Intervarsityliedjies 1939
Let's all sing a song full of 'Varsity go—
Haa! jou verbrande, haa! jou verbrande Ikey!
Cheer the Matie boys when they meet with the foe—
Haa! jou verbrande, haa! 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;
Haa! jou verbrande, haa! 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, haa! 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—
Haa! jou verbrande, haa! jou verbrande Ikey!

Rom-Rom.
Ikes beny ons Matie glorie,
glorie,
Maa dis weer die ou, ou storie,
storie,
En daa'res geen assimilasie, lasie,
Met ons lekker Matie nasie,
nasie.

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,
Mans: Gemmasessa wa i, Ike, Ike!

Ikey, man jou hartjie breek nou.
breek nou,
Ikey 'n 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.

Namoah.
Namoah, namoah, namoah we say,
Ikey lads will score namoah,
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.

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 o bit of good advice.

Ikey jy kom met ons speel.
(Wysie: Hollahi-Hollaho.)
Ikey jy kom met ons speel,
Hol dan hier! Hol dan daar!
Ons is vir jou een te veel
Hou maar op baljaar.
Kom verbry en laat dit vaar,
Kyk! jy sal nou al sien,
Jy kan nie meer bly in die land nie,
Voor jy weer verjaar.

As die Matiestorms gier,
Ikeyboet! Drink jou bier!
Want jy sal nog skeel op kyk
Voor die Maties wyk,
Bly maar liewers waar jy is
Ja sal jou! net vergis.
Ikeyland jy soek net skoor
Matieland loop voor!
MATIES LEAD THE WAY.

(Tune: Funiculi-Funicula.)

Oh come and let us show the Ikes the way we Will win again, uphold our name. Oh come and let us show the world the way we Keep Maties fame to play the game. Our team will play and play and keep on scoring. Oh you poor Ikes, when Matie likes, He'll wipe the field with Ikeys bawling, crawling. You fret and fume, we call the tune.

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.

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, 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.

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.

WE SING A MERRY TUNE.

(Tune: Whistle while you Work.)

We sing a merry tune (whistle). When Maties win, the Ikes give in: A hopeless job they say. We whistle while we win, (whistle) The poor old Ikeys know the Maties 'll gain the victory. In sing-song and in play The Mattis have a way Which Ikes admire, and feel their choir has lost another day. We hum a merry tune, (whistle). Too bad old Ike to feel just like I'll never try again.
OPPAS IKEYS!

(Wysie: Umbrella Man.)

Ikeys oppas vir die Maties, julle gaan weer hotagter kry;
As jul nie gou wakkerskrik nie, kan jul nooit die neeblaag vermy.
André Mac en an der sal maar weereens moet probeer——
Maar dis tevergeefs, want voetbal sal jul nooit leer.
Markotter het daarvoor gesorg dat ons jul nogmaals disnis sal loop,
Maties is net vasberade om jul velle weer af te stroop;
Daar is geen keuse, wyk gou vir die reuse,
Want, Intervarsity gaan jul verloor,
Maties was nog altyd julle oor,
Oppas vir die Maties, Ikeys boor,
Pasop!

EVERYTHING’S COMING OUR WAY!

(Tune: Who’s been Polishing the Sun?)

Who’s been scoring all the tries,
Dashing down the line all day——
They must have known just how we like it,
Everything’s coming our way.

Who’s been teaching all the Ikeys
How to play at „Nuts and May,”
They must have known just how it suits them,
Everything’s coming our way.

Yesterday everything looked anyhow,
Then we played Ikeys
And look! look! look! look at them now.

(UIT STELLENBOSCH HET VOETBALFAAM.

Uit Stellenbosch het voetbalfaam
die wêreld oor versprei,
Dis Ikeyland se grootste wrok
dat hul moet agterbly,
En elke jaar kom hul maar weer
deselfde ding probeer,
Om Stellenbosch se voetbalspan
tog eenkeer klein te kry.

Koor:—
Intervarsity is hier, die Maties is gebier,
Die eerste span, soos elke span, is Ikeyland se tier,
Want hul is aan verloor, ou Mark se span loop voor,
Van elke kant kom Matieland die groot oorwinning vier.

IKE GEE PAD VOOR.

Ike gee pad voor! Jy gaan verloor;
Daar's geen kans met Maties op jou spoor.
Jou pogings is maar net weer gekkery;
Dis voetbalmeesters wat ons spanne brei.
Ike gee pad voor! dit is nou klaar,
Want ou Matieland regeer jou jaar na jaar.
Ike gee pad voor! Niks sal ons stuit; Die Matie-stroom doof jou liggie uit. Gaan leef in droom van oorwinning; Na nog 'n jaar kom weer besinning. Ike gee pad voor! Dis alles oor; En onthou tog nou dat Maties nooit verloor.

**OUR IKEY NEIGHBOURS.**

(Tune: *Our Sergeant Major.*)

The Ikes are seeing stars — The Southern Cross and Mars. They're misdirected, funk infected. Our Ikey neighbours.

They kick and bite and claw When you catch 'em in the raw; They're holy terrors in their errors, Our Ikey neighbours.

They're far below the Maties in Varsity lore They're ebbing lower yet than ever before.

At Intervarsity When they at play you see, Old Darwin's right, oh what a sight Are our Ikey neighbours.

**IKEY DOEN WAT JY KAN.**

(Wysie: *Butcher's Boy.*)

Ag, Ikey man doen wat jy kan, Jy speel vandag so eina, eina, Dis die dosis wat 'n Matie speler jou besorg; En hoekom lyk jy tog so sleg? Jy weet! jy kan net byna, byna, Maar nooit nie teen ons enduit veg. Ons is superlatief!

*Refrein:*

Een, twee, drie, hoe val so 'n arm ou Ike, Vier, vyi, ses, daar breek sy skoen se „spike,” Sewe, ha, seer komies is die „sight,” Ag, hy val al, nege, breek hy, tien, hy stort ineen, Elf en twaalf en dertien, veertien, vyftien speler nie heen.

**IKEYS STOP PLAYING TODAY.**

Ikeys stop playing today You never were a team at all; Maties will show you the way, The way you have to pass a ball. It's gonna be an easy task to-day, It's gonna be a breezy walk-away, So Ikeys you'd better take care: There's trouble brewing in the air.

Ikeys the issue is plain, You'd better wake up from your dream, Maties win time and again. You really ought to sack your team. And so now old Ike you'll understand That Maties always gain the upperhand. So Ikeys just keep your seats please, The only place you feel at ease.

**OH MATIELAND.**

(Tune: *It's in the Air.*)

Oh Matie-land, You're out to see your record stand— You're out to see the Maties win to-day, And hear them sing to-day, You're doing grand.

Oh Matie team, You're on the field to let off steam, Oh let us see you beat the Ikes to-day, Put out their lights to-day, Their play's a scream!

Ike, Ike, Ike, Ike, here they come Just you watch them shove that scrum.

Oh Varsity, Your Ikey team is all at sea You'll never see them ever win the game In teeth of Maties' fame Just wait and see.

Die volgende word ook gesing:—

Die Besem.
Waarom ou Ikey.
Ikey se tier.
Aan die Brand.
Eggo van die Maties.
Albasters Ping-pong.
Oh Ike!
Give me a song.
M.A.T.I.E.
It is the Saxons.
Sopie.
Maties se Peper.
Poor old Ikes.
Rickatie Sama Kaboe.
What a feeble song.
ALS OOR.

PRO ECCLESIA-DRUKKERY, STELLENBOSCH.