

Oh dear Waldzither

An homage to an instrument

By Ulrich Ostermeir

Cistola, cetra, English guitar, Thüringer Waldzither: this mandolin-like instrument left its traces all over Europe and got popular by its handy size and robust construction. As various as their names are the different kinds of cittern, which prospered in the 17th and 18th century until they merged into the guitar.

Exquisitely Pedro Caldeira Cabral gave in the Rokoko chamber, Fronhof, that instrument, which is most appreciated until now in Portugal, its reputable and classical note back. Delicately he shifted the sound pattern near to the lute, so that a Renaissance aura was subtly catching, Iberian nobility of one Alonso Mudarra was catchy in a bright way. Illustriously integrated into the baroque panorama was Santiago de Murcia's "preludio e song", in "march of the horses" a festive cavalcade cantered lightly. Cabral's virtuosic "masquerade ball" conjured up carnivalesque wooden Portuguese masks.

Boisterous world of dance in Irish Folk atmosphere

In contrast Gregory Doc Rossi captured folk atmosphere. No more impressing by tonal aesthetics but by rhythmic impulse: circling repetitions, augmentation of tempo, 6/8 time signature dissolved in triple eighths. This boisterous world of dance was fuelled by an English hornpipe, a Breton oak tree got into the game and emphasized the wide appeal of this instrument.

Doc Rossi also played the guitar to explore the poetical options of an empathic song, for which Martina Rosenberger, the initiator of the concert, had written lyrics, that culminated in the phrase "how perfectly simple love can be". Now the motto of the concert began to take shape. Warm heartedly Rosenberger introduced longing, idyll as well as her Thüringer Waldzither, her potential as a singer and recorder player. To her compositions she had added a folky touch. Mozart was not to be left out in this context: KV 376b "Komm, liebe Zither komm" for soprano and two mandolins went under the banner of the god amor and the love of this instrument, as if madam musica had written it herself into her friendship book.