

Kubla Khan Poem

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Kubla Khan

By [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) *Or, a vision in a dream. A Fragment.*

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan A stately pleasure-dome decree: Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man Down to a sunless sea. So twice five miles of fertile
ground With walls and towers were girdled round; And there 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, A mighty fountain momentarily was forced: Amid whose
swift half-intermitted burst Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail, Or chaffy grain
beneath the threshers' flail: And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever 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! 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.