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# RAJYA



# RAMA



## COLORING BOOK

Illustrated by Parikṣit dāsa. Verse by Kṣamā-devī dāsī and Madhyama-devī dāsī.  
 [Based on the Ninth Canto of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, translation and commentary by His Divine Grace  
 A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, and on the epic poem *Rāmāyana*, by Vālmīki Muni.]

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*We owe our repeated obeisances to our most beloved spiritual master, His Divine  
 Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda, by whose compassion  
 we have been moved to bring this wonderful story of Rama to the children of the  
 world so that they may have the opportunity, as they grow, to experience the  
 happiness of Krishna consciousness and thus achieve perfection even in this life.*

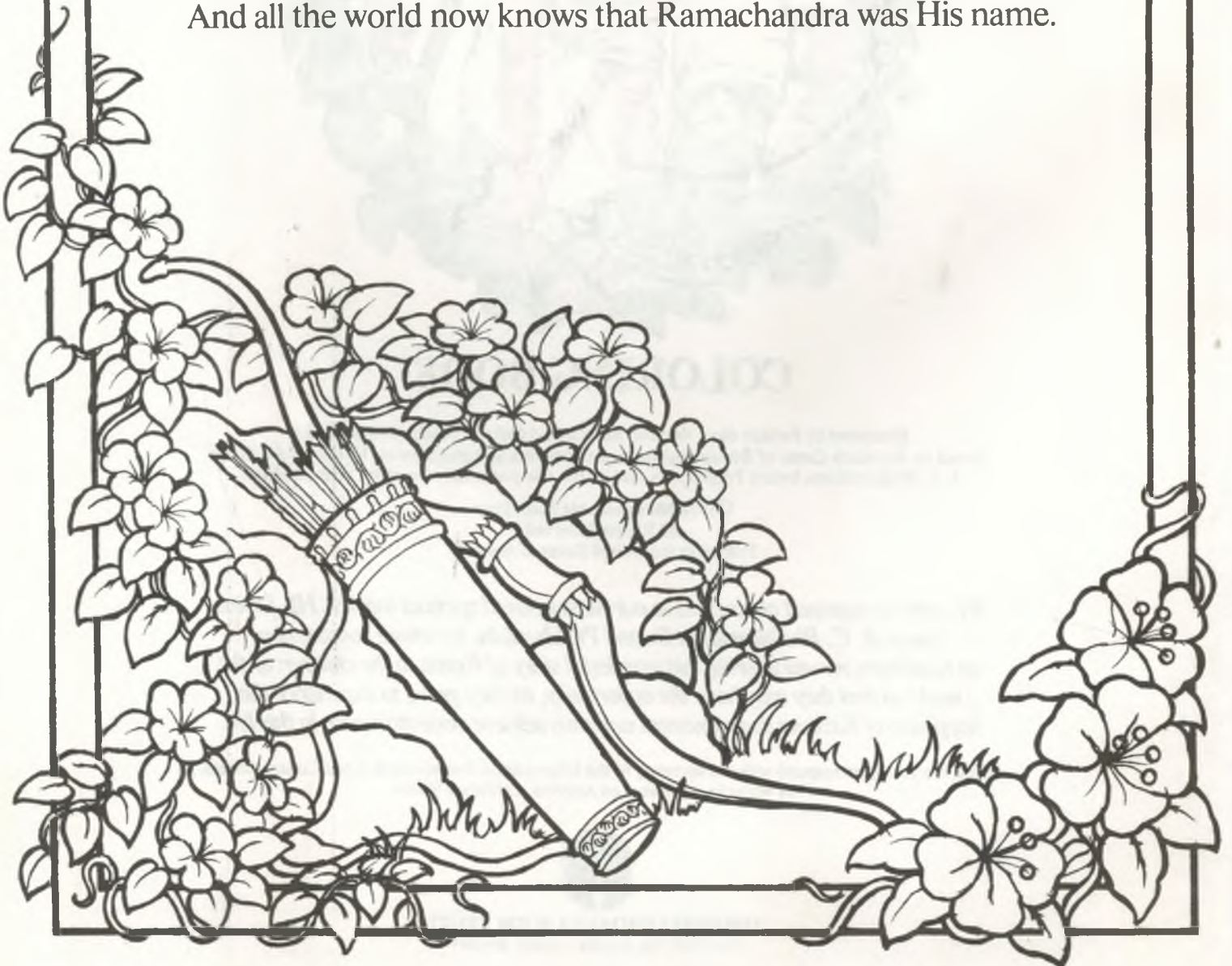
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To Ayodhya's great King Dasharath was born a princely boy  
Who would put an end to wickedness and give His people joy.  
His skill with bow and arrow brought Him everlasting fame,  
And all the world now knows that Ramachandra was His name.

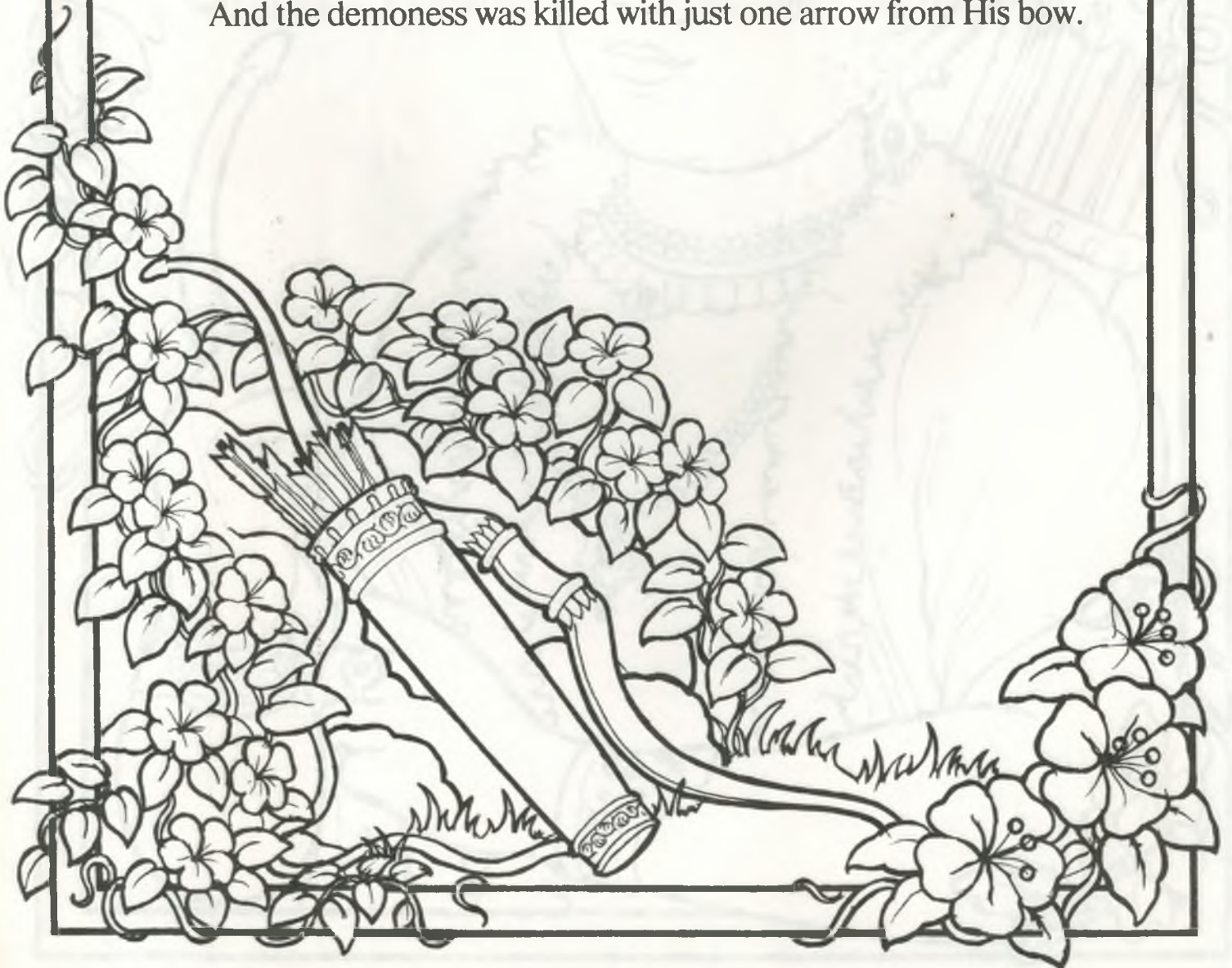








As Taraka the demon witch was flying in the sky  
She terrorized and terrified all those who lived nearby.  
To please the sages Rama went to fight this dreadful foe,  
And the demoness was killed with just one arrow from His bow.

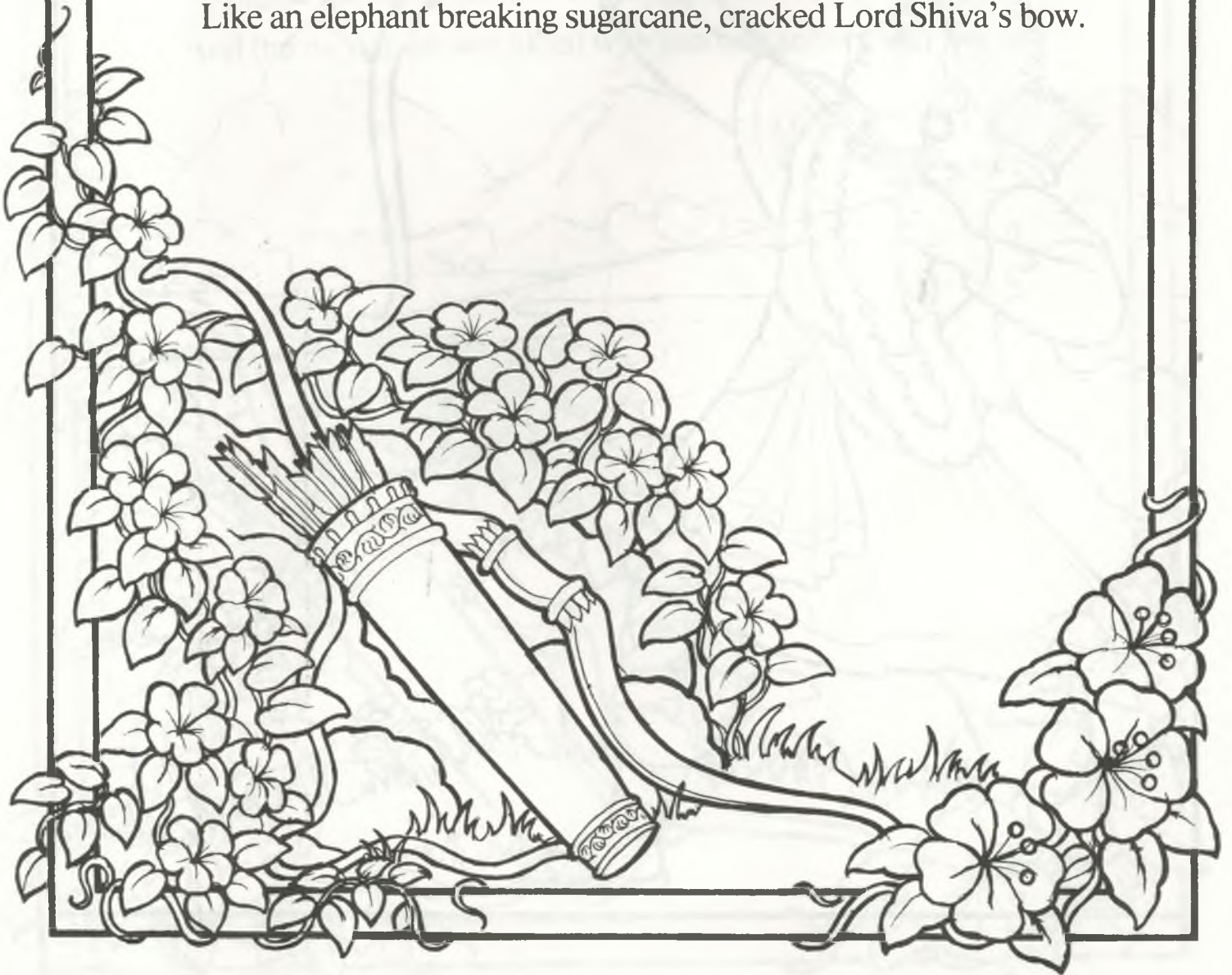




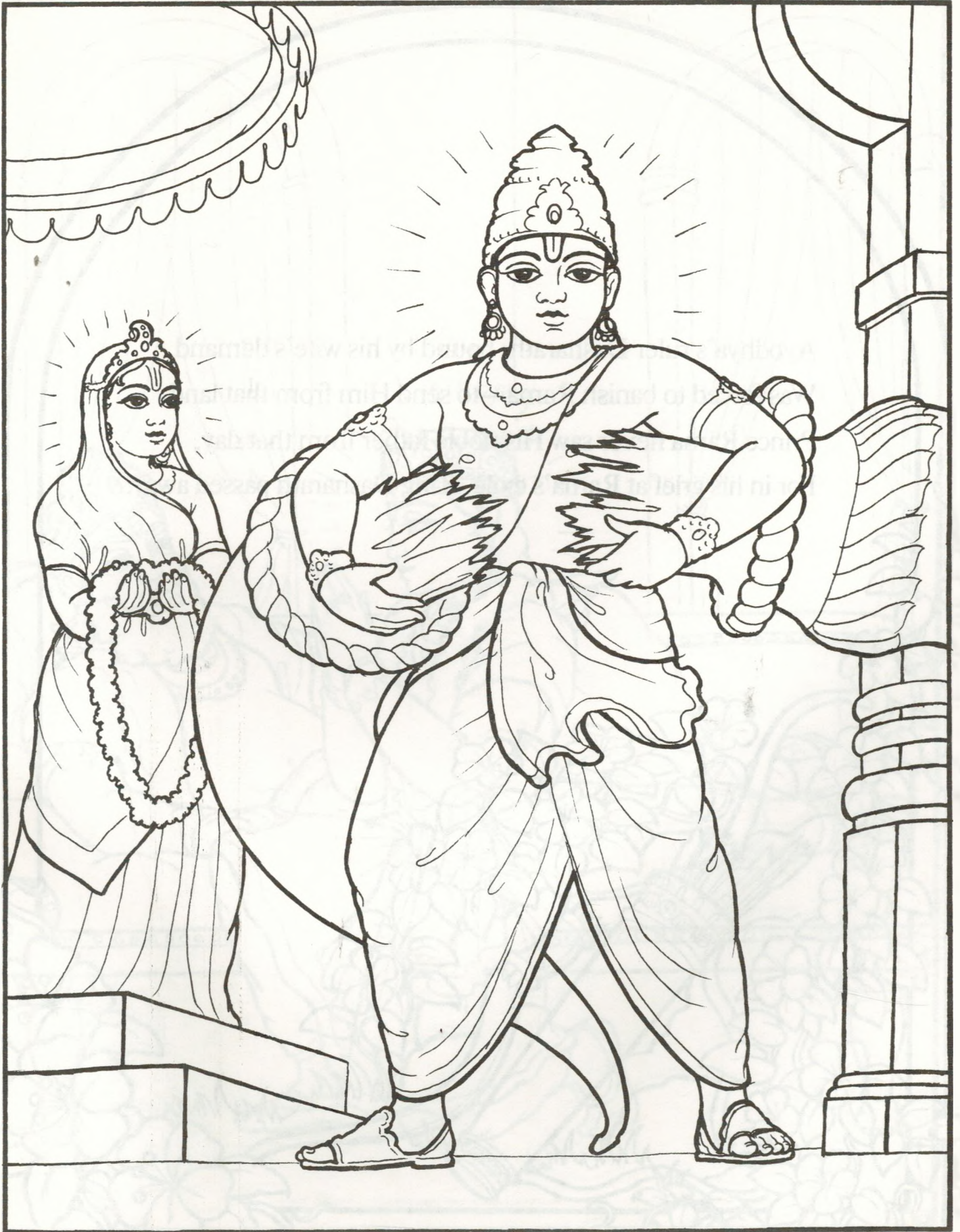




To win the hand of Sita many noble kings had come,  
But failing this tremendous task, their plans were all undone.  
Young Rama, all-powerful, with His greenish hue aglow,  
Like an elephant breaking sugarcane, cracked Lord Shiva's bow.

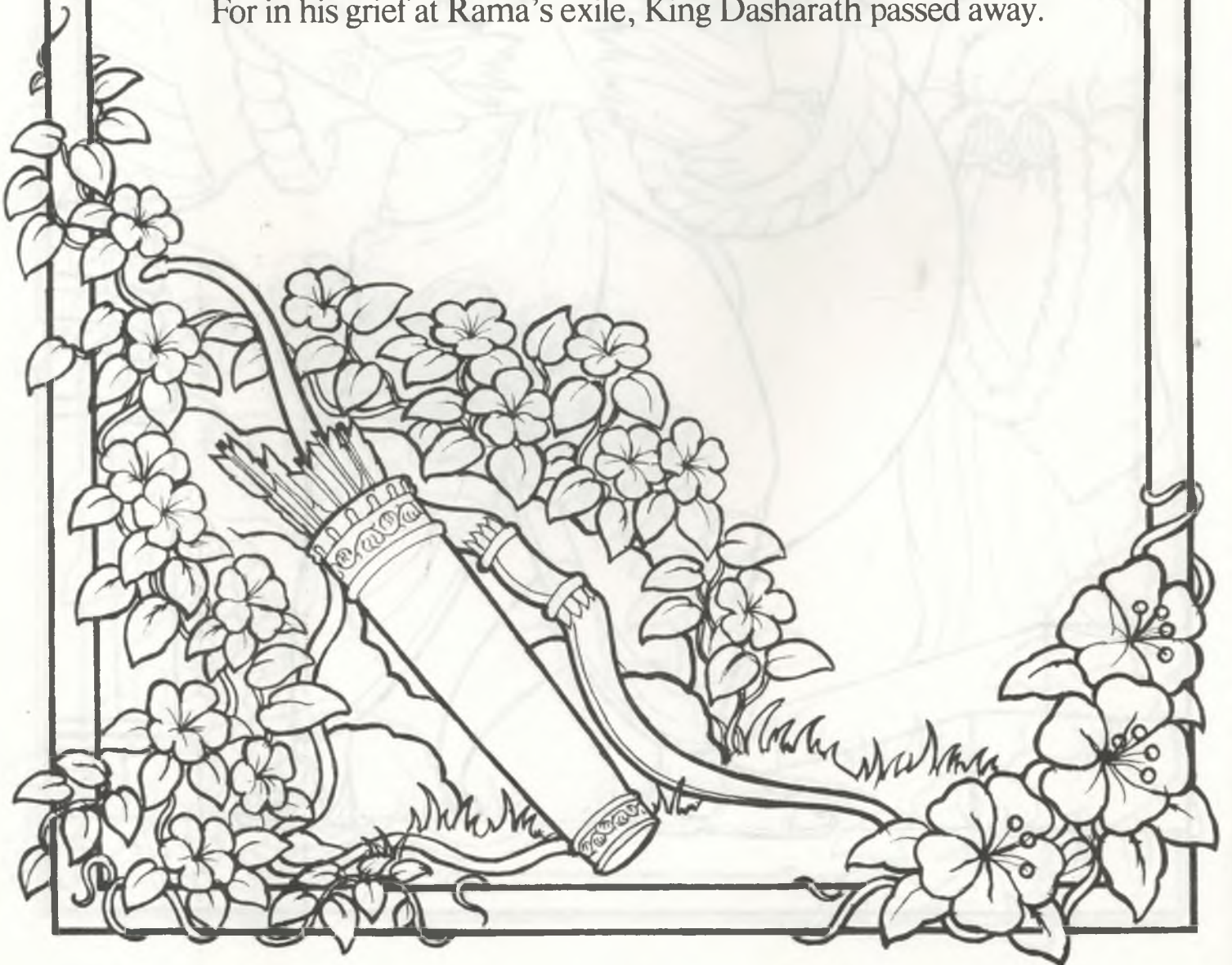




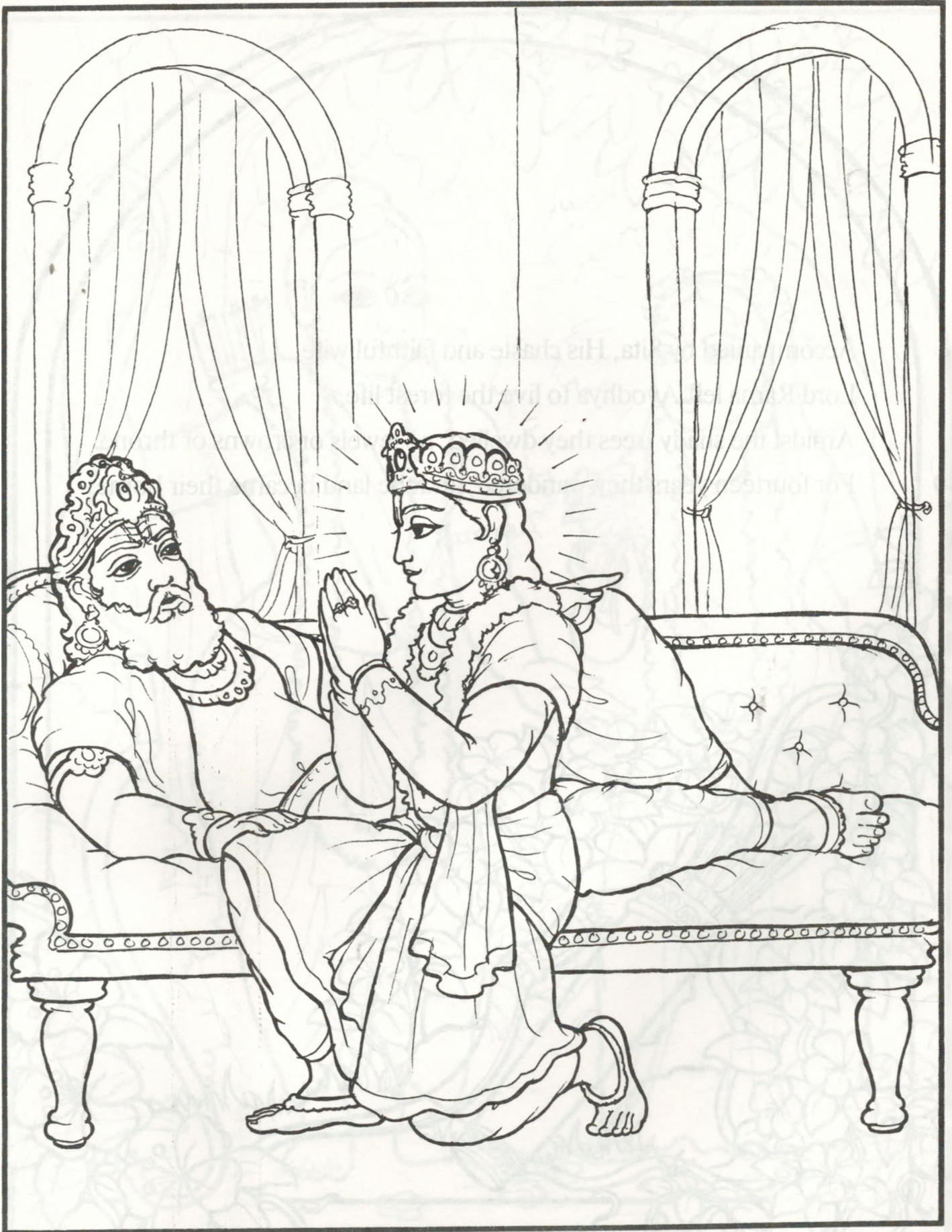




Ayodhya's ruler Dasharath, bound by his wife's demand,  
Was forced to banish Rama—to send Him from that land.  
Prince Rama never saw His noble father from that day,  
For in his grief at Rama's exile, King Dasharath passed away.









Accompanied by Sita, His chaste and faithful wife,  
Lord Rama left Ayodhya to live the forest life.

Amidst the shady trees they dwelled, no jewels or crowns or throne.  
For fourteen years they wandered, and the land became their home.

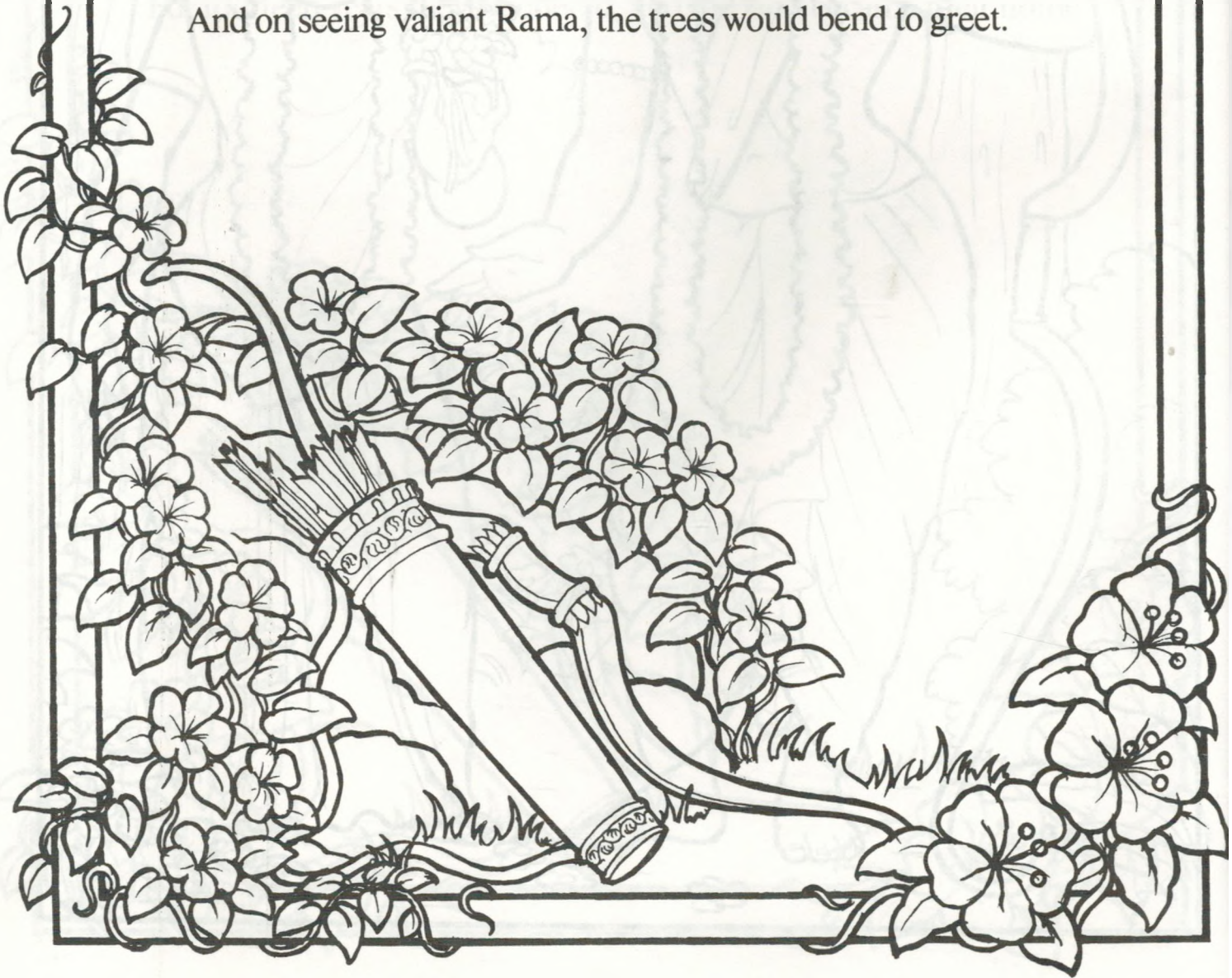








For food they ate raw berries and fruit they picked from trees.  
They drank the fresh stream water and felt the cooling breeze.  
The pleasant forest grasses made a carpet neath their feet,  
And on seeing valiant Rama, the trees would bend to greet.

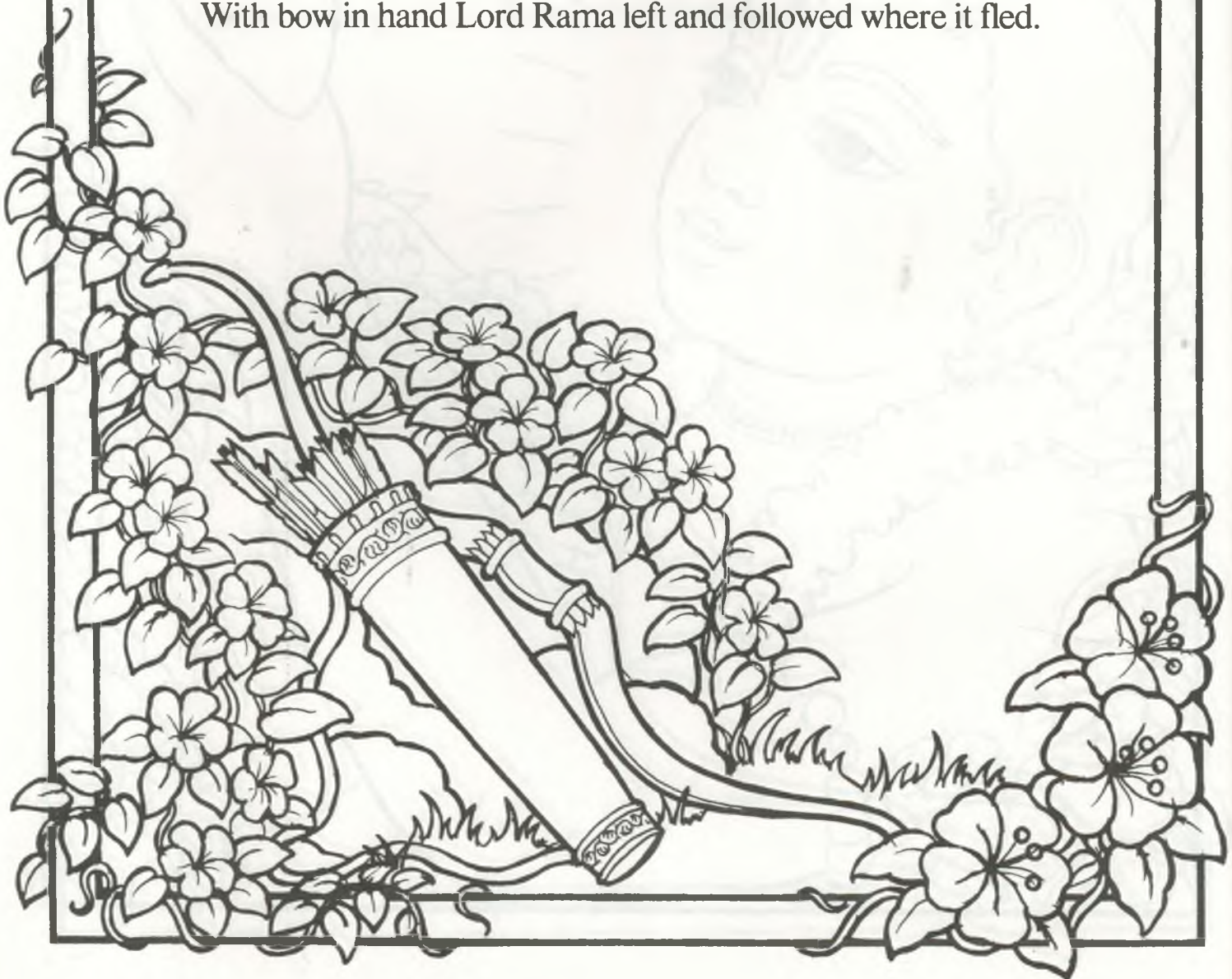








The demon Marichi, in the form of a golden deer,  
Came dancing through the forest till Queen Sita saw him near.  
“Oh, please bring me that pretty creature,” gentle Sita said.  
With bow in hand Lord Rama left and followed where it fled.

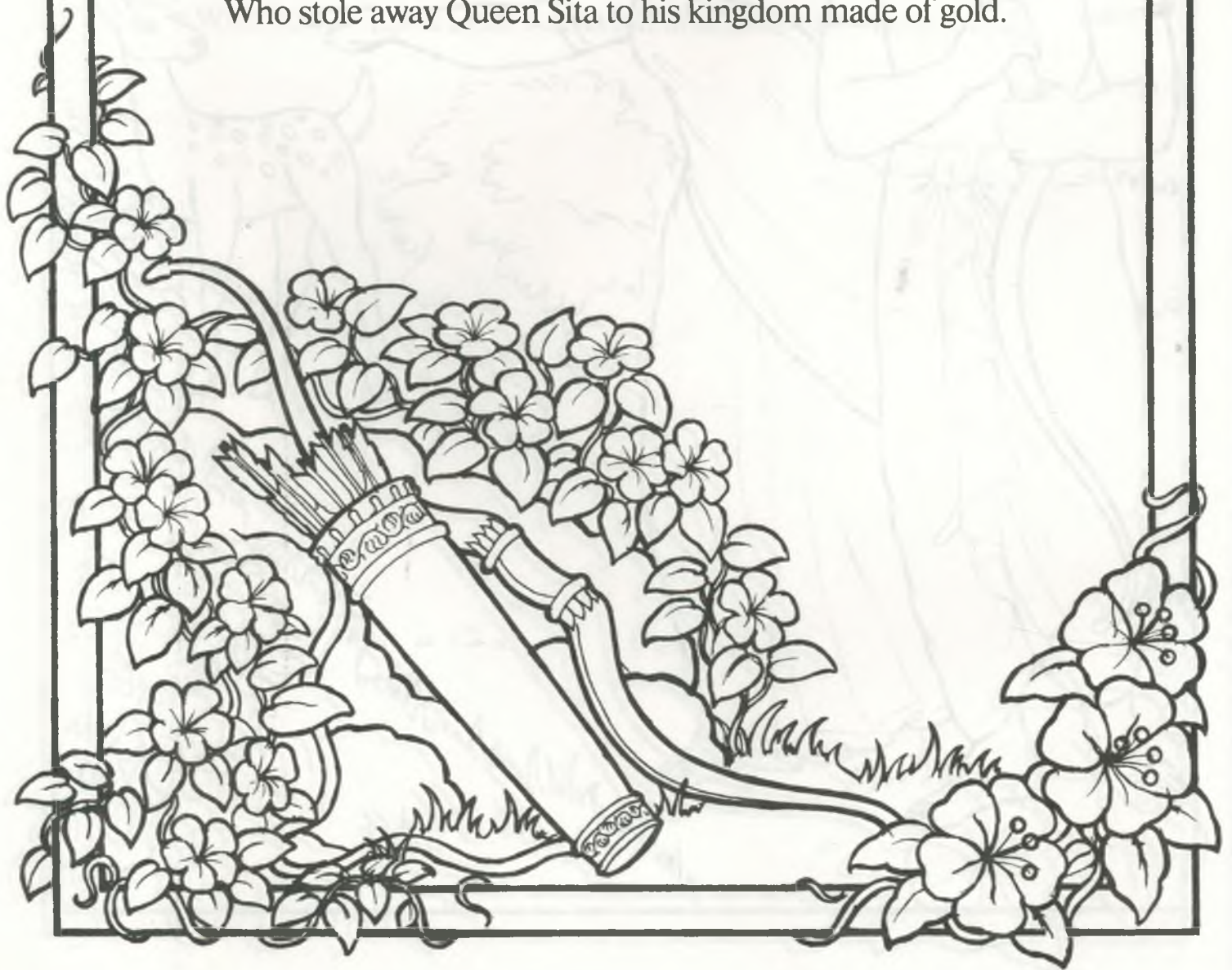




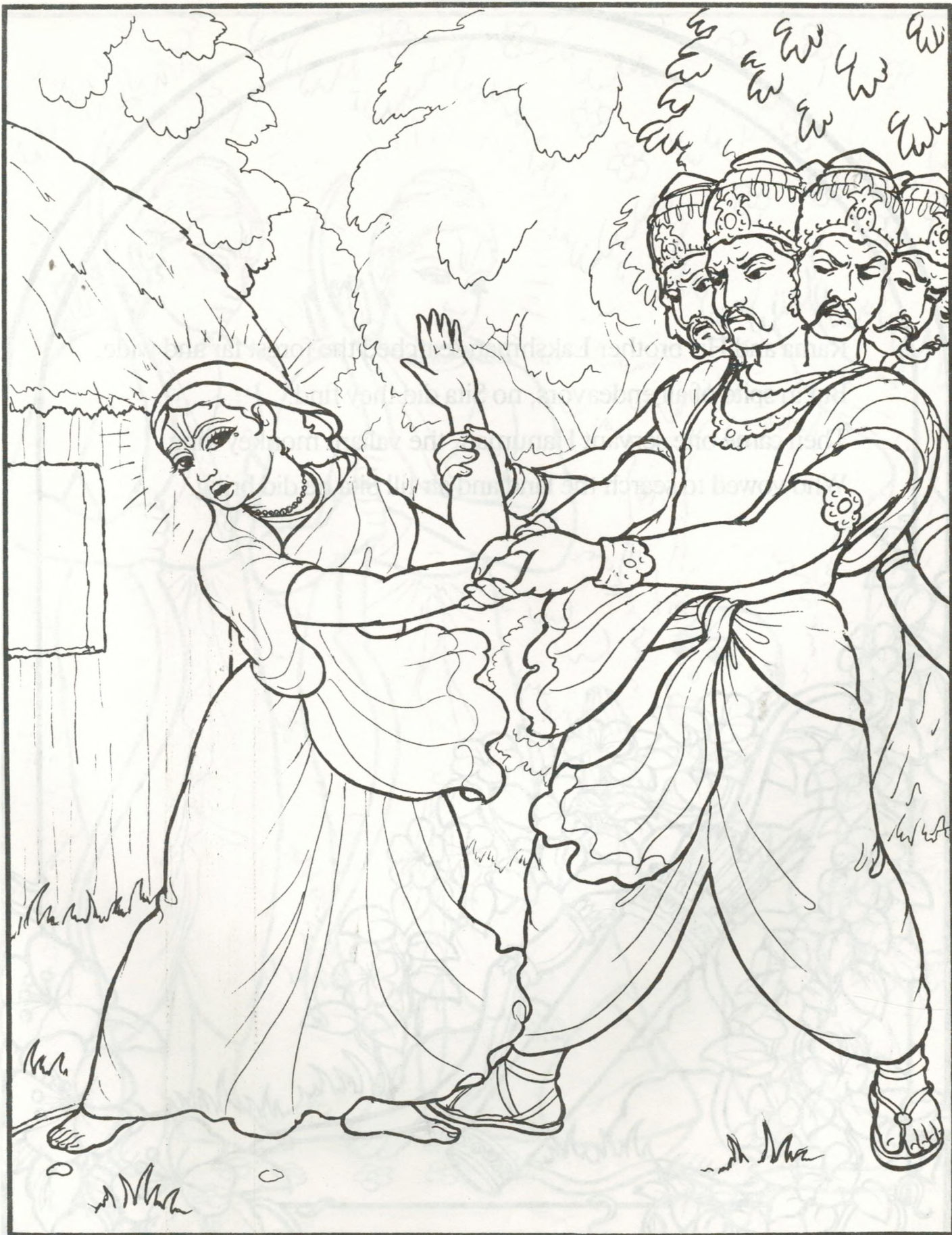




On seeing innocent Sita now alone and unaware,  
On a chariot pulled by asses and flying through the air  
Came ten-headed Ravana, the evil demon bold,  
Who stole away Queen Sita to his kingdom made of gold.

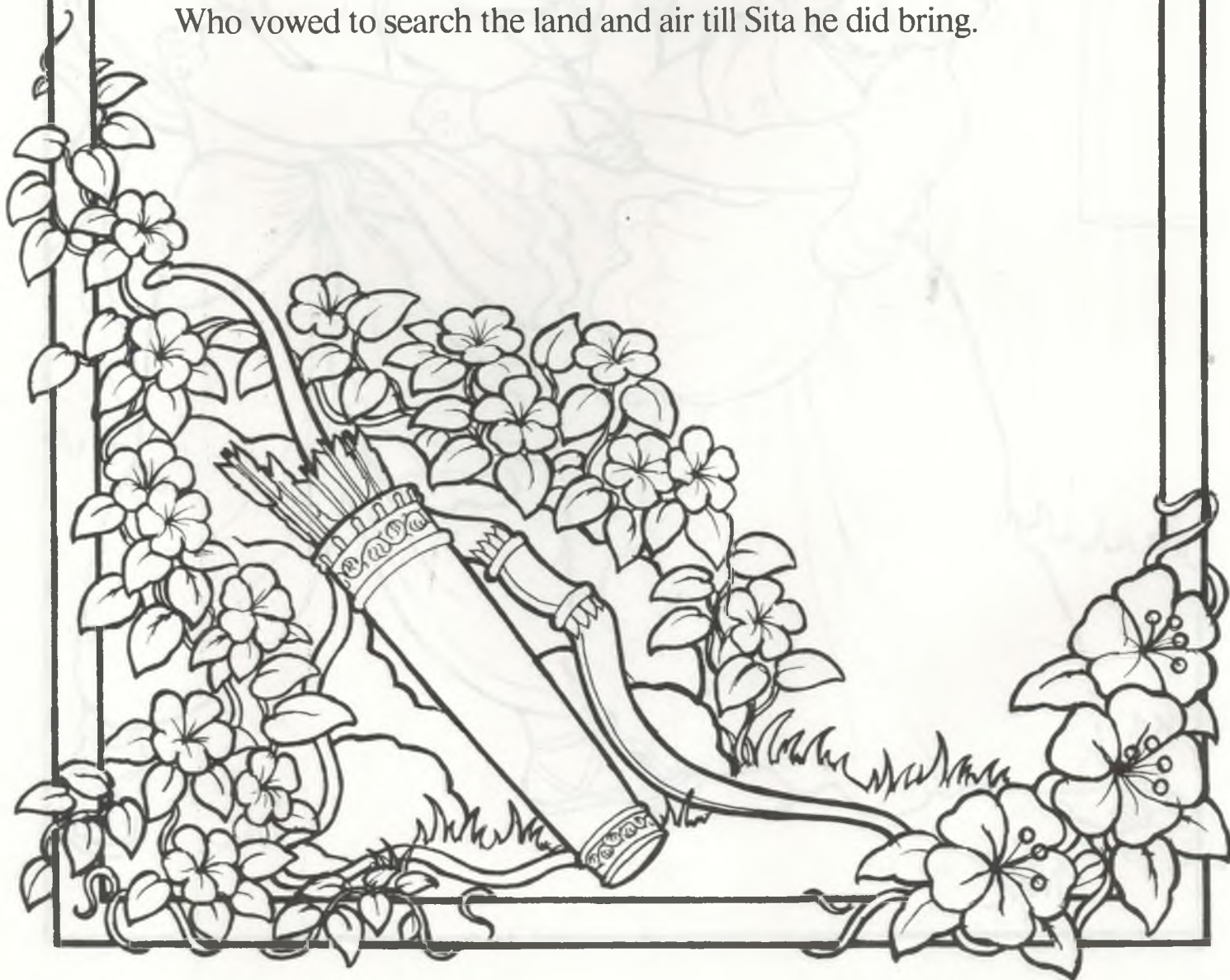




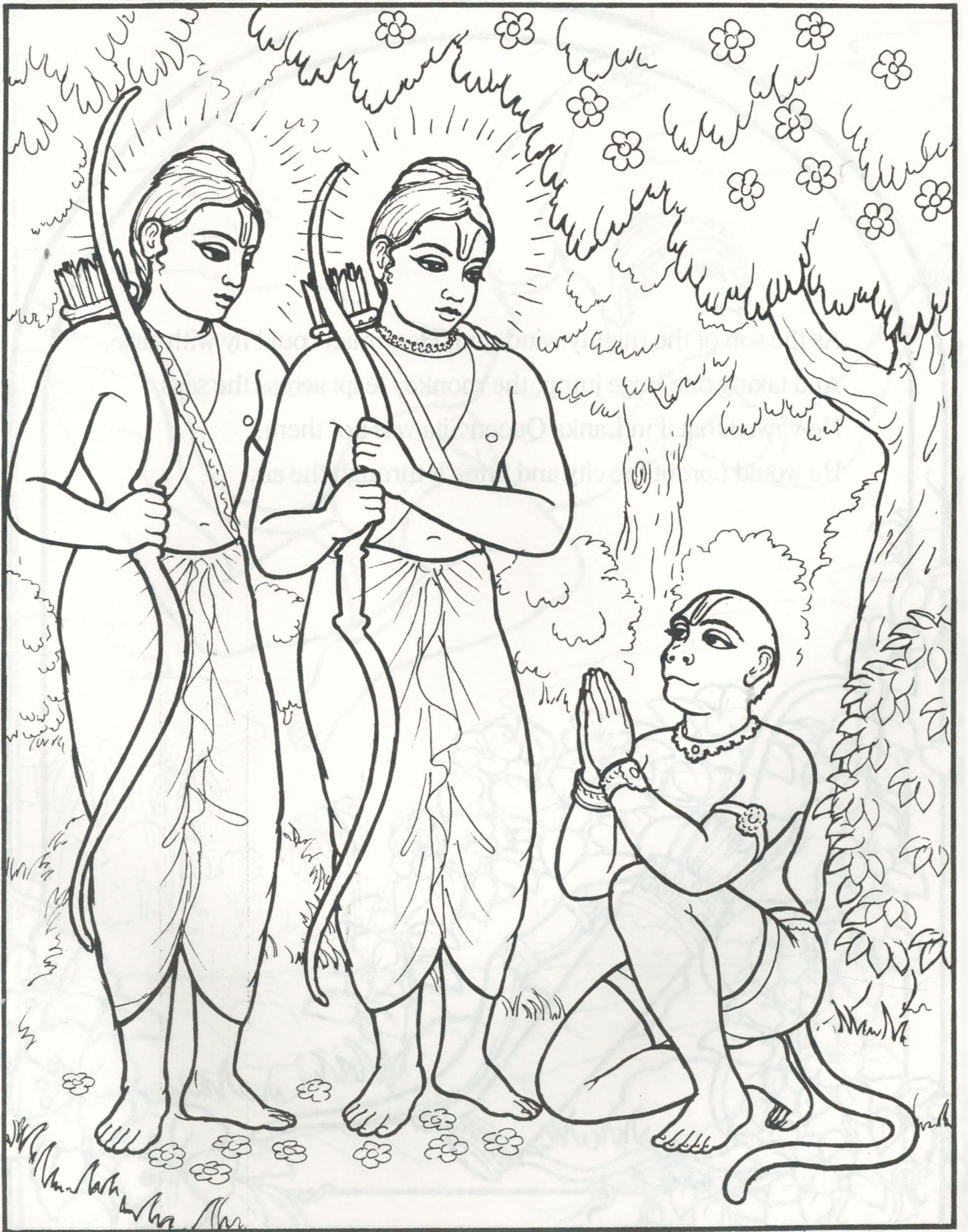




Rama and His brother Lakshman searched the forest far and wide,  
But in spite of all endeavors, no Sita did they find.  
Then came one servant Hanuman, the valiant monkey king,  
Who vowed to search the land and air till Sita he did bring.

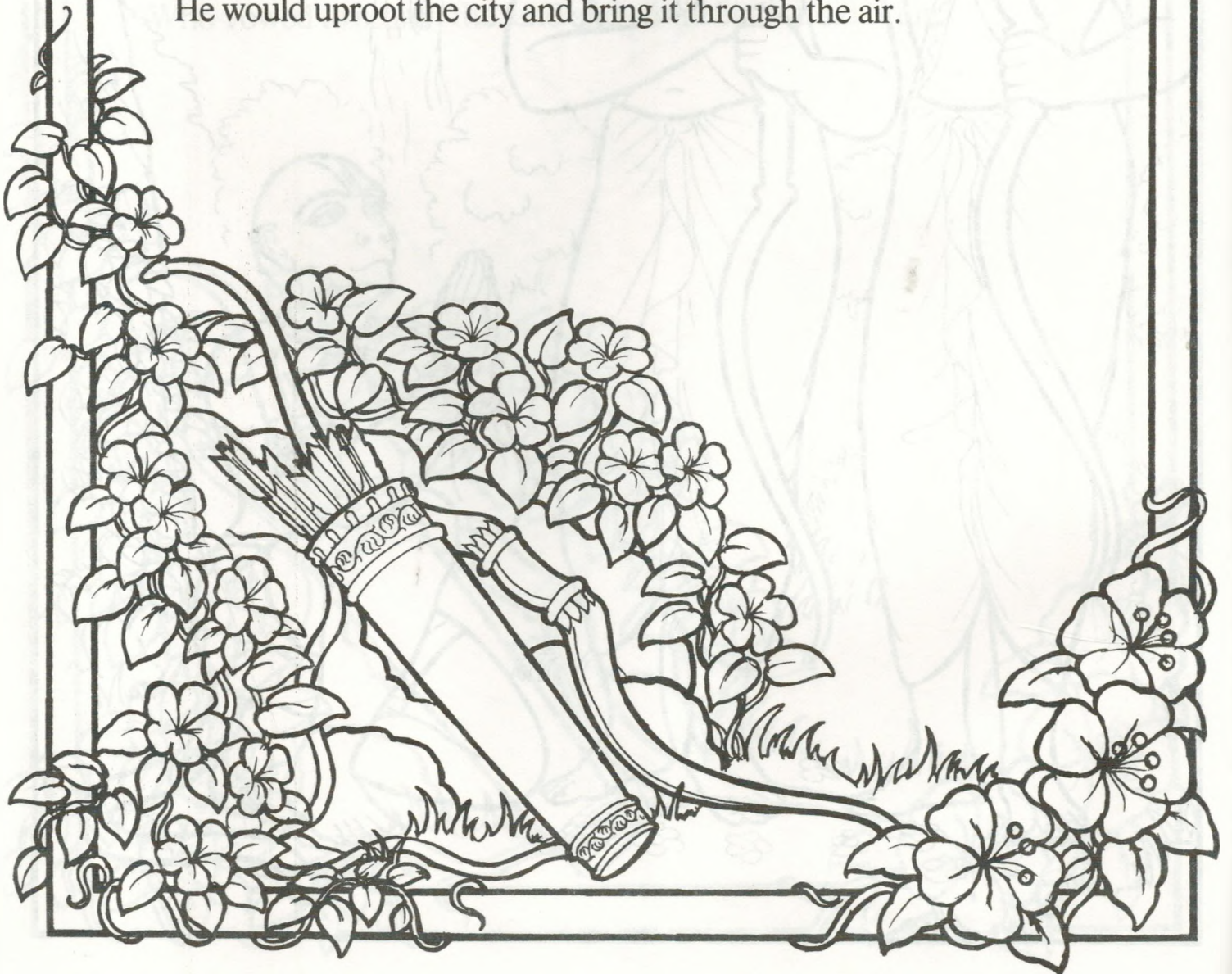




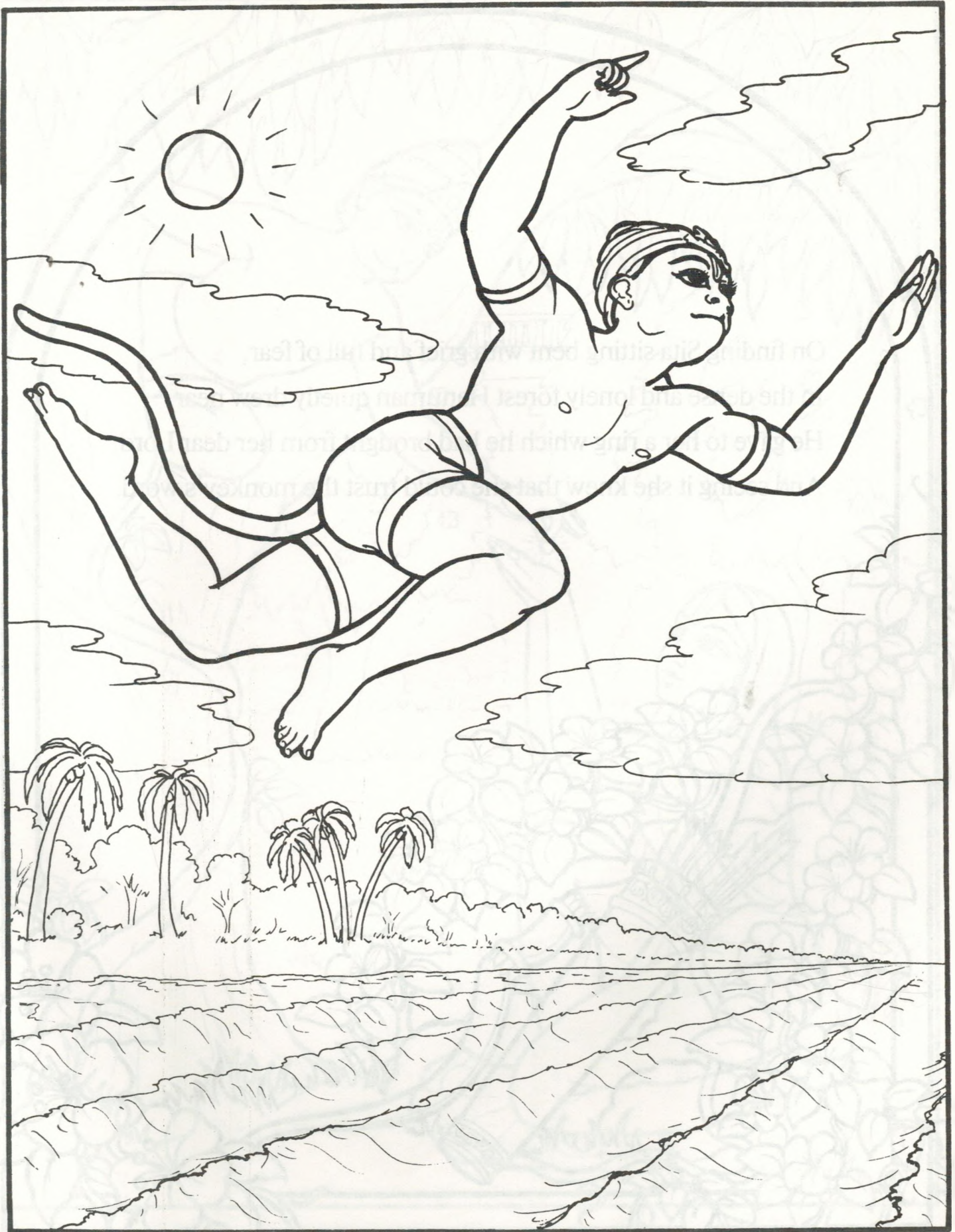




As the son of the mighty wind-god, Hanuman could fly with ease,  
And taking one huge jump, the monkey leapt across the seas.  
He vowed that if in Lanka Queen Sita was not there,  
He would uproot the city and bring it through the air.

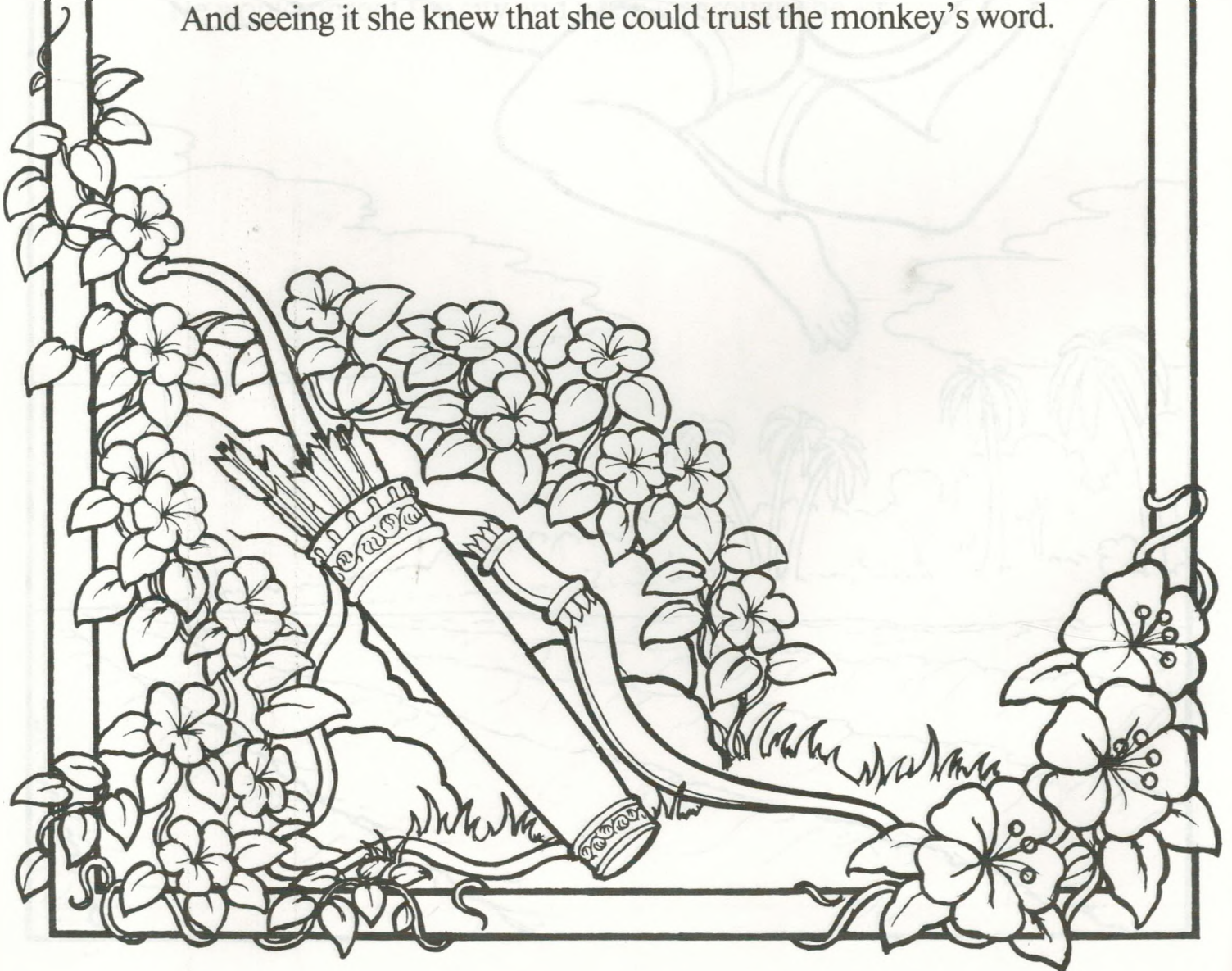








On finding Sita sitting bent with grief and full of fear,  
In the dense and lonely forest Hanuman quietly drew near.  
He gave to her a ring which he had brought from her dear Lord,  
And seeing it she knew that she could trust the monkey's word.

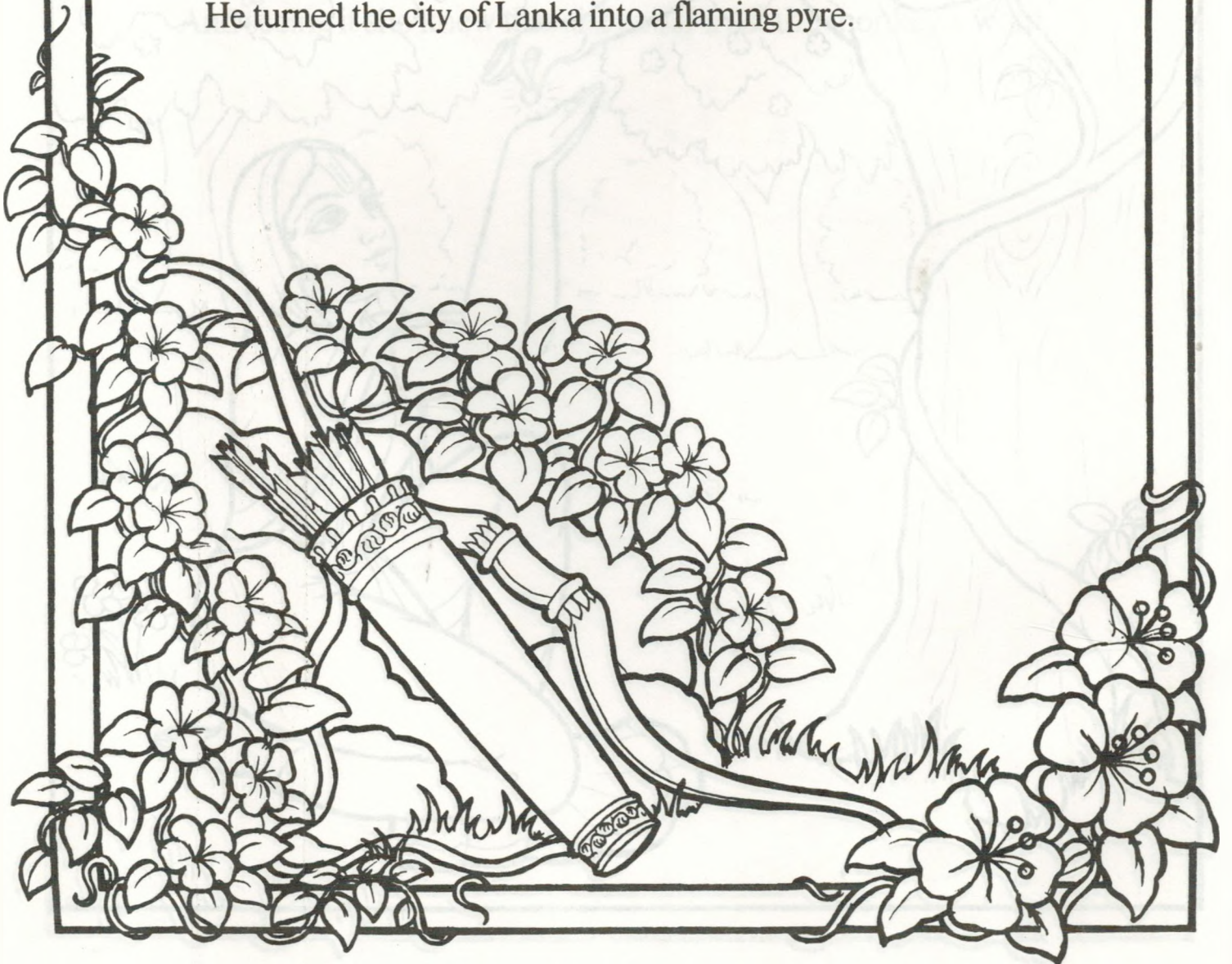




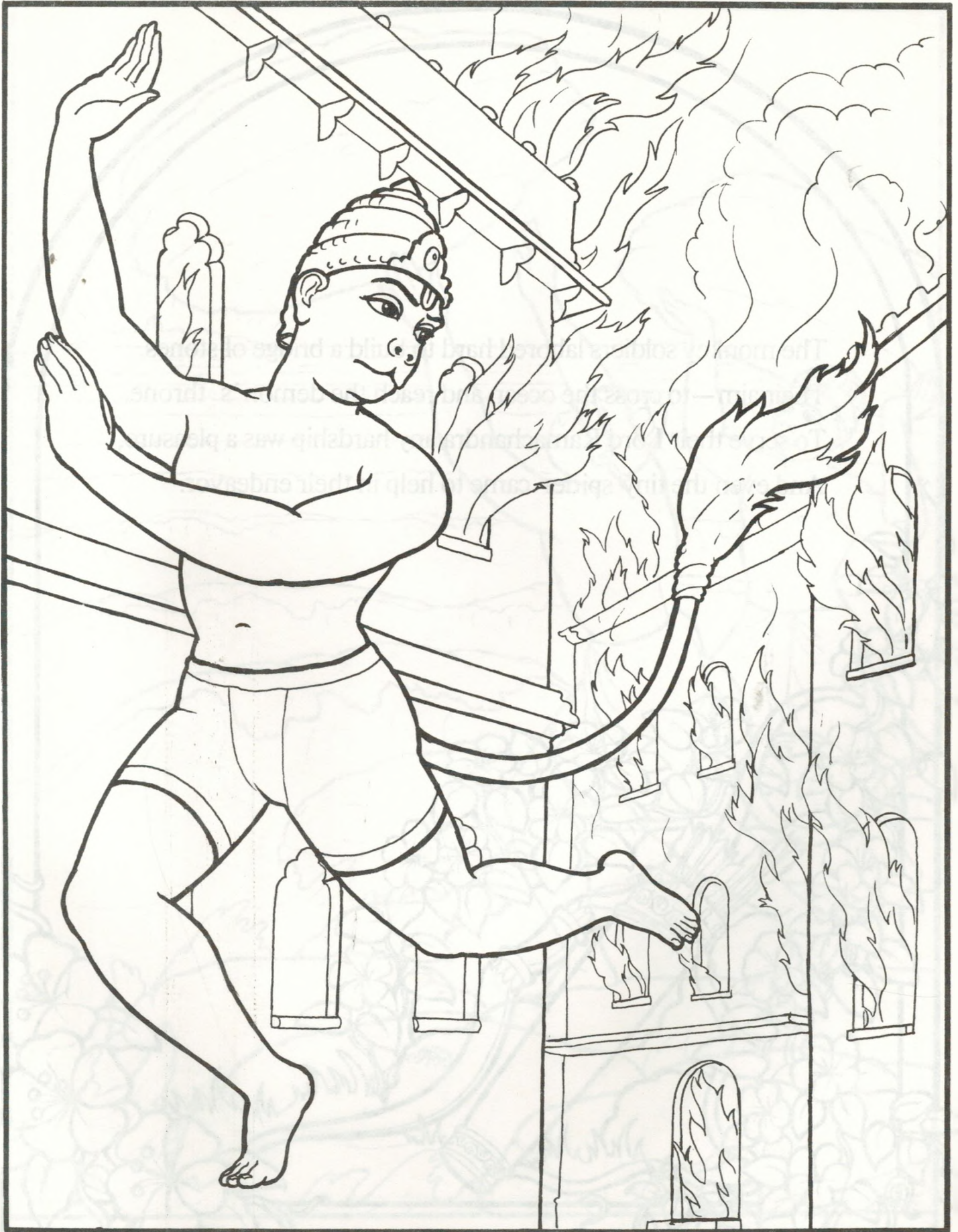




The foolish demon soldiers, not knowing Hanuman's might,  
Bound the monkey king and set his tail alight.  
But Hanuman escaped easily, and with his tail on fire  
He turned the city of Lanka into a flaming pyre.

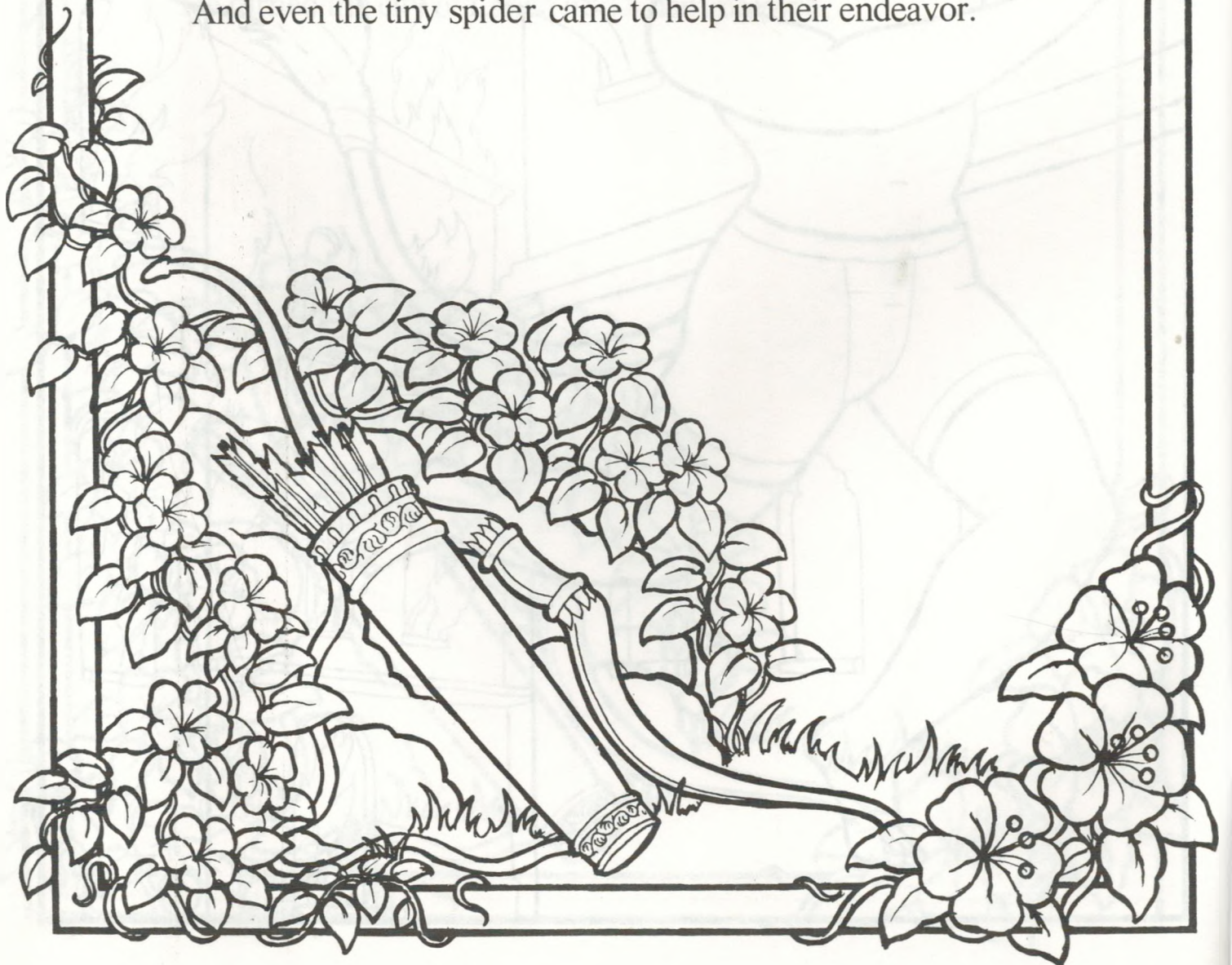




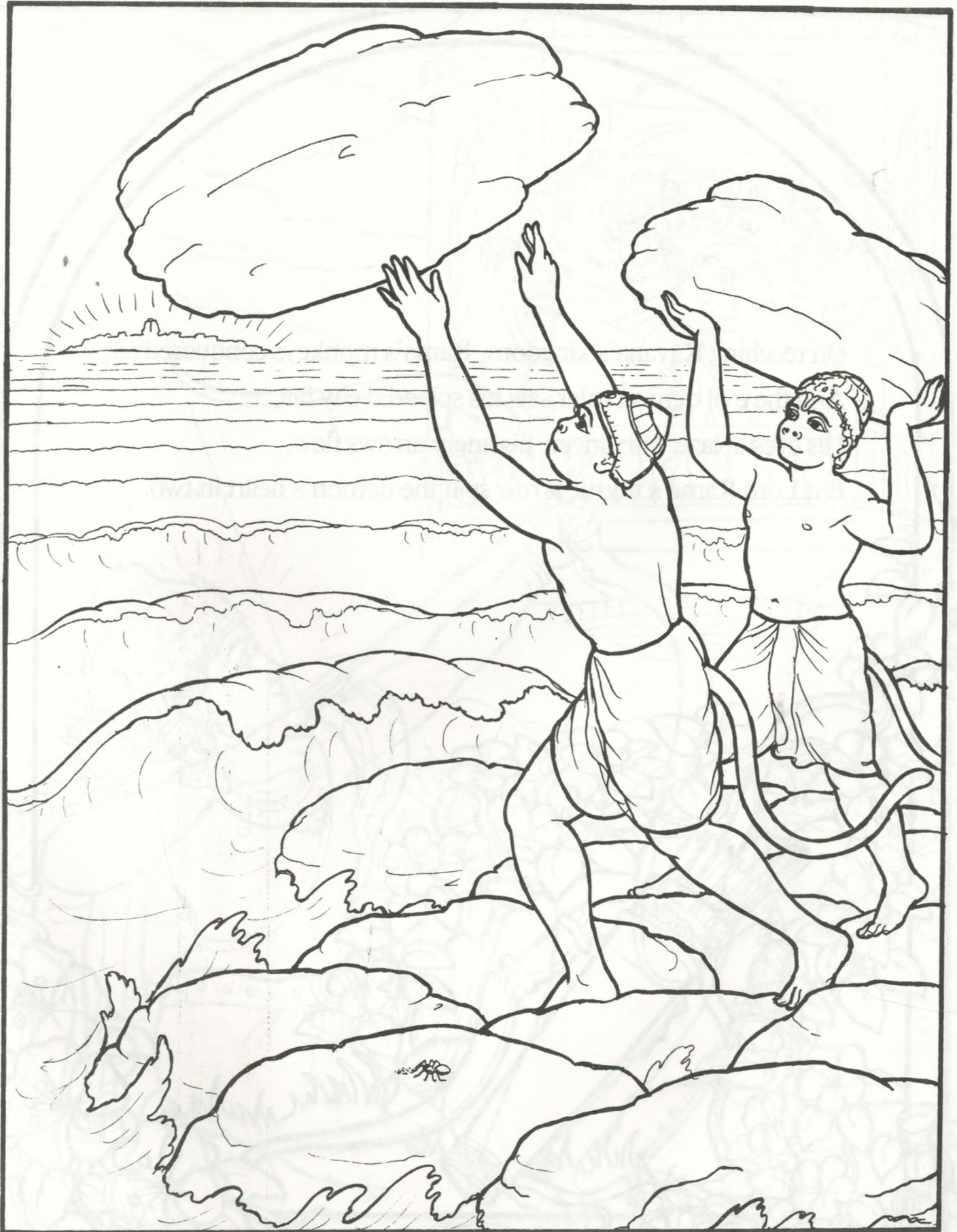




The monkey soldiers labored hard to build a bridge of stones.  
Their aim—to cross the ocean and reach the demon's throne.  
To serve their Lord Ramachandra any hardship was a pleasure,  
And even the tiny spider came to help in their endeavor.

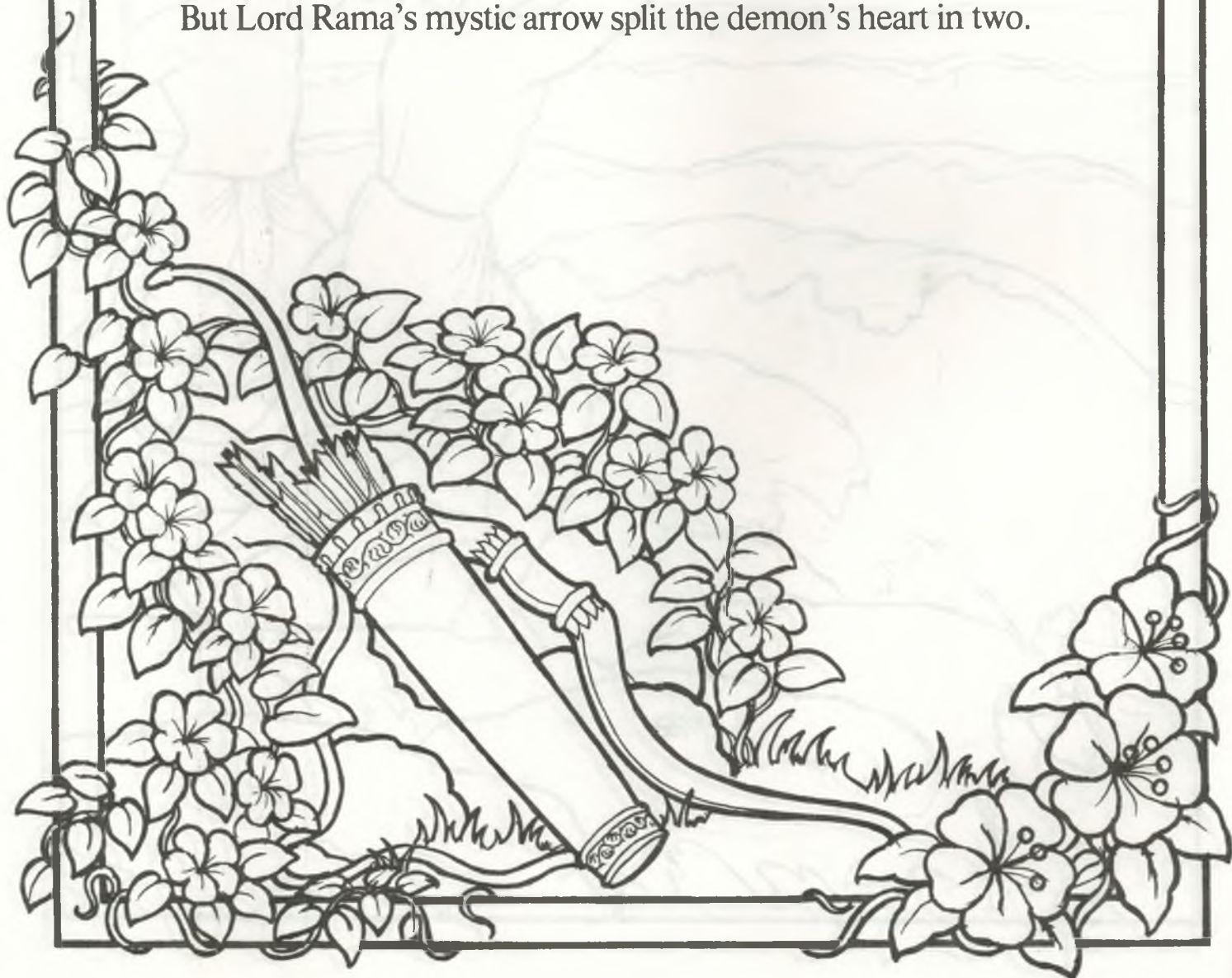




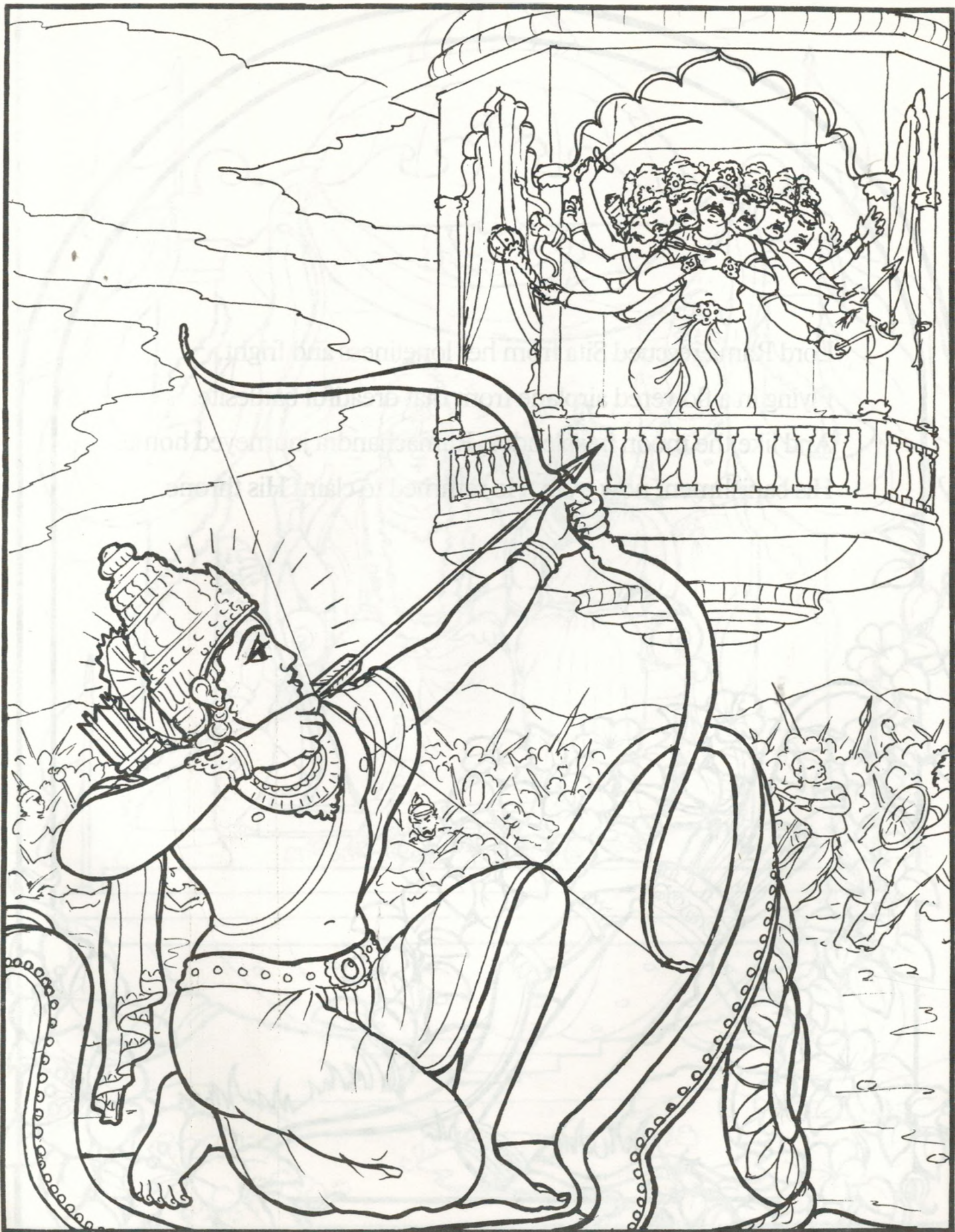




On reaching Ravana's kingdom, Rama's monkeys conquered all,  
And the evil demon ruler saw his splendid city fall.  
His eyes ablaze with anger, his angry arrows flew,  
But Lord Rama's mystic arrow split the demon's heart in two.

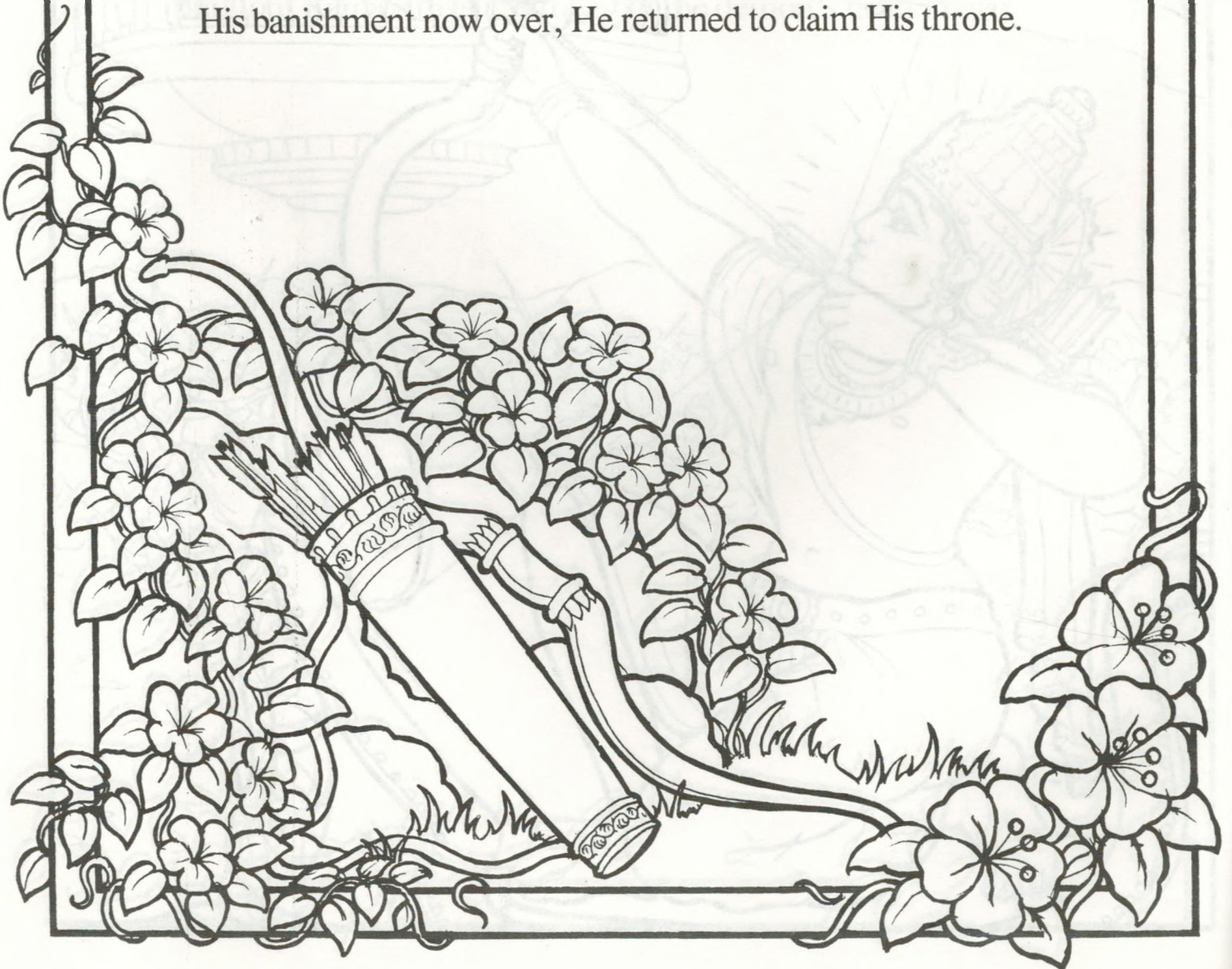








Lord Rama rescued Sita from her loneliness and fright,  
Flying in a flowered airplane from that dreadful battlesite.  
And like the moon in splendor, Ramachandra journeyed home.  
His banishment now over, He returned to claim His throne.











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