

P. J. boetzee.

Intervarsityliedjes 1939.

**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,

Mans: Gemmasessa wa i, Ike,
Ike!

Almal: 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,
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.

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.

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
jim! by jingo!
By gee! what an Intervarsity!

**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 verby en laat dit vaar,
Kyk! jy lyk noual naar.
Jy kan liewers huistoe gaan
Voor jy weer verjaar.

As die Matiestorms gier,
Ikeyboet! Drink jou bier!
Want jy sal nog skeef opkyk
Voor die Maties wyk.
Bly maar liewers waar jy is
Jy 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 Ikes 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 Maties 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.

Arme Ikeys

1. Disdie Mathis wat weet ofonks. Teens die Ikeys kleins ens moet. Ons sal hul weet mit mekaar flink. Ens weet wens sos elke jaat.

2. Arme Ikey! Arme Ikey! Jy is reeds al flou by jaat. Maar hoe later, word dit kwatter. Daar's geen hoop vir jou van jaat.

3. Dit was jare lank gelede. Dat die Ikeys nog laas kon wens. Maar hul is omso nie tweede. Hul ny van jaat weet aar die pon.

They come from Matieland

1. When they come to Matieland With their players & their band They'll always find, That their score is far behind.

2. When the Ikes are trying kicks With their legs like sugar-sticks Do they look alright? They look just a wa bit tight

3. Everything seems so easy we do as you damn well please why don't you take some taxis Take some taxis

4. Arme Ikey jy lyk al flou Met jou stropies wit en blou. Ons sal jou weet wens sos die res van die land ons kon.

IKE !!!

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 neerlaag
vermy.

André Mac en ander sal maar
weereens moet probeer --

Maar dis tevergeefs, want voet-
bal 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 hoor,
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 Ikes
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 at them
now.

*(Repeat verse I.)***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
dieselfde 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 oor-winning:

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 them 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 jul kan net byna, byna,
Maar nooit nie teen ons enduit
veg,
Ons is superlatief!

Refrain: —

Een, twee, drie, hoe val so 'n arm
ou Ike,
Vier, vyf, ses, daar breek sy
skoene 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 spelers heen.

IKEYS STOP PLAYING TODAY.

Ikeys stop playing today
You never were a team at all;
Maties wil' 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 under-stand

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.

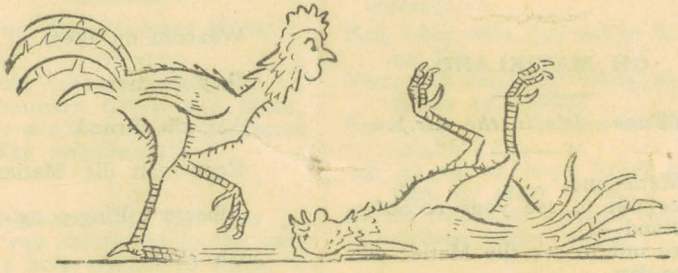
Sopie.

Maties se Peper.

Poor old Ikes.

Riekatie Sama Kaboe.

What a feeble song.



ALS OOR.