

Hank Snow

"Squid Jiggin' Ground"

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Words & Music by Arthur R. Scammell
Recorded by Hank Snow

Oh this is the place where the fishermen gather
Oil-skins and boots and the Cape hands batten down;
All sizes of figures with squid lines and jiggers,
They congregate here on the Squid Jiggin' Ground.

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 drinks are begun,
As they wait for the squid on the Squid Jiggin' Ground.

There's men of all ages and boys in the bargain,
There's old Billy Cave and there's young Raymond
Brown;
There's Rip, Red and Gory out here in the dory,
A runnin' down squires on the Squid Jiggin' Ground.

There's men from the harbor, there's men from the
tickle,
And all kinds of motor-boats, green, gray and brown;
Right yonder is Bobby and with him is Nobby,
He's chawin' hard tack on the Squid Jiggin' Ground.

God bless my soul, list to, there's Skipper John
Champy,
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.

The man with the whiskers is old Jacob Steele,
He's gettin' well on, but he's still pretty sound;

While Uncle Bob Hockins wears six pairs of stockin's
Whenever he's out on the Squid Jiggin' Ground.

Holy Smoke! What a scuffle! All hands are excited,
It's a wonder to me that there's nobody drowned;
There's a bustle, confusion, the wonderful hustle,
They're all jiggin' squid on the Squid Jiggin' Ground.

Says Barney, "The squids are on top of the water,
I just felt me jiggers jig five fathoms down
But a squid in the boat squirted right down his throat,
Now he's swearin' like mad on the Squid Jiggin' Ground.

There's poor Uncle Louie, his whiskers are spattered
With spots of the squid juice that's flyin' around;
One poor little guy got it right in the eye,
But they don't give a darn on the Squid Jiggin' Ground.

Now, if you ever feel inclined to go squiddin',
Leave your white clothes behind in the town;
And if you get cranky without your silk hanky,
You'd better steer clear of the Squid Jiggin' Ground.

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