



Armour Shot Action

80 YEARS

SAAC 80th Celebrations 2026

02 DECEMBER 2026

PROGRAMME

Programme Director: Col D. L. Romain

S/No	Activity	Responsible Person
1	Welcoming & Admin Arrangements	Col D.L. Romain
2	Lighting: "Flame of Armour"	CWO K. Tlholoe
3	Reading: Symbolism of the Flame of Armour	Maj N.B. Nxumalo
4	Singing: Armour Song	All
5	Toast: To The Fallen	Lt Col Munayi
6	Singing: "Tankers Prayer"	All
7	Toast on the Horses	Lt Col A.J. Gweba
8	Singing: "Ou Ryperd"	All
9	Handing over of Gifts	Brig Gen K.C. Pakade
9	Key Note Address by GOC	Brig Gen K.C. Pakade
10	Grace	Cpln Z. Klaas

SYMBOLISM: THE FLAME OF THE ARMOUR



The Flame of the Armour symbolises the inextinguishable spirit and energy of the South African Armoured Corps.

The Flame reminds us of the following qualities:

Energy - because it radiates heat and inner strength.

Light - because it changes insecurity into certainty and confidence.

Life - because it is constantly in motion.

Purity - because it separates, cleanses and refines.

Unity - because it confirms our dependency, for alone we can achieve nothing.

The Flame also reminds us of the fire within every Armour soldier, inspiring him or her to deliver extraordinary performance and achievements. Irrespective the enemy, we will advance and go forward with the Flame in our hearts.

The Flame also reminds us of the destructive firepower that the Armour can concentrate on the enemies of our country, in order to ensure peace and stability for all our people.

The Flame of the Armour also embraces the National Torch of Tolerance symbolizing that outwardly we are people of many colours, many races, many cultures, many languages, many religions and many origins, yet we are all tied to one another by a million visible and invisible threads that make us share a common destiny from which none of us can escape!

The Flame of the Armour inspires members of the South African Armoured Corps to always stand firm and proud - faithful to God, our country and our task.

Faithful, True and Steady - Come what may, we are ready!

ARMOURED CORPS SONG

When icy winds, blow your way,
the scorching heat, of a summers day.
When winds of storm, howl round your ears,
and rain is pouring down like tears.
We'll still stand proud, still stand tall,
faithful to God, our land, our all -

Armoured man, still be true.
Others do rely on you!
Ever proud, ever strong -
That's the oath we pledge, ever be true!

Artillery shots, disturb the night.
Forward still, our engines fight.
A hellish light, enlightens night
and we keep praying 'Come day, come light.'
The struggle fought, the battle won -
we are respected, as team, as one -

Armoured man, still be true.
Others do rely on you!
Ever proud, ever strong -
That's the oath we pledge, ever be true!

And when the winds, of change do come.
When stormy clouds, block out the sun.
Lord when time comes, for me to go -
let others see, please let them know.
I die with pride, true to my call,
faithful to God, my land, my all -

Armoured man, still be true.
Others do rely on you!
Ever proud, ever strong
That's the oath we pledge
ever be true!'

TO THE FALLEN

Let us pause for
a moment in memory
of our friends and colleagues who have passed and gone home:

“They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old.

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them.”

Audience Respond

We will remember them!

THE TANKERS PRAYER

I pray thee heavenly Father,
Please hear this tankers prayer,
And send an angel to me,
For my tank and crew to care.

Be with us for we need,
And lend a helping hand,
And carry safely our machine,
Across this barren land.

Please keep our tank from running dry,
When we face the foe in fight,
And place our gunner's cross hairs,
On the tank that comes in sight.

Please keep our radios in shape,
And our comms working right.
Be with us when we kneel and pray,
Ride with us day and night.

Please keep our ammo coming.
Help us ring out freedom's bell.
But above all heavenly father,
See we do our duty well.

And if we fall in combat,
In the mist of morning grey,
We ask thee heavenly father,
Take the pain and sorrow away.
We ask thee heavenly father,
Take the pain and sorrow away.

Amen

TOAST TO THE HORSES

Towards the latter part of the 19th Century, perhaps in the late 1870's, when the antecedent units of the Natal Mounted Rifles were made up of troops of cavalry raised from the farming area and called to serve their regiment for a specific campaign, a trooper usually received in his call up an instruction to report with his own horse, saddle, rifle and rations.

His horse was to be his only mode of transport to, during and from the battle, no matter how difficult the conditions. As a consequence the association the trooper formed with his horse was especially close and respectful. With out proper care, the trooper could find himself in an untenable situation.

So the tradition came about that when the trooper was cheerful in the warmth of the mess tent and the cold wind swirled the manes and tails of the horses tethered to the piquet lines outside, it was fit and proper to spare a thought for their sturdy ponies which had brought them there.

"Ladies and Gentlemen ... Stables."
All reply "The Horses."

OU RYPERD

Ou Ryperd, ons ry die pad tesame
Ou Ryperd, so deur die lewensbane
Wanneer jou rydag oor is,
Sal jou ou lyf lekker rus,
Jy, Ou Ryperd, van my.

Jaag maar aan ou maat
Die maan skyn so helder vanaand
Jaag maar aan ou maat
My nooientjie sy wag daar vir my

O, hoor hoe tjank die jakkals
op die rivier se brug
En dra my op jou lekker ou rug
Jaag maar aan ou maat,
My nooientjie sy wag daar vir my vanaand.

Koor (X2)

Jippie Jippie Jip
My ou Perd
Daar is voer en rus
En jy doen jou bes,
my ou perd
Dra my oor die rivier se brug
Dra my op jou lekker ou rug
Na my nooi Sannie
Die dogter van tant Annie
op die plaas.

Ou Ryperd, ons ry die pad tesame (X2)
Ou Ryperd, so deur die lewensbane
Wanneer jou rydag oor is,
Sal jou ou lyf lekker rus,
Jy, Ou Ryperd, van my.

Dra my oor die rivier se brug
Dra my op jou lekker ou rug
Na my nooi Sannie
Die dogter van tant Annie
op die plaas (X3)