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LOVE SONG by Oscar Treadwell

As fireflies dot a summer's eve  
and four leaf clover dreams come true,  
I press one in your hand, believe  
we should be one, not two.

Whenever rainy days drag on  
and we are blue and far apart,  
I think of songs the carillon  
would waft into our hearts.

If we are together  
we share our dreams anew  
despite the times, whenever,  
love is weary and askew.

We should look beyond, a  
moment of despair,  
for love could be a magic wand  
to make we two a pair.