

## Alabama "Supper Time"

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Many years ago in days of childhood  
I used to play till evening shadows come  
And 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 shadow's 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 out from the back steps  
To the old home place, "Come on home, son, it's  
supper time"

Oh, how I'd love to hear those words once more  
But you know for me, time is woven in the realization of  
the truth  
That's even more thrilling  
And that's when the call comes from the portals of  
glory  
To come on home, it's supper time

"Come home, come home, it's supper time  
The shadow's lengthen fast  
Come home, come home, it's supper time  
We're going home at last, we're going home at last"

When all God's children shall gather 'round the table  
With the Lord Himself at the greatest supper time of  
them all

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