

# And To Think I saw it on Mulberry Street

by Dr. Seuss

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 there 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.  
Hmmm.. A reindeer and a sleigh..  
Say-anyone could think of that,  
Jack or Fred or Joe or Nat--  
Say, even Jane could think of that.  
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.  
But now I don't know... It still doesn't seem right.  
An elephant pulling a thing that's so light  
Would whip it around in the air like a kite.  
But he'd look simply grand  
With a great big brass band!  
A band that's so good should have someone to hear it,  
But it's going so fast that it's hard to keep near it.  
I'll put on a trailer! I know they won't mind  
If a man sits and listens while hitched on behind.  
But now is it fair? Is it fair what I've done?

I'll bet those wagons weigh more than a ton.  
That's really too heavy a load for one beast;  
I'll give him some helpers. He needs two, at least.  
But now what worries me is this..  
Mulberry Street runs into Bliss.  
Unless there's something I can fix up,  
There'll be an awful traffic mix-up!  
It takes Police to do the trick,  
To guide them through where traffic's thick –  
It takes Police to do the trick.  
They'll never crash now, They'll race at top speed.  
With Sergeant Mulvaney, himself, in the lead.  
The Mayor is there, And he thinks it is grand,  
And he raises his hat as they dash by the stand.  
The Mayor is there and the Aldermen too,  
All waving big banners of red, white and blue.  
And that is a story that NO ONE can beat  
When I say that I saw it on Mulberry Street!  
With a roar of its motor an airplane appears  
And dumps out confetti while everyone cheers  
And that makes a story that's really not bad!  
But it still could be better. Suppose that I add...  
A Chinaman who eats with sticks...  
A big Magician doing tricks..  
A ten-foot beard that needs a comb...  
No time for more, I'm almost home.  
I swung 'round the corner and dashed through the gate, I  
ran up the steps and I felt simply GREAT!  
For I had a story that NO ONE could beat!  
And to think that I saw it on Mulberry Street!  
But Dad said quite calmly,  
“just draw up your stool”  
and tell me the sights on

the way home from school” There was so much to tell, I  
JUST COULDN'T BEGIN! Dad looked at me sharply  
and pulled at his chin.

He frowned at me sternly from there in his seat, “was  
there nothing to look at..No people to greet?

Did nothing excite you or make your heart beat?”

“Nothing,” I said, growing red as a beet,

“But a plain horse and wagon on Mulberry Street.”

