



Dfk

INTERVARSITYLIEDJIES
1937

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
stom;

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 seëvier!

Almal:

Kom, U.C.T., laat die Maties
ju! 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
bewoë,

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!”
Bis.—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.

HAAI! 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, Ikey
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!

ROM-ROM.

Ikes beny ons Matie glorie, glorie,
Maar dis weer die ou, ou storie,
storie,

En daar's geen assimilasie, lasie,
Met ons lekker Matie nasie, nasie.

Koor:

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

Mans: Gemmasessa wa i, Gem-
masessa 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,

Ikeysman 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,
-hoorsaam,

(Kyk, jy is mos nou verloorsaam,
-loorsaam)

Sê maar na vandag se dosis, dosis,
„Maties is so waar ons Moses,
Moses!”

SITTING HIGH!

We're sitting high on the grand-stand,
Watching Maties score another try!
Sitting high, high, high on the grand-stand
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;
Ikes can learn from Maties how to play.

We know Ikeys as losers,
'Cause they don't know how to score.
But, oh! Ieggars can't be choosers,
So let us go on singing loudly more and more:

We're sitting high on the grand-stand,
Watching Maties score another try;
Sitting high, high, high on the grand-stand,
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.

You can hear our U.S. students singing
How we beat the Ikes and put them down
High and low our Matie cries are ringing
Once again we'll lick Cape Town.

Oh poor Ikes, you cannot
Hard though you may try
Maties won't be beaten
Hear the Maties cry — so

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

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 "sopie" 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 Ikes they will not yield.
Our players are scoring,
The rest of us roaring,
For the first team's on the field.

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.
O see, o see, we've won the Intervarsity,
O, U.C.T. another Matie victory.

„MATIES SPEEL TESAME.”

(Wysie: „Shipmates Forever”.)

Maties slaan die Ikeys;
Hul kan ons nooit wen.
Speel hul op hul baadjies;
Hul moet erken,
Hul moet erken,
Dis waar.
Maties speel tesame,
Soos die Ikes ons ken.
Ikes as jul vandag verloor het,
Sal die hele land gehoor het,
Maties het gewen!

M.A.T.I.E. SPELLS 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.)

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 —
 Dit weet jy tog al goed al —
 Maties gee jou op jou o-allala,
 Al maak jy ook al wat, o-allala;
 Want Matie 's glad te sterk vir jou o!
 En het jou in sy klou o!
 Want Matieland ken voetbal —
 Dit weet jy tog al goed al —
 Maties gee jou op jou o-allala,
 Ons het jou jammer maar —
 O-allala!

UMPA.

From our village green and leafy
 Came our sportsmen strong and beefy
 Ta, da, da-da-da-da-da
 Umpa, umpa, umpa, umpa,
 From the slopes of Table Mountain
 Came some Ikes who thought
 they'd wipe them
 Ta, da, da-da-da-da-da
 Umpa, umpa, umpa, umpa,
 They all speak the Yiddish
 Lingo
 But we'll swipe them oh! by jingo!
 So dear old Ikes
 Just a bit of good advice.

Chorus:

Oh! by gee! by gosh! by gum! ² 4
 by jove! ³
 Oh! by jingo Ikes you'll have to move. ³
 Oh! by jove! you'll get it hot
 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! ²
 By jiminy! Just you wait and see
 And we'll all go away singing
 Oh! by gee! by gosh! by gum!
 by jim! by jingo! 5
 By gee! what an Intervarsity! 6

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. ²
 Sing loud the glories of our name.
 Oh hear the Maties din
 When Maties win,
 When Maties win again. ¹
 Men through the land, renowned
 for work and sport
 Proudly we won, as proudly we
 fought
 Matieland, O Matieland, we hold
 on high,
 Hear how the Matie players cry. ²
 See our fine victory, ¹
 Oh Varsity! ²
 Oh Intervarsity!

ARME IKEY!

(Wysie: „Dancing Cheek to Cheek.”)

Ikeys, arme Ikeys!
 Liewe 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 lê hul op die grond.
 Maties druk net aanhou drietjies
 En die telling loop al op,
 Want 'n Ikey kan mos nooit 'n
 Matie,
 Wat eers hardloop, stop.
 Matieland! Wees tog genadig,
 hoor,
 Want jul is voor — die Ikes
 verloor.
 Ag, siestog!
 Arme Ikeys!
 Liewe 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!

CRACKITY CRACK.

(Tune: Silver Bells.)

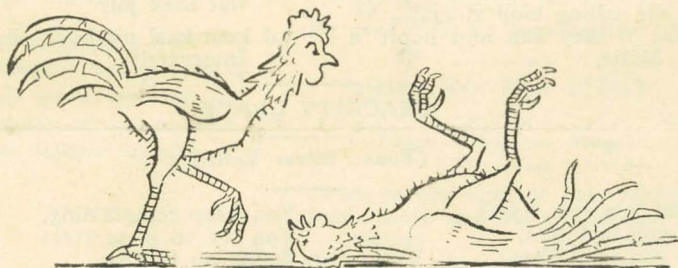
What are you trying
 Oh you bad Ikes,
 Oh you mad Ikes,
 Oh you sad Ikes, I ask you
 Why are you crying
 Oh you poor Ikes.
 You can't compete against our
 team.

You keep complaining,
 You try to play,
 We'll win the day,
 We'll have the say, Oh Ikeys.
 Your tears are raining
 In a sad way
 You can't wash Matie smiles away.

Die volgende word ook gesing: —

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

- (a) Stellenbosch se Voetbalfaam.
- (b) It is the Saxons.
- (c) Sopie.
- (d) Waarom, ou Ikey, kom jy hierheen?
- (e) Riekatie Sama Kaboe.
- (f) Matie se peper.
- (g) Naar alweer, Ikey!
- (h) What a Feeble Song.



ARME IKEY!