

## *Second Birth*

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54

When the Christmas tree cracks in the middle  
And the ornaments are trampled to bits,  
When the dinners are spilled in the kitchen  
And the dance is stopped in the square,  
When the excavation is completely examined  
And the chronicles have all been compiled,  
When the sound of the scuffle is muted  
And the smoke disappears in the hills,  
When the fog lifts,  
When the earth is clean,  
We can join the Magi.