When all God's children gather round the table with the

used to play 'til evening shadows come

Then Come

winning down an old familiar pathway, I'd heard my daddy home, - Come home it's supper time The shadows -

Suppertime
Jimmie Davis
call at set of sun, 
Come home, Come home it's sup-per-time
length-en fast - - - - Come home, Come home it's sup-per-time

The shad-ows length-en fast,
Come home, come
The shad-ows length-en fast;
Come home, come

home It's sup-per-time W're go-ing home at last.
home It's sup-per-time W're go-ing home at last.

2nd verse Narration
Some of the fondest memories of my childhood
Were woven around suppertime
When my daddy used to call from the backsteps of the old home place;
"come on home now son, it's suppertime."
Ah gee, but I'd love to hear that again,
But you know, for me, time has woven the realization of a truth that's
even more thrilling. And that's when the call comes from the portals of Glory,
to come home.