Words and music: Ira F Stanphill

SUPPER TIME

(C) When I was just a (F) boy in days of (C) childhood,
I (G) used to play till evening shadows (C) come.
Then (C) winding down an (F) old familiar (C) pathway,
I (G) heard my mother call at set of (C) sun:

Chorus:
Come (F) home, come (G) home,
It's supper (C) time,
The (G) shadows lengthen (C) fast.
Come (F) home, come (G) home,
It's supper (C) time,
We're (G) going home at (C) last.

One day beside her bedside I was kneeling,
And angel wings were winnowing the air.
She heard the call for supper time in heaven,
And I know she's waiting for me there.

Chorus

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

Chorus