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# STEPS (STUFEN)

by Hermann Hesse

*As every blossom fades and all youth sinks into old age,  
so every life's design, each flower of wisdom, attains its prime and cannot last forever.*

*The heart must submit itself courageously to life's call without a hint of grief,*

*A magic dwells in each beginning, protecting us, telling us how to live.*

*High purposed we shall traverse realm on realm, cleaving to none as to a home,*

*the world of spirit wishes not to fetter us but raise us higher, step by step.*

*Scarce in some safe accustomed sphere of life have we establish a house, then we grow lax;*

*only he who is ready to journey forth can throw old habits off.*

*Maybe death's hour too will send us out new-born towards undreamed-lands,*

*maybe life's call to us will never find an end. Courage my heart, take leave and fare thee well.*

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