

# Gillian Welch, Acony Bell

The fairest bloom the mountain know  
Is not an iris or a wild rose  
But the little flower of which i'll tell  
Known as the brave acony bell

Just a simple flower so small and plain  
With a pearly hue and a little known name  
But the yellow birds sing when they see it bloom  
For they know that spring is coming soon

Well it makes its home mid the rocks and the rills  
Where the snow lies deep on the windy hills  
And it tells the world "why should i wait  
This ice and snow is gonna melt away"

And so i'll sing that yellow bird's song  
For the troubled times will soon be gone