**The Rain Was Ending, And Light**

The rain was ending, and light

Lifting the leaden skies.

It shone upon ceiling and floor

And dazzled a child's eyes.

Pale after fever, a captive

Apart from his schoolfellows,

He stood at the high room's window

With face to the pane pressed close,

And beheld an immense glory

Flooding with fire the drops

Spilled on miraculous leaves

Of the fresh green lime-tree tops.

Washed gravel glittered red

To a wall, and beyond it nine

Tall limes in the old inn yard

Rose over the tall inn sign.

And voices arose from beneath

Of boys from school set free,

Racing and chasing each other

With laughter and games and glee.

To the boy at the high room-window,

Gazing alone and apart,

There came a wish without reason,

A thought that shone through his heart.

I'll choose this moment and keep it,

He said to himself, for a vow,

To remember for ever and ever

As if it were always now.

Laurence Binyon

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