

Irish Jokes for St Patrick's Day

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Mr Murphy goes to the doctor

An Irishman goes to the doctor, who after examining him says "You have some problems with your heart, but if you take these tablets, I think it will be okay."

So the doctor gives the man the tablets and the patient asks, "Do I have to take them every day?"

"No," replies the doctor, "take one on the Monday, skip the Tuesday, take one on the Wednesday, skip the Thursday and go on like that."

Two weeks later the doctor is walking down the street, and he sees the patient's wife.

"Hello Mrs. Murphy," he says, "how is your husband?"

"Oh he died of a heart attack," says Mrs. Murphy.

"I'm very sorry to hear that," says the doctor, "I thought if he took those tablets he would be alright."

"Oh the tablets were fine," says Mrs. Murphy, "It was all the bloody skipping that killed him!"

Two Paddies

Two Paddies were working for the city public works department. One would dig a hole and the other would follow behind him and fill the hole in.

They worked up one side of the street, then down the other, then moved on to the next street, working furiously all day without rest, one man digging a hole, the other filling it in again.

An onlooker was amazed at their hard work, but couldn't understand what they were doing. So he asked the hole digger, "I'm impressed

by the effort you two are putting into your work, but I don't get it - why do you dig a hole, only to have your partner follow behind and fill it up again?"

The hole digger wiped his brow and sighed, "Well, I suppose it probably looks odd because we're normally a three-person team. But today the lad who plants the trees called in sick."

Paddy and Free Pints

Paddy the Irish Man, who was actually from Dublin's Northside and his workmate on the building site, Jock from Glasgow were sitting in a bar in London's Docklands having a few pints after work.

"This is a wee nice bar," says Jock but I still prefer the pubs back home. In Glasgow, there's a wee bunny place where the landlord goes out of his way for the locals. When you buy four drinks, he'll buy the fifth drink."

"Well," said another English chap, "At my local in Kent, the barman will buy you your third drink after you buy the first two."

"Ah, dat's nothin'," said Paddy, "back home in my favourite pub, the moment you set foot in the place, they'll buy you a drink, then another, all the drinks you like, actually. Then, when you've had enough drinks, they'll take you upstairs and see that you gets laid, all on the house!"

The Englishman and Jock were suspicious of Paddy's claims. But Paddy swore on the grave of his mother that every word was true.

Then the Englishman asked, "Did this actually happen to you?" "Not to me, personally, no," admitted Paddy, "but it did happen to me sister the few times."

Meanwhile...in a Pub in Donegal

Father Murphy walks into a pub in [Donegal](#), and says to the first man he meets, "Do you want to go to heaven?"

The man said, "I do Father."

The priest said, "Then stand over there against the wall." Then the priest asked the second man, "Do you want to go to heaven?"

"Certainly, Father," was the man's reply.

"Then stand over there against the wall," said the priest. Then Father Murphy walked up to O'Toole and said, "Do you want to go to heaven?"

O'Toole said, "No, I don't Father.

The priest said, "I don't believe this. You mean to tell me that when you die you don't want to go to heaven?"

O'Toole said, "Oh, when I die, yes. I thought you were getting a group together to go on a trip right now."

Brewery Death

One night, Mrs McMillen answers the door to see her husband's best friend, Paddy, standing on the doorstep.

"Hello Paddy, but where is my husband? He went with you to the brewery"

Paddy shook his head. "Ah Mrs McMillen, there was a terrible accident at the beer factory, your husband fell into a vat of [Guinness](#) stout and drowned"

Mrs McMillen starts crying. "Oh don't tell me that, did he at least go quickly?"

Paddy shakes his head. "Not really – he got out 3 times to pee!"