# Suppertime

## Howard Ashman Alan Menken

Many years ago in days of childhood
I used to play till evenin' shadows come
Then windin' down that old familiar pathway
I'd hear my mother call at set of sun

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

Some of the fondest memories of my childhood
Were woven around supper time
When my mother used to call
From the backsteps of the old homeplace
"Come on home now son, it's supper time"

Ah, but I'd love to hear that once more
But you know for me time has woven the realization of
The truth that's even more thrilling and that's when
The call come up from the portals of glory
To come home, for it's supper time

When all of God's children
Shall gather around the table
Of the Lord himself
And the greatest supper time of them all

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

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