ROM! U.S. ROM!

(Wysie: „Military March“—Schubert).

Mans:
Rom! U.S.! Rom! Kom!
U.S.! Kom!
Oproep na die slagting van die U.C.T. is daar!

Almal:
Kom, Stell'nbosch, kom, dis mos weer Intervarsity,
Kom, Stell'nbosch, kom, vir die Ikeys skrik ons mos nie.

Dames:
Kyk al die Kaapnaars staan al storm;

Almal:
Draai maar om, Matie kom;

Dames:
Anders dan loop hul jul dalk storm —

Almal:
Pas tog op, Ikey!

Mans:
Rom! U.S.! Rom! Kom!
U.S.! Kom!
Staan jul man en doen wat jul kan en ons sal seëvir!

Almal:
Kom, U.C.T., laat die Maties jul maar oorwen,
Kom, U.C.T., jul kan niks doen soos ons jul ken.

Dames:
Maties, die bly jul altyd bo,

Almal:
Jul moet glo,
Dit is so;

Dames:
Lyk maar tog net nie so bewoó,

Almal:
Siestog arme Ike!

Mans:
Rom! U.S.! Rom! Kom!
U.S.! Kom!
Ons het U.C.T. oorwen, en ons sal Roem, Roem, Rom!!

WHO KILLED AN IKEY?

(Tune: Who killed Cock Robin?)

Girls: “Who killed an Ikey?”
Men: “I,” said the back,
“With one mighty crack
I killed an Ikey.”

All: All the birds in the air started shouting out “oh, Crickey!”
Biš.—When they heard of the death of poor old Ikey.

Girls: “Who killed an Ikey?”
Men: “I,” said the half,
“Didn’t we laugh;
I killed an Ikey.”

All: All the birds . . . etc.

Girls: “Who killed an Ikey?”
Men: “I,” said the wing,
“And that’s just the thing,
I killed an Ikey.”

All: All the birds . . . etc.

HAAAI! JOU VERBRANDE IKEY.

(Tune: The Village Band.)

Let’s all sing a song full of ‘Varsity go —
Haai! jou verbrande, haai! jou verbrande Ikey!
Cheer the Matie boys when they meet with the foe —
Haai! jou verbrande, haai! jou verbrande Ikey!

Let your voices shout out in full-throated blast;
Shout until the score simply must pile up fast —
Drink a round or two when we’ve thrashed them at last:
Haai! jou verbrande, haai! jou verbrande Ikey!

When the Matie boys are at home on their ground —
Kyk so ‘n bietjie, kyk so ‘n bietjie, Ike!

They will never let U.C.T. win the round,
Haai! jou verbrande, haai! jou verbrande Ikey!

You will find the Matie boys tough nuts to crack;
And they’re sure to give you a terrible whack;
Maties have the tactics that U.C.T. lack —
Haai! jou verbrande, haai! jou verbrande Ikey!

Koor:

Dames: Rom, rom, rom, rom, hier kom die Maties,

Mans: Gemmasessa wa i, Gemmasessa wa i,

Dames: Rom, rom, rom, rom, hier kom die Maties,

Gemmasessa wa i, Ike! Ike!

O, jul moet nie huil nie man
Wa la la,
Ha ha ha,
O wil jul nie ruil nie man,
Ha ha ha.

Ikey, man jou hartjie breek nou,
breek nou,
Ikeyspan laat jou in die steek nou,
steek nou,
Rugbyspeel en daarby sing-song,
sing-song,
Moet jy maar laat staan vir ping-pong, ping-pong.

Ikey wees nou mooi gehoorsaam,
hooorsaam,
Ikeys naaie saam deur ou verlooaam,

Sé maar na vandag se dosis, dosis,
„Maties is so waar ons Moses,
Moses!”
SITTING HIGH!

We're sitting high on the grandstand,
Watching Maties score another try!
Sitting high, high, high on the grandstand
Ikeys see our score is running high.

You can hear our voices clearly ringing,
'Cause we're sure that we'll win the day;
Now we're gladly laughing and singing;
Ikeys can learn from Maties how to play.

We know Ikeys as losers,
'Cause they don't know how to score out, or!
So let us go on singing loudly more and more:
We're sitting high on the grandstand,
While the Matie banners gaily fly!

WHAT ABOUT A LITTLE CELEBRATION?

(Tune: Honeymoon Hotel.)

What about a little celebration
To the rhythm of a Matie song.
What about a little celebration
After Ikes have gone all wrong.

OH, IKE!

We're out to fight with all our Matie might,
Oh Ike!
Victory! Victory! that'll be our toast to-night.
They say that Maties never lose the day,
Oh Ike!!
Why, oh why, don't you know,
You're too slow for the Matie show?
We will break you, shake you,
make you feel
You really are a fake.
You'll soon realize that it's true.
We will dash you, mash you, crash you,
till you finally awake.
To the fact that you're all feeling blue.
Oh Varsity we've gained the victory
Poor Ike.
As of yore, you could never score for the love of Mike.
0 see, 0 see, we've won the Intervarsity.
O, U.C.T. another Matie victory.

MATIES HAVE A WINNING WAY.

Maties have a winning way, winning way,
Maties mean to win today, win today,
Maties show them how to play, how to play,
Sad for the poor old Ikeys, poor old Ikey crowd!
For all the Maties on the stand
With conductor and their band
What with "crackity-crack" and "sooie" too
You're bound to hear
The Ike's song's on the fade.

For when the first team's on the field,
To the Ikeys they will not yield.
Our players are scoring,
The rest of us roaring,
For the first team's on the field.

M.A.T.I.E. SPELS MATIE!

M.A.T.I.E. spells Matie, that's the team that always plays the game;
A forward or a back,
A wing or a half,
We like a little joke and we like a little laugh.
But when the game is over
And we all go home to spree,
O—oh!
It's nice to remember, from January to December,
You're an M.A.T.I.E.

COME, OH MATIE MEN.

(Tune: Stein Song.)

Come, oh Matie men and sing,
Sing all our songs of fame;
Let, the victory bells wildly ring,
Our Matie team will win once again....
Play the game we love so well,
Play as we've played of yore;
Hail to all our colours flying,
The banners that our fathers bore!

Chorus:
We will fight, to the end,
And win also this Intervarsity;
O'er the land, we will send
The message of Stellenbosch victory.
So we'll sing, and we'll shout,
Till our glorious players do win the game,
And in triumph, we'll spread
Our ever illustrious name.

Come, oh Matie men, etc.
O- ALLALA!

(Wysie: Ha-cha-cha.)

Oh! by gee! by gosh! by gum! by jove!
Oh! by jingo! Ikes you'll have to move.
If you try to put on pot.
We'll knock your billycock hats to nothing.
Then we'll make you eat the stuffing.
By jingo! yes by gosh! by gee!
By jingo! Just you wait and see.
And we'll all go away singing.
Oh! by gosh! by gum! by jimb! by jingo!
By gee! what an Intervarsity!

DOWN TO THE FIGHT.

(Tune: Toreador Song.)

Down to the fight of Intervarsity
Score more and more, and gain victory.
Oft' we've played and often triumphed in the game.
Sing loud the glories of our name.
Oh hear the Maties din
When Maties win,
When Maties win again.

Chorus:

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CRACKITY CRACK.

(Tune: Silver Bells.)

What are you trying
Oh you bad Ikes,
Oh you mad Ikes,
Oh you sad Ikes, I ask you
Why are you crying
Oh you poor Ikes.
You can't compete against our team.

Crackity, Crackity, Crackity,
Crackity, Crackity, Crack!
Completely cracked are you,
Oh neatly saxed are you,
Crackity, Crackity, Crackity,
Crack!
Crack, Crack! Crack!
You look and feel so blue
For smashed are you.

ARME IKEY!

(Wysie: "Dancing Cheek to Cheek.")

Ikeys, arme Ikeys!
Lieve tyd hier is alweer 'n hele spul!
Wat is dit, wat maak jul hier en wat soek jul?
Jul kom kaal uit, hoor, dis Intervarsity!
Kyk tog net hoe loop die Ikeys, Heen en weer en rond en bont,
En hul koes net vir die Maties —
Anders le hul op die grond.
Maties druk net aanhou drietjes
En die telling loop al op,
Want 'n Ikey kan mos nooit 'n Matie,

ARME IKEY!

(Wysie: Ha-cha-cha.)

Ou Ikey wat kom jy nou weer probeer,
Ou Ikey jy kry tog net hierso seer,
Want Matie 's glad te sterk vir jou o!
En het jou in sy klou o!
Want Matieland ken voetbal —
·ken voetbal —
Dit weet jy tog al goed al —
Maties gee jou op jou o-allala,
Ons het jou jammer maar —
O-allala!

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