

# Deulagas Byghan / Little Eyes / Little Lize

G C D

Nans yu un nos, Y'm be hunros, An coynta vu a'y os; Yth  
The other night, I had a dream, The funniest dream of all; I

5 D D7 G C7 G D7 C C D

esa hy owth amma dhym, Enos adryf an fos! Yn meth - hy  
dreamt that I was kissing You. Behind the garden wall! And she said

9 G C G G C G

Deulagas byghan, (melder) Deulagas byghan, War  
Little eyes I love you (honey), Little eyes I love you, I

13 G G D D

oll an bys nyns us dha bar; (melder) (melder)  
love you in the springtime and the fall; (honey),

17 D G D D G D(honey)

Deulagas byghan, Deulagas byghan, Bys  
Little eyes I love you, Little eyes I love you, I

21 G C G D7 G

vyken my a'th car. (melder, melder, melder)  
love you the best of all (honey, honey, honey)

# Deulagas Byghan / Little Eyes / Little Lize

Nans yu un nos, Y'm be hunros,  
An coynta'vu a'y os;  
Yth esa-hy owth amma dhym,  
Enos adryf an fos!  
Yn meth-hy  
Deulagas byghan, (melder)  
Deulagas byghan,  
War oll an bys nyns us dha bar;  
(melder, melder)  
Deulagas byghan,  
Deulagas byghan  
Bys vyken my a'th car.  
(melder, melder, melder)

A lavar dhymmo, lavar gwyr,  
Pyu yu dha duren dek?  
A lavar dhymmo lavar gwyr, ,  
Pyu'n moyha dhys a blek!

Yn meth-hy.....

Nyhewer y's kemerys tre,  
Yndan an spernen wyn;  
Adro dh'y cres, gorrys bw breggh,  
Ha'y synsy strothys tyn.

Yn meth-hy .....

The other night, I had a dream,  
The funniest dream of all;  
I dreamt that I was kissing You.  
Behind the garden wall!  
And she said  
Little eyes I love you (honeY),  
Little eyes I love you,  
I love you in the springtime and the fall;  
(honey, honey)  
Little eyes I love you,  
Little eyes I love you,  
I love you best of all  
(honey, honey, honey)

Oh tell me honey tell me do,  
Who is your turtle dove?  
Oh tell me honey tell me do,  
Who is the one you love?

And she said.....

I took my honey home last night,  
Beneath the spreading pine;  
I placed my arms around her waist,  
And pressed her lips to mir e.

And she  
said.....

*Trelyes gans Julyan Homes 1983*

*When sung in English there is no real difference in the sound of 'Little Eyes' and 'Little Lize'. In Cornish this must be compensated for and an alternative to 'Deulagas Byghan' would be 'Ow wheg-oll byghan' but the former scans particularly well.*

## **Variations:-**

I went around to her back door,  
To see my turtle dove;  
Oh tell me honey tell me do,  
What is this thing called love.  
(Newquay and St Keverne)

Oh kiss me honey kiss me do,  
You are my turtle dove;  
Oh kiss me honey kiss me do,  
You are the one I love.  
(North Cornwall)

I took my honey down a shady lane,  
Beneath the spreading pine;  
I placed my arms around her waist,  
And pressed her lips to mine.  
(St Stythyans)

I loved her in the summertime,  
I loved her in the fall;  
But my darling between these sheets,  
I love you the best of all.

The other night I had a dream,  
The strangest dream of all;  
I dreamt I saw a great big man,  
Behind the garden wall.  
(Newquay and St Keverne)

It was not you that I did see,  
Behind the garden wall;  
It was my wife a looking at me,  
She looked so big and tall.  
(North Cornwall)

The other night I had a dream,  
Her bulldog flew at me;  
And bit me by the old back door,  
Right by the maple tree.  
(St Stythyans)

Little Lize is quite a remarkable example of the way in which a song can be adopted into the traditional repertoire of a community. In the form of 'Honey Honey' it was the 'B' side to 'Deep River' a hit single brought out by a close harmony group called the *Deep River Boys* in the mid-fifties (HMV POP 263 -78rpm). A Cornish harmony group called the '*Joy Boys*' from the Camborne/Redruth area used the song and it was subsequently taken up by the community as a whole. It is interesting that of all the music popularised by the mass media which must have been used by local groups over the last thirty years, this particular song should have been taken up by the Cornish Community. It certainly shows how selective a community can be despite what sometimes seems to be the overpowering influence of Radio and Television. The natural harmony of the song would of course have instant appeal to Cornish singers. The twentieth century 'Barber Shop Quartet' style of singing much favoured in Cornwall has its roots in the 'Three men's songs' of Elizabethan times. I noted the tune and words given here from the fishing fraternity and rowing club singing sessions in Newquay during the summer of 1974. The remainder of the words were sent to me by Neil Plummer of St Stythyans in January 1983. *Merv Davey*