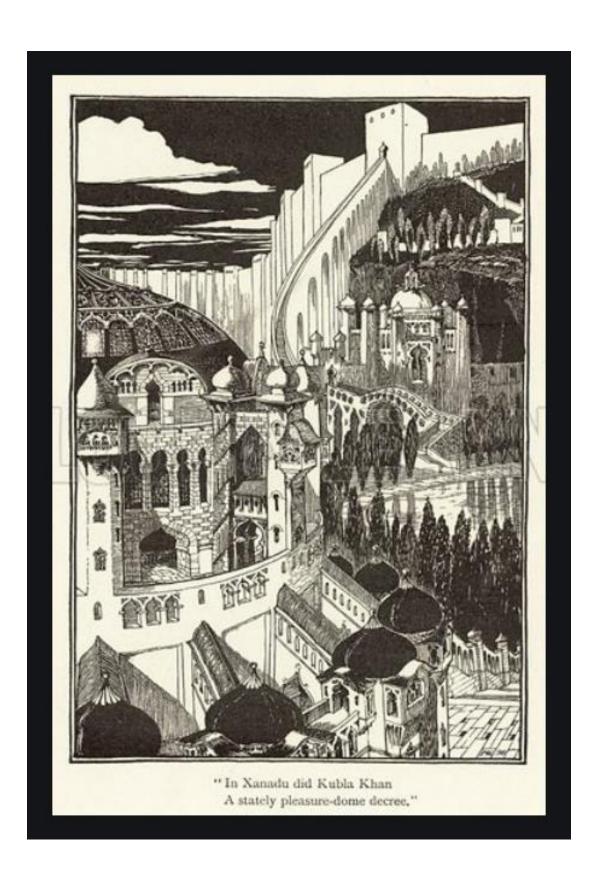
In Sannada did Galla Khan A stately Measure Dime decree; Where Alph, the sacred liver, van Thro Caverns measureless to Man Down to a sunless Sea. to hime six miles of fertile ground With Walls and Towers were compassed round: And here were Gardens bright with sinuous Rills Where blossomed many an incense bearing Tree, And here were thrests ancient as the Hells Enfolding sunny spots of Greenery. But a that deep remantic Chasm, that slanted Down a green Hill athwart a cedar Cover A savage Mace, as holy and inchanted As e'er beneath a waning Mon was haunted By Wiman wailing for her Scenier Love. Morn this chasm with hideans Turm oil seething, his if this Earth in fast thick Pants were breathing, It mighty Frinken momenthy was fored, anied whose swift half-intermetted Burst Muge Fragments van let like rebounding Hait. Or chaffy grain beneath the Thresher! Thail. had mid these dancing Rocks at once 3 ever It flung up menertly the sacred River. Five nices meandring with a mary Motion Thro' wood and Dale The sacred River ran, Then reached the Caverns measureles to Man-And sank in Tumult & a lifeleft Ocean; And med the Tumult Cubla heard from far Ancested Voices propherging War. The thadas of the Done of Measure Floate medowny in the Where was heard the mingled Measure From the Foundain and the lave. Hwas a miracle of ran device it sunny Pleasure Done with lave, of hee! A Daniel with a Gularmer

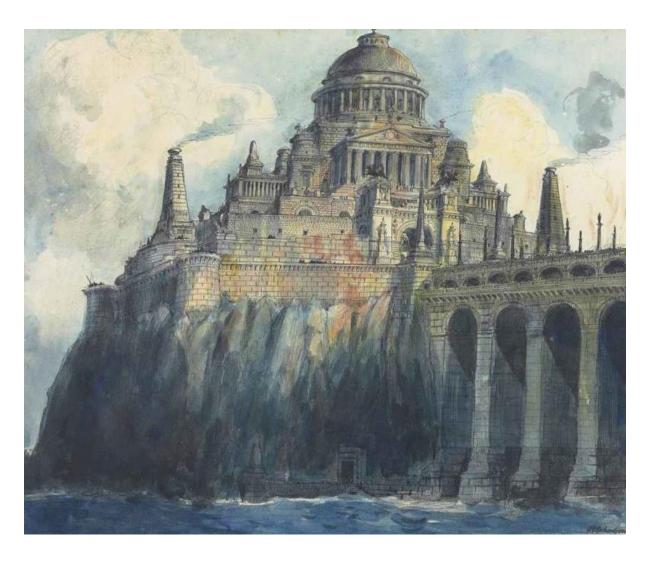
In a vision once I said: It was an Abyfinian Main, and on her Dulcimen she play I Linging of Mount Amara. Could I revive withen Har Tymphony of long, To met a deep Selight hours win me, That with Music land and long I would but that Done in Air, That sunny Dime! Those laves of See. Ind all who leard, should see them there, had all should any Beware! Beware! His Hushing Eyes! his floating Hair! Neave a circle round him thrice, For He in Honey dew hath fer And drank the Milk of Paradire. This pragment with a good deal more, not recoverable, compared, in a soul of Reverice brought on by how grains of opinion, taken I check a dysentery, at a Farm House between Portrol of Links, a quarter of a mich from Calline Church, in the fall of the year, 1797. S. T. Colerafe



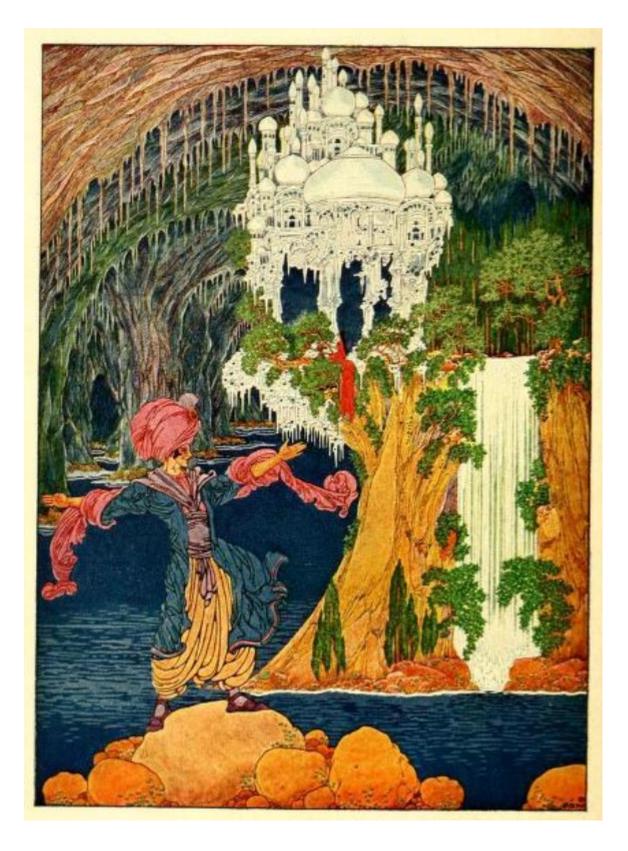
The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan by Ebenezer Wake Cook



Kubla Khan by Andrew Lang



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

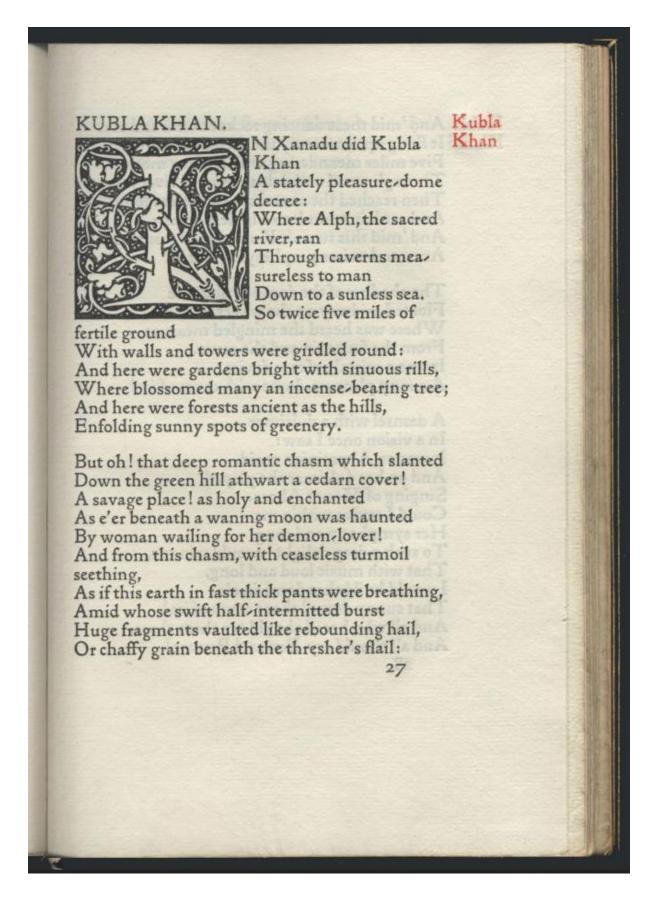


Kubla Khan by Dugald Stewart Walker [1924]



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

From the Kelmscott Coleridge, a collection [1896]



Kubla And'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever Khan
It flung up momently 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!

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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