

Bill Anderson**"Supper time"**

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(Ira P. Stanphill)

(Come home, come home, it's supper time.)

Many years ago in days of childhood
I used to play till evening shadows come
Then winding down that old familiar pathway
I heard my mother call at set of sun.

Come home, come home, it's supper time
The shadows lengthen fast
Come home, come home, it's supper time
We're going home at last.

Some of the fondest memories of my childhood
Are woven around supper time when mama used to call
From the backsteps of the old homeplace
Come on home, now Billy it's supper time.
My how I'd love to hear that once again
But you know for me time has woven
A realization of a truth that's even more thrilling
And that is that someday
The call comes from the portals of Glory
Come home, for it's supper time
And we'll join with the Lord himself
At the greatest supper time of them all.

Come home, come home, it's supper time
The shadows lengthen fast
Come home, come home, it's supper time
We're going home at last...

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