

hai dhanya terī māyā jaga me

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oh duniyā ke rakhavāle

śiva śaṅkara ḍamarū vāle (2)

Blessed is your divine illusion (Maaya) in this world, O protector of the universe. Shiva Shankar, the one who holds the damru (drum), Shiva Shankar, the innocent and simple one.

jo dhyāna terā dhara le mana me

vo jaga se mukti pāe (bhole x4)

bhava sāgara se uski naiyā

tū pala meṃ pāra lagāe (2)

saṅkaṭa meṃ bhakton ke paḍhakara tū khole āpa sambhāle

śiva śaṅkara ḍamarū vāle (2)

Whoever meditates upon you in their heart attains liberation from this world. You ferry their boat across the "ocean of worldly existence" (bhava sagara) in a mere moment. When your devotees fall into distress, you personally open the doors of support for them.

hai koī nahīm isa duniyā me

tere jaisā varadānī (hari om x4)

nita sumirana karate nāma terā

saba santa ṛiṣhi aura jñānī (x2)

nā jāne kisa para khuśa hokara tū kyā se kyā de ḍāle

śiva śaṅkara ḍamarū vāle (2)

There is no one in this world who is a giver of boons like you. All the saints, sages, and wise ones constantly remember and chant your name. No one knows on whom you might become pleased and what immense transformations or gifts you might bestow upon them.

triloka ke svāmī hokara bhī

kyā aughaḍa rūpa banāe (bhole x4)

kara me ḍamarū triśūla lie

aura nāga gale lipaṭāye(x2)

tuma tyāga se amṛta pīte ho nita prema se vrikṣa ke piyāle

śiva śaṅkara ḍamarū vāle (2)

Despite being the Lord of the three worlds, what a strange and ascetic (Aughad) form you have assumed. Holding a damru and a trident in your hands, with a snake coiled around your neck. Through sacrifice, you drink nectar, and out of love, you drink cups of poison.