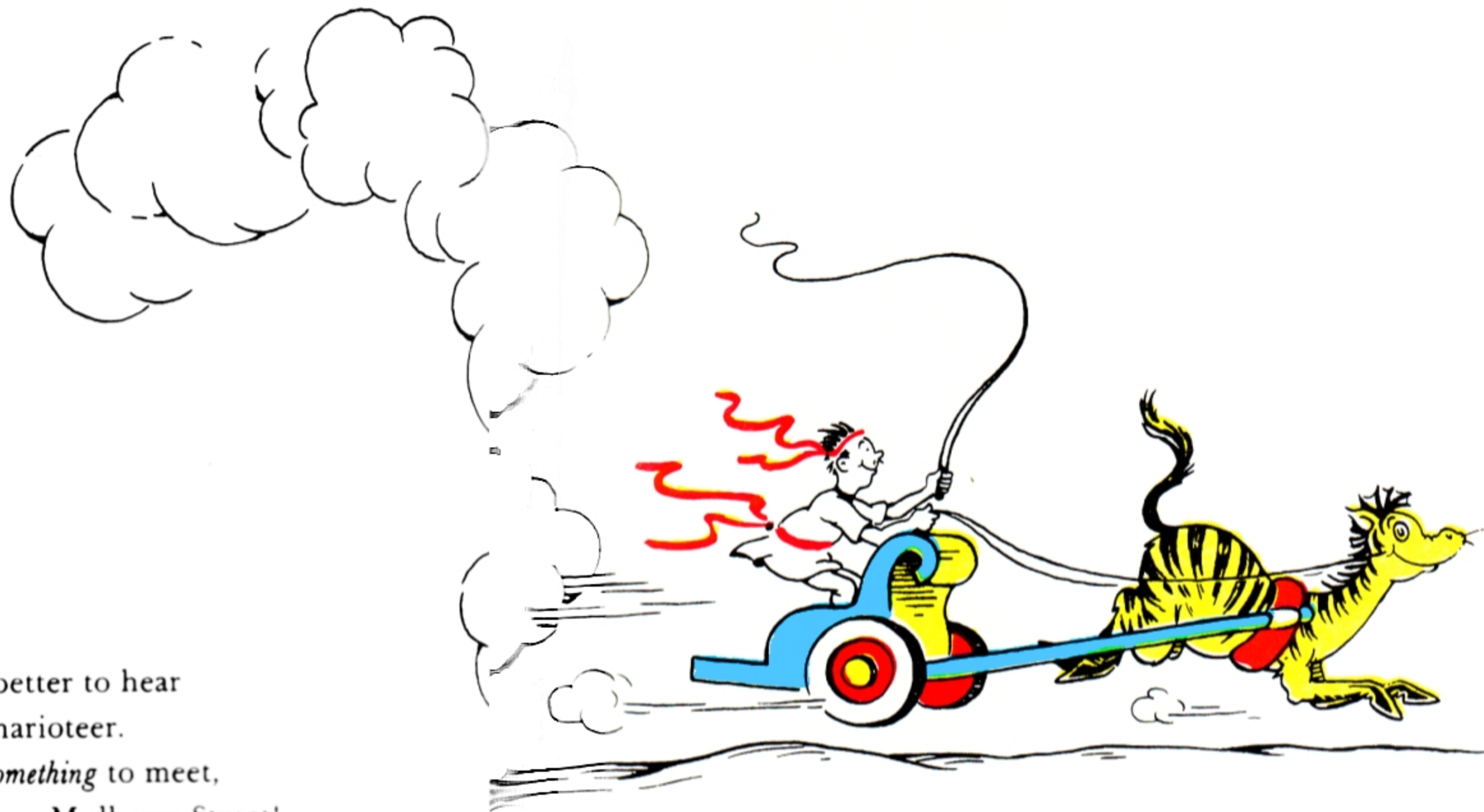


That's nothing to tell of,
That won't do, of course . . .
Just a broken-down wagon
That's drawn by a horse.

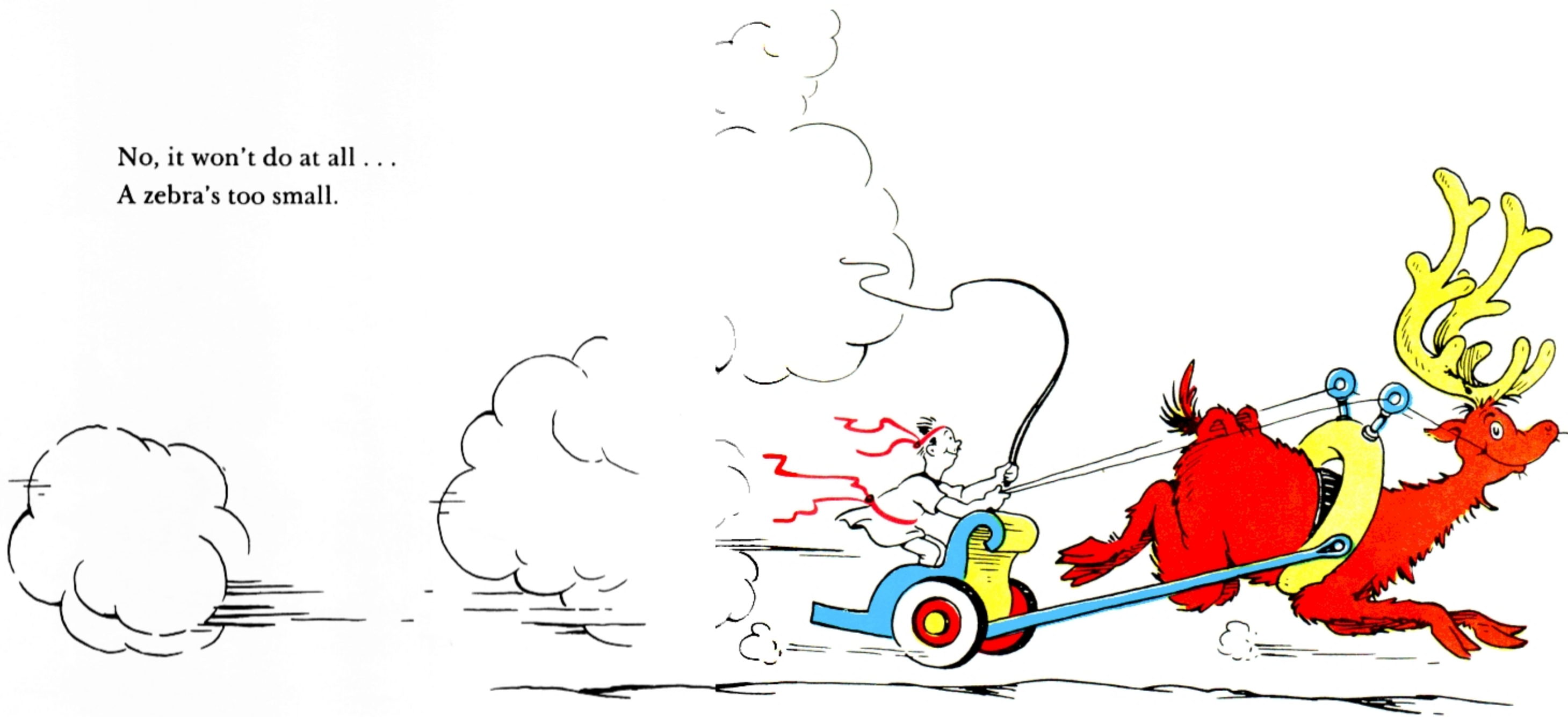
That *can't* be my story. That's only a *start*.
I'll say that a ZEBRA was pulling that cart!
And that is a story that no one can beat,
When I say that I saw it on Mulberry Street.



Yes, the zebra is fine,
But I think it's a shame,
Such a marvelous beast
With a cart that's so tame.
The story would really be better to hear
If the driver I saw were a charioteer.
A gold and blue chariot's *something* to meet,
Rumbling like thunder down Mulberry Street!



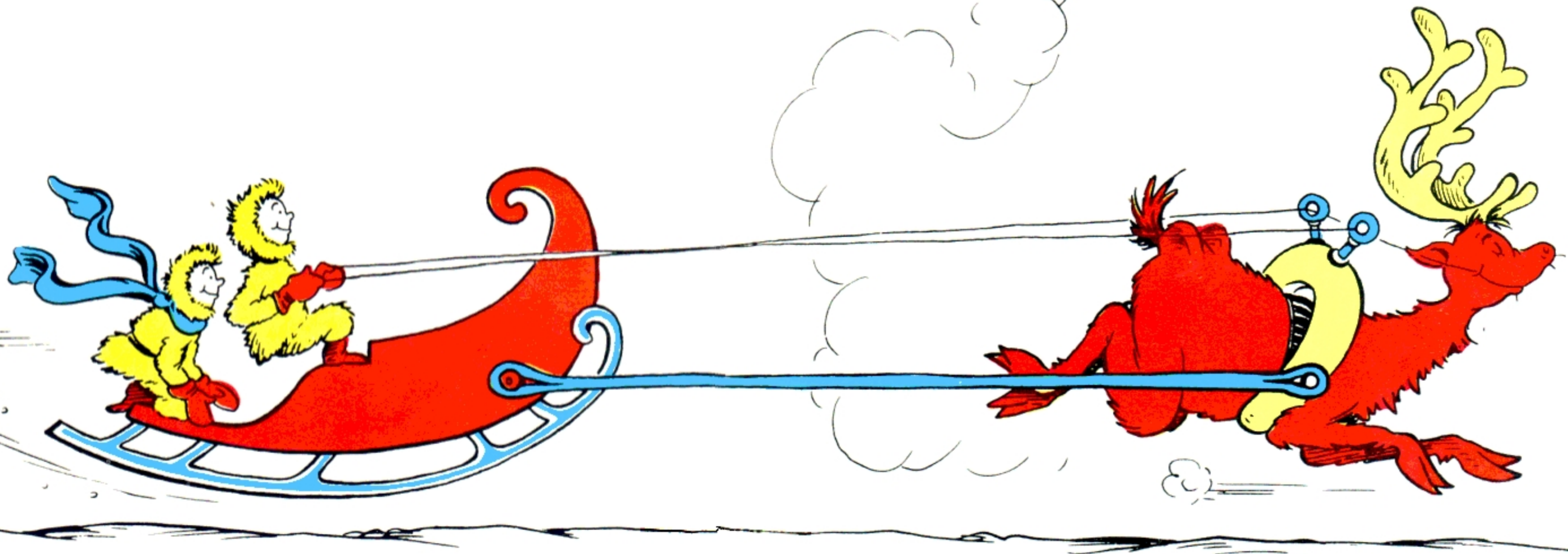
No, it won't do at all . . .
A zebra's too small.



A reindeer is better;
He's fast and he's fleet,

And he'd look mighty smart
On old Mulberry Street.

Hold on a minute!
There's something wrong!



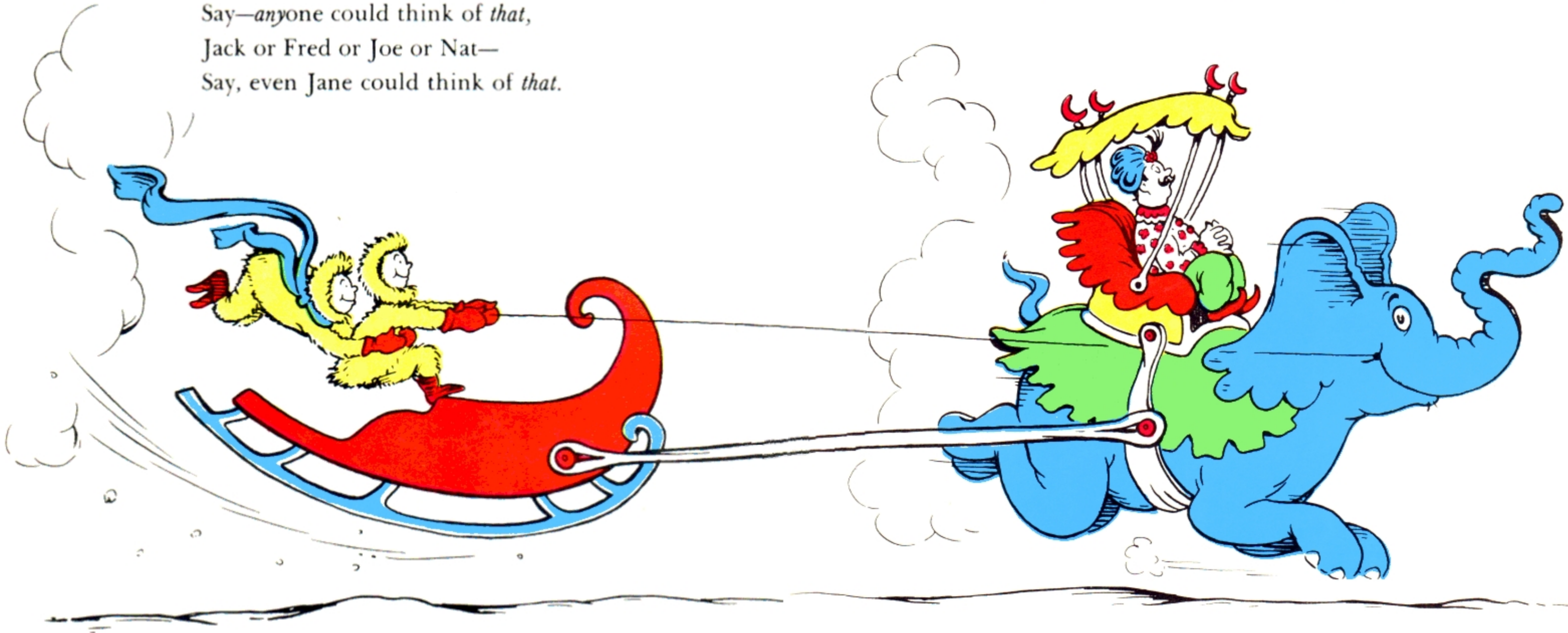
A reindeer hates the way it feels
To pull a thing that runs on wheels.

He'd be much happier, instead,
If he could pull a fancy sled.

Hmmmm . . . A reindeer and sleigh . . .

Say—*anyone* could think of *that*,
Jack or Fred or Joe or Nat—
Say, even Jane could think of *that*.

I'll pick one with plenty of power and size,
A blue one with plenty of fun in his eyes.
And then, just to give him a little more tone,
Have a Rajah, with rubies, perched high on a throne.



But it isn't too late to make one little change.
A sleigh and an ELEPHANT! *There's* something strange!

Say! That makes a story that *no one* can beat,
When I say that I saw it on Mulberry Street.