## John Featherstone

## My Diving Boy

For mezzo-soprano and cello

## My Diving Boy

1. 

What shall they see the watchers from the shore?

A boy diving and diving and diving, Swift limbs turning In the swelling sea.
2.

Do they see the blue, the blue
The deep pure blue?
The mystery of the sea
Shines in your eyes
Flotsam, fishbone, sea-spangles
Float in their depths.

## 3.

The deep - do they see the deep the dark, dark deep?

Your eyes tell Of gold and silver Of light and - flickering On the shadowy sea floor.
4.

But the swinging, clinging twists
In the rocking deep below?
Only seaweed curling Caressing you in its sway It does not fasten and hold you Like my love, my darling boy.

## 5.

And the dark razor shapes
In the shadows there below?
Sharp rocks, caves
Are not so cruel
As the cold wall of the shore Where you lose kind voices, My different diving boy.

## 6.

You are my selkie boy
Searching for a neat skin fit.
No edge between water and bone In the overswelling Swing and sway of the tide.

Mary Barnes

For the caring mother seen singing while swimming with her adult son. His speech and movement on land were severely impaired, but in the water he could dive and swim. In the sea he was free.

## My Diving Boy

John Featherstone
Poem realised by Mary Barnes
from the composer's original idea.


M-S.


M-S.


M-S.



M-S.

Vc.


M-S.



M-S.


M-S.



M-S.


M-S.


M-S.



Meno mosso $\quad=56$
M-S.

Vc.


M-S.


M-S.


M-S.


M-S.


Calmato ma sempre ondeggiamento.


M-S.


