



YMCA Camp Pine Crest Song

Far away from crowded cities
Filled with smoke and dust
There's land for me where the wind blows free
With a keen and lively gust
Tang of Balsam, cry of lone loon,
Waving frond of fern
In this land of Pine Crest
The land of Pine Crest
Land I love

Paddling over crystal waters
Neath the summer sky
And stretching out the mossy earth
While the last few embers die
Taste of the wintergreen and berry
On the rocky shore
In this land of Pine Crest
This land of Pine Crest
Land I love