水果歌

水果醒了，水果唱歌，排着队站在太阳底下，一个挨一个。苹果敲它的小红鼓，咚咚咚；香蕉吹它的小黄号，哇哇哇；葡萄摇一串紫铃铛，叮铃铃叮铃铃。水果家族的早晨多么热闹！来吧来吧，跟我排好队，挺起小胸脯，放开嗓子唱起来！

苹果苹果圆圆的，红红脸蛋像小灯笼。咬一口，咔嚓咔嚓脆，甜甜的汁水一路流到心里头。把苹果放进书包里，上学的路都变甜了；把苹果放在书桌上，作业本都闻着香了。苹果苹果圆圆的，我大声把你唱一唱。

香蕉香蕉弯弯的，像一只小黄船漂在河上。剥开皮，咬一口，软软甜甜，像一朵云落进嘴巴里。小猴子最爱你，我也一样爱你。小黄船，小黄船，摇进我的小碗边。香蕉香蕉弯弯的，是月亮笑起来画出的弧线。

葡萄葡萄圆圆的，一串紫珍珠挂在藤架上。一个一个摘下来，啪嗒啪嗒响，像无数小眼睛朝我眨。酸是它的笑，甜是它的歌，一把塞进嘴里，整个夏天都叮当响。春天的藤架写了一封信，夏天信就变成了星星。葡萄葡萄圆圆的，我大声把你唱一唱。

红的黄的紫的，水果把太阳的颜色带回家。红色是苹果的脸蛋，黄色是香蕉的衣裳，紫色是葡萄的梦，混在一起，就是一道甜甜的彩虹。

水果醒了，水果唱歌，排着队站在太阳底下，一个挨一个。苹果、香蕉、葡萄，你们都是我的好朋友。吃下去，唱出来，我又长高了一岁，还要唱这首水果歌，拍着小手唱。

朗诵的时候挺起胸，声音送到最后一排。苹果一段拍拍手，香蕉一段摇一摇，葡萄一段踮起脚，全班一起叮铃铃。台上不害怕，台下爱听你，这就是朗诵水果歌最神气的地方。

唱首歌，拍拍手，水果让我们长得壮。多吃水果多唱歌，天天都是好天气。水果歌，水果歌，从春天唱到冬天，明年还要接着唱。

The Fruit Song

Fruits wake up, fruits sing, standing in a line under the sun, one by one. The apples beat their little red drums, dong dong dong; the bananas blow their little yellow horns, wa wa wa; the grapes ring a cluster of purple bells, ling ling ling. How lively the morning of the fruit family is! Come, come, come, stand in line with me, lift your voice, and start the song!

Apples, apples, round and round, your blushing faces are like little lanterns. Bite down, crunch crunch crunch, the sweet juice runs all the way to my heart. Put an apple in my schoolbag, and the road to school turns sweet; put an apple on the desk, and even the homework book smells fragrant. Apples, apples, round and round, I sing a song for you out loud.

Bananas, bananas, long and curved, you are like little yellow boats floating on a river. Peel off the skin, take a bite, soft and sweet, like a cloud falling into my mouth. The monkeys love you most, and I love you just as much. Little yellow boat, little yellow boat, row into my little bowl. Bananas, bananas, long and curved, a smile drawn by the moon.

Grapes, grapes, round and round, you are a cluster of purple pearls hanging on the trellis. One by one, pop pop pop, like countless little eyes blinking at me. Sour is your laughter, sweet is your song, and a whole handful into the mouth makes the whole summer ring. In spring the vines on the trellis wrote a letter, and in summer the letter turned into stars. Grapes, grapes, round and round, I sing a song for you out loud.

Red, yellow, purple, the fruits carry the colors of the sun home. Red is the face of the apple, yellow is the coat of the banana, purple is the dream of the grape, and all mixed together they become one rainbow of sweetness.

Fruits wake up, fruits sing, standing in a line under the sun, one by one. Apples, bananas, and grapes, all of you are my good friends. Eat them up, sing them out, and I have grown one year taller, so I will still sing this Fruit Song, clapping my hands.

When you recite, lift your chest and send your voice to the last row. Clap your hands for the apple stanza, rock gently for the banana stanza, and rise on your toes for the grape stanza, and the whole class rings ling ling ling together. No fear on the stage, and the audience loves to hear you — this is the proudest part of reciting the Fruit Song.

Sing the song, clap your hands, the fruits make us grow strong. Eat more fruits, sing more songs, and every day is a good day. Fruit Song, Fruit Song, sung from spring to winter, and next year we will sing it again.

水果篮里的夜歌

夜深了，屋子里静悄悄的，月亮从窗台爬进来，往水果篮里洒了一把银粉。水果篮里响起窸窸窣窣的声音——苹果、香蕉、葡萄，它们醒来了，凑在一起开夜里的歌会。谁先唱？苹果拍拍圆圆的肚子说，我敲鼓，我起头。

苹果咚咚咚，敲它的小红鼓：我是红红的小灯笼，站在篮子的最上层。白天小男孩看了我三回，口水都要流下来了。我脆，我甜，我咔嚓一声响，唱完这一句，该香蕉上场。

香蕉弯弯笑，晃它的小黄船：我是弯弯的小黄船，躺在篮子的中间层。我的船里装着软软甜

甜的糖，谁坐上来就飘到梦乡。白天小男孩也看了我三回，还把我举起来当电话。唱完这一句，该葡萄摇铃。

葡萄叮铃铃，摇一串紫星星：我们是圆圆的小铃铛，挤在篮子的最下层。我们人最多，声音最细，酸酸甜甜凑成一片小音乐。白天小男孩抓了我们一把又一把，口袋里的糖纸都忘了吃。唱完这一句，大家伙儿都安静下来。

月亮问它们：明天早上，谁先被小男孩挑走？苹果说我先，我最脆；香蕉说我先，我最软；葡萄说我们最该先，我们最甜。吵着吵着，天快亮了，它们赶紧挤回原位，闭上眼睛装睡。

早晨，小男孩跑过来，手伸进水果篮，抓起了葡萄，又放下了，最后把苹果、香蕉、葡萄各拿了一个，排成一排摆在桌上，对着它们唱起了歌。水果篮里的三个好朋友偷偷笑了——原来夜里那首歌，小男孩全都听见了。

月亮收起银粉走了，太阳掀开窗帘进来。水果篮安安静静的，像什么都没发生过。可是你听，只要你把耳朵贴近一点，苹果还在咚咚咚，香蕉还在轻轻摇，葡萄还在叮铃铃——它们的歌，白天也没有停。

The Night Song in the Fruit Basket

Night has fallen, the room is quiet, the moon climbs in through the windowsill and sprinkles a handful of silver dust into the fruit basket. A rustling sound rises in the basket — the apple, the bananas, and the grapes have woken up and gathered for their midnight song club. Who sings first? The apple pats its round belly and says, I will beat the drum, I will start.

The apple beats dong dong dong on its little red drum: I am the little red lantern, standing on the top shelf of the basket. During the day the little boy looked at me three times, with his mouth watering. I am crisp, I am sweet, I go crunch in one sound, and after this line it is the turn of the bananas.

The bananas smile their curved smiles and rock their little yellow boats: We are the curved little yellow boats, lying in the middle of the basket. Our boats carry soft sweet candy inside, and whoever rides in one floats off to dreamland. During the day the little boy looked at us three times too, and even held us up like a telephone. After this line, the grapes ring their bells.

The grapes ring ling ling ling, shaking a cluster of purple stars: We are the round little bells, squeezed together on the bottom shelf. We are the most in number, our voices the finest, sour and sweet mixed into a piece of little music. During the day the little boy grabbed handful after handful of us, forgetting even the candy wrappers in his pocket. After this line, everyone falls quiet.

The moon asks them: tomorrow morning, who will the little boy choose first? The apple says I should, I am the crispest; the bananas say we should, we are the softest; the grapes say we should most of all, we are the sweetest. While they argue, dawn is coming, so they hurry back to their places, close their eyes, and pretend to be asleep.

In the morning the little boy runs over, puts his hand into the fruit basket, picks up the grapes, then puts them down, and in the end takes one apple, one banana, and one grape, lines them up on the table, and sings a song to them. The three good friends in the basket secretly laugh — it turns out the little boy heard every note of that night song.

The moon packs up its silver dust and leaves, and the sun lifts the curtain and comes in. The fruit basket is quiet, as if nothing happened. But listen — as long as you put your ear close, the apple is still dong dong dong, the bananas are still rocking gently, and the grapes are still ling ling ling — their song has not stopped even in the daytime.

我朗诵水果歌的那一天

班会课变成了朗诵会，老师说要朗诵一首自己写的诗。我举手了，因为我写了一首水果歌，昨晚在厨房里对着果盘练了八遍。可是轮到我走上讲台的时候，我的心跳得像有人在里面敲小鼓，咚咚咚，比苹果的红鼓还响。

我挺起小胸脯，第一句是：水果醒了，水果唱歌，排着队站在太阳底下。声音有点抖，可是全班安安静静地听，我就放心了一点。我接着唱苹果这一段：苹果苹果圆圆的，红红脸蛋像小灯笼，咬一口，咔嚓咔嚓脆。念到咔嚓咔嚓的时候，前排的小美真的伸手做了一个咬的动作，全班都笑了，我也不抖了。

第二段是香蕉：香蕉香蕉弯弯的，像一只小黄船漂在河上。我把手弯起来，比了一条小船给同学们看。念到软软甜甜，像一朵云落进嘴巴里，我自己都咽了一下口水。放学回家我老惦记那瓣云，晚上妈妈真给我剥了一根香蕉，我吃了两截，甜得像诗里写的那样。

第三段是葡萄：葡萄葡萄圆圆的，一串紫珍珠挂在藤架上。这一段我念得最响，因为葡萄是我们家阳台上那盆藤结的，夏天我亲手摘过。念到一把塞进嘴里，整个夏天都叮当响，我好像又听见了葡萄从藤上掉进小碗里的声音，啪嗒，啪嗒。

最后一句是：吃下去，唱出来，我又长高了一岁。我念完，教室里安静了一秒钟，然后掌声哗地响起来。老师说，这就是一首好诗，因为它闻起来有水果的味道。小美跑过来问我，咔嚓咔嚓那句能不能教她，她也要写一首。

晚上我把水果歌又念给妈妈听，念完妈妈问，明天还念吗？我说念。我把苹果、香蕉、葡萄

摆在桌上，对着它们念，像对着三个老朋友。它们不会说话，可是我知道它们喜欢听，因为念到叮铃铃的时候，葡萄在盘子里轻轻滚了一下。

后来那首水果歌在班里传开了，好几个同学都有自己的水果诗，有人写西瓜，有人写橘子。朗诵会结束的时候，老师把我们的诗订成一本小册子，封面画着一只果篮。我的水果歌排在第一页，苹果的红鼓、香蕉的黄船、葡萄的紫铃铛，每天都从那一页里叮叮咚咚地响出来。

The Day I Recited the Fruit Song

Our class meeting turned into a recitation party, and the teacher said everyone should recite a poem they wrote themselves. I raised my hand, because I had written a Fruit Song, and last night I had practiced it eight times in the kitchen facing the fruit plate. But when my turn came and I walked up to the platform, my heart beat as if someone inside were drumming a little drum, dong dong dong, louder than the red drum of the apple.

I lifted my chest and began with the first line: Fruits wake up, fruits sing, standing in a line under the sun. My voice shook a little, but the whole class listened quietly, so I felt easier. I went on with the apple part: Apples, apples, round and round, your blushing faces are like little lanterns; bite down, crunch crunch crunch. When I said crunch crunch crunch, Xiao Mei in the front row really made a biting motion with her hand, and the whole class laughed, and I stopped shaking.

The second stanza was about bananas: Bananas, bananas, long and curved, like little yellow boats floating on a river. I bent my hand and showed the classmates a little boat. When I reached soft and sweet, like a cloud falling into my mouth, I swallowed saliva myself. After school I kept thinking about that slice of cloud, and in the evening my mother really peeled a banana for me. I ate two pieces, as sweet as the poem said.

The third stanza was about grapes: Grapes, grapes, round and round, a cluster of purple pearls hanging on the trellis. I recited this part the loudest, because the grapes were grown on the vine on our balcony, and I picked them with my own hands in summer. When I reached a whole handful into the mouth, and the whole summer rings, I seemed to hear again the sound of grapes falling from the vine into the little bowl, pat, pat.

The last line was: Eat them up, sing them out, and I have grown one year taller. After I finished, the classroom was silent for one second, and then the applause burst out like rain. The teacher said this is a good poem, because it smells like fruit. Xiao Mei ran over and asked me to teach her the crunch crunch crunch line,

because she wanted to write a poem too.

In the evening I recited the Fruit Song to my mother again, and when I finished she asked, will you recite it tomorrow? I said yes. I placed the apple, the banana, and the grapes on the table and recited to them, as if to three old friends. They cannot talk, but I know they like listening, because when I reached ling ling ling, a grape rolled gently in the plate.

Later the Fruit Song spread through the class, and several classmates wrote their own fruit poems, one about watermelon, one about tangerines. When the recitation party ended, the teacher bound our poems into a little booklet, with a fruit basket drawn on the cover. My Fruit Song is on the first page, and the red drum of the apple, the yellow boat of the banana, and the purple bells of the grapes still ring dong dong ling ling out of that page every day.