

St. Patrick's Day Humor



An Englishman, a Scotsman and an Irishman each order a Guinness in a pub. Upon being served, each finds a fly in their beer. Repulsed, the Englishman sends his back. The Scotsman gently flicks the fly out of his mug and begins drinking. The Irishman carefully lifts the fly up by its wings and screams, "Spit it out! Spit it out!"



An Irishman walks into a bar and orders three glasses of Guinness, drinking them one at a time. Noticing this odd ritual, the bartender explains that the beer goes flat when poured and informs the man his beer would be much fresher if he ordered one glass at a time.

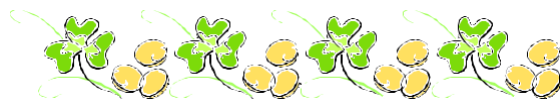
The Irishman explains he began this custom with his two brothers, who have moved to America and Australia, respectively. This is their way of remembering all the time they spent drinking together.

The man becomes a regular at the pub, well-known for always ordering three beers at once. One day he walks in and orders only two beers. Assuming the worst, a hush falls among other patrons.

When the Irishman returns to the bar to order his second round, the bartender quietly offers his condolences. The man looks confused for a moment, and then explains, "No, everyone's fine. I gave up beer for lent."



Paddy was tooling along the road one fine day when the local policeman, a friend of his, pulled him over. "What's wrong, Seamus?" Paddy asked. "Well didn't ya know, Paddy, that your wife fell out of the car about five miles back?" said Seamus. "Ah, praise the Almighty!" Paddy replied with relief. "I thought I'd gone deaf!"



McQuillan walked into a bar and ordered martini after martini, each time removing the olives and placing them in a jar. When the jar was filled with olives and all the drinks consumed, the Irishman started to leave.

"Excuse me," said a customer, who was puzzled over what McQuillan had done. "What was that all about?" "Nothing," said the Irishman, "my wife just sent me out for a jar of olives."



The Doctor was puzzled "I'm very sorry but I can't diagnose your trouble, Mahoney. I think it must be drink. "

"Don't worry about it Dr. Kelley, I'll come back when you're sober."



A ventriloquist is telling Irish jokes in a pub, when an irate Irishman stands up: "You're making' out we're all dumb and stupid. I oughta punch you in the nose."

"I'm sorry sir, I..."

"Not you," says the Irishman, "I'm talking to that little fella on your knee."



"Hey," said a new arrival in the pub, "I've got some great Irish jokes."

"Before you start," said the big bloke in the corner, "I'm Irish."

"Don't worry," said the newcomer, "I'll tell them slowly."



An American tourist was driving in County Kerry, when his motor stopped. He got out seeing if he could locate the trouble. A voice behind him said, "The trouble is the carburetor." He turned around and only saw an old horse. The horse said again, "It's the carburetor that's not working." The American nearly died with fright, and dashed into the nearest pub, had a large whiskey, and told Murphy the bartender what the horse had said to him.

Murphy said, "Well, don't pay any attention to him; he knows nothing about cars anyway."



For a holiday, Mulvaney decided to go to Switzerland to fulfill a lifelong dream and climb the Matterhorn. He hired a guide and just as they neared the top, the men were caught in a snow slide.

Three hours later, a Saint Bernard plowed through to them, a keg of brandy tied under his chin.

"Hooray!" shouted the guide. "Here comes man's best friend!"

"Yeah," said Mulvaney. "An' look at the size of the dog that's bringin' it!"



Q: Why can't you borrow money from a leprechaun?

A: Because they're always a little short.

Q: How can you tell if an Irishman is having a good time?

A: He's Dublin over with laughter!

Q: Why did St. Patrick drive the snakes out of Ireland?

A: He couldn't afford plane fare.

Q: What's Irish and stays out all night?

A: Patty O'furniture!

Q: How did the Irish Jig get started?

A: Too much to drink and not enough restrooms!



Two Irish friends greeted each other while waiting their turn at the bank window.

"This reminds me of Finnegan," remarked one.

"What about Finnegan?" inquired the other.

"Tis a story that Finnegan died, and when he greeted St. Peter, he said: 'It's a fine job you've had here for a long time.' 'Well, Finnegan,' said St. Peter, 'here we count a million years as a minute and a million dollars as a cent.' 'Ah!' said Finnegan, 'I'm needing cash. Lend me a cent.' 'Sure,' said St. Peter, 'just wait a minute.'"



O'Toole volunteered to take care of his numerous children so that Mom could have an evening out. At bedtime he sent the youngsters upstairs to bed and settled down to read. One child kept creeping down the stairs, but O'Toole kept sending him back up.

At 10 o'clock the doorbell rang. It was the next door neighbor, Mrs. O'Brien. She asked if her son was there and O'Toole said no. Just then a little head appeared over the banister and a voice shouted. "I'm here Mom, but he won't let me go home."

