

1 Kubla Khan  
2 By Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1798)  
3  
4 In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
5 A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
6 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
7 Through caverns measureless to man  
8 Down to a sunless sea.  
9 So twice five miles of fertile ground  
10 With walls and towers were girdled round:  
11 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
12 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
13 And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
14 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.  
15  
16 But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
17 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
18 A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
19 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
20 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
21 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
22 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
23 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:  
24 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
25 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
26 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
27 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
28 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
29 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
30 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
31 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
32 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
33 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
34 Ancestral voices prophesying war!  
35 The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
36 Floated midway on the waves;  
37 Where was heard the mingled measure  
38 From the fountain and the caves.  
39 It was a miracle of rare device,  
40 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!  
41  
42 A damsel with a dulcimer  
43 In a vision once I saw:  
44 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
45 And on her dulcimer she played,  
46 Singing of Mount Abora.  
47 Could I revive within me  
48 Her symphony and song,  
49 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
50 That with music loud and long,  
51 I would build that dome in air,  
52 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
53 And all who heard should see them there,  
54 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
55 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
56 Weave a circle round him thrice,

57 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
58 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
59 And drunk the milk of Paradise.