

which finally, mercifully, ended when we broke the strings for which we had no replacements. Then the dulcimer would stand in a corner for days while we sulked and bemoaned a lack of musical talent and a tin ear—all part of a nice, handy, neat and clean prepackaged set of ready-made defeatist attitudes.

No doubt you'll get tuning down in no time at all.

In²⁵
The Search
of Wild Dulcimer