

ALMA MATER

Tune: Cayuga's Waters

Far above dear Tripp Lake's waters,
With its waves of blue,
Stands a camp we all love dearly,
Glorious to view.

Lift the Chorus, speed it onward,
Loud our praises make,
Hail to Thee! Our Tripp Lake Camp,
Hail all hail! Tripp Lake!