

Stepping into Destiny

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♩ = 105

Am Gm Dm Dm Gm Dm
Ash- es to ash- es and dust to dust. All the dreams that were gi- ven a- re all shri- velled up. What
5 Gm Dm C Dm
once was a vi- is ion, what once was a dream, all died to- ge- ther or so it would seem. The
9 Am Dm Dm Gm Dm
cha- nces not ta- ken, the ta- lents un- used. I now feel for- sa- ken, a- lone, and con- fused. My
13 Am Dm Am Dm
life in a sham- bles, my heart has been struck. No more to give. All out of luck.
17 Am Gm Dm Am Dm
When I look back at the pain and re- gret of chan- ces not ta- ken, I'll ne- ver for- get:
21 Gm Am F C C F
There is more to be had! My life is not o- ver. He makes all things new. I'm
25 C Am F C F
ne- ver for- as- ken, His pro- mis- es true. God still knows my name. It's
29 Gm Dm F Gm Am Am F
not a- bout works or what could be. I'm ne- ver for- sa- ken. His mer- cies new e- very day. Yes,
33 Gm Dm C F
sea- sons are o- ver I'm not ge- tting back but if I can breathe, there's still more to be had.
37 C Am C F C Am C F
What I learn from mi- stakes I have made will help me move for- ward, to seize each new day.
42 Gm Dm Gm Dm C
No more ex- cu- ses. No more re- grets. I choose to use what I have, to take chan- ces, take steps, to

46 Gm Am F C

ne- ver for- get: There is more to be had! My life is not o- ver. He

50 C F C Am F C

makes all things new. I'm ne- ver for- sa- ken, His pro- mis- es true. God still knows my

54 F Bb Gm C F C Am

name. It's not a- bout me or what I can do. It's a- bout be- ing faith- ful. It's a-

58 C F Bb Am F F Am

bout be- ing true, in the mo- ment I'm gi- ven, to use what I have. To use, not to squan- der, the

62 C F Dm Dm Bb

time that I have. I'm tra- ding my so- rrows, I'm tra- ding the past. I choose a new fu- ture. I'm

66 C F C F Dm Dm

not tur- ning back. I step in- to my pur- pose, step up to the plate. I'm not gi- ving up. It's

70 F Dm

ne- ver to late to use what I have, though the mo- ment looks bleak. Who

73 Gm C C F Gm Am F

knows what will come when I choose to com- pete. Like Ca- leb of old, I roll up my sleeve, face

77 C Gm C F

gi- ants of fear and step in- to my des- ti- ny.