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# KRSNA



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# KṚṢṆĀ

## COLORING BOOK



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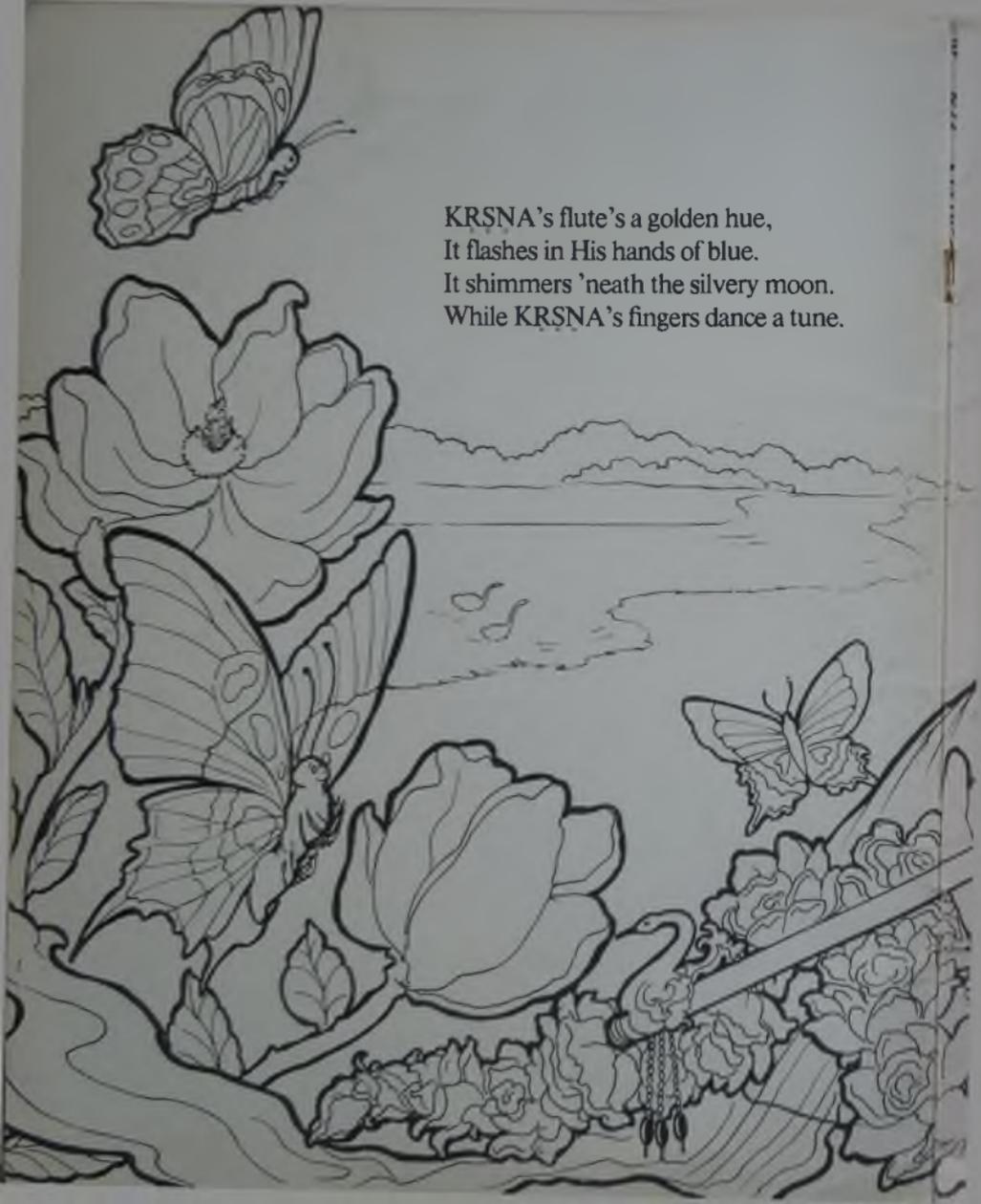
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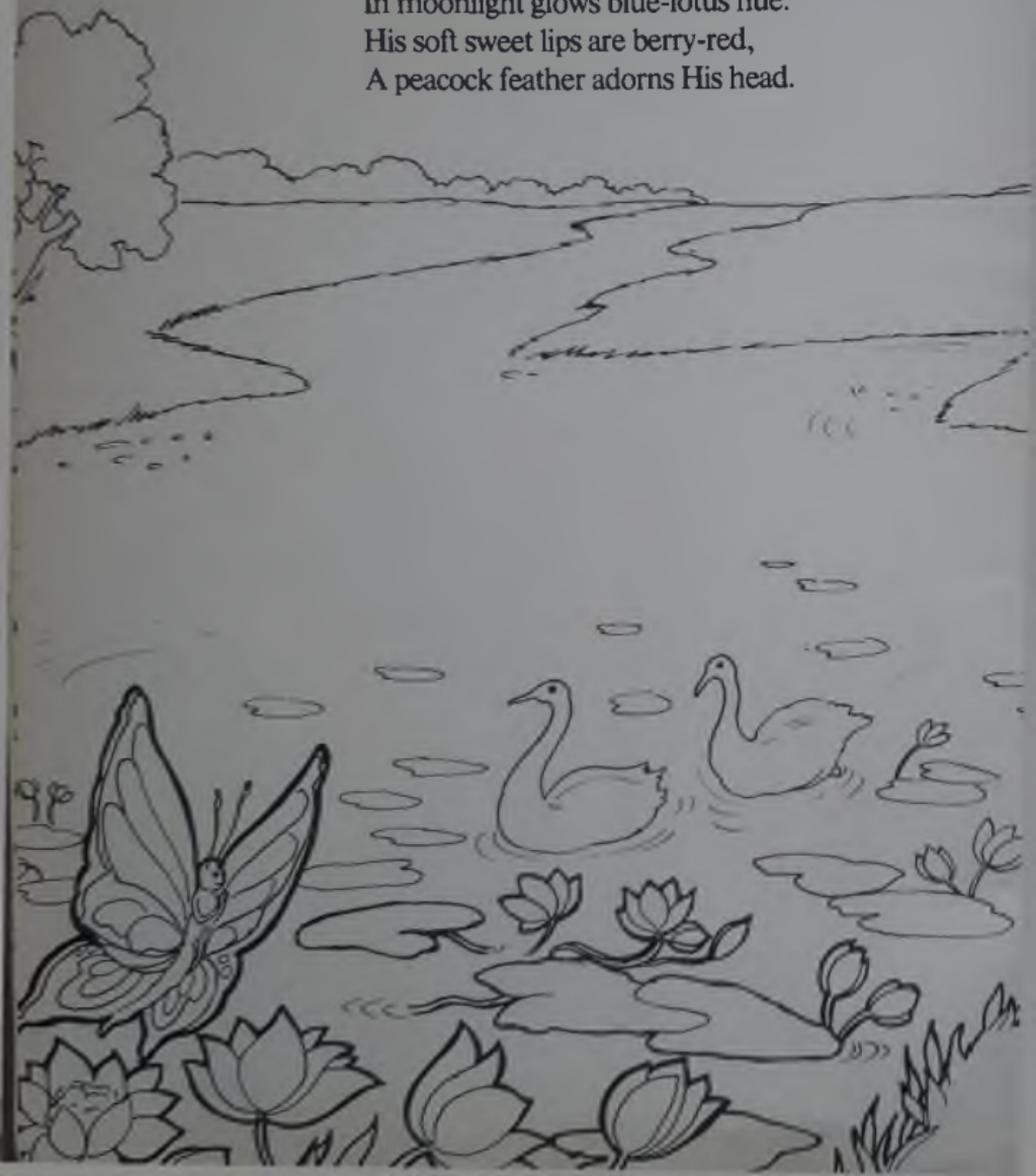
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KRSNA's flute's a golden hue,  
It flashes in His hands of blue.  
It shimmers 'neath the silvery moon.  
While KRSNA's fingers dance a tune.





KRSNA's face of raincloud blue,  
In moonlight glows blue-lotus hue.  
His soft sweet lips are berry-red,  
A peacock feather adorns His head.





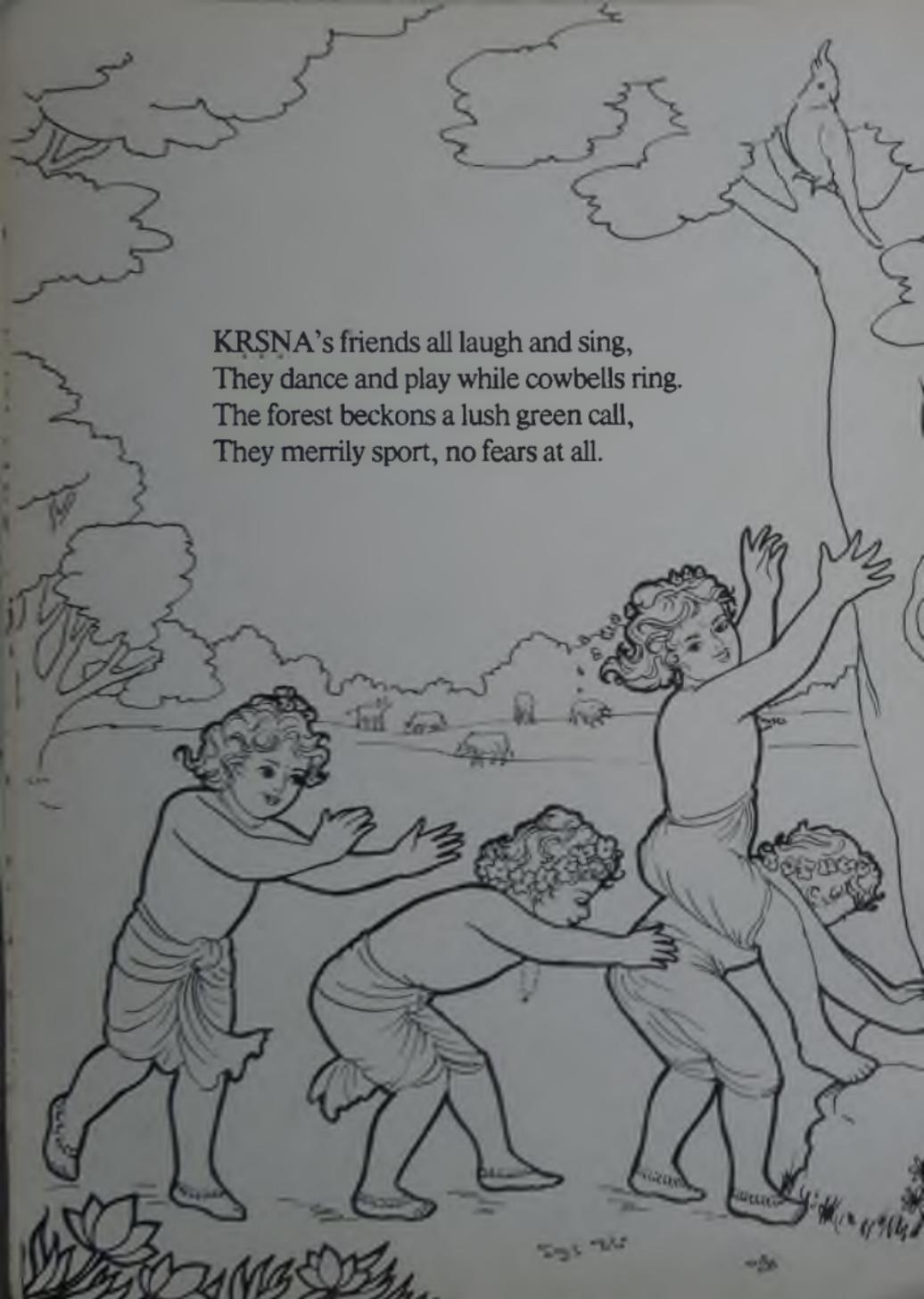


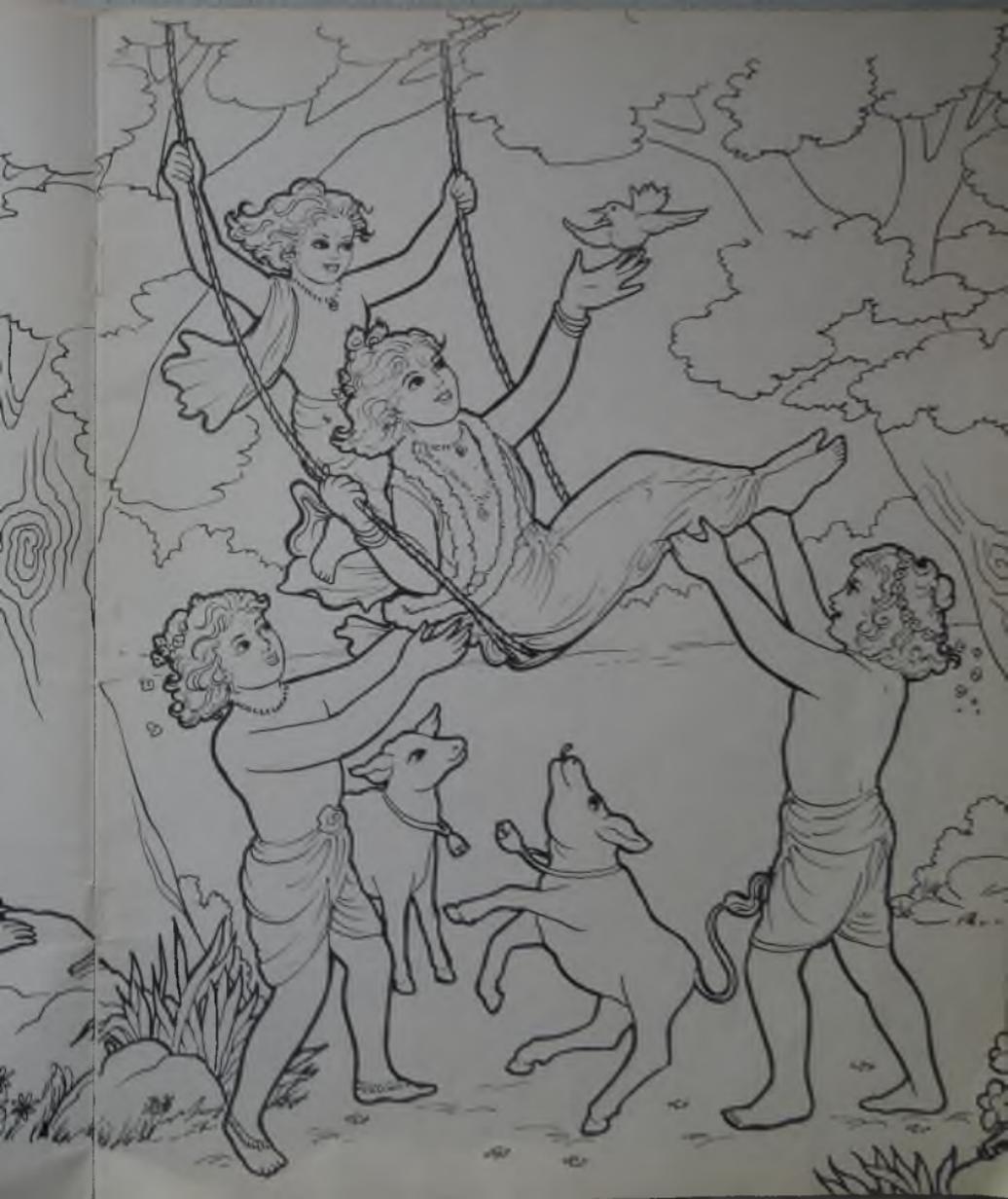
Moonlight shines in His black eyes bright,  
Silk garments glow with golden light.  
Blue flowers sparkle in His silken hair,  
Ornaments glitter with gems so rare.



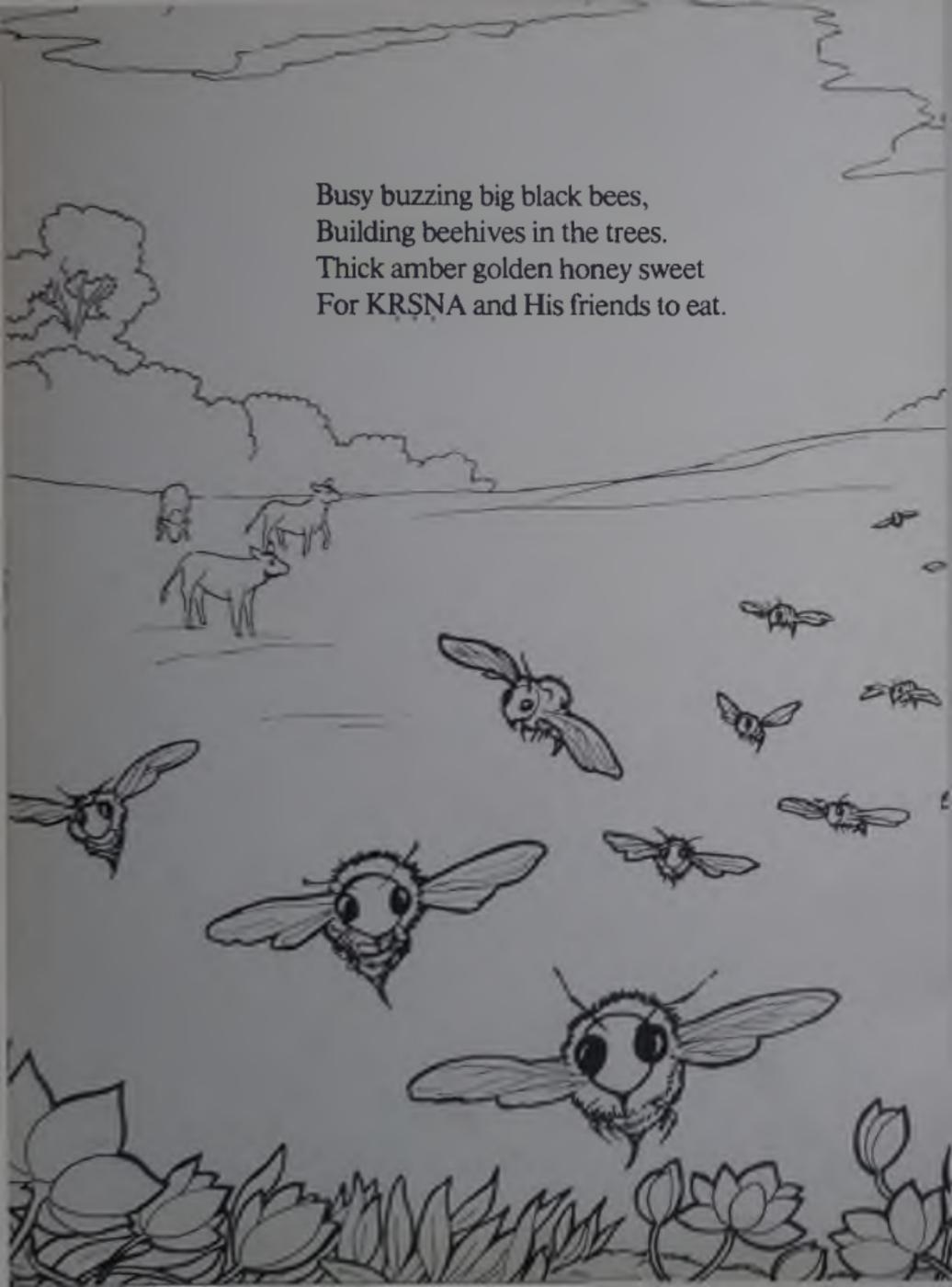


KṚṢṢNA's friends all laugh and sing,  
They dance and play while cowbells ring.  
The forest beckons a lush green call,  
They merrily sport, no fears at all.





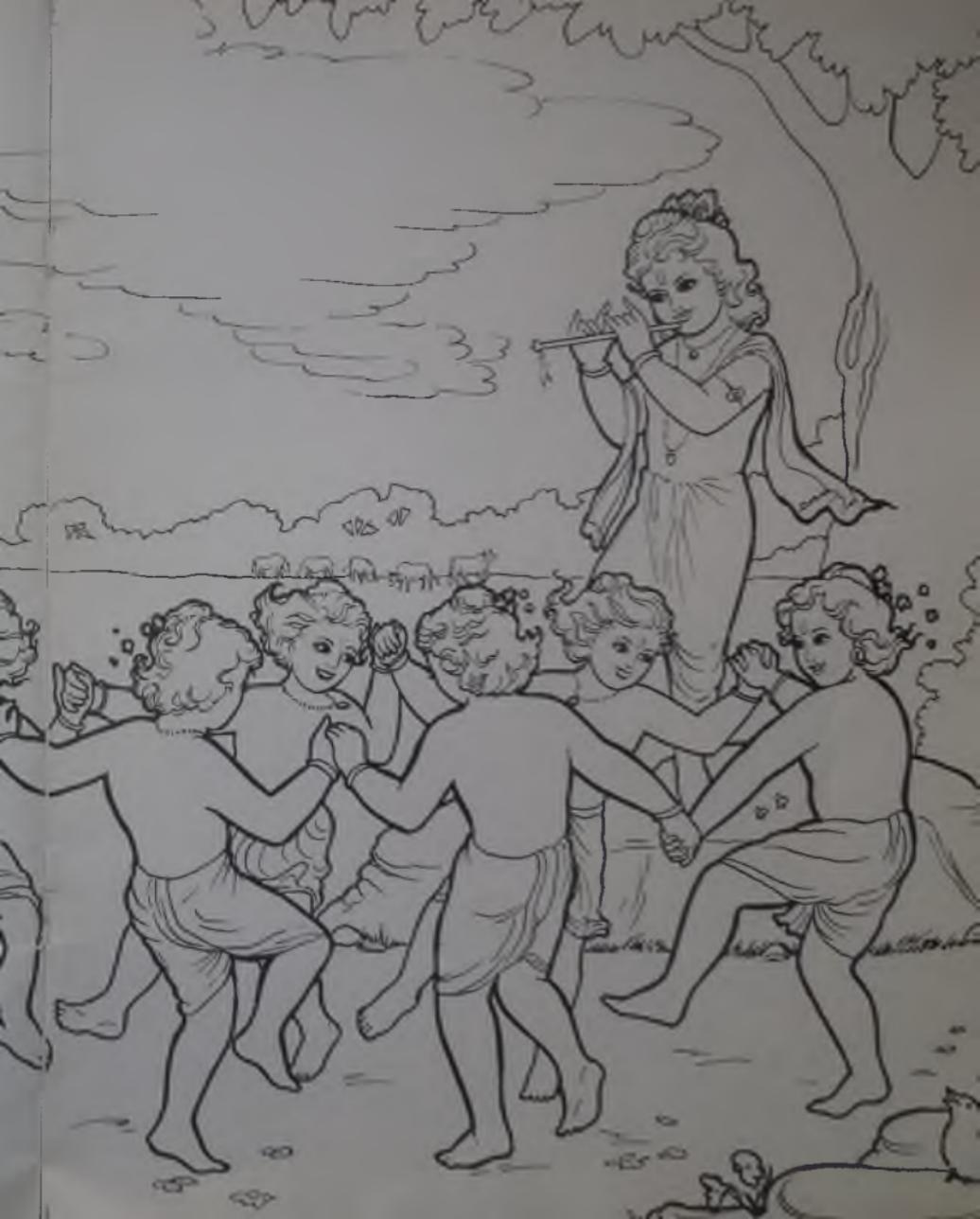
Busy buzzing big black bees,  
Building beehives in the trees.  
Thick amber golden honey sweet  
For KṚṢṆA and His friends to eat.



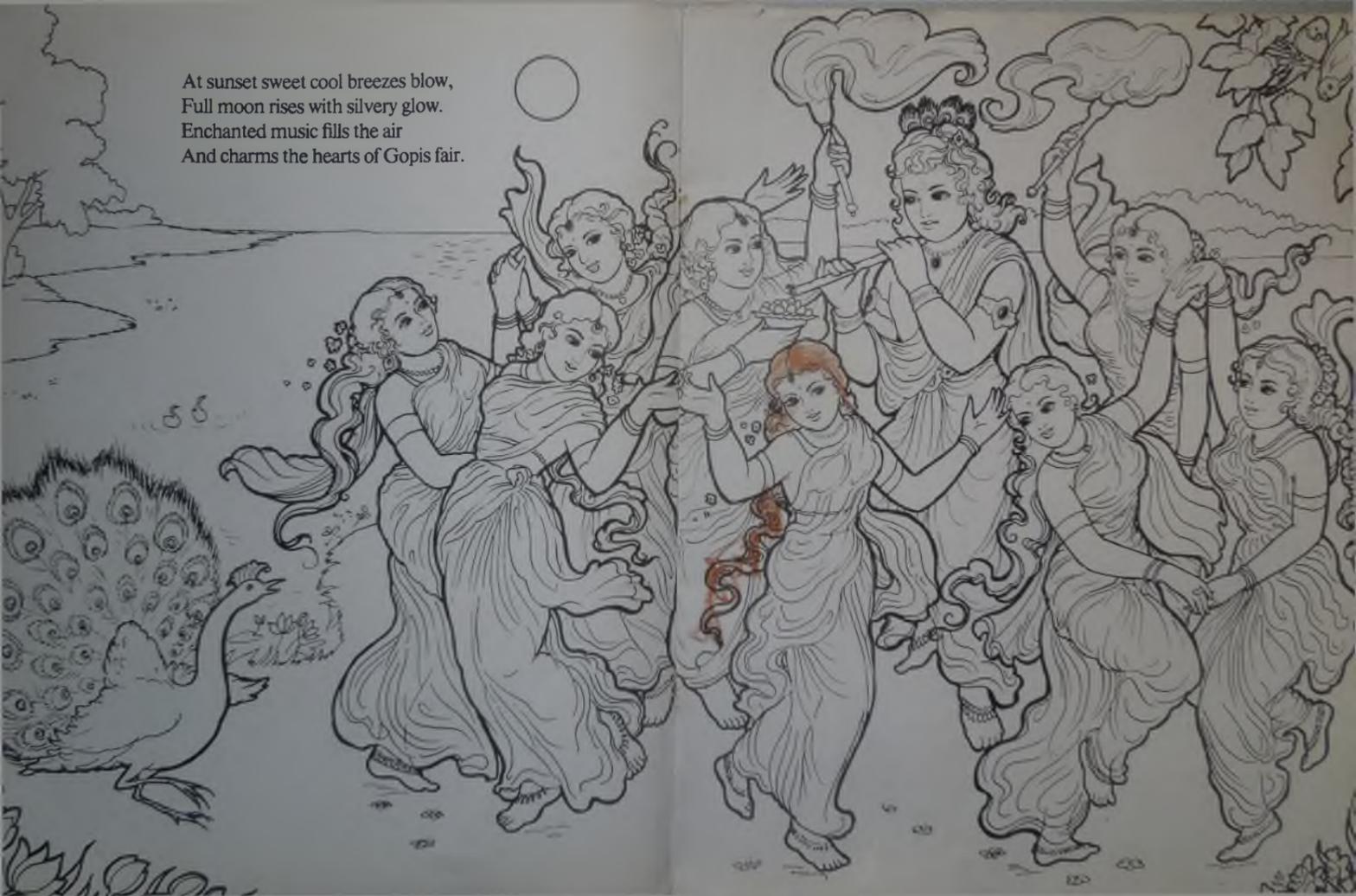


While cowboys blow their flutes in fun,  
Soft white clouds shadow the sun,  
Serving KṚṢṆA by giving shade  
Till autumn sunshine starts to fade.

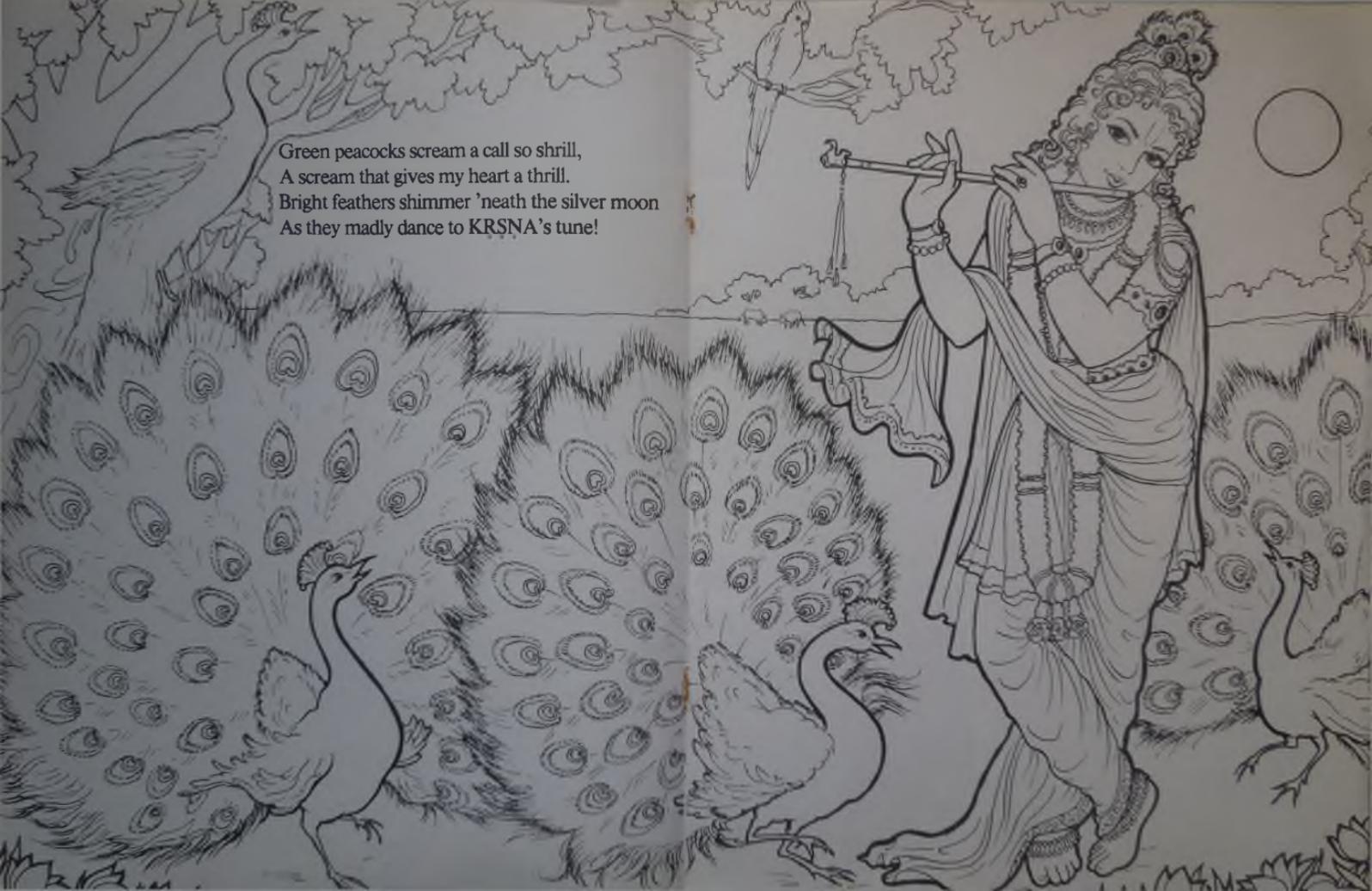




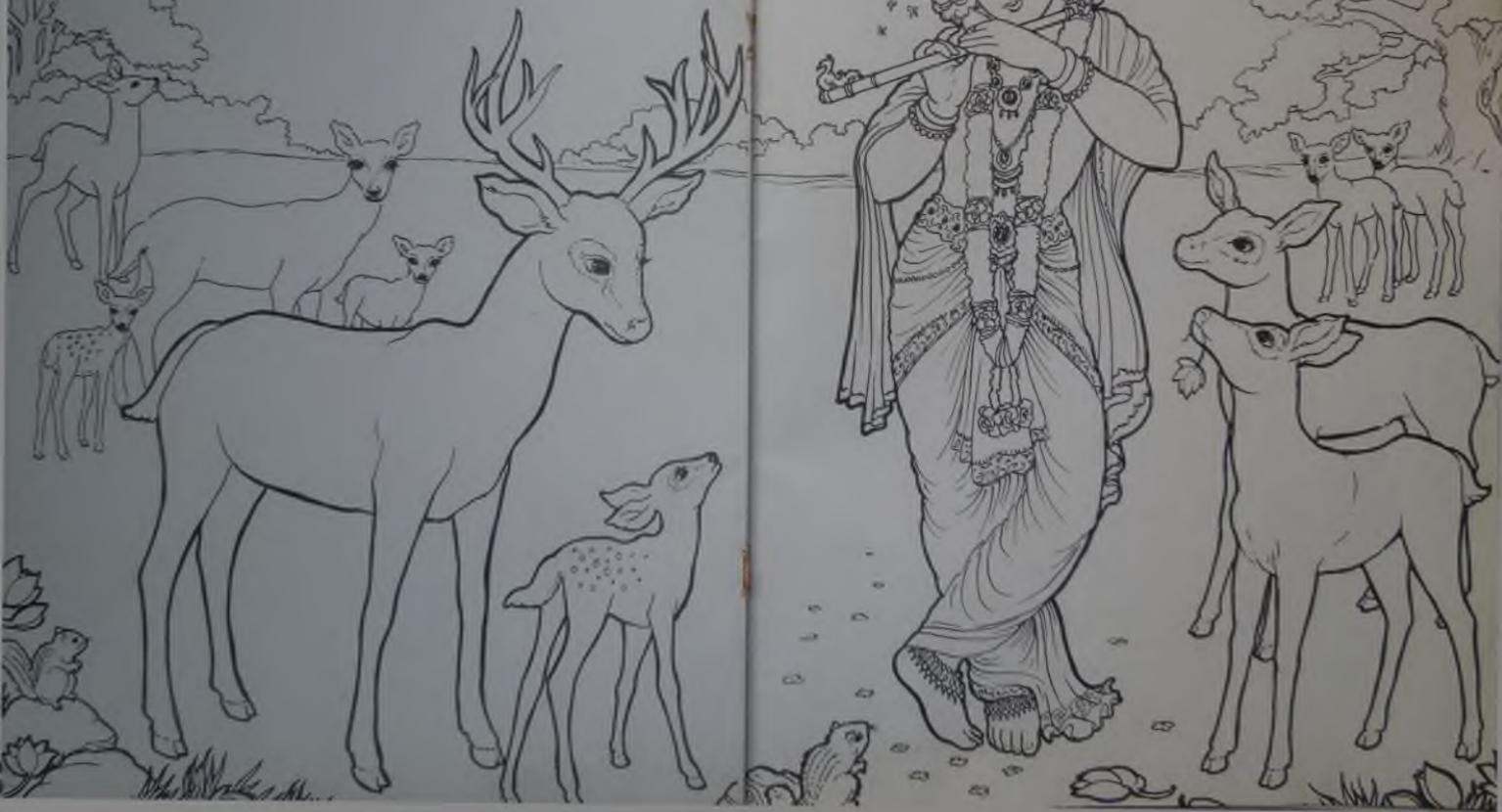
At sunset sweet cool breezes blow,  
Full moon rises with silvery glow.  
Enchanted music fills the air  
And charms the hearts of Gopis fair.

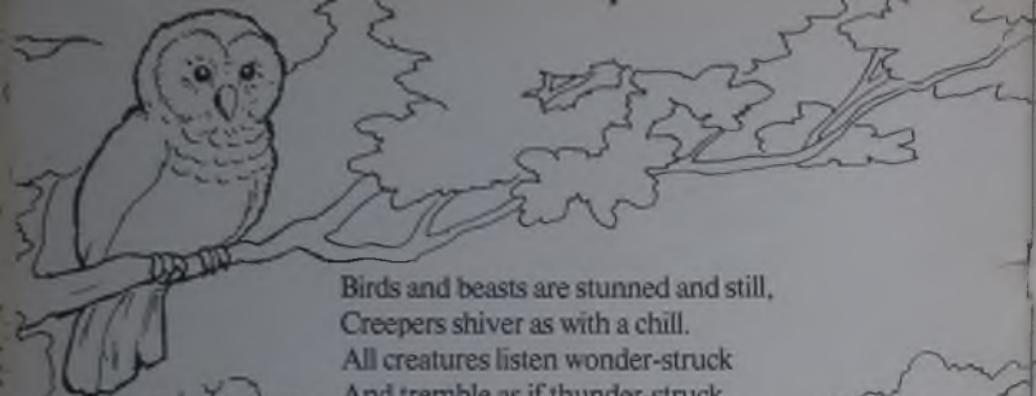


Green peacocks scream a call so shrill,  
A scream that gives my heart a thrill.  
Bright feathers shimmer 'neath the silver moon  
As they madly dance to KRSNA's tune!



Moonlight shines on bright-eyed deer,  
Sweet flute melodies draw them near.  
In ecstasy they strain to hear  
With ears pricked up, they have no fear.

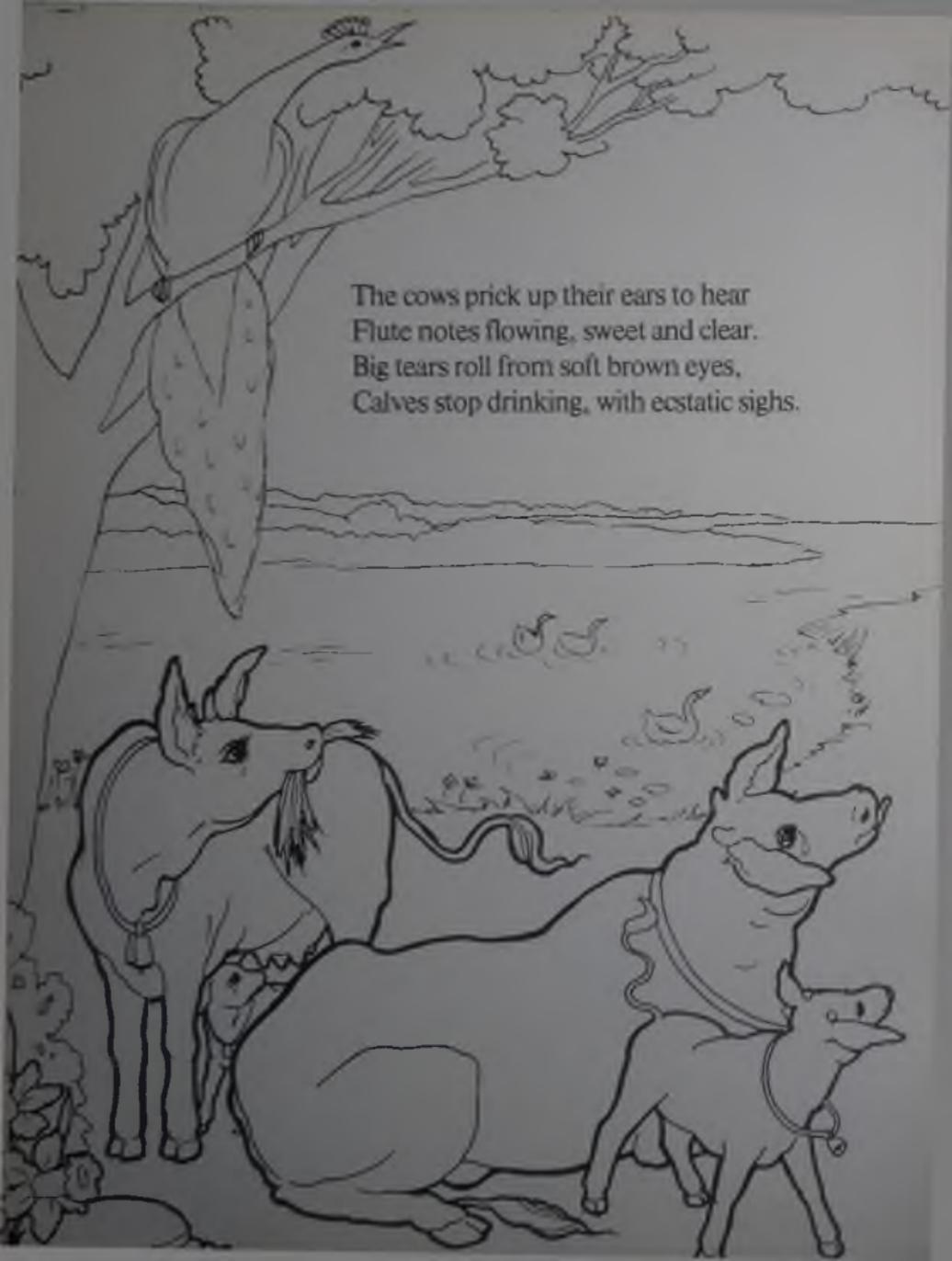




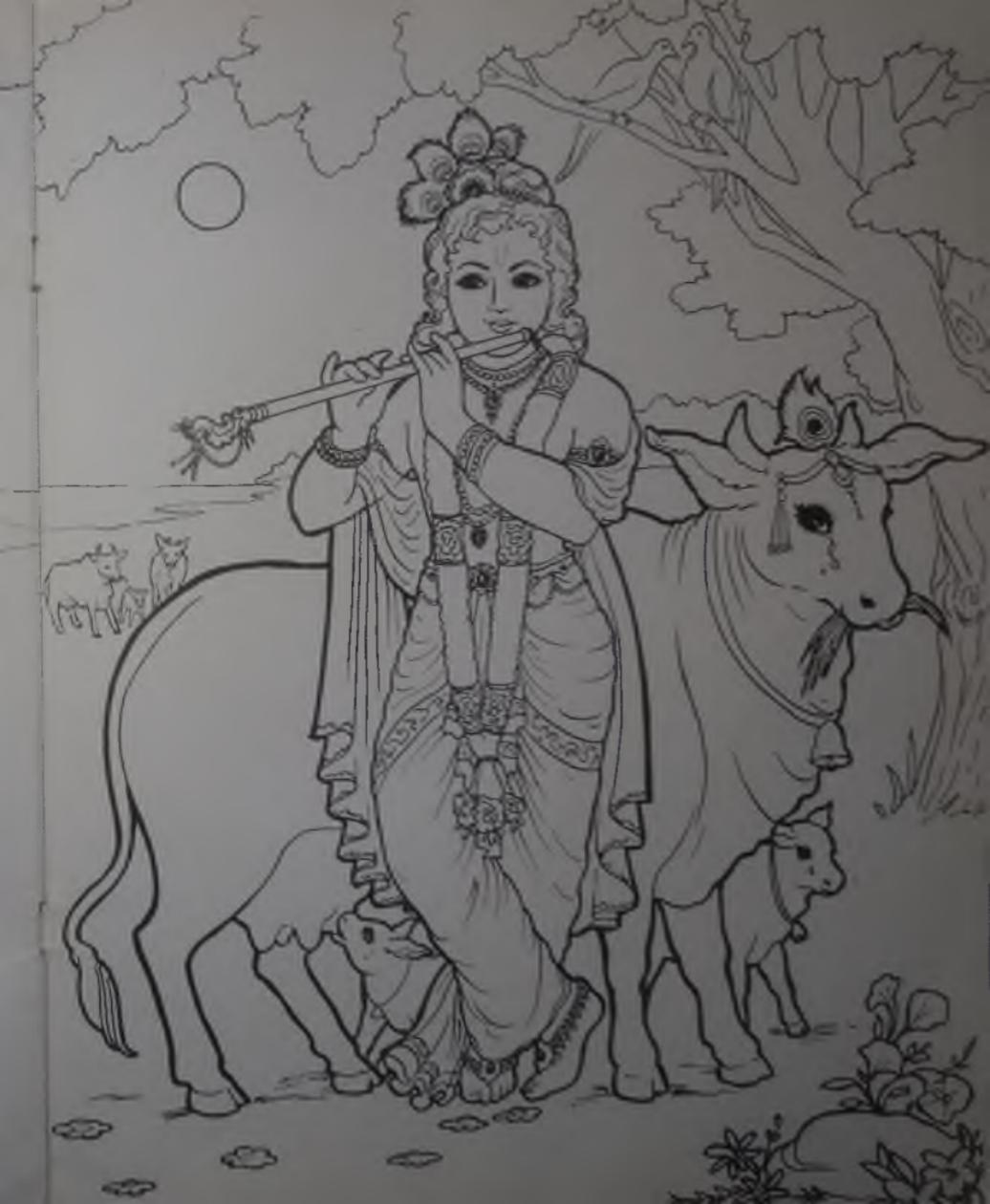
Birds and beasts are stunned and still,  
Creepers shiver as with a chill.  
All creatures listen wonder-struck  
And tremble as if thunder-struck.





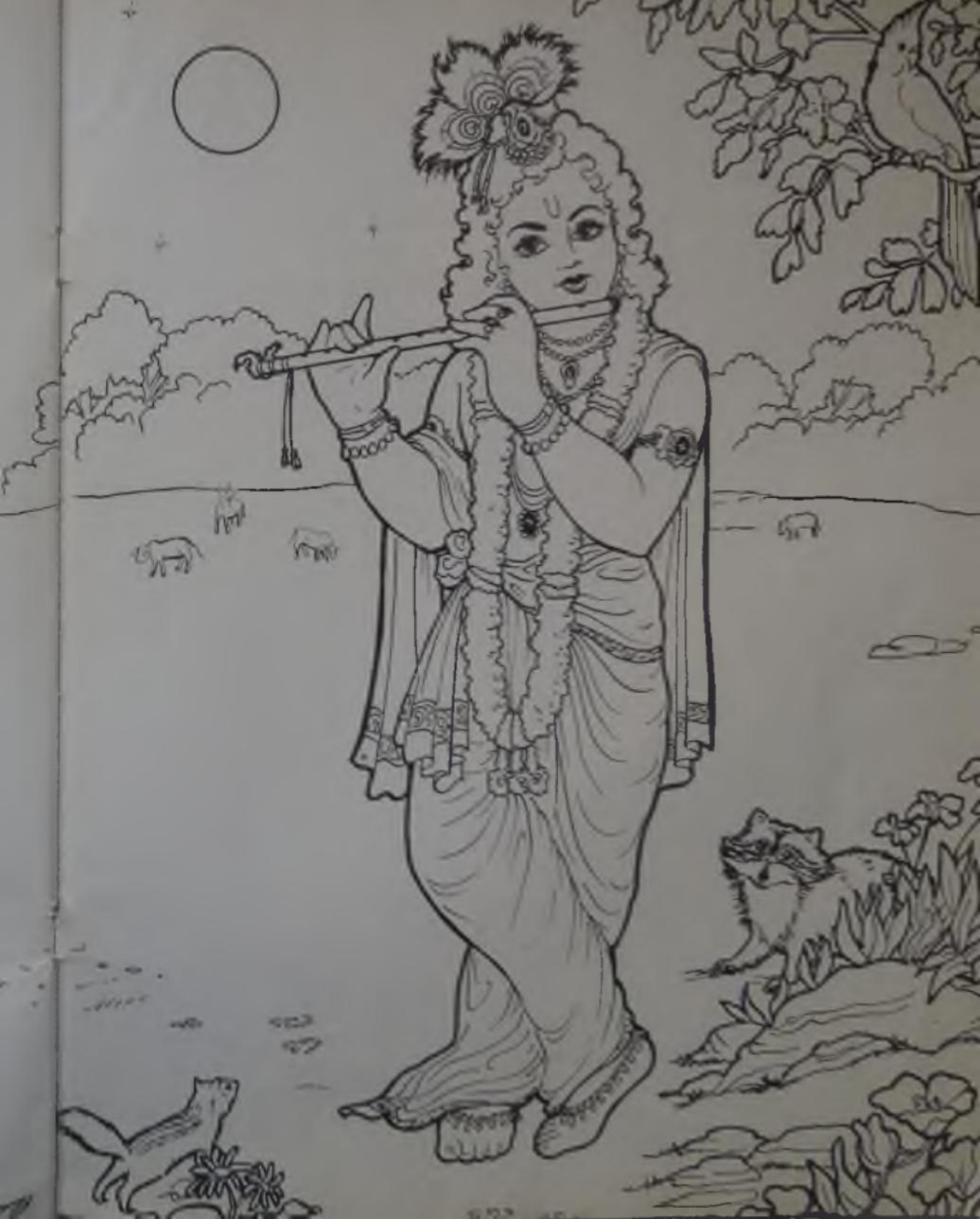


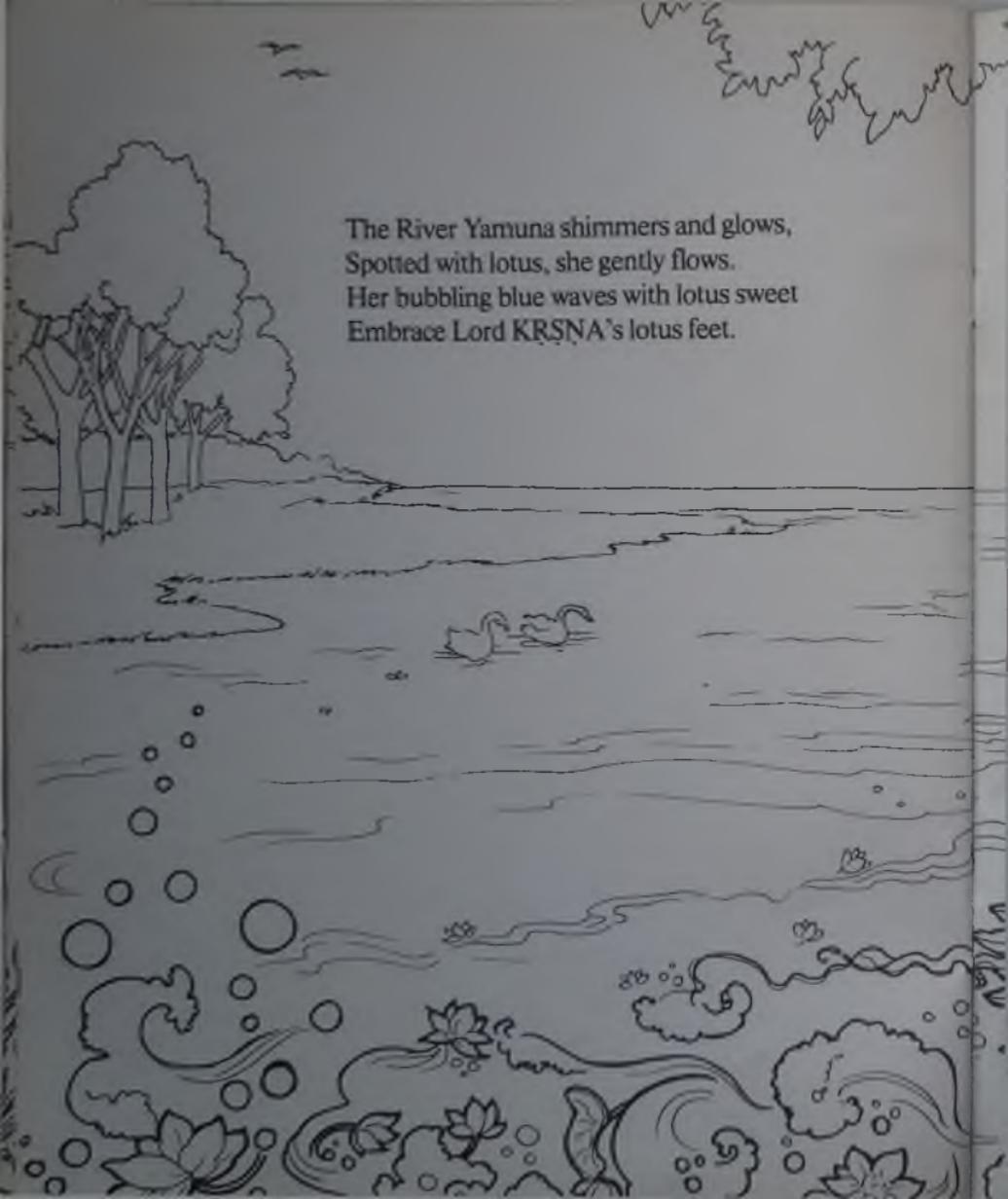
The cows prick up their ears to hear  
Flute notes flowing, sweet and clear.  
Big tears roll from soft brown eyes,  
Calves stop drinking, with ecstatic sighs.



Enchanted flute sounds, sweet and shrill  
Give all creatures' hearts a thrill.  
Universal Time stands still  
When flute notes flow from Govardhan Hill.

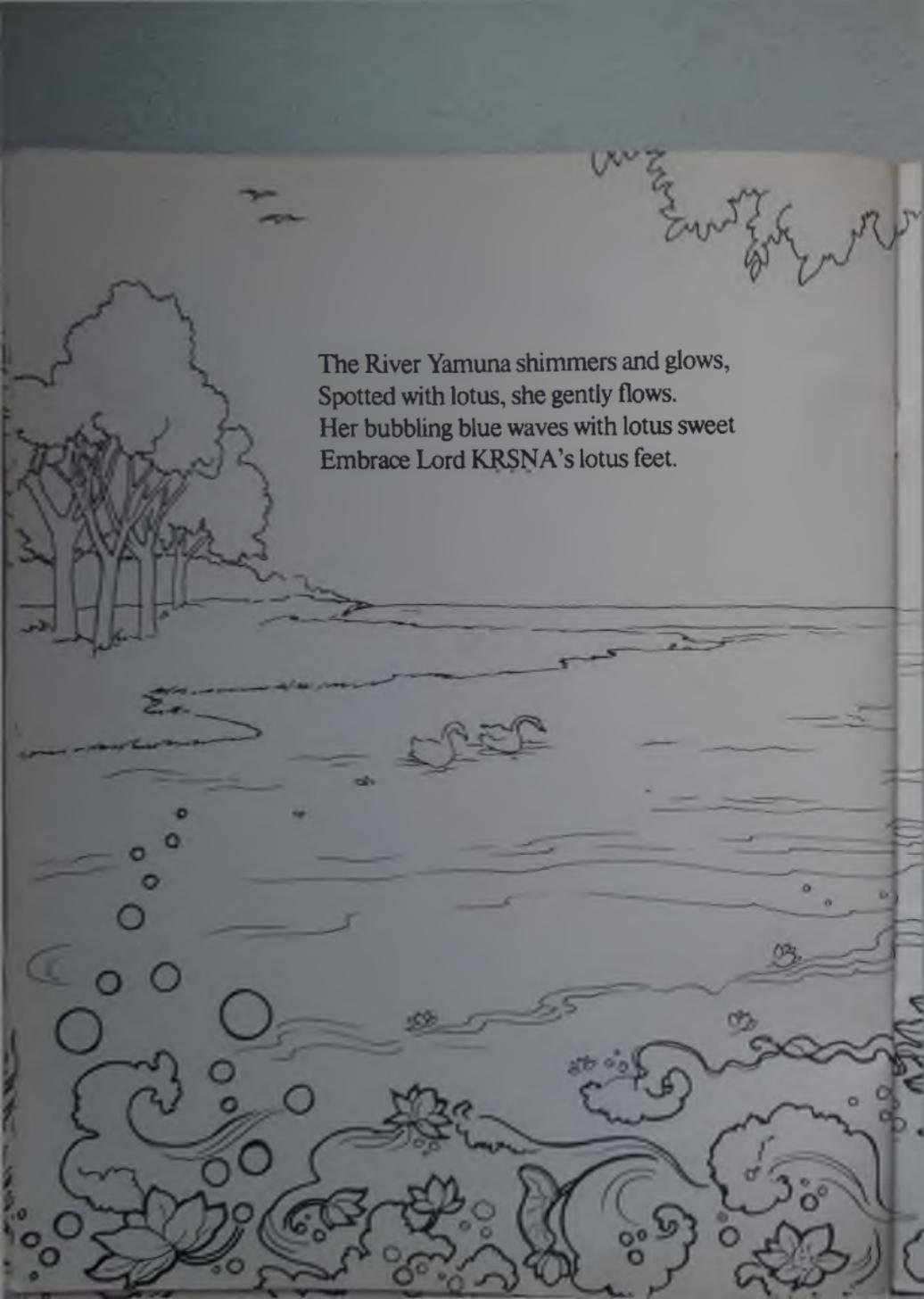






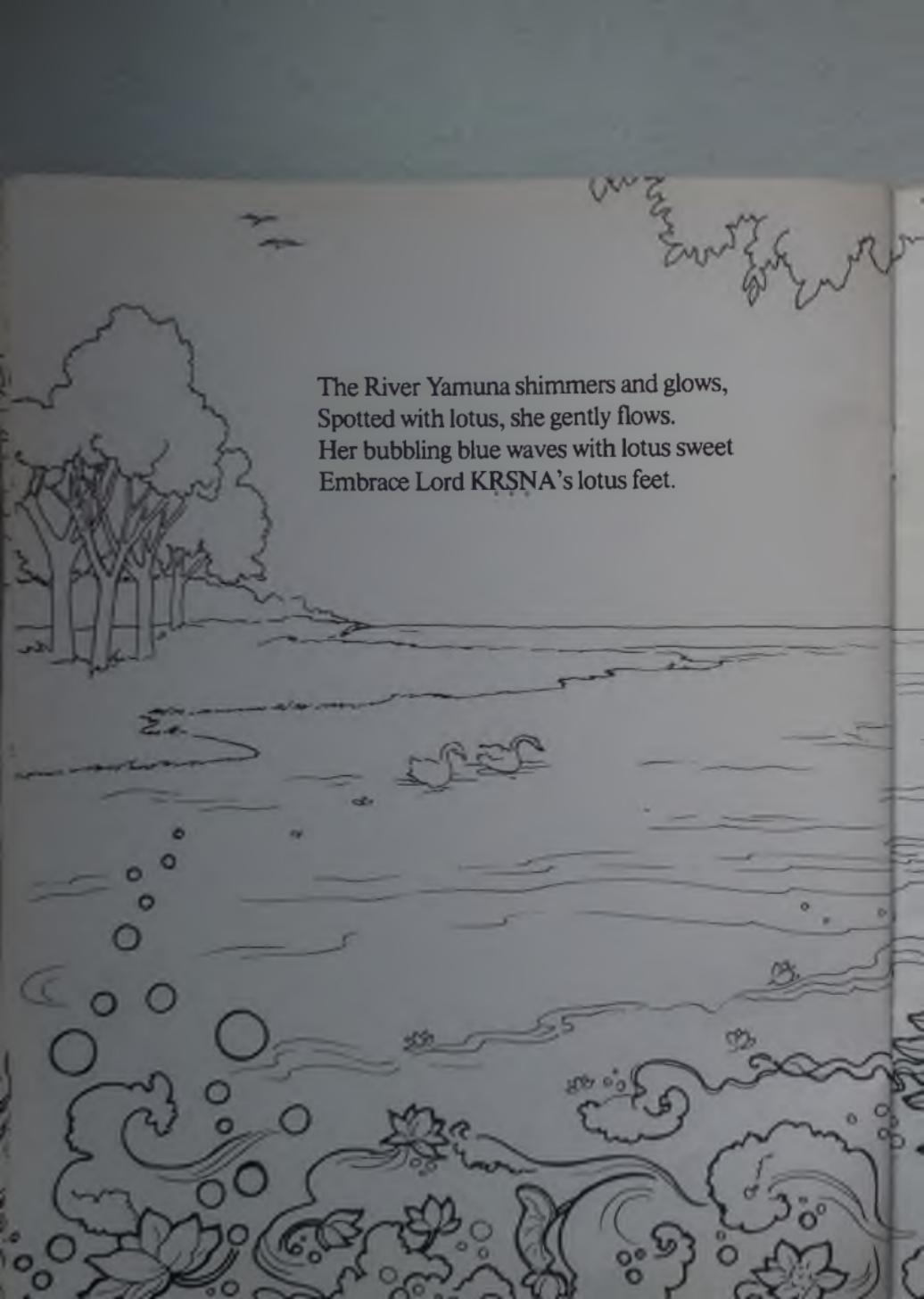
The River Yamuna shimmers and glows,  
Spotted with lotus, she gently flows.  
Her bubbling blue waves with lotus sweet  
Embrace Lord KRṢṂA's lotus feet.





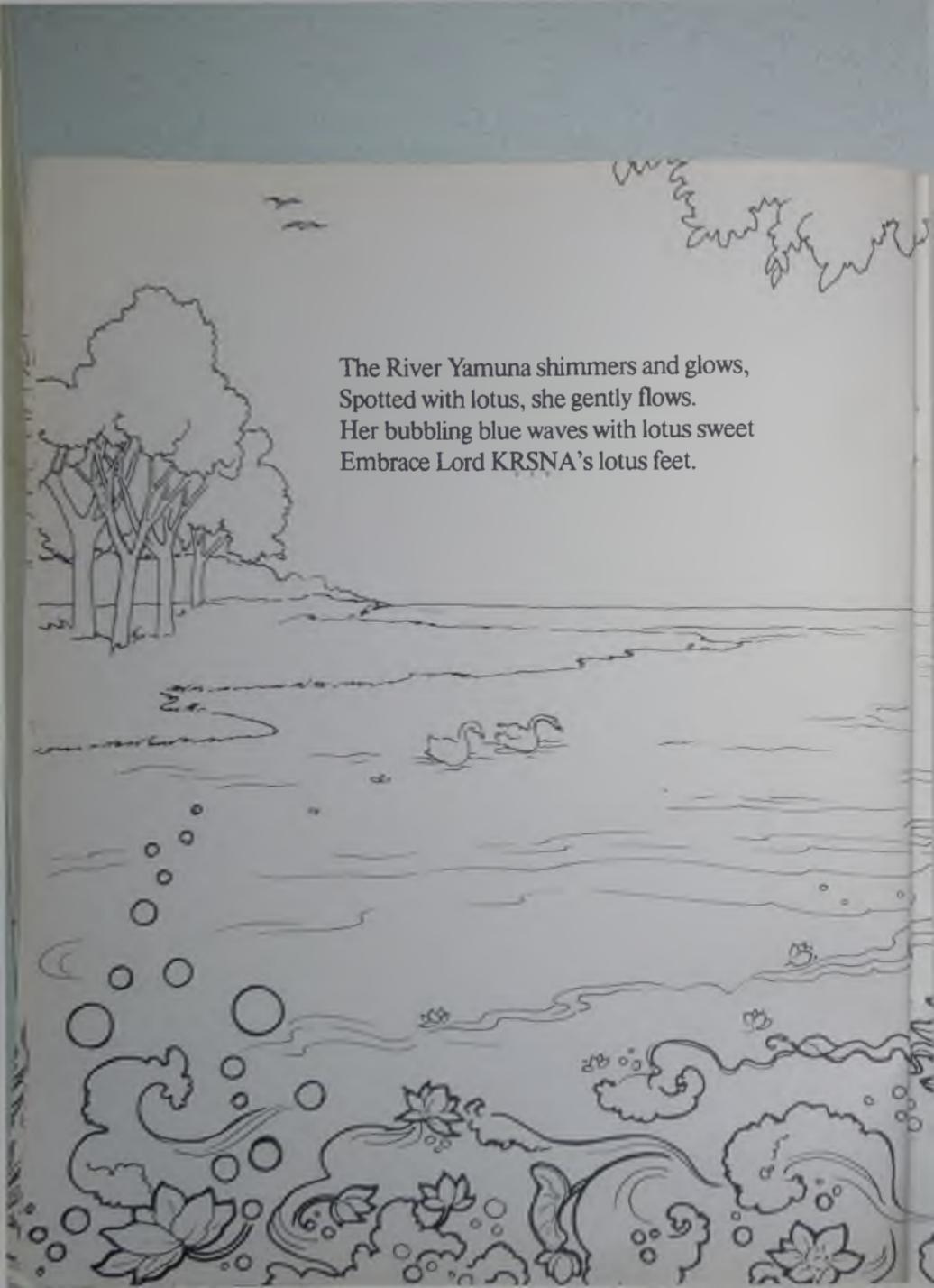
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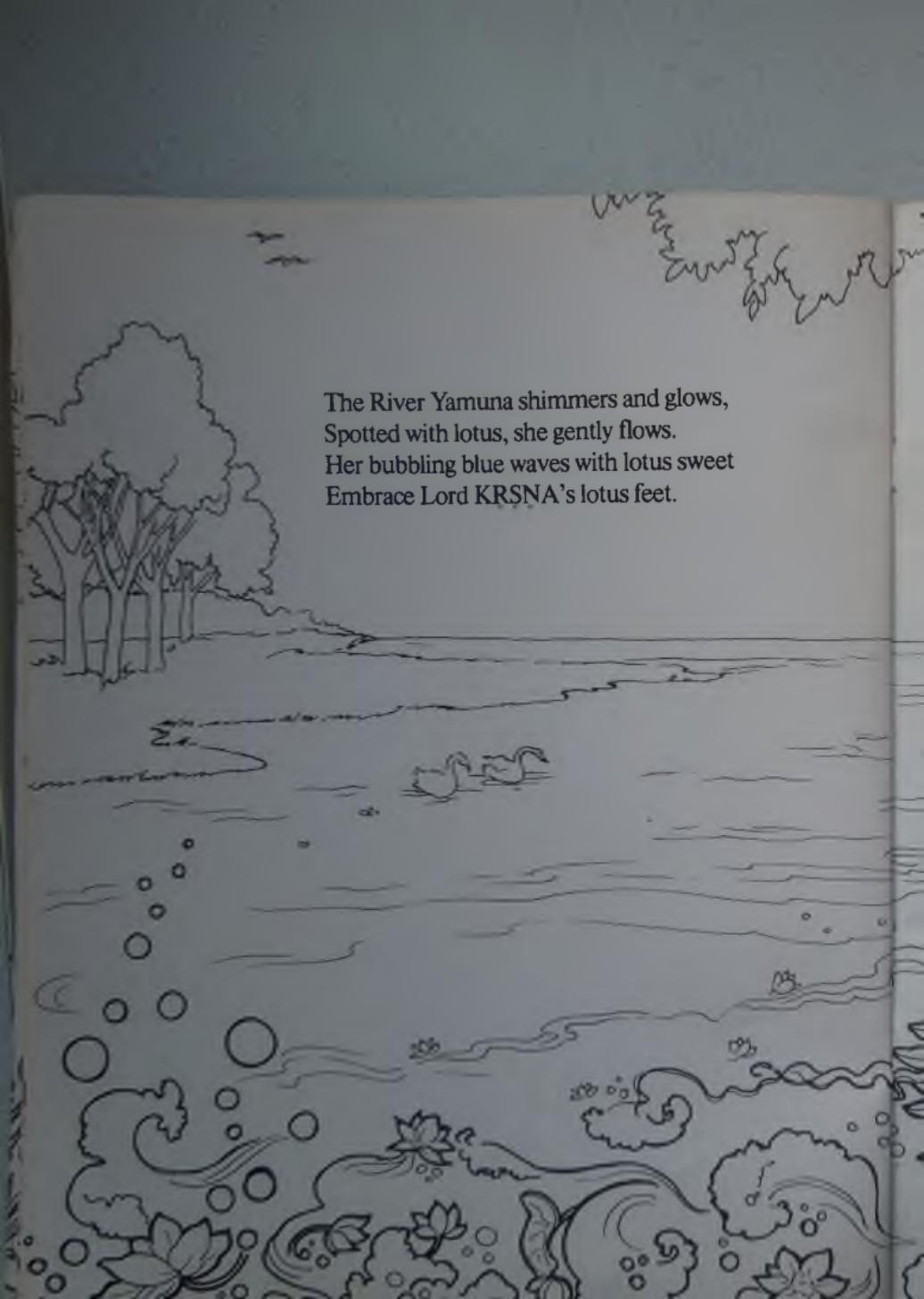
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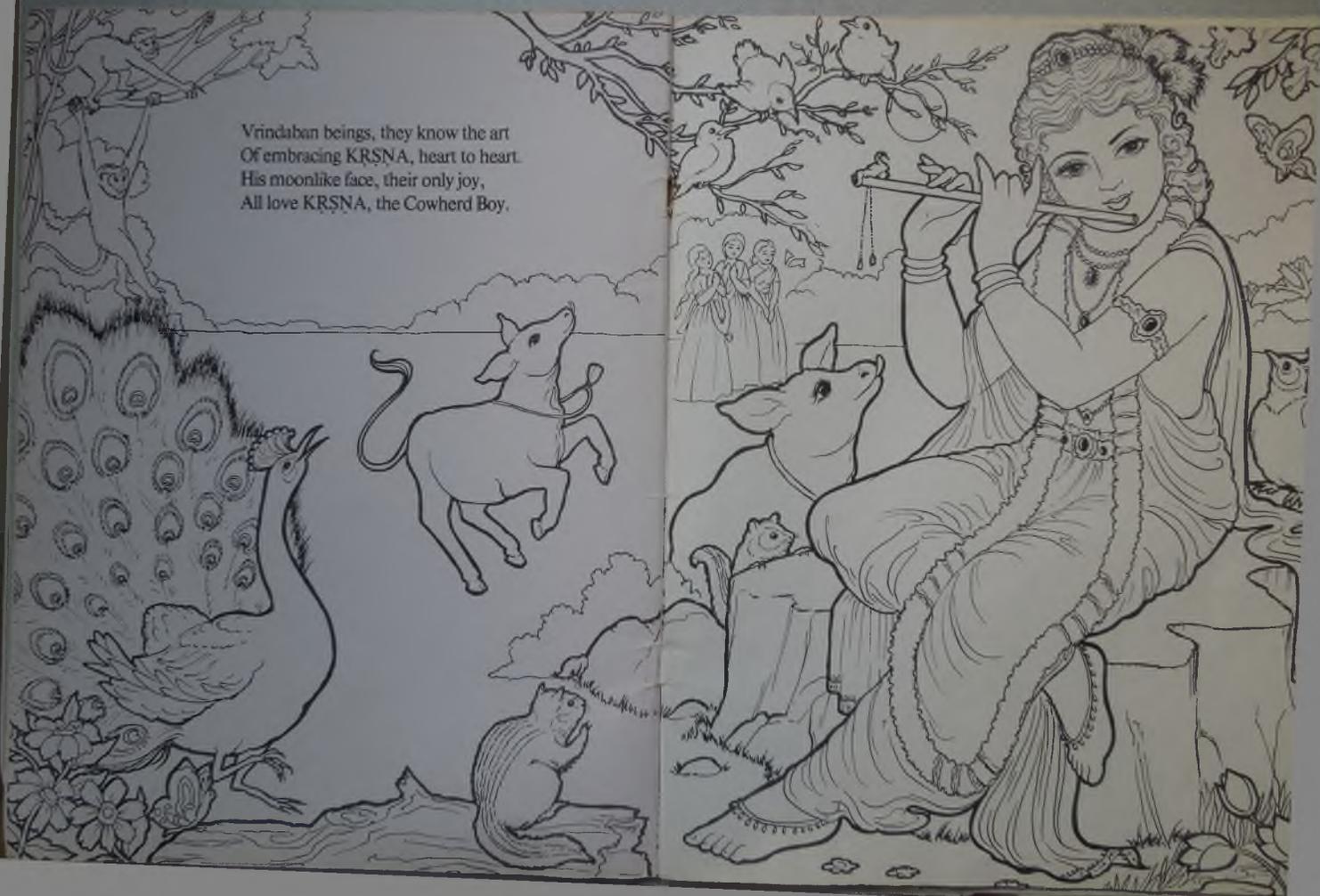




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Spotted with lotus, she gently flows.  
Her bubbling blue waves with lotus sweet  
Embrace Lord KRSNA's lotus feet.



Vrindaban beings, they know the art  
Of embracing KṚṢṆA, heart to heart.  
His moonlike face, their only joy,  
All love KṚṢṆA, the Cowherd Boy.



Showers of flowers fall from the sky  
From heavenly airplanes flying up high.  
'Neath shining beings in celestial cars,  
KRSNA's the moon, surrounded by stars.



Vrindaban beings, they know the art  
Of embracing KRṢṢNA, heart to heart.  
His moonlike face, their only joy,  
All love KRṢṢNA, the Cowherd Boy.

