

[St. Patrick's Day](#) arrives Tuesday (March 17).

Originally a [Catholic feast day](#), it has become an occasion in which people all over the world celebrate Irish culture, be it literature, music or, of course, the country's famous pints.

One great thing about Irish culture is its wit and humour. Some wonderful, hilarious and, in some cases, dark jokes have come out of the Emerald Isle, and they provide plenty of material for friends to laugh at over a pint of Guinness.

Here are some Irish jokes you and your mates can tell each other for St. Patrick's Day.

What's the difference between God and Bono? God doesn't walk around thinking he's Bono.

Never iron a four-leaf clover. You don't want to press your luck.

Murphy told Quinn that his wife was driving him to drink. Quinn thinks he's very lucky because his own wife makes him walk.

Customer: "Could I be trying on that dress in the window?" Shopkeeper: "I'd prefer that you use the dressing room."

As you slide down the banister of life, may the splinters never point the wrong way.

Reilly went to trial for armed robbery.

The jury foreman came out and announced, "Not guilty."

"That's grand!" shouted Reilly. "Does that mean I can keep the money?"

Billy stops Paddy in Dublin and asks for the quickest way to Cork.

Paddy says, "Are you on foot or in the car?"

Billy says, "In the car."

Paddy says, "That's the quickest way."

Paddy just got from his mate's funeral. He died after being hit on the head with a tennis ball. It was a lovely service.

Gallagher opened the morning newspaper and was dumbfounded to read in the obituary column that he had died. He quickly phoned his best friend Finney. "Did you see the paper?" Gallagher asked. "They say I died!" "Yes, I saw it!" Finney replied. "Where are you callin' from?"

In life, there are only two things to worry about. Whether you'll live or you'll die. If you live, there is nothing to worry about. If you die, there are two things to worry about: whether you'll go to Heaven or Hell. If you go to Heaven, there is nothing to worry about. If you go to Hell, you'll be shaking hands with so many friends you won't have time to worry.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman were reading a newspaper article about which nationalities' brains were for sale for transplant purposes. An Irishman's or a Scotsman's brain could be bought for €500 but an Englishman's brain cost €10,000. That proves,' said The Englishman, 'that Englishmen are much cleverer than Irishmen or Scotsmen.' 'No it doesn't,' said The Irishman, 'it just means that an Englishman's brain has never been used.'

A Spanish singer chatting on television used the word 'mañana'. When asked what that meant, he said it means "maybe the job will be done to-morrow, maybe the next day, maybe the day after that, next week, next month or next year. Who cares?" An Irishman in the conversation, Shay Brennan, was then asked if there's an Irish equivalent. "No. In Ireland we don't have a word to describe that level of urgency"

There was a Scotsman an Englishman and an Irishman all sitting on a tea – break on a building site. The Englishman says, If my wife put cheese on my sandwiches again I am going to kill myself. The Scotsman says, If my wife put egg on my sandwiches again I will kill myself and the Irishman says, If I find gammon on my sandwiches again I will kill myself. Sure enough the next day all three open up their lunch boxes and find the sandwiches all full of cheese, egg and gammon once again so they all go off to different parts of the site and kill themselves. Later in the week all three men are being buried and the Englishman's wife says if he didn't want cheese on his sandwiches he should have told me and this wouldn't have happened. Then the Scotsman's wife comes away with the same statement concerning the egg sandwiches. Then the Irishman's wife pipes up I can't understand this, Paddy makes his own sandwiches.

An Irish priest is driving down a highway and is pulled over for speeding. The policeman smells alcohol on the priest's breath and then sees an empty wine bottle beside him. He asks the priest, "Sir, have you been drinking?" The priest responds, "No officer, just water," The policeman asks, "Then why do I smell wine?" The priest looks at the bottle and says, "The Good Lord! He's done it again!"

Pat and Murphy out fishing and the boat motor dies. After two days and drifting miles from the coast, they find a bottle in the water. Pat rubs the bottle and a genie poofs out. "I will grant you one wish," says the genie. Without a thought, Pat says, "I wish to turn the sea into Guinness." The genie says, "Your wish is my command," and the sea turns into Guinness. Murphy yells at Pat, "You fool! Now, we'll have to pee in the boat!"

Flaherty comes home drunk every evening, upsetting his wife. One night, she dresses as a red devil and hides in the cemetery to scare him when he walks by. Flaherty walks by drunk and his wife jumps up yelling, "Flaherty, if you don't give up your drinking, you will go to Hell." Flaherty staggers back and demands, "Who the hell are you?" She replies, "I'm the devil, you old fool!" Flaherty responds, "Damn glad to meet you, sir, I'm married to your sister."

An Irish priest and a Rabbi get into a car accident. They get out of their cars and walk to the side of the road. The Rabbi says, "Oy vey! What a wreck!" The Irish priest pulls out a bottle of whiskey and says, "Here, drink some of this. It will calm your nerves." The Rabbi drinks the whiskey and asks, "What are we going to tell the police?" The Irish priest replies, "I don't know what you're going to tell them but, I'll tell them that I wasn't the one drinking!"

Pat had been celebrating St Patrick's Day at his local pub all day. The bartender says, "No more drinking for you tonight, Pat." Pat replies, "Okay, I'll be on my way then." Pat climbs off his stool and falls on his face. He pulls himself up by the stool. He takes a step towards the door and falls on his face again. He thinks that if he can get to the door and breathe some fresh air, he'll be fine. He crawls to the door and sticks his head out to take a deep breath of fresh air, which makes him feel better. He takes one step onto the sidewalk and falls on his face yet again. He thinks he must be really drunk. Pat can see his house just a few doors down, and crawls to the door and inside. He crawls upstairs to his bedroom door. He takes one step into the room and falls on his face again. He climbs into bed and falls asleep. The next morning, his wife, brings him a cup of coffee and says, "Get up Pat. Did you have a lot to drink last night?" Pat says, "I did. I was drunk. How did you know?" 'The bartender called and said "You left your wheelchair at the pub."'

A bar is empty except for two patrons. One of them staggers over to the other and says, "How's it going? Where you from?" The other guy says "Ireland." The first drunk says "That's cool! I'm from Ireland too! Let's have a round for Ireland!" They both drink merrily. Then the first guy says "So where in Ireland are you from?" "Dublin." "Dublin? Awesome! I'm from Dublin too! Let's have another round for Dublin!" Once again, they both drink merrily. Then the first guy asks, "So where did you go to school?" "St. Mary's, class of '62" answers the other guy. "Incredible! I graduated in '62 from St. Mary's, too! Let's have a round for St. Mary's!" Once again, they suck down another round. Just then, one of the bar regulars walks in and sits at the bar. He asks the bartender, "So what's going on today?" The bartender answers, "Nothing... The O'Malley twins are drunk again."

Two Irish Jesuit novices both wanted a cigarette while they prayed. They decided to ask their superior for permission. The first asked but was told no. A little while later he spotted his friend smoking and praying. "Why did the superior allow you to smoke and not me?" he asked. His friend replied, "Because you asked if you could smoke while you prayed, and I asked if I could pray while I smoked!"

An Irish man is speeding down a narrow mountain road, when a woman comes hurtling round the corner. He swerves to avoid her, but as she passes she leans out the window and screams 'PIG!' Astonished, the man turns and yells back, 'BITCH!' as he reaches the bend and crashes into a pig.

The Pope goes to New York. He is picked up at the airport by a limousine. He looks at the beautiful car and says to the driver, "You know, I hardly ever get to drive. Would you please let me?"

The driver is understandably hesitant and says, "I'm sorry, but I don't think I'm supposed to do that."

But the Pope persists, "Please?" The driver finally lets up. "Oh, all right, I can't really say no to the Pope."

So the Pope takes the wheel, and boy, is he a speed demon! He hits the gas and goes around 100 mph in a 45 zone. Paddy the policeman notices and pulls him over and asks the Pope to roll down the window. Startled and surprised, Paddy asks the Pope to wait a minute. He goes back to his patrol car and radios the chief.

Paddy: Chief, I have a problem.

Chief: What sort of problem?

Paddy: Well, you see, I pulled over this guy for driving way over the speed limit but it's someone really important.

Chief: Important like the mayor?

Paddy: No, no, much more important than that.

Chief: Important like the governor?

Paddy: Wayyyyyy more important than that.

Chief: Like the president?

Paddy: More.

Chief: Who's more important than the president?

Paddy: I don't know, but he's got the Pope driving for him!

Scene: New York City, man is going to jump off the building. Up rushes good Irish cop. Cop yells up to the man “Don’t jump! Think of your father”

Man replies “Haven’t got a father; I’m going to jump.”

The cop goes through a list of relatives, mother, brothers, sister, etc. Each time man says “haven’t got one; going to jump.”

Desperate the cop yells up “Don’t jump! Think of the Blessed Virgin”

Man replies “Who is that?”

Cop yells “Jump, Protestant! You’re blocking traffic!”

Two Irish mothers, Kate and Lorna were talking about their sons.

Kate says, 'My Patrick is such a saint. He works hard, doesn't smoke, and he hasn't so much as looked at a woman in over two years.'

Lorna responds, 'Well, my Francis is a saint himself. Not only hasn't he not looked at a woman in over three years, but he hasn't touched a drop of liquor in all that time.'

'My word,' says Kate, 'You must be so proud.'

'I am,' announces Lorna, 'And when he's paroled next month, I'm going to throw him a big party.'

Kieran O'Connor always slept with his gun under his pillow. Hearing a noise at the foot of the bed, he shot off his big toe.

'Thank the Lord I wasn't sleeping at the other end of the bed,' Kieran said to his friends in Donegal's pub. 'I would have blown my head off.'

An Irishman, by the name of O'Malley proposed to his girl on St. Patrick's Day. He gave her a ring with a synthetic diamond. The excited young lass showed it to her father, a jeweller. He took one look at it and saw it wasn't real.

The young lass on learning it wasn't real returned to her future husband. She protested vehemently about his cheapness.

'It was in honour of St. Patrick's Day, 'he smiled.

'I gave you a sham rock.'

O'Malley was leaving his favourite bar when he was run over by a bus. He gets to the gates of heaven and St. Peter tells him he cannot enter unless he passes a test. What choice did he have, O'Malley agrees to try as he never was the brightest bulb in the box.

St. Peter decides to go easy on him, 'What has 5 fingers and is made of black leather?' he asks. O'Malley scratches his head, thinks hard and finally gives up. 'It's a glove says St. Peter.'

Let's try again. 'What has 10 fingers and is made of black leather?' asks St. Peter. O'Malley is clearly stumped. After a few minutes of pacing in a circle and scratching his head, O'Malley gives up. 'Why it's 2 gloves - don't you see 10 fingers, black leather, says St. Peter amazed.' Being in a generous mood, St. Peter decides to give O'Malley yet another chance but thinking of an even easier question.

'Who is the patron Saint of Ireland?' asks St. Peter, thinking he can't miss this. 'It wouldn't be 3-gloves, would it?' says O'Malley.

Knock Knock
Who's there?
Irish!
Irish Who?
I'rish you a happy St. Patrick's Day.

Reilly is walking through a graveyard when he comes across a headstone with the inscription "Here lies a politician and an honest man."

'Faith now,' exclaims Reilly, 'I wonder how they got the two of them in one grave.

A passer-by watched two Irishmen in a park. One was digging holes and the other was immediately filling them in again.

'Tell me', said the passer-by, 'What on earth are you doing?'

'Well', said the digger, 'Usually there are three of us. I dig, Fergal plants the tree and Sean fills in the hole. Today Fergal is away unwell, but that doesn't mean Sean and I have to take the day off, does it?'



On the bus Paddy got chatting to Murphy who was carrying a bag on his back.



**'What's in the bag?' asked Paddy
'I'm not going to tell', replied Murphy**

**'Go on, do.' pleaded Paddy.
'Ah, all right then, it's ducks.' announced Murphy**

**'If I guess how many ducks you have in the bag, will you give me one of them?'
enquired Paddy**

**'Look', said Murphy, 'If you guess the correct number, I'll give you both of
them.'**

'Five!' said Paddy triumphantly.

Dave and Peter, two English men, are walking along O'Connell Street, in Dublin, when they see a sign in a shop window:

Suits £15.00, shirts £2.00, trousers £2.50.

Peter says to Dave, 'Look at that - we could buy a lot of that gear and, when we get back to England we could make a fortune. When we go into the shop don't say anything, let me do all the talking, because if they hear our accent they might not serve us, so I'll speak in my best Irish accent.'

They go in and Peter orders, 50 suits at £15.00, 100 shirts at £2.00 and 50 trousers at £2.50 The owner of the shop says, 'You're English aren't you?'

Peter replies 'Oh bother... Yes, how on earth did you know that?'

The owner says, 'This is a dry cleaners...'