Man - y years a - go in days of child - hood, I
When all God's chil - dren gath - er round the ta - ble with the
used to play 'til ev - 'ning sha - dows come
Lord him - self at the great - est sup - per - time of them all. Then
win - ding down an old fam - il - iar path - way, I'd heard my dad - dy
home, - Co - me home it's sup - per time The sha - dows -
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.