

Just a Bit o' Fun, Darlin'



An Irishman who had a little too much to drink was driving home from the city one night and, of course, his car was weaving violently all over the road. A cop pulled him over. "So," said the cop to the driver, "where have ya been?"

"Why, I've been to the pub, of course," slurred the drunk.

"Well," said the cop, "it looks like you've had quite a few to drink this evening."

"I did all right," the drunk said with a smile.

"Did you know," asked the cop, standing straight and folding his arms across his chest, "that a few intersections back your wife fell out of your car?"

"Oh, thank heavens," sighed the drunk. "For a minute there, I thought I'd gone deaf."



Into a Belfast pub came Paddy Murphy, looking like he'd just been run over by a train. His arm was in a sling, his nose was broken, his face was cut and bruised, and he was walking with a limp. "What happened to you?" asked Sean, the bartender.

"Jamie O'Conner and me had a fight," said Paddy.

"That little shit O'Conner?" said Sean. "He couldn't do that to you. He must have had something in his hand."

"That he did," said Paddy, "a shovel is what he had, and a terrible lickin' he gave me with it."

"Well," said Sean, "you should have defended yourself. Didn't you have something in your hand?"

"That I did," said Paddy. "Mrs. O'Conner's breast, and a thing of beauty it was, but useless in a fight."



Brenda O'Malley was home making dinner as usual when Tim Finnegan arrived at her door. "Brenda, may I come in?" he asked. "I've somethin' to tell ya."

"Of course you can come in. You're always welcome, Tim. But where's my husband?"

"That's what I'm here to be tellin' ya, Brenda. There was an accident down at the Guinness brewery."

"Oh, God, no!" cried Brenda. "Please don't tell me."

"I must, Brenda. Your husband Shamus is dead and gone. I'm sorry."

Finally, Brenda looked up at Tim and asked, "How did it happen, Tim?"

"It was terrible, Brenda," said Tim. "He fell into a vat of Guinness Stout and drowned."

"Oh, my dear Jesus! But you must tell me the truth, Tim. Did he at least go quickly?"

"Well, Brenda... no," said Tim. "He got out three times to pee."



Last Request

Mary Clancy went up to Father O'Grady after his Sunday Mass, and she was in tears. Father O'Grady said, "So what's bothering you, Mary, my dear?"

She said, "Oh, Father, I've got terrible news. My husband passed away last night."

Father said, "Oh, Mary, that's terrible. Tell me, Mary, did he have any last requests?"

"That he did, Father," answered Mary.

Father asked, "What did he ask, Mary?"

"He said, 'Please, Mary, put down that damn gun.'"



Irish Predicament

Drunk Ole Mulvihill (from the Northern Irish Clan) staggered into a Catholic church, entered a confessional booth, sat down, but said nothing.

The priest coughed a few times to get his attention, but Ole just sat there.

Finally, the priest pounded three times on the wall.

The drunk mumbled, "Ain't no use knockin'. There's no paper on this side, either!"



Lost Luggage

An Irishman arrived at J.F.K. Airport and wandered around the terminal with tears streaming down his cheeks. An airline employee asked him if he was already homesick.

"No," replied the Irishman, "I've lost all me luggage!"

"How'd that happen?"

"The cork fell out!" said the Irishman.



Two Irishmen were sitting at a pub having beer and watching the brothel across the street.

They saw a Baptist minister walk into the brothel, and one of them said, "Aye, 'tis a shame to see a man of the cloth goin' bad."

Then they saw a rabbi enter the brothel, and the other Irishman said, "Aye, 'tis a shame to see that the Jews are fallin' victim to temptation as well."

Then they see a catholic priest enter the brothel, and one of the Irishmen said, "What a terrible pity...one of the girls must be dying."



Irish Cemetery

Three Irishmen—Paddy, Sean and Seamus—were stumbling home from the pub late one night and found themselves on the road which led past the old graveyard.

"Come have a look over here," says Paddy. "It's Michael O'Grady's grave, God bless his soul. He lived to the ripe old age of 87."

"That's nothing," says Sean, "here's one named Patrick O'Toole. It says here that he was 95 when he died."

Just then, Seamus yells out, "Good God, here's a fella that got to be 145!"

"What was his name?" asks Paddy.

Seamus stumbles around a bit, awkwardly lights a match to see what else is written on the stone marker, and exclaims,

"Miles from Dublin."