

## Brown October Ale

Words by  
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by  
REGINALD DE KOVEN  
*Arr. by Geoffrey O'Hara*

Brightly

(melody)  
Thro' all — my days I'll sing the praise Of Brown Oc - to - ber

ale! — 1. And it's will ye quaff with me, my lads, And it's  
2. And it's will ye love me true, my lass, And it's

will ye quaff with me? — It is — a draught of  
will ye love me true? — If not, — I'll drink — one

nut - brown ale I of - fer un - to ye. — All  
flag - on more, And so fare - well — to you. — If

hum-ming in the tan-kard, lads, — It cheers the heart for - lorn, — Oh!  
Jean or Mell, or Nan — or Doll, — Should make your heart to mourn, — Fill

here's a friend to ev - 'ry one, 'Tis stout John Bar - ley - corn. — So  
up the pail with nut - brown ale, And toast John Bar - ley - corn. —

(melody)

laugh, lads, and quaff lads, 'Twill make you stout — and hale, — Thro'

(melody)

all — my days I'll sing the praise Of brown Oc - to - ber ale. Yes,

*ff* laugh, lads, and quaff, lads, 'Twill make you stout and hale, Ah! Thro' all my days I'll

*ff* (melody)

(melody)

sing the praise Of brown — Oc - to - ber ale, — Of brown Oc - to - ber ale! — D.S.