

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 worth
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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