

In Xannadu did Culla Khan
A stately Pleasure-Dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred River, ran
Thro' caverns measureless to Man
Down to a sunless Sea.

So twice six miles of fertile ground
With Walls and Towers were compass'd round:
And here were Gardens bright with sinuous Rills
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing Tree,
And here were Forests ancient as the Hills
Enfolding sunny spots of Greenery.
But o' that deep romantic Chasm, that slanted
Down a green Hill athwart a cedar Cover,
A savage Place, as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning Moon was haunted
By Woman, wailing for her Demon-Lover:
^{Arising forth} ~~From~~ This Chasm with hideous Tumult seething,
As if this Earth in fast thick Parts were breathing,
A mighty Fountain memently was foed,
And whose swift half-intermitted Burst
Huge Fragments vaulted like rebounding Hail,
Or chaffy Grain beneath the Thresher's Flail.
And mid these dancing Rocks at once & ever
It flung up memently the sacred River.
Five miles meandering with a mazy Motion
Thro' wood and Dale the sacred River ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to Man
And sank in Tumult to a lifeless Ocean;
And mid this Tumult Culla heard from ~~far~~ ^{far}
Ancestral Voices prophesying War.

The Shadow of the Dome of Pleasure
Floated midway on the wave
Where was heard the mingled Measure
From the Fountain and the Cave.
It was a miracle of rare Device
A sunny Pleasure-Dome with Caves of Ice!

A Damsel with a Dulcimer

In a vision once I said:
It was an Abyssinian Maid,
And on her Dulcimer she play'd
Singing of Mount Amara.
Could I revive within me
Her Symphony of song,
To meet a deep Delight 'twould win me,
That with Music loud and long
I would build that Dome in Air,
That sunny Dome! those caves of Ice!
And all, who heard, should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing Eyes! his floating Hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your Eyes in holy dread.
For He on Honey-dew hath fed
And drank the Milk of Paradise.

This fragment with a good deal more, not
recoverable, composed, in a sort of Reverie brought
on by two grains of Opium, taken to check a
dysentery, at a Farm House between Porlock &
Linton, a quarter of a mile from Culbone Church,
in the fall of the year, 1797.

J. T. Coleridge

Given by Mr. Southey, no. 100
Autograph of Coleridge.



The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan by Ebenezer Wake Cook



"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,"

Kubla Khan by Andrew Lang



A Fantasy of Kubla Khan's Palace by Albert Edward Richardson [1915]



Kubla Khan by Dugald Stewart Walker [1924]



Artwork by Philip Cassirer for Soukie & Windish – *Kubla Khan*
Techno/Tech House EP [2014]

KUBLA KHAN.



N Xanadu did Kubla
Khan
A stately pleasure-dome
decree:
Where Alph, the sacred
river, ran
Through caverns mea-
sureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of

Kubla
Khan

fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil
seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:

Kubla
Khan And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!

His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Kubla
Khan