

# My Favorite Old-Time Poem

“THIS poem was in an album that belonged to my spinster aunt, who died at age 92 in 1993,” writes Annette Brissette of East Haven, Connecticut. “She collected poems in the 1920s and ’30s. She worked at the Fisk Rubber and Tire Company in Chicopee, Massachusetts, and during lunch hours, she would type the poems.”

## **The Town of Don't-You-Worry**

There's a town called  
Don't-You-Worry,  
On the banks of River Smile,  
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy  
Blossom sweetly all the while.

Where the Never-Crumble flower  
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,  
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience  
Point their faces to the sky.

In the valley of Contentment,  
In the province of I-Will,  
You will find this lovely city,  
At the foot of No-Fret Hill.

There are thoroughfares delightful  
In this very charming town,

And on every hand are shade trees  
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches quite enticing  
You'll find scattered here and there,  
And to each a vine is clinging  
Called the Frequent-Earrest-Prayer.

Everybody there is happy  
And is singing all the while,  
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,  
On the banks of River Smile.

— I.J. Bartlett