

In clouds descending

In clouds descending
in midnight sleep
of many a face of anguish I dream

Of many a face
in midnight sleep
many ... a face
in clouds descending

I dream, I dream, I dream

I dream at night, the moon, so unearthly bright

Shining sweetly
shining down
where we dig the trenches
and gather the heaps

I dream, I dream, I dream

Long, long have they passed
faces and trenches and fields

Of their forms at night I dream
I dream

With a callous composure
I dream ... I dream

In midnight sleep
in clouds descending
of many a face
I dream ... I dream

(Written by Walt Whitman, arranged by Adam E. Stone)
(No translation - English is the original language of the poem)