

Ferlin Husky "Suppertime"

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Come home come home it's suppertime the shadows
lengthen fast
Come home come home it's suppertime we're going
home at last

Many years ago in days of childhood I used to play
when evening shadows come
Then winding down that old familiar pathway I heard
my mother call at set of sun
Some of the fondest mem'ries of my childhood are
woven around suppertime
When mother used to call from the backsteps of the old
homeplace
Come on home Ferlin it's suppertime what I would give
to hear that once more
But for me time has woven a realization of the truth
that's even more thrilling
And that's when the call comes up from the portal of
glory to come home

For it's suppertime when all of God's children shall
gather around the table
With the Lord at the greatest suppertime of them all
Come home come home...

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