

poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

music by Philip Legge

Vocal score

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Kubla Khan

Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem *Kubla Khan* is an unsettling glimpse of the poet's unconscious as well as a vivid and evocative set of dreamlike images. The story of how it came to be written is well-known; the visions in a dream inspired by reading a passage of *Purchas's Pilgrimage* relating the construction of the Khan's palace (and possibly influenced by laudanum) might have resulted in a poem of two or three hundred lines had not Coleridge been interrupted by the infamous "man from Porlock". We are left instead with a fleeting spiral of fragmentary images and ideas that never seem to connect. A fragment of Coleridge's Fragment appears on the cover (Add. MS 50847, f. 1v).

The obvious inspiration for the harp accompaniment is the first line of the final stanza, "A damsel with a dulcimer", and the instrumental trio of a harp and two flutes is not completely unknown. The keyboard part here is a transcription of the harp and flute parts suitable for rehearsal with piano. A proper orchestral double harp is preferred for performance, however an electronic keyboard with a full set of octaves and capable of producing a decent harp-like timbre may prove adequate (as well as overcoming the harp's limitations in rapid changes of tuning), especially if the choir is comparatively large.

Programme Notes by the composer:

"The poem '*Kubla Khan*' by Coleridge has been a favourite of mine for many years, but the inspiration to set it to music – originally for female voices with harp accompaniment – came to me on a holiday a couple of years ago, when I scribbled down a fragmentary page or two.

"Coleridge had been in self-imposed retreat at a country farm-house when he wrote the poem, and had been taking opium purportedly as a relief for some illness, so after reading a travel book with an exotic description of Kublai Khan's palace, he had an extremely vivid poetic dream. Unfortunately after he awoke he was interrupted while in the middle of writing it all down, and later on he couldn't remember the poem or the dream; so what little of the poem that remains is very evocative.

"Unlike Coleridge I can't claim to have been inspired by an opium-influenced dream, but most of that musical fragment I wrote has found its way into the current composition in one form or another. The poem – and my music as well – consists of a dreamy and kaleidoscopic series of images and motifs, some of which recur and connect overtly or subliminally. The impetus of a performance led me to expand the work to incorporate two flutes as well as full mixed-voice choir, and a small solo for soprano."

Kubla Khan received its premiére at the Kaleide Theatre, RMIT University,

Melbourne, on June 4 2004.

Flutes: Karl Billeter, Nick Adler

Soprano solo: Sarah Chan

Keyboard (quasi arpa): Michael Winikoff

The RMIT Occasional Choral Society (ROCS), conducted by Philip Legge

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Kubla Khan

(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 here 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 momently was forced; Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail, Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's 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.

Kubla Khan



























































