## Fantasy

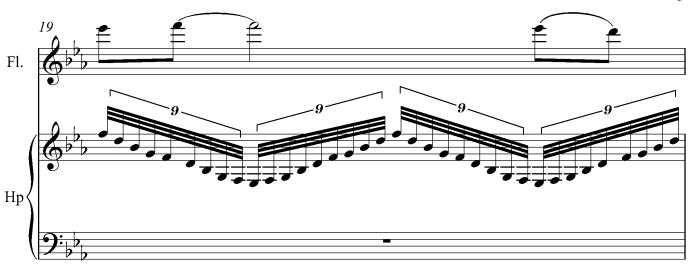
## A Connemara Tale for Flute and Harp

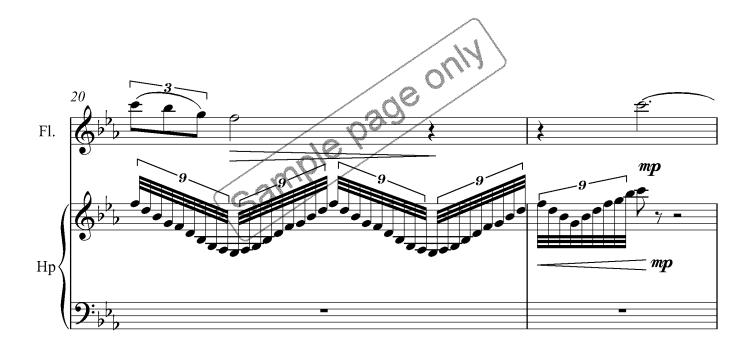
Declan Townsend

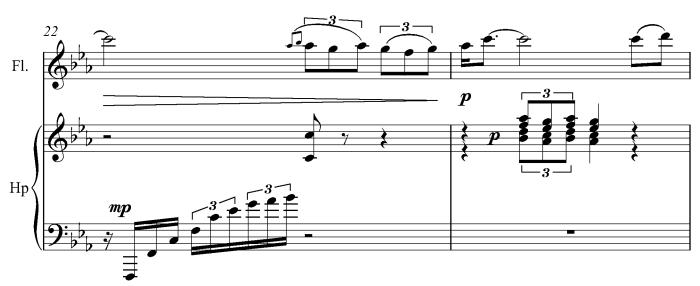
Carefree, Codai (say KOH-dee) set off in his currach (say KURR-uk) to bait his lobster pots on a calm day off the West coast of Ireland. A sudden storm blew up. The remains of Codai's currach (canoe) were washed ashore--no sign of Codai. The Caoine (say KWEEN-uh)/lament began, ever so quietly. As the church bell rang, neighbours gathered to pray and join in the music. A knock at the door--Codai, wet, bedraggled, but safe, arrived to join in his own "wake"! The lament ceased and was transformed into a joyous jig.











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