

## Finders

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I'll shed a feather for the lord  
And I'll blow the trumpet on the shore  
Just like the birds do in the morn  
I'll be a savior and I'll be your ??  
You'll be a diamond in the sand  
And all of the finders will clap their hands  
Glory abounds us we found dry land  
And all of us finders will clap our hands  
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