

Traveler, There Is No Path

by Antonio Machado

Everything passes on and everything remains,
But our lot is to pass on,
To go on making paths,
Paths across the sea.

5

I never sought glory,
Nor to leave my song
In the memory of man;
I love those subtle worlds,
Weightless and graceful,
As bubbles of soap.

10

I like to watch as they paint themselves
In sunlight and scarlet, floating
Beneath the blue sky, trembling
Suddenly then popping...

15

I never sought glory.

20

Traveler, your footprints
Are the path and nothing more;
Traveler, there is no path,
The path is made by walking.

25

By walking the path is made
And when you look back
You'll see a road
Never to be trodden again.

30

Traveler, there is no path,
Only trails across the sea...

35

Some time past in that place
Where today the forests are dressed in barbs
A poet was heard to cry
"Traveler, there is no path,

The path is made by walking...”

Beat by beat, verse by verse...

5 The poet died far from home.
He lies beneath the dust of a neighboring land.
As he walked away he was seen to weep.
“Traveler, there is no path,
The path is made by walking...”

10 Beat by beat, verse by verse...

When the goldfinch cannot sing,
When the poet is a pilgrim,
15 When prayer will do us no good.
“Traveler, there is no path,
The path is made by walking...”

Beat by beat, verse by verse.

20

(Trans. Asa Cusack)