



**Clarence Dickinson
(1873-1969)**

(Photographed at the Skinner console, Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City)



Introduction

The reputation of organist, composer, and educator Clarence Dickinson has suffered undeserved neglect among American church musicians since the 1950s. By the time he retired as organist-choirmaster of The Brick Church in New York City, changes in taste and style had radically altered what was considered acceptable in church music and organ design. Following Dr. Dickinson's retirement in 1960, the magnificent Skinner organ he played for over forty years was discarded, and his music gradually fell out of favor. Today his music lies largely forgotten.

As we all know, styles are constantly changing, with one period of music, style of composition, or set of performance practices replaced by the next. Dr. Dickinson himself put the case well in his 1962 speech to the American Choral Directors' Association:

"I suppose it is always a little rash to make any predictions about the future, because we seem always to be like the little boy who asked his mother whether the preacher was right when he said that we are dust, and will return to dust. When she said, 'Yes,' little Johnny asked, 'Is that pile of dust under my bed coming or going?'"

When I was a student in Berlin, Strauss was writing the latest of his tone poems. Heinrich Reimann, my organ teacher, played the first Berlin performance of the Brahms Choral Preludes. When I got to Paris, Debussy was just beginning to

be known. I prepared the chorus for a performance of the Beethoven *Ninth Symphony* and *Choral Fantasy* for Mahler in New York, at a time when Mahler's music was considered very advanced. There have been many significant changes since that time.

Our relationship to the repertory of the past will change. Thirty or forty years ago, who would have predicted the fashion for the baroque which seems now to be sweeping this country? I think it is likely that within a generation, only relatively little of this music will be used in churches. By that time, someone will have come up with some new period which captivates the attention of scholars and choirmasters, and then, who knows; we might even develop a mania for Barnby and Buck! I understand that the editor-in-chief of an important German reference work has said that the period which needs most research is the nineteenth – that's right – the nineteenth century. When musicologists start work there, and doctoral dissertations are written about Stainer and his continental counterparts, how the picture of church music will have changed!"

Recent trends suggest that the romantic style of music making has returned in full force: new church and concert organs are being built in the romantic tradition, with string divisions, abundant color reeds, and double expression, and the inclusion of romantic transcriptions has become acceptable even on degree recital programs in the major universities. Perhaps now is the time to reconsider Clarence Dickinson, surely one of the most influential figures in American church music in the first half of the twentieth century. This pioneering musician, composer, arranger, author, educator, historian, and concert organist set the standard for generations of church musicians and organists. He served as organist-choirmaster at Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City for over fifty years and was founding director of the School of Sacred Music at Union Theological Seminary and a founding member of The American Guild of Organists. As a composer, Dickinson was a master of form, counterpoint, and heartfelt melody. Working with his equally famous wife and partner, Helen A. Dickinson, he produced an important body of musical research, including hundreds of lectures on church music and music history, and published over 500 original anthems and historic editions. As his extant recordings reveal, he was also one of the great concert organists, with a dazzling technique and profound sense of color, drama, and style.



Reminiscences By Clarence Dickinson*

This matter of age is a queer thing: for a goodly number of years, if you start early, people keep saying “Is it not wonderful that such a young lad can handle a great organ?” Then, through the middle years, when you are working your hardest, they just take it for granted that you do your job. After you hear yourself for the first time referred to as an octogenarian (an awful shock), people say, “Isn’t it wonderful that the old boy can handle that great organ at his age?” I thought you

might be interested to know how I got started on this road.

Lafayette, Indiana, was a wonderful place for a boy to grow up in the latter part of the nineteenth century. My father, The Rev. William Cowper Dickinson, D.D., was the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, and my earliest memory of that church is of the great golden organ pipes standing so imposingly in front of me at my sister’s wedding. I suppose my future was settled right then. When I was ten years old, my father accepted a call from the College Hill Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati. It was like going home to him, because he had spent his boyhood in Walnut Hills, Cincinnati. My grandfather, Baxter Dickinson, had moved to Lane Seminary to be Associate Director of the seminary with Lyman Beecher, so that my father had as playmates Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher (later Stowe), who wrote *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*. Baxter Dickinson had been a professor at Auburn Theological Seminary, where he wrote a very famous paper called the “Auburn Declaration,” which separated the church into the old school and new school, the conservative and the advanced. He lived to see the two churches unite on that same basis – the old church had caught up with the new. When I came to the Brick Church and sat down at the piano in the room which served as social room and chapel, I looked up at a picture over my head, and there was my grandfather standing on the steps of the old Church of the Covenant, which later became a part of the Brick Church, at the assembly which brought the two churches together.

In the summer of 1883, our church in College Hill was just putting in a new organ, and since the manse was next to the church, I was kept busy watching the erection of the organ. I spent all my time watching this, and learned much about the organ. I “helped” in various ways, occasionally pumping the wind into it for tuning, and part of the time holding the keys down for the tuning. When the men were away, I would pump the organ full of wind and race around to the front and play till the wind gave. I had a terrible time trying to decide whether to play for a couple of minutes on the softest stop or whether to have a great burst of glory with full organ for a few seconds. When the day came for the dedication of the new organ, a famous organist came up from Cincinnati and found this lad performing this act. He very kindly went around to the rear of the organ and pumped for me, so for the first time I could finish my piece. It was a very kind and wonderful thing for a great artist to do, and I doubt whether, in all my life, I have ever had a more exciting experience.

Soon after, I was allowed to play some of the Christian Endeavor services on the small organ in the chapel, and came to know the hymn book very well, as my father was rather strict, allowing no secular music to be played on Sunday. I was studying piano, and enjoyed the Mozart and Clementi sonatinas, but I gloried especially in a little book of operatic transcriptions my older sister had left behind when she married, enjoying immensely the showy arpeggios and splashy effects, in *Martha*, for instance. When I was twelve, I made my debut as a pianist and conductor in the Town Hall wearing little old folks’ concert dress. There I sat with my ruffled shirt, blue velvet coat, and white curly wig, conducting a chorus of children and the “orchestra,” which consisted of a piano and one violin.

But it happened that my best friend was going to Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, and he persuaded me to join him there in the preparatory school, which had just reopened after being closed from the Civil War to that year. Here I had the good fortune of being appointed University Organist at age fifteen, gaining my first experience in playing major services and accompanying anthems. This was an exciting winter because my friend and I occupied the room General Harrison had occupied when he was there, and this was the fall in which he was elected President of the United States.

After my father retired, we moved to Evanston, Illinois, where I registered at Northwestern University. I had started a classical course, in line with what most of my ancestors and relatives had done, with the idea of becoming a professor of Greek and Latin. But I was still interested in music, so right away I got an appointment as organist of a small church in Evanston – the South Presbyterian – and began the study of organ in earnest with Professor Cutler, organist of the First Methodist Church, of which I became the organist quite a number of years later for a short time, following Peter Lutkin. With the experience I had, it did not take me long to eat up the instruction book which Prof. Cutler gave me, and when I asked, “What next?” he replied, “You should have some Bach.” I said, “What shall I get?” He said, “Oh, get Volume I of Bach’s works in the Peters edition.” Bach’s Volume I contains the six organ sonatas which he wrote to complete the education of his son, Friedemann Bach. It was like being thrown into deep water and being told to swim. But I was always thankful, because when later I came to study the big preludes and fugues, they all seemed comparatively simple and easy.

In 1892, I saw an advertisement in a newspaper, “Organist Wanted,” for a big church in Chicago, Church of The Messiah, where they had just installed a beautiful Roosevelt organ, the most up-to-date in the city, with an electric blower, making it possible to play as long as one wanted. I applied for the job and got it. It was at Church of The Messiah, where I was organist from 1892 to 1897, that I gave what was the first entire organ recital from memory, an innovation that called for much comment for and against. Clarence Eddy, internationally known as the leading organist of America, had brought up a pupil, Harrison M. Wild, to be a rival in Chicago. Although I substituted occasionally for Mr. Eddy, I was attracted more by Wild’s playing, and so studied with him. He gave a series of Sunday afternoon concerts to large audiences, and occasionally asked me to play a group of pieces.

When a young German organist, Wilhelm Middelschulte, arrived in Chicago, friendless and moneyless, he came to Wild for help. Wild secured for him a good position as organist of a leading Catholic church, and invited him to play a group of numbers on his recital series. Middelschulte played these from memory! Wild then said to me, “This will become the custom, I am sure. Get busy and play your first recital from memory.” I did. It was at this time that John Hyatt (High Hat) Brewer, a very fine and quite pompous organist, came out from New York to organize the Chicago Chapter of the Guild.

After five years at the Church of The Messiah, in June 1897, I moved over to St. James Episcopal Church – now Cathedral – for one year as organist. Then my friends insisted that I must go abroad to study.

Dr. Heinrich Reimann, the organist of the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtnis-Kirche in Berlin, took only one pupil a year. I was fortunate enough to arrive in 1898 just as the last year’s pupil, Karl Straube, had left to become organist of Bach’s old church in Leipzig. Berlin, at this time (1898-1899), was the great music center of the world, and for a mark and a half (37 cents), we heard the leading conductors of the day: Felix Weingartner, Arthur Nikisch, Karl Muck, Richard Strauss, and Siegfried Ochs. I felt they taught me the control of a proper *accelerando* and *ritard* in the building of a climax. When I came home, my former teacher said, “Well, what is that? -- just a little faster, and a little slower.”

Of course, many of these concerts were wonderful treats. Busoni, the great pianist of the day, gave a series of four historic concerts with the Philharmonic, playing fourteen concertos on four successive Saturday nights. The house was full of the greatest musicians in Berlin. At the end of the last concert, Busoni came out and played an encore - his own arrangement of the Bach D Major Prelude and Fugue - in tremendous style, turning to look at the audience, and ended on a C-natural, after a month of perfect playing when you could criticize nothing. I heard Widor do the same thing while in the loft with him one time. Among his visitors that day was a very beautiful young lady standing at his right. As he finished a big number in F Major, ending with a run in the pedal, he turned to her saying, “My dear countess,” and landed on an E-natural that rang out from the pedal *Bombarde*. I have used this as a warning to my students – do not relax until the last note is played.

After my winter with Reimann in Berlin, in the summer of 1899, I took a trip with a friend, Arthur Burton, who was later to become a well-known baritone and vocal teacher in Chicago. He had been studying with William Shakespeare, the great conductor and vocal coach in London. At this time there arrived a very lovely old lady from Hamilton, Ontario, who was going to meet a young lady, Helen Adell Snyder, in Heidelberg and travel with her. As Arthur and this older lady had become very good friends, and discovered they were to be in Switzerland at the same time, they decided to leave a note at Cooke's Travel Agency in Lucerne so that they might see each other. Arthur and I found such a note in Lucerne. We called on them at their hotel and had lunch together, but they were just leaving for Geneva. Unfortunately, Arthur and I had just sent out our laundry and had to wait for "the wash," or we would have joined them on the same train. We caught the first train possible and had three very delightful days with them. I said to Arthur, "You can have your old lady. I'm going to take the girl," and at the end of the third day we were engaged. We each had two more years of study – she to get her Doctorate at Heidelberg (from which she graduated summa cum laude in 1901, the first woman to do so in the Philosophy Department), and I to study in Paris. When I met Adell, I knew that here was inspiration in a young and beautiful woman who also possessed great knowledge. However, that was not the reason I had the courage to ask her to wait for a poor organist who would probably never make more than \$2,000 a year; it was just intense love at first sight. I believe the real thing comes that way, though, of course, it can come slowly, I suppose, as has been described in many stories, without the individual being aware of it for a long time.



In the fall of 1899 I moved on to Paris, intending to study with Widor, who could play in tremendous style, but, if he were not particularly interested, could be very dull. Meanwhile, I discovered Guilmant, who was at the height of his career. One of the first concerts I heard in Paris was the dedication of a new organ shared by four organists: the organist of the church; Gigout, one of the most brilliant players of the day; Widor, third; and Guilmant, last, showing his greatness in every way. I studied organ with him for the next two years, and never regretted it. That first year I also studied composition with Moritz Moszkowski.

The second year, I went to Vierne (who had just been appointed organist of Notre Dame, and possessed a lovely organ in his home) for composition, improvisation, and plainsong accompaniment. How he ever got the notes of his compositions on paper I do not understand, as the head of a quarter note was as large as the end of a little finger because of the little sight left in him. I had a pedal piano in my room in the Latin Quarter, and the use of an organ in the Cavaille-Coll organ factory and that of the American Episcopal Cathedral, where I was organist and an Englishman was director of the boy choir. I wrote my first organ piece, "Berceuse," during the year I studied with Vierne, and dedicated it to Helen Adell Snyder. Professor Peter Lutkin, of Northwestern, sent it to H. W. Gray for recommendation for publication. It was refused. I then sent it to Schirmer and Ditson, who likewise returned it. After returning from Europe, I later played a recital on the Ocean Grove Auditorium organ, and had the fun of having the same three publishers come up and say they would like to publish it!

When my generous supply of money had run out in Paris, I felt I should begin to try and give out something, instead of always comfortably receiving, so returned home in 1901 with 125 pieces in my memory. So began the next portion of my life, first as director of the choir at McVickers Theatre, where Frank Crane, a popular minister in Chicago, was preaching on Sunday mornings, and the following year as director of music at First

Methodist Church in Evanston. After only six months there, I became organist-choirmaster at St. James Episcopal Church in Chicago, with a boy choir of sixty. I enjoyed this choir very much for six years, although the strain of replacing eight or ten boys a year, along with the many rehearsals and discipline, was rather wearing

At this same time, I was offered the conductorship of the Aurora, Illinois, Musical Club without ever having held a baton or directed a chorus or orchestra. I went to Frederick Stock, the conductor of the Chicago Orchestra, who gave me a few suggestions. Of course, I always braced up my orchestra with a goodly number of players from the Chicago Symphony, which is really what put us over. This gave me very good experience, as we presented a different oratorio at every concert, never repeating anything in five years, giving the Chicago premiere of Davies' *Everyman* and other such novelties, and ending with Wagner's *Tannhäuser* in concert form.

To show you how busy I became: my weekly schedule soon meant catching a 5:30 train for the hour ride to Aurora, and getting dinner on the train. The train was a deluxe express – first stop Aurora – and the thru passengers were allowed to come into the diner, while those in the day coaches were kept locked up. Fortunately, I found a key that would fit the door, and so, when the headwaiter was at the other end of the dining room, I'd unlock the door and come in. He and the waiters were always startled to see me come in, but always served me, thinking me to be a member of the board. So, I always had my dinner and arrived at the hall in time to rehearse the orchestra for an hour, and the chorus for an hour and a half. Catching a ten o'clock train back to Chicago, I then crossed to another station and caught the sleeper to Dubuque, Iowa, where I taught for four hours the next day, then had rehearsals for the Bach Society of Dubuque, following the same routine of rehearsing the orchestra first and the chorus last. I then caught the sleeper back to Chicago, where I taught at the Cosmopolitan School, of which I was the director, until the middle of the afternoon, and then rehearsed the boys at St. James. I took the evening off! On Thursday, I was back at school for classes in the morning, rehearsal for the Musical Art Society at 2:30, a rehearsal of the English Opera company at 4:00, and, at 6:30, the chorus of the Sunday Evening Club rehearsal. Friday morning was given up to organ lessons at the church, and, in the afternoon I attended the concerts of the Chicago Orchestra. Friday evening was given over to rehearsing the men and boys of St. James for the Sunday service. Saturday morning was the service at Temple Kehilath Anshe Mayriv. In the afternoon, I practiced for various services. Sunday morning and afternoon was spent at St. James Episcopal Church. Once a month, in the afternoon, there was a large important festival service with a short organ recital following. Then came The Sunday Evening Club, a service held at Orchestra Hall, for which we had distinguished preachers from all over the country, a large chorus, and a fine quartet of soloists. I played a half hour program of organ music, and then, putting another organist on the bench, conducted the chorus. Mondays I taught at the Cosmopolitan School until four o'clock, when I went to rehearse the boys at St. James. In the evening, I caught the train to Aurora, and the week began all over again!

In 1904, after being engaged for five years, Helen Adell Snyder and I were married. Following our studies abroad, she had become Dean of Women at the State College of Pennsylvania, and I had returned to Chicago \$3,000 in debt – a good deal of money in those days. The first year I saved nothing; the second year I saved \$1,500, and the third year, \$1,500. I went to the wealthy young lady who had loaned me the money and said "Here's the balance. However, I have been engaged for five years and would very much like to get married and go to Europe on our honeymoon. Instead of paying you back now, I am sure I can do it next year." She very kindly consented, and Mrs. Dickinson and I sailed on the *Romantic*, although we preferred calling it the "Romantic."

I played several recitals on the organs in Spain. The most surprising request I received was in Cordova, where the gothic chapel is set down in the midst of the old mosque, with its 900 pillars of different colored marbles, creating a very mystical atmosphere. After I had tried the organ a bit, the priest organist said to me (this was not very long after the close of the Spanish War), "There is one American tune I have always wanted to hear. Will you play it for me?" I said, "Surely, if I know it." He replied, "It is Yankee Doodle Dandy." So, Mrs. Dickinson, who was not allowed to come up into the organ loft where there were priests and monks (so strict are the rules!), was rather aghast when she heard the strains of "Yankee Doodle" echo through and around the 900 columns! It was in Spain that we first began to collect folk songs. One of the earliest was "In Joseph's Lovely Garden."

The greatest choral group I ever had was the Musical Art Society of Chicago, which I organized in 1906. This society was made up of 50 leading singers of the city, and we performed the great choral music of the church, which had never been heard in Chicago. While I was in Paris, I was much fascinated by the beautiful singing of the 15th and 16th century music by the famous choir of Saint Germain des Pres, and longed for an opportunity to present these works, as well as modern music of the day. All this would require a chorus made up of very good musicians.

Thus was born the idea of a society composed of the best soloists in Chicago. Mrs. Dickinson said one day, "Is this really your heart's desire?" "This is the thing I want most." She immediately turned to the telephone and called singers one by one, starting with personal friends who were among the top singers of the city, until fifty had agreed, most hesitatingly, to come to a meeting. This meant singing for pleasure, no money in it for anyone.

I recall that for one performance of *Messiah* there, I had the bass and tenor of the First Presbyterian Church of New York, who had come out to sing at another event. It was very successful, and the visiting singers returned to New York and reported that it was the best performance they had ever heard. Word of this must have got around,



for in 1909 I was invited to the Brick Presbyterian Church to succeed Archer Gibson. Because the salary was less than what I was making in Chicago, I was also asked to conduct the Mendelssohn Glee Club, succeeding Frank Damrosch, and was also organist at Temple Beth-El, located at Fifth Avenue and 76th Street (now merged with Temple Emanuel). Even then I came to New York at a financial sacrifice, but for greater opportunity.

At Brick Church, I could put on anything I desired, with the backing of a wonderful succession of great pastors who appreciated and desired the best in music. The first two years, I had Henry van Dyke, who was generous enough to say one Sunday, "It hardly seems necessary to preach; the music has said it all."

The very first Monday morning I was in New York, Gerrit Smith, whose church was at the corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, just two blocks from the Brick Church, came over and accosted me, "Welcome to New York, Clarence Dickinson. What can I do for you?" He had been one of the founders of the American Guild of Organists, and its first warden. (Incidentally, the declaration of religious principles of the Guild was written by Charles Cuthbert Hall, then president of the Union Seminary.) This was the spirit in which Gerrit Smith started the A.G.O. To make me feel at home, he invented a new position, and made me Chairman of the entertainment committee. At that time, the Waldorf Astoria was located at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and the church was at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, so we had a very large supper of sandwiches and coffee and tea, ice cream and cake, for several hundred people in

the large ballroom for a very low price, ending with the crowd divided into groups dancing the Virginia Reel, so that every person present shook hands with everyone else, solving the ever-present problem of having the youngsters meet the oldsters. Dr. Smith and I immediately became good friends for the few years he lived after that, and often worked together when presenting oratorios at the same time. I always felt greatly honored to be asked to succeed him as Director of Music at Union Theological Seminary.

*Excerpt reprinted here by kind permission of The Diapason magazine, Jerome Butera, editor

The 1918 Skinner Organ Brick Presbyterian Church

The Ernest M. Skinner Company
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Boston, Mass.
July 19, 1918.

Dr. Clarence Dickinson,
Cornwall-On-Hudson,
New York.

My dear Dr. Dickinson,-

Yours of July 15th at hand. Part of the organ has already arrived at the church. I was very much delighted at the short time taken in transit. It has gone out since I wrote you just as fast as it could be hauled. The console and Bombarde are still here as are a number of the boxes. The organ is a very large affair of course. We are hauling it away every day. I am not only shipping the organ but about all the pipes, which I was not supposed to ship at first. It is really absolutely all done except a few hours work on the Echo Organ but that will be done in time to haul away by the time they are able to haul it.

I have not yet made a starter and stopper on the Bombarde but it will undoubtedly prove successful. The starter and stopper are one and the same thing. I do not seem to remember just how we stand on that. I am charging Mr. Farnum \$25.00 a note for it.

I saw a letter you wrote to Mr. Zeuch in which you seem to feel that I changed my mind somewhat about the Bombarde and one or two other things. I do not find myself holding any different view on this point to what I have always held. ^(Zeuch's organ) The only difference in the two Bombardes will be such as is

-2-

C.D. July 19, 1918.

brought about by the difference in position.

This Brick Church organ was a perfectly colossal piece of work. I think by keeping it here longer instead of shipping it piece-meal we really saved a good deal at the other end, and believe me, when my eight expert men get hold of that organ to set it up there will be something doing!

I shall hope to come up and see you when I come over to New York next time. I hope this will be coincident with your visit to New York to check up the organ and shall try and arrange it so.

My sincere regards to Mrs. Dickinson.

Sincerely yours,
Ernest M. Skinner



MR. CLARENCE DICKINSON
AND THE OFFICERS OF
THE BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
INVITE YOU TO THE
DEDICATORY RECITAL
ON THE ORGAN OF THE BRICK CHURCH
THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 16TH
AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

COVER

**Brick Presbyterian Church
New York City
Ernest M. Skinner Co. Opus 280, 1918**

Great

16' Diapason
8' First Diapason
8' Second Diapason
8' Third Diapason
8' Stentorphone
8' Philomela
8' Grossflöte
8' Waldflöte
8' Erzähler
8' Orchestral Strings
8' Gamba
8' Concert Flute (Ch.)
8' Flute Celeste (Ch.)
8' Dulciana (Ch.)
4' Octave
4' Flute Harmonique
IV Mixture
16' Ophicleide (So.)
8' Trumpet (So.)
8' Tuba (So.)
4' Clarion (So.)
8' Harp (Ch.)
4' Celesta (Ch.)

Swell

16' Bourdon
8' First Diapason
8' Second Diapason
8' Clarabella
8' Gedeckt
8' Salicional
8' Viole d'Orchestre
8' Voix Celeste
8' Orchestral Strings
8' Viole d'Amour
8' Unda Maris
8' Spitzflöte
8' Flute Celeste
4' Octave
4' Flute Harmonique
2' Piccolo Harmonique
IV Mixture
16' Contra Posaune
8' Cornopean
8' Oboe
8' Vox Humana
4' Clarion
Tremolo

Choir

16' Contra Gamba
8' Diapason
8' Concert Flute
8' Flute Celeste
8' Quintadena
8' Dulcet II
8' Dulciana
8' Orchestral Strings
8' Kleine Erzähler II
4' Flute d'Amour
2 2/3' Nazcolo
2' Piccolo
16' Fagotto
8' Clarinet
8' Flugel Horn
8' English Horn (So.)
8' Orch. Oboe (So.)
8' French Horn (So.)
8' Tuba Mirabilis (So.)
Tremolo
8' Harp
4' Celesta

Choir Echo

8' Gedeckt
8' Vox Angelica II
4' Chimney Flute
III Mixture
8' Flugel Horn
8' Vox Humana
Chimes
16' Pedal Bourdon

Solo

8' Stentorphone
8' Philomela (Ped.)
8' Gamba
8' Gamba Celeste
8' Orchestral Strings
4' Solo Flute
III Mixture
16' Ophicleide
8' Tuba Mirabilis
8' Tuba
8' Trumpet
8' French Horn
8' English Horn
8' Musette

8' Orchestral Oboe
4' Clarion
Tremolo

Solo Echo

16' Bourdon
8' Gedeckt
8' Vox Angelica II
4' Chimney Flute
III Mixture
8' Flugel Horn
8' Vox Humana
Tremolo
Chimes
16' Pedal Bourdon

Orchestral Strings

8' Gross Gamba
8' Gamba Celeste
8' Viole d'Orchestre
8' Viole Celeste
8' Vox Humana
Tremolo

Pedal

32' Bourdon
32' Resultant
16' Diapason I
16' Diapason II (Gt.)
16' Bourdon
16' Violone
16' Echo Bourdon
16' Lieblich Ged. (Sw.)
16' Gamba (Ch.)
8' Octave
8' Gedeckt
8' Still Gedeckt (Sw.)
8' Cello (Sw.)
8' Gamba (Ch.)
4' Flute
32' Bombarde
16' Trombone
16' Cont. Posaune (Sw.)
16' Fagotto (Ch.)
8' Tromba
8' Tuba (So.)
4' Clarion (So.)
Chimes (Ec.)

Suggested Reading:

From the Dickinson Collection: Reminiscences by Clarence Dickinson, Part 1: 1873–1898
THE DIAPASON July 2008

From the Dickinson Collection: Memorizing Controversy
THE DIAPASON September 2008

From the Dickinson Collection: Reminiscences by Clarence Dickinson, Part 2: 1898–1909
THE DIAPASON February 2009

From the Dickinson Collection: Speech to the St. Louis Chapter of the American Guild of Organists by
Clarence Dickinson
THE DIAPASON June 2009

From the Dickinson Collection: Music and Worship
THE DIAPASON December 2009