

Quakertown

We invite you down to Quakertown
For you, the latch string's out
Prosperity lingers there
It's homes are fair
Contentment's all about!
Looking toward the sea, it lies along
The hillside like a crown.
So when again you pack your grip,
To take a little trip,
We invite you down
To Quakertown!

America

My country, 'tis of thee,
sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing;
land where my fathers died,
land of the pilgrims' pride,
from every mountainside
let freedom ring!
Our fathers' God, to thee,
author of liberty, to thee we sing;
long may our land be bright
with freedom's holy light;
protect us by thy might,
great God, our King.