Intervarsityliedjies 1938.
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;
Alma!:
Draai maar om,
Matie kom;
Dames:
Anders dan
lop, op
hul ju! dalk
storm-
Alma!:
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
jul maar oorwen.
Kom, U.C.T., jul kan niks doen
soos ons jul ken.

Dames:
Maties, die bly jul altyd bo,
Almal:
J ul moe t glo,
Dit is so;

Dames:
Lyk maar tog net nie so
bewoë,
Almal:
Siestog arme Ik e!

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

HAAT! JOU VERBRANDE IKEY.

(Tune: The Village Band.)

Let’s all sing a song full of
‘Varsity go—
Haa! jou verbrande, haai! jou
verbrande Ikey!
Cheer the Matie boys when they
meet with the foe—
Haa! 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
thashed them at last;
Haa! 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.
Haa! 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,
En daár’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, roem, rom, hier
kom die Maties,
Mans: Gemmasessa wa i, Ike, Ike!
Almal: O jul moet nie huil nie man
Wa la la,
Ha ha ha,
Wol wil jul nie ruil nie man,
Ha ha ha.

Ikey, man jou hartjie breek nou,
breek nou,
Ikespan 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.

MATIES HAVE A WINNING
WAY.

Maties have a winning way,
winning way,
Maties mean to win to-day, win
to-day,
Maties show them how to play,
how to play,
Sad for 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 Ikey’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.

NAAR ALWEE IKEY.

Ikey, waarom naar alweer, Ikey,
Is dit omdat jy altyd verloor,
En ons jou moor?
Poet: Ikey!
Jy is al moeg gesing,
Arme ding; en fluu gespeel—
Ag Ike, vee al jou traan,
Jy's gedaan en verslaan;
Want ons is Maties,
Kom, laat staan nou die Ikeys,
Intervarsity sal hul nooit wen,
Soos ons hul ken,
So wragtie!
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.

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!
by jove!
Oh! by jingo! Ikes you'll have to move.
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!
By jiminy! Just you wait and see
And we'll all go away singing
Oh! by gee! by gosh! by gum! by jimp! 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.

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.
See our fine victory,
Oh Varsity!
Oh Intervarsity!
US us us us World
Klink die doodeblok van UK
UK UK UK Exit Kalifa
Bly voor Botle, Botle, ha
Klag en klif in seker stel
Blaster Blaster Blaster Blaster Sok
Saxon, Saxon, J赤ちゃん
Bravo Matilda Verloog
NAMOAH.

Namoah, namoah, namoah we say,
Ikey lads will score namoah,
Matie lads will always win the day,
For we will show them something that will make them less gay
And then we’ll sing a song of Intervarsity
Sing a song of glorious victory—
Sing a song about the sport we love,
And the men that play the game.
Sing a song about the famous U.S.
And the way they lick Cape Town,
But don’t forget it takes a Matie heart
To sing a Matie song.

MATIES LEAD THE WAY.

(Chorus:—
Maties, Maties, Maties lead the way,
Maties, Maties teach Ikes how to play;
Our plans are set, we’ll beat Ikes yet;
And everybody there will see
How Matieland will win the day at Intervarsity.

IKEYS, PASOP!

(Wysie: Gounod se „Soldiers’ Chorus.”)
Ikeys, vandag moet jul pasop,
Ikeys, vandag raak jul gefop,
Ikeys, ons gaan jul lekker klop!
Julle is gek
Om op te trek
En teen ons te speel.

Ikeys, ons gaan weer lekker lag,
Ikeys, ons gaan weer wen vandag,
Ikeys, jul skop mos nog te sag!
O allamag
Julle moet wag
Vir die held van die dag.

BULALA.

Yívá! Kom kêrels, sing nou ‘n lied, dis weer Intervarsity.
Yívá! Vanaand gaan Matieland in Ikeyland op die spree.

(Chorus:—
Hoe, la li, li lai, loe
Hai, di dai, di dai.
Ikes jul kan ons gerus maar glo,
Vandag sal ons hane kraai.

Mrs. Bulala! Bulala!
Mrs. Bulala!
Dè, die Maties gaan lekker lag.
Ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha,
Die Rooispan sal wen vandag.)
GIVE ME A SONG.

(Tune: Wahoo).

Give me a song, a Matie throng,
Give me a Matie team.
Then look out Ikey, Ikey, Ikey,
Oh, U.C.T., you're all at sea.
You never can win this day
You're done for, Ikey, Ikey, poor Ikey.
Give us some better opposition,
For we're just spoiling for a fight.
Licking everything in sight,
Oh, look at your teams, they're licked it seems
Look at them full of tears,
So goodbye broken-hearted Ikey.

WE PITY U.C.T.

(Tune: Let every good fellow now fill up his glass). (Vive l'Amour).

Let ev'ry good Matie now give his best voice,
We pity U.C.T.,
We'll send them home crying, and we will rejoice,
We'll gain the victory.

Chorus:—
That's why the Ikeys have nothing to say,
After they've seen the Maties at play,
And they have lost, to their dismay,
Such an important day.

MATIES BEAT THE IKEYS.

(Tune: Blaze Away).

Whenever Maties meet the Ikeys,
They are sure to win the day;
'Cos when it comes to playing football
Our Matie teams will always show them how to play,
And as the points we keep on piling,
Matie faces all are smiling,
And while the Ikeys are weeping Stellenbosch will lead the way!
For while we sit here on the grandstand,
We'll cheer our team upon the field;
And all the Ikeys are mourning
Because they know that once again
They'll have to yield
Now all the crowd for us are shouting
For the Ikeys we are routing
And once again the Maties Have won the Inter-Varsity.

So go ye all home now, and take a good rest,
Don't drown yourself in beer,
But summon your courage, and don't be distressed,
Do try again next year.

Chorus:—
Hi! Ikey! Have you ever won an Intervarsity?
When the ball is passed, and away they go
Then there ain't no Ikey left.
Hi! Ikey! Have you ever seen a Matie fighting?
When the ball goes up and the Ike goes down,
Then there the Matie goes.
Matie! Matie! Matie will always win.
Heave-ho! Heave-ho! Up with the Matie score.
Hi! Ikey! Have you ever won an Intervarsity?
When the Maties sing, and the Maties cheer,
Then there ain't no Ikey left.

Die volgende word ook gesing:—
1. What about a little Celebration.
2. Oh Ike.
3. M.A.T.I.E.
5. It is the Saxons.
7. Waarom ou Ikey?
8. Peper.
9. Uit Stellenbosch se Voetbalfaan.
ARME IKEY!