

"Long ago" is just a whisper  
From the eaves and the pines  
To the rumble-wheels once bearing  
Endless fortune from the mines;  
Still the night is for the taking  
When the day was barely warmer,  
And the girls who hurry by  
Cross laughing at the corner

But they all go  
Charlevoix, they all go.

The foothills and the carriage  
Keep a secret, if you wonder,  
And push from right behind you  
As you stoop to pass under  
The marker that you dropped  
By the bluff where you show her  
The ending of a season  
And the place to cross over...

But they all go  
Charlevoix, they all go.

It might be none or any one of us  
Who stay to see this through,  
Who pulls a coat in closer  
And who gives his arm to you;  
But who of us wouldn't follow  
From the dusty hallway  
Into the early afternoon  
Which of us hasn't always...?

And they all go  
Charlevoix, they all go.