Leopold Vincent, along with his father and brother published the Winfield American Nonconformist, a radical paper that condemned many of the unfair practices that were inflicted on immigrants, workers and farmers. Vincent published a farm-labor solidarity booklet in 1891 called The Alliance and Labor Songster. The book was a compilation of songs using familiar tunes and was written mostly by farmers and workers who believed in the cause of solidarity. The song Future America (author unknown) uses the tune of “My Country ‘tis of Thee," and attacks the idea of corporations and monopolies.

“A New American Anthem” was written by Thomas Nicol and also appeared in The Alliance and Labor Songster. Also using the tune of “My Country ‘tis of Thee,” this parody reflects the plight of the farmers.

“Future of America”

My country, 'tis of thee

Land of lost liberty,

Of thee we sing.

Land which the millionaires,

Who govern our affairs,

Own for themselves and heirs-

Hail to thy king.

Land once of noble braves

But now of wretched slaves-

Alas! too late

We saw sweet Freedom die,

From letting bribers nigh,

Our unprized suffrage buy;

And mourn thy fate.

Land where the wealthy few

Can make the many do

Their royal will,

And tax for selfish greed

The toilers till they bleed,

And those not yet weal-kneed

Crash down and kill.

Land where a rogue is raised

On high and loudly praised

For worst of crimes

Of which the end, must be

A hell of cruelty,

As proved by history

Of ancient times.

My country, 'tis of thee,

Betrayed by bribery,

Of thee we sing.

We might have saved thee long

Had we, when proud and strong,

Put down the cursed wrong

That makes a king.

“A New American Anthem”

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Once land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.

Land of the Millionaire  
Farmers with pockets bare;  
Caused by the cursed snare –   
The Money Ring.

My native country, thee,  
Thou wert so pure and free,  
Long, long ago.

Yet still I love thy rills,  
But hate thy usury mills,  
That fill the bankers' tills  
Till they overflow.

So when my country, thee,  
Which should be noble, free,  
I'll love thee still;

I'll love thy Greenback men,  
Who strive with tongue and pen,  
For liberty again,  
With right good will.

And then my country, thee,  
Thou wilt again be free;  
And Freedom's tower.

Stand by your fireside then,  
And show that you are men,  
Whom they can't fool again,  
And crush their power.