Music Direction and Original Score
Alistair Jones

Music Supervisor: Christine Woodruff
Additional Sound Design: Kirke Godfrey
Music recorded and mixed by: Simon Leadley
Percussion: Ronaldo Guivarra
Steel Guitar: Michel Rose
Electric Bass: Tim Ryan
Music Studio: Trackdown Digital
Assistant Engineer: Torei Lista
Additional Recording: Alan Eaton Studios
Additional Engineering: Robin Gray

Madama Butterfly
(Puccini), performed by Miriam Gauci/Yordy Romiro/Georg Tichy/
Nelly Boschkowa/Slovak Philharmonic Chorus/Czecho-Slovak RSO
(Cue Management Pty Limited)

My Island Home
(N. Murray/Rondor Music Australia Pty Ltd), performed by Tiddas
Tiddas appears courtesy of Mercury Records/PolyGram Pty Limited

Trust in the Lord
(H. Laughton), performed by Trevor Adamson, (CAAMA)

Unveiled
(C. Tilmouth), performed by nokturnal

Where Is My Lonely Boy Tonight
performed by Renarta "Gutha" Prior, (Big Eye Productions)

Glada
(traditional) used by permission Saibai Island Community
and courtesy of Bangarra Dance Company

Amazing Grace
traditional/John Newton

Music in the film:

Apart from Nona’s devotion to country music, and Mae’s preference for
angry rock on her muscle car radio, and an organist performing at the funeral, the most significant appearance of music in the film comes when Nona mimes along to a performance of Madama Butterfly (Cressy having declined the chance to show off her operatic chops).

It’s established early that Cressy’s claim to fame is her ability as an opera singer via a CD with her on the cover, and later Nona slips the CD into a player so she can mime along, watched by a bemused Cressy and Mae:
Lyrics:

The tail credits feature both Christine Anu’s *My Island Home* and *Madama Butterfly*.

The song *My Island Home* begins some time before the tail credits start to roll. Having crossed to the island and thrown her ‘mother’s’ ashes over the beach, Nona catches the *Princess II* back to the mainland. The music begins as she stands on the prow, basking in the sunlight.

Lyrics, as heard in the film (not the usual version, but as performed by Tiddas):

...Six years I’ve lived in the city
And every night
I dream of the sea
They say home is where you find it
Will this place ever satisfy me?
For I come from the salt water people
We’ve always lived by the sea

(The boat has moved into the breakwater, and then Nona is walking along the breakwater)

Now I’m down here living in the city
With my man and the family
(Nona comes up towards the purple Ford grunt car)

My island home
My island home
My island home
Is a’waiting for me

(The music turns instrumental. Mae sticks her head up from the driver’s side seat and whispers ‘Nona’! Nona stops and turns, and the sunglasses, wig-wearing Mae gestures to her to approach. As the music stays instrumental, Nona walks back and looks into the car and says “where the fuck do you think you’re going?”.
Cressy, who’s also in sunglasses and with a blonde wig, replies “where do you wanna go?”
Mae says “come on,” nodding to the back seat, and eventually Nona gets in. She glares at Cressy: “No fuckin’ way I’m calling you mum!”
Mae and Cressy laugh and the car roars off. Cut to a wide shot and the car is hurtling down a two land blacktop, whizzing past camera, with the camera turning with it and craning high to watch it disappear into the distance. The lyrics return after the extended instrumental).

In the evening the dry wind blows
From the hills and across the plains
I close my eyes and I’m standing in ...
... in a boat on the sea again
And I’m holding that long turtle spear

(The image of the wide shot of the disappearing car fades to black and tail credits begin)

And I feel I’m close now
To where it must be (chorus: must be …, then adds repeats of later lines)

My island home
My island home
My island home is awaiting for me
My island home
My island home
My island home
My island home
My island home
My island home ….
(The song fades out on this extended last line, and is replaced by Madama Butterfly with about 3'32" to go in the domestic DVD release).

The Madama Butterfly piece that continues to the end of the tail credits is the arrival of Butterfly in Act One of the opera. One translation of the piece in the film with the original lyrics:

**GIRLS’ VOICES**
Ah! Ah!
What an expanse of sky!
What an expanse of sea!

**VOICE OF BUTTERFLY**
Just one more step now...

**GIRLS’ VOICES**
How slow you are!

**VOICE OF BUTTERFLY**
Wait.

**GIRLS’ VOICES**
Here we are at the summit!
Look, just look at all the flowers!

**VOICE OF BUTTERFLY**
Over land and sea there floats
a joyous breath of spring.

**SHARPLESS**
Oh, the gay chatter of youth!

**VOICE OF BUTTERFLY**
I am the happiest
girl in Japan,
or rather in the whole world.
Friends, I have come
at the call of love...

**GIRLS’ VOICES**
I have come to the portals of love
where is gathered the happiness
of all who live and die.

**GIRLS’ VOICES**
Joy to you, sweet friend,
but before crossing
the threshold which draws you,
turn and look at
the things which you hold dear,
look at all that sky,
all those flowers and all that sea!

**BUTTERFLY**
We have arrived.

*(She sees the group of men and recognises Pinkerton.)*

**Pinkerton**
She closes her parasol smartly, and points Pinkerton out to her friends.)

**B. F. Pinkerton.** Down.

**VOICE OF BUTTERFLY**
And now...

**VOCE DI RAGAZZE**
Ah! ah!
Quanto cielo!
Quanto mare!

**VOCE DI BUTTERFLY**
Ancora un passo o via.

**VOCE DI RAGAZZE**
Come sei tarda.

**VOCE DI BUTTERFLY**
Aspetta.

**VOCI DI RAGAZZE**
Ecco la vetta.
Guarda, guarda quanti fiori!

**VOCE DI BUTTERFLY**
Spira sul mare e sulla terra
un primaverili soffio giocondo.

**SHARPLESS**
O allegro cinquettar di gioventù.

**VOCE DI BUTTERFLY**
Io sono la fanciulla
più lieta del Giappone,
anzi del mondo.
Amiche, son venuta
al richiamo d’amor...

**VOCI DI RAGAZZE**
D’amor venni alle soglie
ove s’accoglie il bene
di chi vive e di chi mor.

**VOCI DI RAGAZZE**
Gioia a te sia, dolce amica,
ma prìa di varcar
la soglia che l’attira
volgiti e mira
quanto cielo, quanti fiori,
quanto mare; mira
le cose tutte che ti son si care.
(The music and the film’s credits end on the “Giù”)

The performance featured in the film came from this Naxos disc:

![Naxos Disc Cover](image-url)
Composer/musical director Alistair Jones:

Jones originally started as joint editor on the local version of *Rolling Stone* magazine, but later expanded to work on the soundtracks for films such as *Blood Brothers, Vacant Possession* and *Radiance*.

Jones also became an occasional writer for the newspaper *The Australian* and wrote these thoughts on composing for the screen via a review of a book by Andrew Ford. The review appeared in the paper on 23rd December 2010 under the header *Settling the score on film music* (paywall protected, google text):

*Leave your ego at the door. That's the usual advice for composers hoping to break into film scoring.*

*Films are collaborative dictatorships with the director as supreme commander and all contributions bending to the demands of the project. English composer Michael Nyman once told me that composers were unwise to get attached to any music they create for a film, citing his annoyance at having some of his work replaced with birdsong. Perhaps*
that's why he famously fell out with waspish Peter Greenaway, one of five filmmakers who discuss the motivation behind their music and sound choices in The Sound of Pictures.

Included are Australians Bruce Beresford and Peter Weir, with the former noting how even a director's vision is subject to a higher force: the source of finance. While making And Starring Pancho Villa as Himself for HBO, Beresford resisted studio pressure to use composer Joe Vitarelli, despite receiving an anonymous phone call warning him that Vitarelli's music would end up on the film. Beresford recorded a complete score with his chosen composer, Stephen Endelman, but as soon as he handed over the finished film and left Los Angeles, HBO replaced the music with Vitarelli's blander efforts.

On Driving Miss Daisy, Beresford wanted to use composer Georges Delerue, but the wife of the film's producer insisted he use an up-and-coming Hans Zimmer, even though Beresford thought the German's electronic music would be unsuitable. But by working closely with Zimmer, Beresford reached an acceptable result and the film won four Oscars, though not for best soundtrack.

Also in The Sound of Pictures are interviews with five prominent screen composers who recall some of their noted work along with how they have inveigled ideas into projects. Reading between the lines gives the impression of a bastard craft, one that requires diplomacy and guile to create enough scope for creative engagement and opportunities to show off, to offset the logistical humdrum of matching beats and bars to frames and action points.

The nuts and bolts of film scoring are considerable, which makes the almost 11 hours of music Howard Shore generated for the Lord of the Rings trilogy a herculean achievement, aside from any appraisal of its effectiveness. Lalo Schifrin, noted for the Dirty Harry films but probably better known for the original Mission: Impossible theme, says you've either got it or you haven't: film scoring is not something that can be learned. Ennio Morricone, who invented the sound of spaghetti westerns in his work with Sergio Leone, describes the job as making explicit with music what is implicit in the film. Richard Rodney Bennett (Far from the Madding Crowd and about 50 others) says he always tried to add something that wasn't there before, yet doesn't believe music is essential to a film and doesn't bother to do them any more because he no longer needs the money.

A surprising number of cinemagoers don't notice the music in films. Fortunately, Andrew Ford, a classical composer who presents ABC Radio National's The Music Show, is not among them and his mission in this book is to encourage people to listen as actively as they watch. With a chatty tone, Ford traces the evolution of the use of music and sound in cinema and offers detailed appreciations of more than 400 films, including a chapter
devoted to Alfred Hitchcock, with anecdotes about the travails of Bernard Herrmann, the composer most associated with the suspense master. Music can be integral to making a film work, but it's the director and the stars who generally get the credit. More power to Ford for showering a little attention on the contribution of screen composers with such well-informed enthusiasm.

Alistair Jones is a musician, reviewer and former editor of Rolling Stone Australia.

Alistair Jones has an elusive presence on the internet.

This site is unable to confirm that the Alistair Jones in the photo below is the same as the composer for the film, but he is listed online as both an associate arts editor for *The Australian* and someone who worked with Slim Dusty (this is not as odd as it sounds, Rod Coe, who was also involved with *The Saints*, worked for Dusty).

(Below: Slim Dusty’s Travelling Country Band backstage at the Harristown High School Auditorium, Toowoomba, in the 1990s. Left to right: Rod Coe, Robbie Souter, Mike Kerin, Slim Dusty, Ian Simpson, Alistair Jones)

Nor can this site confirm that the poster at the NGA features the same Alistair Jones, found [here](#), but it makes for a nice print, and the caricature looks like it might be of the face seen above:
The King O'Malley Theatre Co. Present

Alistair Piano Jones Late

Show

Directed by Lex Marinos
Dec. 4, 5, 11, 12, 18, 19, 11 p.m.
$5.00 $3.50 Bookings 333 817

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