

# The Morning Bell Chant, translated

## 1. The Bell Gatha

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won cha jong-song byon bop-kye  
chor-wi yu-am shil gae myong  
sam-do i-go pa do-san  
il-che jung-saeng song jong-gak

Our vow: may the sound of this bell  
spread throughout the universe,  
make all the hell of dark metal bright,  
relieve the three realms of suffering,  
shatter the hell of swords,  
and bring all beings to enlightenment.

## 2. Vairocana

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na-mu bi-ro gyo-ju  
hwa-jang ja-jon

Become one with the shining, loving, holy one,  
the great master Vairocana, Buddha of Light.

## 3. The Avatamsaka Sutra

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yon bo-gye ji gurn-mun po nang-ham ji ok-chuk  
jin-jin hon ip  
chal-chal wol-lyung  
ship-cho ku-man o-chon sa-ship-pal-cha  
il-sung won-gyo  
na-mu dae-bang-gwang bul hwa-om gyong  
na-mu dae-bang-gwang bul hwa-om gyong  
na-mu dae-bang-gwang bul hwa-om gyong

Now we recite the treasured verse from the  
golden book and display the jewelled box  
with the jade axle. Each particle of dust  
interpenetrates every other one.  
Moment by moment, each is perfectly complete.  
One hundred million, ninety-five thousand, forty-eight  
words are the complete teaching of the one vehicle.  
Become one with the great, wide Buddha:  
the Hwa Yen Sutra.

## 4. The First Poem & The Mantra of Shattering Hell

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je-il gye  
yag-in yong-nyo-ji  
sam-se il-che bul  
ung gwan bop-kye song  
il-che yu shim jo

The first verse:  
If you wish to understand thoroughly  
All Buddhas past, present, and future,  
You should view the nature of the universe  
As created by mind alone.

pa ji-ok jin-on  
na-mu a-tta shi-ji-nam sam-myak  
sam-mot-ta gu-chi-nam  
om a-ja-na ba-ba ji-ri ji-ri hum  
na-mu a-tta shi-ji-nam sam-myak  
sam-mot-ta gu-chi-nam  
om a-ja-na ba-ba ji-ri ji-ri hum  
na-mu a-tta shi-ji-nam sam-myak  
sam-mot-ta gu-chi-nam  
om a-ja-na ba-ba ji-ri ji-ri hum

The mantra of shattering hell:  
Na-mu a-ta shi-ji nam sam-yak  
sam-mo-ta gu-chi-nam  
om a-ja-na ba-ba ji-ri ji-ri hum  
Na-mu a-ta shi-ji nam sam-yak  
sam-mo-ta gu-chi-nam  
om a-ja-na ba-ba ji-ri ji-ri hum  
Na-mu a-ta shi-ji nam sam-yak  
sam-mo-ta gu-chi-nam  
om a-ja-na ba-ba ji-ri ji-ri hum

## 5. Amitabul

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won a jin-saeng mu byol-lyom  
a-mi-ta bul dok sang su  
shim-shim sang gye ok-ho gwang  
yom-nyom bul-li gum-saek sang  
a jip yom-ju bop-kye gwan  
ho-gong wi-sung mu bul gwan  
pyong-dung sa-na mu ha cho  
gwan-gu so-bang a-mi-ta  
na-mu so-bang dae-gyo-ju  
mu-ryang su yo-rae bul  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul

We vow for our entire life to keep our minds,  
without distraction, on Amita Buddha,  
the Buddha of infinite time and space.  
All minds are forever connected to this jade  
brightness. No thought ever departs from this  
golden form. Holding beads, perceiving the  
universe; with emptiness as the string,  
there is nothing unconnected.  
Perceive and attain the western Amita Buddha.  
Become one with the great western master,  
the “just like this” Buddha of infinite life.  
Become one: infinite time, infinite space Buddha.

## 6. Three Poems

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chong-san chop-chop mi-ta-gul  
chang-he mang-mang jong-myol gung  
mul-mul yom-nae mu gae-ae  
ki-gan song-jong hak-tu hong  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul

The blue mountain of many ridges is the Buddha’s home.  
The vast ocean of many waves is the palace of stillness.  
Be with all things without hindrance.  
Few can see the crane’s red head atop the pine tree.  
Become one: infinite time, infinite space Buddha.

san-dan jong-ya jwa mu-on  
jok-chong nyo-yo bon ja-yon  
ha-sa so-pung dong-nim ya  
il-song han-ang-nyu jang-chon  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul

Sitting quietly in a mountain temple in the quiet night,  
Extreme quiet and stillness is original nature.  
Why then does the western wind shake the forest?  
A single cry of winter geese fills the sky.  
Become one: infinite time, infinite space Buddha.

won gong bop-kye jae jung-saeng  
dong-im-mi-ta dae won-hae  
jin mi-rae je-do jung saeng  
ja-ta il-shi song bul-do  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul

Vowing openly with all world beings,  
Entering together Amita’s ocean of great vows,  
Continuing forever to save sentient beings,  
You and I simultaneously attain the way of Buddha.  
Become one: infinite time, infinite space Buddha.

## 7. The Pure Land

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na-mu so-bang jong-to gung-nak se-gye  
sam-shim-nyung-man-ok ii-shib-il-man  
gu-chon-o-baek dong-myong dong-ho  
dae-ja dae-bi a-mi-ta bul  
na-mu so-bang jong-to gung-nak se-gye  
bul-shin jang-gwang  
sang-ho mu-byon gum-saek-kwang-myong  
byon-jo bop-kye  
sa-ship par-won do-tal jung-saeng  
bul-ga-sol bul-ga-sol-chon  
bul-ga-sol hang-ha-sa bul-chal mi-jin-su  
do mak-chug-wi mu-han guk-su  
sam-baeng-nyuk-shim-man-ok  
il-shib-il-man gu-chon-o-baek  
dong myong dong-ho dae-ja dae-bi  
a-dung do-sa kum-saek yo-rae  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul  
na-mu a-mi-ta bul

Become one with the western pure land,  
a world of utmost bliss.  
The thirty-six billion, one hundred nineteen  
thousand, five hundred names of the Buddha  
are all the same name.  
Great love, great compassion, Amita Buddha.  
Become one with the western pure land,  
a world of utmost bliss.  
This Buddha's body is long and wide.  
This auspicious face is without boundary  
and this golden color shines everywhere,  
pervading the entire universe.  
Forty-eight vows to save all sentient beings.  
No one can say, nor say its opposite.  
No one can say, because Buddha is like  
the Ganges's innumerable grains of sand,  
or the infinite moments in all time,  
or innumerable dust particles, or countless  
blades of grass, numberless number.  
The three hundred sixty billion,  
one hundred nineteen thousand,  
five hundred names of the Buddha  
are all the same name.  
Great love, great compassion,  
our original teacher.  
Homage to the golden Tathagata Amita Buddha.  
Become one: infinite time, infinite space Buddha.

## 8. Concluding Mantra

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bon-shim mi-myo jin-on da-nya-ta  
om a-ri da-ra sa-ba-ha  
om a-ri da-ra sa-ba-ha  
om a-ri da-ra sa-ba-ha

The mantra of original mind's sublimity:  
Om a-ri da-ra sa-ba-ha  
Om a-ri da-ra sa-ba-ha  
Om a-ri da-ra sa-ba-ha