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.