

WHERE ARE MY FOLLOWERS?

ALAN REID

THE CLOUDS SCURRY OVER THE THE SMALL HILLS BEHIND US
MORE SWIFT THAN MY ARMY CAN COVER A MILE
A DULL SKY ABOVE US, A FLAT LAND BEFORE US
AND COUNTRY FOLK STARE WITH NO HINT OF A SMILE
CARLISLE FELL BEFORE US AND MANCHESTER WELCOMED US
DERBY AND LONDON LIE WAITING IN FEAR
BUT WHERE ARE THE MEN I WAS TOLD THAT WOULD FLOCK TO US
WHERE ARE MY FOLLOWERS WHERE TELL ME WHERE?
WHERE TELL ME WHERE?

WHEN I WAS A CHILD I WAS FED WITH THE STORIES
OF MY FATHER'S FOLLOWERS, BRAVE FIGHTING MEN
THEIR SONS AND THEIR DAUGHTERS LOOKED OVER THE WATER
IN HOPES THAT A STUART WOULD RETURN ONCE AGAIN
NOW I AM COME OVER OUR THRONE TO RECOVER
AND THE DOGS OF HANOVER LIE TREMBLING IN FEAR
BUT WHERE ARE MY LOYAL AND WILLING SUPPORTERS
I WAIT FOR THEIR COMING, WHEN WILL THEY APPEAR?
WHEN WILL THEY APPEAR?

IN THE SPLENDOUR OF PARIS THE COURT AND THE PALACE
HAVE PLEDGED THEY WILL HELP AND SEND SOLDIERS TO ME
I LOOK TO THE EAST AND I LOOK TO THE WEST
BUT NO MUSKET OR TROOPER OR CANNON I SEE
THE HOUSES OF EUROPE ARE ANXIOUSLY WAITING
FOR IN OUR SUCCESS THEY ARE READY TO SHARE
BUT I JUST NEED MY FOLLOWERS , BONNY STUART FOLLOWERS
WHERE ARE MY FOLLOWERS, WHERE TELL ME WHERE?
PLEASE TELL ME WHERE? PLEASE TELL ME WHERE?