

# Suppertime

George Younce

When I was but a boy in days of childhood,  
I used to play 'till evening shadows come;  
Then, winding down an old familiar pathway,  
I heard my mother call at set of sun.

"Come home, come home! It's suppertime!"  
The shadows weave in fast!  
"Come home, come home! It's suppertime!"...  
We're going home at last.

(Some of the fondest memories of my childhood  
were woven around suppertime,  
when mom would come the backsteps of our homeplace;  
She'd say: "George, come on in! It's suppertime!"  
Oh, oh, Mother! How I'd love to hear her once more!  
But you know, for me,  
Time has woven the realisation of the truth  
And that's even more worthy  
And that's when the Lord comes to the portal of GLORY  
and says to come on in for suppertime  
And we'll be gathered around the table  
  
with the LORD himself  
  
At the greatest,  
the greatest suppertime  
of the LORD.)

In visions, now, I see her standing yonder  
And her familiar voice I hear once more.  
The banquet table's ready up in heaven:  
Ah, it's suppertime upon the golden shore.

"Come home, come home! It's suppertime!"  
The shadows weave in fast;  
"Come home, come home! It's suppertime!"  
We're going home at last.

WE'RE GOING HOME....

(You know, I...have an' get a lot more days behind me  
than I have ahead of me.  
And I know that. But I also know this:  
Should He return tonight,  
I'm packed and..."Ready, go!"  
Got my house all in order.

GOT MY HOUSE ALL IN ORDER.)

Oh, I'm going home,

Yeah, I'm going home

SOME DAY.

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Lyrics submitted by Voahanitra.

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