

## Publishers' Notice

In presenting this edition of "The Last Hope," we believe that we have placed this masterpiece of melody within the reach of all lovers of music. "The Last Hope" has been transcribed and simplified, without detracting from its original charm, by that master of arrangers, Frederick Boscovitz, a friend of the late Gottschalk, and who is now the only living pupil of Chopin, who was a companion of Liszt, Wagner, Von Bulow and other shining lights in the musical firmament, and than whom none is more capable of transcribing and arranging this divine melody without destroying the original beauty. That he has sacrificed none of the author's intent will be seen by a careful study of this work.

THE PUBLISHERS



One of the most charming pianists of this city having observed—the ladies observe everything that Gottschalk never passes an evening without executing, with profound religious sentiment, his poetic reverie "The Last Hope," asked of him the reason for so doing.

"It is," replied he, "because I have heart-memories, and that melody has become my evening prayer."

These words seemed to hide a mournful mystery, and the inquirer dared not question the artist further. A happy chance has given me the key to the admirable pianist's reply to his lovely questioner.

During his stay at Cuba, Gottschalk found himself at S\_\_\_\_, where a woman of mind and heart, to whom he had been particularly recommended, conceived for him at once the most active sympathy, in one of those sweet affections almost as tender as maternal love.

Struck down by an incurable malady, Madame S \_\_\_\_\_ mourned the absence of her only son, and could alone find forgetfulness of her sufferings while listening to her dear pianist, now become her guest and her most powerful physician. One evening, while suffering still more than usual—"In pity," said she, making use of one of the ravishing idioms of the Spanish tongue—"in pity, my dear Moreau, one little melody, the last hope!" And Gottschalk commenced to improvise an air at once plaintive and pleasing,—one of those spirit breaths that mount sweetly to heaven, whence they have so recently descended. On the morrow, the traveler-artist was obliged to leave his friend to fulfill an engagement in a neighboring city. When he returned, two days afterwards, the bells of the church of S \_\_\_\_\_\_ were sounding a slow and solemn peal. A mournful presentiment suddenly froze the heart of Gottschalk, who, hurrying forward his horse, arrived upon the open square of the church just at the moment when the mortal remains of Senora S \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ were brought from the sacred edifice.

This is why the great pianist always plays with so much emotion the piece that holy memories have caused him to name "The Last Hope," and why, in replying to his fair questioner, he called it his "Evening Prayer."—*Extract from "La France Musicale.*"

GUSTAVE CHOUQUET.

## THE LAST HOPE.

## TRANSCRIPTION.

Simplified and Fingered by F.BOSCOVITZ.

GOTTSCHALK.

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