

## 3. KUBLA KHAN

## 3. КУБЛА-ХАН

Lyrics by Samuel Coleridge

Слова Сэмюэля Кольриджа

$\text{♩} = 80$  *mp*

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

*mp*

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

*mf*

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

*mf*

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

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

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

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

55  
 chaff - y grain be-neath the thresh - er's flail: and  
 (8)

57  
 'mid these danc - ing rocks at once and ev - er it  
 8

59  
 flung up mo - ment-ly the sa - cred riv - er. Five  
 (8) mp 8

61  $\text{♩} = 80$   
 miles meander-ing with a ma - zy mo - tion through wood and dale the  
 mp

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-

*mf*

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

*mp*

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

102

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

107

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

112

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

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.

*ff*

8 - - - - -

8 -

8 -

8 -

8 -

8 - - - - -