

In Xannadu did Culla Khan  
At Stately Measura some decree,  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Thro' caverns measureless to Man  
Down to a sunless Sea.

To twice six miles of fertile ground  
With Walls and Towers were compass'd round:  
And here were Gardens bright with sinuous Rills  
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing Tree,  
And here were forests ancient as the Hills,  
Embracing sunny spots of Greenery.  
But o! that deep romantic Chasm, that started  
Down a 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 Demian Lover:  
From this Chasm with hideous Tumult scething,  
As if the earth in fast thick Platts were breaking,  
A mighty Fountain momently was foed,  
And whose swift half-intermitted Burst  
Huge Fragments vaulted like rebounding Mail,  
Or chaffy Grain beneath the Thresher's Flail,  
And mid these dancing Rocks at once & ever  
It flung up momently the sacred River:  
Five miles meandering with a mazy Motion  
Thro' wood and Dale the sacred River ran,  
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to Man  
And sank in Tumult to a lifeless Ocean;  
And mid this Tumult Culla heard from far  
Ancestral Voices prophesying War.

The Shadow of the Dome of Measura  
Floated midway on the wave  
Where was heard the mingled Measura  
From the Fountain and the Cave  
It was a miracle of rare Device