

Morning Bell Chant

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
na-mu bi-ro gyo-ju
hwa-jang ja-jon
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
je-il gye
yag-in yong-nyo-ji
sam-se il-che bul
ung gwan bop-kye song
il-che yu shim jo

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
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

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.

Homage to the shining, loving, holy one,
the great master Vairocana, Buddha of Light.

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.

Homage to the great, wide Buddha:
the Hwa Yen Sutra.

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.

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

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.

na-mu a-mi-ta bul

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.
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