

Squid Jiggin' Ground

(Larry O'Gaff, Making Babies By Steam)

A. R. Scammell

Jig

(Trad. Nfld. - FF Version)

1. Oh, this is the place where the fish - ermen gather, With oilskins and
boots and Cape Anns bat-tened down, All siz - es of figures with
squid lines and jiggers, They con-gre-gate here on the squidjig-gin' ground.

Playing Notes: Used in Nfld. Medley #4.

Squid Jiggin' Ground*Lyrics A. R. Scammell, Copyright 1944*

1. Oh, this is the place where the fishermen gather,
With oil-skins and boots and Cape Anns battened down;
All sizes of figures with squid lines and jiggers,
They congregate here on the squid-jiggin' ground.
2. Some are workin' their jiggers while others are yarnin',
There's some standin' up and there's more lyin' down;
While all kinds of fun, jokes and tricks are begun,
As they wait for the squid on the squid-jiggin' ground.
3. There's men of all ages and boys in the bargain,
There's old Billy Cave and there's young Raymond Brown;
There's a red rantin' Tory out here in a dory,
A-runnin' down Squires on the squid-jiggin' ground.
4. There's men from the Harbour, there's men from the Tickle
In all kinds of motorboats, green, grey and brown;
Right yonder there's Bobby and with him is Noddy,
He's chawin' hard tack on the squid-jiggin' ground.
5. God bless my sou'wester, there's Skipper John Chaffey,
He's the best hand at squid jiggin' here, I'll be bound;
Hello! What's the row? Why, he's jiggin' one now,
The very first squid on the squid-jiggin' ground.
6. The man with the whiskers is old Jacob Steele,
He's gettin' well up but he's still pretty sound;
While Uncle Bob Hawkins wears six pairs of stockin's,
Whenever he's out on the squid-jiggin' ground.
7. Holy smoke! What a scuffle! All hands are excited,
'Tis a wonder to me that there's nobody drowned;
There's a bustle, confusion, a wonderful hustle,
They're all jiggin' squid on the squid-jiggin' ground.
8. Says Bobby, "The squids are on top of the water,
I just got me jiggers 'bout one fathom down";
When a squid in the boat squirted right down his throat,
And he's swearin' like mad on the squid-jiggin' ground.
9. There's poor Uncle Billy, his whiskers are spattered,
With spots of the squid juice that's flyin' around;
One poor little b'y got it right in the eye,
But they don't give a damn on the squid-jiggin' ground.
10. Now if ever you feel inclined to go squiddin',
Leave your white shirts and collars behind in the town;
And if you get cranky without yer silk hanky,
You'd better steer clear of the squid-jiggin' ground.