

Acony Bell

[Gillian Welch](#)

The fairest bloom the mountain know
Is not an Iris or a wild rose
But little flower of which I'll tell
Known as 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 lie 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

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