

Alabama, Suppertime

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 suppertime
The shadow's lengthen fast
Come home, come home, it's suppertime
We're going home at last"
Some of the fondest memories of my childhood
Are woven around suppertime
When Mama used to call out from the back steps
To the old home place, "Come on home, son, it's suppertime"
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 suppertime
"Come home, come home, it's suppertime
The shadow's lengthen fast
Come home, come home, it's suppertime
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 suppertime of them all