

SONG OF THE DAY LXXXI

When attempting to explain this next song to someone who is unfamiliar with Led Zeppelin - i.e., someone much younger - the best way that I can do that is to tell them to imagine baring their soul for the entire world to see and then facing the scrutiny that ensues because it isn't what most people expect from you.

And so it is today that we find ourselves trying to make our way "In Through The Out Door," side two, track two, and the lovely and melancholy "All My Love," clocking in at 5:53.

One of the few times in my life that I found myself in complete and total disagreement with Jimmy Page was the way he perceived this song. Page was quoted in a 1998 Guitar World interview that he "wasn't really keen on "All My Love". I was a little worried about the chorus. I could just imagine people doing the wave and all of that. And I thought, that's not us. That's not us. In its place it was fine, but I wouldn't have wanted to pursue that direction in the future."

From the time this album was released in 1979, I have always adored this song. It is full of emotion and it is downright heart-wrenching at times and the lyrics by Plant are some of the best ever written, not just by Robert, but by anyone.

The kind of raw emotional out-pouring that is on display in this song is something that is sadly missing from most music and I feel it is that absolute honesty that really pulls me in and connects with me so deeply. Not to put any other band or musician down, but this isn't some Foreigner stadium anthem proclaiming 'I want to know what love is...' This is just pure, naked emotion. It is Robert Plant stepping out from behind the curtain, lifting that sacred veil of secrecy that shadowed Zeppelin's every move.

Many people believe this is a dedication to Robert's young son, Karac, who died suddenly in 1977 at the tender age of five. And whilst there are a couple of lines that seem to indicate a strong connection to Karac and I believe are certainly about him, the song itself is, to me, Robert singing to his wife, Maureen, and how they must face the death of their son together and try to forge on as a unit.

It is a known fact that many couples who lose a young child eventually have their marriage fall apart. It is probably the single worst thing any couple could go through and for me to say that I could only imagine what Robert and Maureen were dealing with would be a grave injustice to them both, because I have no idea what that is like. I have not lost a young child and so there is simply no way I could even begin to fathom what that terrible sense of loss must be like.

To me, this song represents Robert communicating with his wife in the way he knew best; through song. I would imagine that they spent countless hours, days, weeks, months and perhaps even years, talking about this and trying to come to grips with it, and so perhaps this song is a sort of exorcism for Robert in that he can convey his feelings through his art. All I do know for sure is that this is one of the most eloquent and touching songs of love that has ever been written. And that's my main gripe with Page and his comment about this song, because surely he knew what it was about. I cannot comprehend Page being blind to the meaning behind this piece and therefor I just was completely shocked by his sentiments regarding this wonderful song.

This track was written by John Paul and Robert - one of only two Zeppelin songs not credited in any way to Page {the other being "South Bound Saurez"} and the song begins with some very mellow synthesizer from Jonsey before Bonham enters with a steady hand on the drums. Page intertwines some beautiful electric guitar lines as well as a very beautiful classical guitar for the solo. Page also employs the B-Bender Tele on this track.

While the music is, as always, top notch, it is the lyrics that are the heart of this song and they take precedence over everything else. There is no sense in breaking these lyrics up,

so I will just post them in their entirety and allow you, the reader, to let these words and their beauty wash over you.

Should I fall out of love, my fire in the light?

To chase a feather in the wind

Within the glow that weaves a cloak of delight

There moves a thread that has no end

For many hours and days that pass ever soon

The tides have caused the flame to dim

At last the arm is straight, the hand to the loom

Is this to end or just begin?

All of my love, all of my love

Oh all of my love to you now

All of my love, all of my love

Oh all of my love to you to you now

The cup is raised; the toast is made yet again

One voice is clear above the din

Proud Aryan one word, my will to sustain

For me, the cloth once more to spin

Oh all of my love, all of my love

Oh all of my love for you now

All of my love, all of my love

Yes all of my love to you child

Yours is the cloth, mine is the hand that sews time

His is the force that lies within

Ours is the fire, all the warmth we can find

He is a feather in the wind

Oh all of my love, all of my love

Oh all of my love to you now

All of my love

Oh oh, yes all of my love to you now

All of my love, all of my love

All of my – love... love...

Sometime... sometime... oh, oh

Sometime... sometime... oh, oh

Hey, hey, hey, hey

Hey, hey, hey

Ooh-oooh yeah

It's all, all, all, oh all of my love

All of my love, all of my love to you now

All of my love, all of my love

All of my love to - to you and you and you and yeah

I get a little bit lonely

Just a little

Just a little

Just a little bit lonely

Just a little bit lonely

Hey – hey – hey...

What can you say? I don't know how he does it, but Robert never ceases to amaze me with his lyrical gift. I find myself even more in awe of his writing after I have spent time listening to Jimmy in The Firm or on the Coverdale/Page album and then I return to Zeppelin and I hear lyrics like these and all I can do is shake my head in awe.

I'm not putting Paul Rodgers or David Coverdale down either; they are both fine singers who have had very long careers doing what they love, but this... this is just something so special and so rare...

If you've ever seen the movie Amadeus with F. Murray Abraham as Salieri describing the first time he heard Mozart... and he says... 'It seemed to me that I was hearing the voice of God...'

I think that aptly describes the lyrics in this song as well as many other Plant songs, either in Zeppelin or in his solo career. The thing about "All My Love" is someone could read these words whilst listening to the song and not have a freaking clue as to what it's all about and yet, they would still be moved. That is something very special indeed.

Musically, the band is in perfect harmony with the emotion of the song and the sentiment that lies within. Bonzo shows great restraint, never stealing the spotlight, Jonsey plays some of the most beautiful synthesizer I've ever heard and his solo, which borders on classical, is quite a treat and Page, despite whatever misgivings he may have had about this tune, doesn't let it affect his performance. Everything he plays is just so perfect and fits the mood of the song in an absolutely impeccable manner.

During their brief, 1980 Summer European tour, "All My Love" was played and possibly to Page's chagrin, was one of the better received numbers. Sadly, that would be Zeppelin's final

tour and we never had the opportunity to see where things might have gone as they headed into the 1980's.

Never the less, "All My Love" has stood the test of time as new generations of fans have discovered the song and fallen in love with it anew, keeping the torch for Led Zeppelin burning bright into the foreseeable future.

Until the next time,

Jeff