

# The Littlest Angel

Bing Crosby

Let me tell you a tale that is often told  
In the great Celestial Hall  
All about an angel only four years old  
The littlest angel of all  
How all day he would play with a little box  
That to others had no words  
Oh, but there were treasures in this little box  
The treasures he brought from Earth  
Just a butterfly with golden wings  
A little piece of a hollow log  
Two shiny stones from a river bank  
And the worn out strap of his faithful dog  
Then the angels all heard that the holy child  
Would be born in Bethlehem  
And they all brought present for the holy child  
And each gift was a heavenly gem  
Then the littlest angel put his little box  
With the presents fine and wrapped  
And the littlest angel sat alone and cried  
For his gift was so meager and bad  
Just a butterfly with golden wings  
A little piece of a hollow log  
Two shiny stones from a river bank  
And the worn out strap of his faithful dog  
But the Lord chose the gift of the little box  
That the child had blessed with love  
And it started glowing that very night  
It became the star up above  
When you see that star as it shines on high  
In the great Celestial Hall  
You will know the proudest angel in the sky  
Is the littlest angel of all  
With his butterfly with golden wings  
A little piece of a hollow log  
Two shiny stones from a river bank  
And the worn out strap of his faithful dog

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