

Lesson 1 THE SNAIL ON THE WALL

第一课 墙上的蜗牛

“WHAT ails you, lad?” said Dame Bell to a little boy, who sat near a wall at the back of her house. He had a book in his hand, and tears were in his eyes.

“We have all got a poem called *Little Jim* to learn,” said the boy, whose name was Tom Blair; “and the one who says it best is to get a prize from the master. But I don’t think I can learn it.”

“Why not?” said the dame.

“The boys say that I can’t, and that I need not try,” said Tom in a sad tone.

“Don’t mind what the boys say. Let them see that you can learn it,” said his friend.

“But I don’t think I can,” said Tom; “it is so long, and some of the words are so hard. I know I need not try for the prize. But I should like to learn the poem as well as I can; for the boys laugh at me, and call me ‘Slow Tom.’”

“Well, dear,” said the dame, in a kind voice, “if you are slow, and can’t help it, try to be ‘slow and sure,’ as they say. Look at that snail on the wall; how slow it is! And yet, if you watch it, you will see it will get to the top in time. So just try to learn a few lines each day, and you may gain the prize in the end. And when you are like to lose heart, think of the snail on the wall.”

When Dame Bell had said this, she went on her way. And Tom thought that (though he could not keep up with the boys) he might run a race with the snail. So he resolved to try to learn his task, by the time the snail got to the top of the wall.

At last, the day came on which the master was to give the prize, and he called up the boys to repeat the poem.

When five or six had recited,



it came to Tom's turn. There was a laugh when he got up; for most of the boys thought he would fail. But he did not miss a word; and his heart was full of joy when the master said, "Well done. Tom Blair!"

When the rest of the class had tried, the master said Tom had done best; and he gave him the prize.

"And now tell me," said the master, "how you learned the poem so well."

"Please, sir, it was the snail on the wall that taught me how to do it," said Tom.

There was a loud laugh when Tom said this. But the master said, "You need not laugh, boys; for we may learn much from such things as snails.—How did the snail teach you, Tom?"

"Please, sir, I saw it crawl up the wall bit by bit. It did not stop, nor turn back, but went on, and on. And I thought I would do the same with my task. So I learned it bit by bit, and did not give up. And by the time the snail had got to the top of the wall, I had learned it all."

"Well done, Tom!" said the master.—"Now, boys, let us give a good cheer for Tom Blair and the snail on the wall." And the old house rang with a loud, long cheer. For all were glad that "Slow Tom" had got a prize at last.

Questions

Why did Tom cry? What did the other boys call him? What did Dame Bell tell him to watch? What did Tom then make up his mind to do? Who got the prize? When was there a loud laugh? Why did the boys at last give a loud cheer?

Pronunciation

lit'-tle
eyes

po'-em
friend

mas'-ter
thought

laugh
prize

re-peat'
please

crawl
learned

Write

eyes

prize

crawl

poem
little

friend
master

please
learned

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

“你怎么了，小伙子？”贝尔太太问一个坐在她家房子后墙边上的小男孩。小男孩手里拿着一本书，眼里噙着泪水。

“我们要学习一首叫《小吉姆》的诗”，这个名叫汤姆·布莱尔的小男孩说。“老师说，这首诗谁背得最好，就会有奖品。但是我觉得我肯定背不好。”

“为什么呢？”老太太问道。

“那些男孩们说我就是背不好，还说我连试都不用试了。”汤姆伤心地回答道。

“不要在意那些男孩的话，让他们看看你可以背得很好的。”汤姆的这位大朋友说。

“但是我觉得我不行，”汤姆说，“这首诗太长了，有些词也太难了。我知道我不一定非要去争奖品，但是我应该尽自己最大的努力去学这首诗；因为男孩们笑话我，管我叫‘迟钝的汤姆’。”

“咳，汤姆，”老太太用和蔼的语气说，“如果你学得慢，而且也没有办法变得快些，那就试着像人们说的那样，‘慢且稳’吧。你看看墙上的蜗牛，它爬得多慢啊！但是你观察一下它，就会发现它迟早会爬上墙顶。所以你只需每天试着学习几句诗，你就有可能最终赢得奖品哦。当你灰心丧气的时候，就想想墙上的蜗牛吧。”

贝尔太太说完这些就走了。汤姆想到（即使他比不上其他男孩）他也可以和蜗牛赛赛跑呢。所以他决心到蜗牛爬到墙顶的时候，他能努力学好这一课。

最后，到颁奖的那天，老师把男孩们召集起来背诵这首诗。

五六个男孩背完之后，轮到了汤姆。当汤姆站起来的时候，男孩中爆发出了一阵笑声，因为他们觉得汤姆肯定会失败的。但是汤姆一个字都没漏。当听到老师说“做得好，汤姆·布莱尔！”的时候，汤姆满心欢喜。

班里其他的同学都背完之后，老师说，汤姆是背得最好的，并且把奖品给了他。

“那么现在告诉我吧，”老师说，“你怎么把这首诗背得这么好的呢？”

“老师，是墙上的蜗牛教会我的。”

汤姆说完这句话之后，男孩们一阵大笑。但是老师说：“不要笑，孩子们。因为我们能从蜗牛身上学到很多东西。那么，蜗牛是怎么教会你的呢，汤姆？”

“老师，请听我说。我看到蜗牛在墙上一点儿一点儿地爬行。它没有停下来，也没有往回走，而是不断地前进、前进。我觉得我也要这样对待自己的功课。所以我也一点儿一点儿地学，不放弃。等到蜗牛最终爬到墙顶了，我也学会了。”

“太棒了，汤姆！”老师说，“现在，孩子们，让我们为汤姆·布莱尔和墙上的蜗牛喝彩。”这座老房子里回荡着长久而热烈的欢呼声。“迟钝的汤姆”最终赢得了奖品，大家都为他开心不已。

Lesson 2 LITTLE JIM

第二课 小吉姆

THE cottage was a thatched one,
The outside old and mean;
Yet everything within that cot
Was wondrous neat and clean.

The night was dark and stormy,
The wind was howling wild;
A patient mother knelt beside
The deathbed of her child:

A little worn-out creature—
His once bright eyes grown dim;
He was a collier's only child—
They called him little Jim.

And oh, to see the briny tears
Fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer in thought;
She was afraid to speak,

Lest she might waken one she loved
Far better than her life;
For there was all a mother's love
In that poor collier's wife.

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels
Beside the sufferer's bed;

小屋外罩着茅草，
屋外又旧又简陋，
但是屋里整洁又干净。
夜色沉沉，暴风雨快要来临，

屋外狂风在怒吼；
一位坚忍的母亲跪在床边，
她孩子是在这张床上去世的；
这是一个逝去的小生命——

他曾经明亮的眼睛变得暗淡；
他是一位矿工的独子——
人们叫他小吉姆。
她已害怕开口说话，

只在心里献上祈祷，
当她祈祷之时，
啊，那咸咸的泪水
快速从她脸颊上滑落。

她唯恐惊醒深爱的孩子，
她爱这孩子胜过爱自己的生命；
这个穷矿工的妻子，
拥有一个母亲对孩子所有的爱。

看，她抬起胳膊，
跪在这个可怜的小生命的床边；

And prays that He will spare her boy
And take herself instead!

祈祷上帝不要把她的孩子带走，
她愿意用自己的性命换回孩子！

She gets her answer from the child;
Soft fell these words from him:
“Mother, the angels do so smile,
And beckon little Jim!”

她听到了孩子的回答，
那声音是如此轻柔：
“妈妈，天使真的会微笑，
他们召唤着小吉姆！”

“I have no pain, dear mother, now;
But oh, I am so dry!
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again;
And, mother, don't you cry.”

我现在一点都不痛，亲爱的妈妈，
但是，啊，我好口渴！
再一次滋润可怜的小吉姆的嘴唇吧；
妈妈，不要哭啊。”

With gentle, trembling haste she held
The tea-cup to his lips;
He smiled, to thank her, as he took
Three tiny little sips.

她轻轻地、颤颤巍巍地，
马上把茶杯送到他的嘴边，
他微笑地说声谢谢，
吮吸了三小口水。

“Tell father, when he comes from work,
I said good-night to him;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep”—
Alas! poor little Jim!

“爸爸下班回来的时候告诉他，
说我和他道声晚安；
妈妈，我要睡觉了”——
唉！可怜的小吉姆！

She saw that he was dying—
The child she loved so dear
Had uttered the last words that she
Might ever hope to hear.

她看着孩子的生命被慢慢地夺走——
这个她深深爱着的孩子，
说出了最后的几句话，
最后几句她可能希望听到的话。

The cottage door was opened,
The collier's step was heard;
The mother and the father met,
Yet neither spoke a word!

小屋的门开了，
矿工的脚步声响起了；
孩子的爸爸和妈妈见面了，
但是他们谁都没有说一句话！

He knew that all was over—
He knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand,
And walked towards the bed.

他知道一切都结束了——
他知道他的孩子死去了；
他手里拿着蜡烛，
走向床边。

His quivering lips gave token
Of grief he'd fain conceal;
And see! his wife has joined him—
The stricken couple kneel!

他强掩着悲痛，
但颤抖的嘴唇却将他出卖；
看呐！他的妻子也和他一样——
这对悲痛的夫妇跪在床边！

With hearts bowed down with sadness,
They humbly ask of Him,
In heaven once more to meet again
Their own poor little Jim.

他们痛苦又悲伤，
他们谦卑地向上帝祈求，
在天堂再次见到
他们家可怜的小吉姆！

—Edward Farmer

—爱德华·法默

Questions

Where was the mother kneeling? In what state was the boy? Why did she offer up her prayer in thought? From whom did she get her answer? What were Jim's last words? What did his mother do when he came in? What did both father and mother then do?

Pronunciation

cot'-tage	col'-lier	an'-swer	ut'-tered	coup'-le
ev'-er-y-thing	hur'-ry-ing	trem'-bling	nei'-ther	up-lift'-ed
storm'-y	pray'-er	dy'-ing	hum'-bly	an'-gels

Write

patient
moisten
hurrying

uttered
neither
trembling

couple
stricken
quivering

Lesson 3 THE TEA-FARMER

第三课 茶 农

ONCE upon a time there was no tea at all in our country. In England, in the olden time, people used to drink ale, and a sweet kind of wine called mead. Great tankards of ale stood on the breakfast table. Now we use tea and coffee.

When tea was first brought to England, an old man and woman had some sent to them as a great treat. But when they got it, they did not know how it ought to be used. At length they boiled the leaves, and strewed them on a piece of bacon which they were going to have for dinner. They ate the leaves, and threw the tea away!

In those days, a pound of tea cost so much money that only the rich could buy it. Now it is so cheap that even the poorest can enjoy it.

Tea is the leaf of a plant which grows plentifully in China, Japan, and other Eastern lands. The Chinese drink their tea without either milk or sugar. Whenever a visitor comes into a house, a servant always brings him a cup of tea.

Every cottager in China has his little tea-garden. He sells what he does not use, and can thus buy food and clothing for his family.



When a man has a large piece of ground, and grows a great many tea-plants, he is called a tea farmer. When the tea-leaves are ready to be gathered, the farmer and his family are very busy. They pull off the leaves and throw them into baskets. When the baskets are full, they are carried into the house.

The leaves are dried in iron

pans over a fire. While they are drying, men and women keep turning them about. As soon as they begin to crack, they are taken out and spread upon a table. Then the work-people roll them up in their hands, and press all the juice they can out of them.

After being once more dried in the air, the leaves have to go into the pan again over the fire. There they begin to curl and twist; and at last they look as we see them in this country.

The farmer then picks out the best leaves, and gets them ready for market. He may be seen marching off to the town, with his chest of tea slung over his shoulder, on a pole made of bamboo.

He goes to a tea merchant and offers the chest of tea for sale. The merchant looks at it, and if he thinks it good he buys it. Then the farmer marches home again, with his money slung over his shoulder. His money consists of a number of strings of brass coins, of so little value that a great many of them make but a small sum.

Questions

What was used in England for breakfast before tea and coffee were known? What mistake did an old man and woman make, when tea first came in? What is tea? Where does it come from? What is a man called who grows a great many tea-plants? What is the first thing done with the leaves when they are pulled? What next? and next? How does the grower carry his tea to market? What does he bring back?

Pronunciation

cot'-ta-ger	vis'-it-or	en-joy'	val'-ue	march'-es
shoul'-der	bas'-kets	dry'-ing	East'-ern	mar'-ket
break'-fast	fam'-i-ly	con-sists'	when-ev'-er	read'-y

Write

boiled
length

enjoy
strewed

bamboo
shoulder

tankards

cottager

merchant

☆ ☆

很久以前，我们国家根本没有茶叶这种东西。古代的英格兰人喝的是啤酒以及一种味道甜甜的蜂蜜酒。那时候，大大的啤酒杯会放在早餐桌上。但是现在，我们早餐桌上的饮料换成了茶和咖啡。

茶刚刚被带到英国的时候，有人把它送给一对老年夫妇作为珍贵的礼物。但是这对夫妇拿到这些茶的时候，却不知道怎么用。最后，他们把茶的叶子煮了，然后把叶子洒在一片他们晚餐吃的培根上。他们把茶的叶子吃了，然后把茶水给倒了！

那个时候，一磅茶非常的贵，只有富人买得起。但是现在茶却非常便宜，即使是最贫穷的人也可以享用。

茶是一种植物的叶子，这种植物在中国、日本和其他东方国家有很多。中国人喝茶不加牛奶或糖。每当有客人来的时候，佣人都会为他端上一杯茶。

在中国，每个农民都会拥有自己的一个小茶园。他把自己不需要的茶叶卖掉，然后为家人购买食物和衣服。

当人们有一大块地，可以种植许多茶树的时候，他们就被称为茶农了。茶叶到了可以采摘的时节，茶农和他的家人就会忙碌起来。他们把茶树的叶子摘下来，扔进筐里。当筐满的时候，他们就把叶子搬进屋里。

叶子在铁锅里被火烘干。在烘干的过程中，人们不停地翻转茶叶。茶叶一发出噼啪声，人们就立即把它取出，平摊在桌上。然后再用手揉捻茶叶，尽力把其中的汁液挤出。

在空气中又经过一番干燥之后，叶子需要再次放入锅中用火烘干。这时茶叶开始卷曲、变弯，最后变成在我们国家看到的茶叶的样子。

之后，茶农把最好的茶叶分拣出来，准备到市场上卖掉。茶农会挑着一根扁担，扁担上挂着装茶的箱子，向镇子出发。

他到茶叶商人那里，把那箱茶叶卖掉。商人打量着这些茶，像在思考买这些茶应该比较合算。然后，茶农又踏上了回家的路。这时他肩头挑着的是卖茶赚来的几串铜钱。铜钱价值不高，所以虽然看起来不少，但实际并不值多少钱。

Lesson 4 TIT FOR TAT

第四课 针锋相对

A BOY was one day sitting on the steps of a door. He had a broom in one hand, and in the other a large piece of bread and butter, which somebody had kindly given him. While he was eating it, and merrily humming a tune, he saw a poor little dog quietly sleeping not far from him. He called out to him, "Come here, poor fellow!"

The dog, hearing himself kindly spoken to, rose, pricked up his ears, and wagged his tail. Seeing the boy eating, he came near him. The boy held out to him a piece of his bread and butter. As the dog stretched out his head to take it, the boy hastily drew back his hand and hit him a hard rap on the nose. The poor dog ran away, howling most dreadfully, while the cruel boy sat laughing at the mischief he had done.

A gentleman, who was looking from a window on the other side of the street, saw what the wicked boy had done. Opening the street door, he called him to cross over; at the same time holding up a sixpence between his finger and thumb.

"Would you like this?" said the gentleman.

"Yes, if you please, sir," said the boy, smiling; and he hastily ran over to seize the money.

Just at the moment that he stretched out his hand, he got so severe a rap on the knuckles, from a cane which the gentleman had behind him, that he roared out like a bull!

"What did you do that for?" said he, making a very long face, and rubbing his hand. "I didn't hurt you, nor ask you for the sixpence."

"What did you hurt that poor dog for just now?" said the gentleman. "He didn't hurt you, nor ask you for your bread and butter. As you served him I have served you. Now, remember dogs can feel as well as boys, and learn to behave kindly towards dumb animals in future."

Questions

What did the dog think he was going to get? What did the boy do to him? How was the boy punished? What did he say? What did the gentleman tell him to remember?

Pronunciation

eat'-ing	fe'-low	smil'-ing	be-tween'	to'-wards
qui'-et-ly	has'-ti-ly	o'-pen-ing	be-have'	an'-i-mals
laugh'-ing	six'-pence	knuck'-les	kind'-ly	gen'-tle-man

Write

seize

eating

laughing

fellow

knuckles

mischief

merrily

between

stretched

PROVERBS

The following are all the words required in this Exercise.

glit'-ters	need'-y	may	per-form'
com-mand'	quar'-rel	num'-ber	tongue

It takes two to make a_____.

All is not gold that_____.

Be slow to promise, but quick to_____.

A young man idle, an old man_____.

Do what you ought, come what_____.

Keep good company, and be one of the_____.

Better to slip with the foot than with the_____.

Command your temper, lest it_____you.

一天，一个男孩坐在门前的台阶上，一手握着一把扫帚，一手拿着一大片好心人给他的黄油面包。他吃着面包，愉快地哼着小曲。这时，他看到一条小狗静静地睡在离他不远的地方。他冲小狗喊道，“到这儿来，可怜的小家伙！”

小狗听到男孩这么友善地叫它，就竖起耳朵，摆着尾巴，站了起来。看到男孩在吃东西，小狗就向他走近了。男孩把黄油面包分了一块给小狗。当小狗伸出头去咬的时候，男孩迅速地抽回手去，并且朝小狗的鼻子重重地敲了一下。可怜的小狗恐惧地号叫着跑掉了。这个以他人的痛苦为乐的男孩坐在那里，为自己刚才的恶作剧哈哈大笑。

住在街对面的一位绅士从窗户里看到了这个顽皮男孩的所作所为。于是，他打开临街的大门，让这个男孩进来，同时手里还握着六个便士。

“你想要这个吗？”这位绅士问道。

“是的，如果您愿意的话，我想要，先生。”男孩笑着回答，然后迅速跑过去抓这些钱。

就在他伸出手来的那一刻，绅士用放在身后的手杖朝男孩的关节重重地敲了一下。这个男孩立马疼得像头牛似地大吼大叫！

“你为什么这么做？”男孩揉着手臂，脸色阴沉地对绅士说，“我既没有伤害你，也没有向你耍六个便士啊。”

“那你刚才为什么要伤害那条可怜的小狗呢？”绅士回答说。“它也没有伤害你，也没有向你耍黄油面包啊。你既然这样对它，我也这样对你了。现在，记住，狗像孩子一样，也是有感情的。以后你要学着友善地对待不能说话的动物。”

Lesson 5 THE HUMMING-BIRD (I)

第五课 蜂 鸟 (I)

UNDER the shade of a tree, at the end of one of the twigs, hangs a tiny little nest. It swings in the air, and is as light as a feather; for it is made chiefly of moss and down. It is very snug; and within it lie two tiny eggs, of the size of peas, and as white as snow.

Watch a moment, and we shall see what bird it is that has built the nest; for she has only gone to have a sip of honey. It is a lovely place to watch in. Flowers scent the air. Yonder is a deep wood; and strange flowers of every shape and size grow all about. Some are like monkeys, some like bees, some like butterflies. These flowers are called orchids. They grow in England, only not nearly so large as in warm countries.

Hark! the bird is coming. It is the smallest bird in the whole world. Its body is no bigger than a hazel-nut. But its feathers are more lovely than I can describe. It has a green crest on its head, which sparkles like a little star. The colours on its body are green, and gold, and purple. You can scarcely tell where one ends and another begins.

If you look about, you will see more of these little creatures. They are called humming-birds, and live in hot countries,—in India, as well as in America. The woods and groves are alive with them. They flash about here and there,

clad in all the colours of the rainbow. The eye is never tired of watching them.

The humming-bird in the picture is sitting on its eggs, to hatch its young ones. When the mother bird is tired, her mate comes and takes her place. Then up she springs, and darts away into the woods, where



she chooses some flower that has honey in it.

As she hovers in the air, she moves her wings about so quickly that you can hardly see them. Her wings make a humming sound as she hovers over the flower; and it is from this that she gets her name.

But she is thinking now about the insects. There are a great many of these, hidden at the bottom of the flower. She soon spies them out, and she darts her long tongue into the midst of them. Some insects stick to it; for the tongue is sticky, as if it had been rubbed with glue. The insects are drawn into her mouth; she swallows them, and then darts out her tongue for more.

All this time, she is hovering over the flower, and humming with her wings. When she has had enough of insects, she sips a little honey, and flies back to her nest.

Questions

Of what is the nest of the humming-bird made? Where does it hang? What is the size of the bird? In what kind of countries do they live? What is the humming-bird in the picture doing? Who takes her place when she is tired? What causes the humming? What do these birds feed upon?

Pronunciation

feath'-er	monk'-eys	scarce'-ly	rain'-bow	hid'-den
chief'-ly	but'-ter-flies	crea'-tures	pic'-ture	swal'-lows
flow'-ers	or'-chids	col'-ours	quick'-ly	e-nough'

Write

scent
scarcely
butterflies

quickly
watching
creatures

insects
enough
hovering

在树荫之下，一条细树枝的末端，挂着一个小小的鸟巢。因为这个鸟巢主要是用苔藓和鸟的绒毛做成的，因此它像羽毛一般轻轻地在风中摇摆。鸟巢非常温暖舒适，里面有两个小小的，状如豌豆，白似雪花的鸟蛋。

观察一阵子，我们就会发现这个巢是什么鸟筑的。因为这鸟巢的主人只有在啜饮花蜜的时候才会出去。往里面看看，就会发现这个鸟巢非常漂亮。空气中弥漫着鲜花的味道。远处是一片深林，里面长满了奇花异草。这些花有的长得像猴子，有的像蜜蜂，有的像蝴蝶。他们生长于英格兰，都属于兰科植物，但是不如温暖气候的国家的兰花大。

听！鸟儿回来了。它是世界上最小的鸟，身体还不如一个榛子大。但是它的羽毛却美得让我难以描绘。它头上的冠是绿色的，像小星星一样闪闪发光。它身上的羽毛是绿色、金黄色和紫色夹杂在一起的，这三种颜色的界限难以区分出来。

如果你往四周看看，就会发现这种鸟更多的伙伴。这种鸟叫作蜂鸟，生活在印度、美洲等炎热的国家和地区。它们在树林和果园中穿梭，迅捷地飞来飞去，仿佛披着七色的彩虹。让你永远都看不够。

图片中的这只蜂鸟正在孵蛋。当母鸟累了的时候，公鸟就会过来替代她。然后母鸟一跃而出，飞入树林，去啜吸花蜜。

当她在空中盘旋的时候，翅膀拍动得飞快，因而你几乎都看不到它的翅膀。蜂鸟在花上徘徊的时候，翅膀会发出嗡嗡声，它也因此而得名。

但是，这只母蜂鸟现在想要的是昆虫。昆虫有很多，它们藏在花的底部。母蜂鸟很快就把昆虫找了出来，然后迅速将长长的舌头伸向这些昆虫。因为她的舌头是有黏性的，好像擦了胶水一样，所以一些昆虫就被粘住了。然后，她把这些昆虫卷入嘴中，吞下它们，接着又开始用它的舌头捕捉更多的昆虫。

在捕食的过程当中，她一直在花中盘旋，翅膀嗡嗡作响。她在捕捉完足够的昆虫后，就喝一点花蜜，飞回巢中了。

Lesson 6 THE HUMMING-BIRD (II)

第六课 蜂 鸟 (II)

The humming-bird! the humming-bird! 蜂鸟! 蜂鸟!
 So fairy-like and bright; 聪明像个小精灵;
 It lives amongst the sunny flowers, 它住在向阳花间,
 A creature of delight! 是个快乐的小东西!

In the radiant islands of the East, 东方岛屿上,
 Where fragrant spices grow, 阳光灿烂,
 A thousand thousand humming-birds 香料芬芳, 成千上万的蜂鸟,
 Go glancing to and fro. 来来回回地掠过。

Like living fires they flit about, 它们像跳动的火焰轻快地飞来飞去,
 Scarce larger than a bee, 仅仅比蜜蜂大一点,
 Amongst the broad palmetto leaves, 它们在宽大的美洲蒲葵叶间飞翔,
 And through the fan-palm tree. 穿过风扇叶棕榈树的树干。

There builds her nest the humming-bird, 蜂鸟将巢
 Within the ancient wood, 筑在古老的树林里,
 Her nest of silky cotton-down, 她的巢如丝绵一般,
 And rears her tiny brood. 里面养育着她的幼鸟。

She hangs it to a slender twig, 她把巢挂在一个细长的嫩枝上,
 Where it waves light and free, 巢在嫩枝上轻轻地自由摇摆,
 As the campanero tolls his song 就像蜂鸟在一边歌唱,
 While rocks the mighty tree. 一边摇晃着大树。

All crimson is her shining breast, 她的胸脯是深红色的,
 Like to the red, red rose; 就像一支红红的玫瑰;