

Antonio Machado
Cantares

Todo pasa y todo queda,
pero lo nuestro es pasar,
pasar haciendo caminos,
caminos sobre el mar.

Nunca perseguí la gloria,
ni dejar en la memoria
de los hombres mi canción;
yo amo los mundos sutiles,
ingrávidos y gentiles,
como pompas de jabón.

Me gusta verlos pintarse
de sol y grana, volar
bajo el cielo azul, temblar
súbitamente y quebrarse...

Nunca perseguí la gloria.

Caminante, son tus huellas
el camino y nada más;
caminante, no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar.

Al andar se hace camino
y al volver la vista atrás
se ve la senda que nunca
se ha de volver a pisar.

Caminante no hay camino
sino estelas en la mar...

Hace algún tiempo en ese lugar
donde hoy los bosques se visten de espinos
se oyó la voz de un poeta gritar
"Caminante no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar..."

Golpe a golpe, verso a verso...

Murió el poeta lejos del hogar.
Le cubre el polvo de un país
vecino.

Al alejarse le vieron llorar.
"Caminante no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar..."

Golpe a golpe, verso a verso...

Cuando el jilguero no puede cantar.
Cuando el poeta es un peregrino,
cuando de nada nos sirve rezar.
"Caminante no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar..."

Golpe a golpe, verso a verso.

Antonio Machado
Singings

Everything passes and everything stays,
but our fate is to pass,
to pass making paths,
paths on the sea.

I never looked for glory,
nor to leave in the memory
of mankind my song;
I love subtle worlds,
lightnessful and gentile,
like soap bubbles.

I like to watch them painting
of sun and garnet, to fly
under the blue sky, tremble
suddenly and break...

I never looked for glory.

Walker, your treads are
the path and nothing more;
walker, there is no path,
the path is made when walking.

When walking the path is made
and when looking back
you see the path that never
has to be walked again.

Walker, there is no path,
but trails in the sea...

Some time ago in that place
where woods dress with hawthorns today
the voice of a poet was heard, screaming
'Walker, there is no path,
the path is made when walking...'

Stroke by stroke, verse by verse...

The poet died far away from home.
He's covered by dust of a neighboring
country.
When going away, they saw him crying.
'Walker, there is no path,
the path is made when walking...'

Stroke by stroke, verse by verse...

When the goldfinch cannot sing.
When the poet is a pilgrim,
when praying has no use.
'Walker, there is no path,
the path is made when walking...'

Stroke by stroke, verse by verse.