



## “CANTARES” (Songs)

Joan Manuel Serrat

Everything passes and everything stays, but our mission is to pass,  
to pass while creating pathways, pathways through the sea.

I have never looked for glory nor left my song in peoples' memory.

I like worlds that are subtle, light and gentle like soap bubbles.

I like to see them painted in yellow and scarlet like the sun,  
flying beneath the trembling azure sky, suddenly smashing.

I have never sought glory.

*Walker, your steps and only they, form the road.*

*Walker, there is no road save the one that is created by walking.*

*The road is created by walking, and on looking back,*

*we see the path which we must never again tread.*

*Walking, there is no path except tracks on the sea.*

Some time ago, in this place now inhabited by hawthorn woods, the voice of a poet was heard to shout:

Walker, there is no road, the road is created by walking.

Blow by blow, verse by verse.

The poet died, far from his home, the dust of a neighboring country recovers him retreating, they see him weeping...

Walker, there is no road, the road is created by walking,

Blow by blow, verse by verse.

When the goldfinch cannot sing, when the poet is a pilgrim,

when there is no point in praying,

Walker, there is no road, the road is created by walking.

Blow by blow, verse by verse.

Blow by blow, verse by verse.

Blow by blow, verse by verse.

