

Kubla Khan

Valentin Dubovskoy
Lyrics by S. Coleridge

$\text{♩} = 80$ *mp*

In Xa - na - du did Kub - la Khan a state - ly pleas - ure -

5

dome de - cree: where Alph, the sa - cred riv - er, ran through

8

cav - erns meas - ure - less to man down to a sun - less sea.

12

So twice five miles of fer - tile ground with

16

walls and towers were gir - dled round: and there were gar - dens bright with

19

sin - uous rills, where blos - somed ma - ny an in - cense - bear - ing tree;

23

and here were for - ests an - cient as the hills, en -

26

fold - ing sun - ny spots of green - er - y. But oh! that deep ro - man - tic

♩=120

29

chasm which slant - ed down the green hill ath - wart a ce - darn cov - er! A sav - age place! as

33

ho - ly and en - chant - ed as e'er be - neath a wan - ing moon was

38

haunt - ed by wom - an wail - ing for her de - mon - lov - er!

43

And from this chasm, with cease - less tur - moil

46

seeth - ing, as if this earth in fast thick pants were

48

breath - ing, a might - y foun - tain mo - ment-ly was

50

forced: a - mid whose swift half-in - ter-mit - ted burst huge

53

frag - ments vault - ed like re-bound - ing hail, or

55

chaff - y grain be-neath the thresh - er's flail: and

(8^{va})

57

'mid these danc - ing rocks at once and ev - er it

8^{va}

59

flung up mo - ment-ly the sa - cred riv - er. Five

(8^{va})

mp

8^{va}

61

miles meander - ing with a ma - zy mo - tion through wood and dale the

mp

♩ = 80

64

sa - cred riv - er ran, then reached the cav - erns meas - ure - less to man, and

67

sank in tu - mult to a life - less o - cean:

71

mf and 'mid this tu - mult Kub - la heard from far an -

75

ces - tral voic - es proph - e - sy - ing war! The shad - ow of

the dome of pleas - ure float - ed mid-way on the waves; where was heard the min - gled

meas - ure from the foun-tain and the caves. It was a

mir-a-cle of rare de - vice, a sun-ny pleas-ure-dome with caves of ice!

♩=140

95

mp

A dam-sel with a dul-ci-mer in a vi-sion once I

saw: it was an Ab-ys-sin-ian maid, and on her dul-ci-mer she played,

102

sing-ing of Mount A-bo-ra. Could I re-vive with-in me her sym-pho-ny and

107

song, to such a deep de-light 'twould win me, that with mu-sic

112

mf

song, to such a deep de-light 'twould win me, that with mu-sic

117

loud and long, I would build that dome in

122

air, that sun-ny dome! those caves of ice! And all who heard should see them there, and

127

all should cry, Be-ware! Be - ware! His flash-ing eyes, his float-ing hair!

131 *f*

Weave a cir - cle round him thrice,

135

and close your eyes with ho - ly dread, for he on hon - ey - dew hath

142

fed, and drunk the milk of Par - a - dise.