

*I do not know of which I'd choose  
Her late March hope or autumn hues;  
Her rolling hills or gentle ponds,  
Her cornfields full or fully shorn.*

*Sunrise awakening on Weir Hill,  
Sunset to blanket barn and till,  
Majestic oak or chestnut grand,  
Nobly guarding old Common stand.*

*I do not know how I'd decide  
'Tween Barker's charm and Smolak's pride,  
Between strawberry summer or apples fall,  
Old town quaint or future's call.*

*I do believe and hold as true,  
To tend to side with old than new,  
And keep her with me evermore,  
My home, my haven, North Andover!*

*Mike Souza, 07*