

SQUID JIGGING GROUND

(This is the place where the fishermen gather)

1. Oh this is the place where the fishermen gather
In oil-skins and boots and Cape Anns battered down
All sizes of figures with squid lines and jiggers
They congregate here on the Squid Jiggin' Grounds

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 ticks 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 red rantin Tory out here in the dory
A runnin' down Squires on the Squid Jiggin' Ground

4. Says Bobby, "The squids are on top of the water;
I just got me jiggers about one fathom down"
But a squid ~~in~~ the boat squirted right down his throat
And he's swearin' like mad on the Squid Jiggin' Ground

5. 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

"We Newfoundlanders"

Squid-Jiggin' Ground

For generations the men of Arthur Scammell's family sailed north to fish off the Labrador coast. Scammell grew up in the town of Change Islands, Nfld., and his boyhood delight in fishing shines through in this rollicking ditty. Newfoundlanders catch squid by jigging a hook up and down in the water. The fishermen keep well covered "with oilskins and boots"; when squid are reeled in they squirt seawater and ink. To Scammell, 15 years old when he wrote this song in 1944, it was all more fun than work.



Words and music by Arthur Scammell

Rollicking tempo



1. Oh, this work - men - in' of their all place jig - gers a - ges the while and fish oth boys - - - - - er - men ers are in the

mf

gath - er in'; In oil skins stand and boots up, and Cape -
yarn bar - gain; There's some old Bil in' Cave, and and there's there's
bar - gain; There's old Bil in' Cave, and and there's there's

Anns bat - tened down. All siz - es of
more ly - in' down. While all red kinds of
young Ray - mond Brown. There's a siz - es kinds of
Ray - mond Brown. All While all red kinds of
Anns bat - tened down. While all red kinds of
more ly - in' down. While all red kinds of
young Ray - mond Brown. All While all red kinds of
Ray - mond Brown. All While all red kinds of



Handwritten musical score for 'The Squid-Jiggin' Ground' featuring two staves of music with lyrics. The top staff uses a treble clef and includes chords F, Em, C, Am, and C/A-bass. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and includes chords G7, C, F, C, G7, and C. The lyrics describe a lively scene at the harbor with various characters like figures, fun, jokes, and squid. The score includes a section labeled '1. 2. 3.' and a note 'Allegro'.

fig - ures, with squid lines and jig - gers. They con - gre - gate
 fun, jokes and tricks are be - gun, As they wait for the
 To - ry out here in a do - ry, A run - nin' down

here on the squid - jig - gin' ground. 2. Some are
 squid on the squid - jig - gin' ground. 3. There's -
 Squires on the squid - jig - gin' ground.

4. There's men from the harbor; there's men from the tickle
 In all kinds of motorboats, green, gray and brown.
 Right yonder is Bobby and with him is Nobby;
 He's chawin' hardtack 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 whisker 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' squids on the squid-jiggin' ground!
8. Says Bobby, "The squids are on top of the water;
 I just got me jiggers about one fathom down."
 But 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 flying around.
 One poor little boy got it right in the eye,
 But they don't give a darn 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 handky,
 You'd better steer clear of the squid-jiggin' ground.