

# Emceeing: a Barbershop St. Patrick's Day script

Welcome!

Here is another Barbershop presentation script—for those eager to read Barbershop presentation scripts. Enjoy!

I'm Gordon Burgett, blogmaster of my own blog, which you are now reading. 90% of the posts here refer to writing, editing, publishing, speaking, and related commentary about selling one's ideas and information.

The other 10% discuss emceeing, which is an extension of my speaking activities, which are in turn linked to the 2000+ paid presentations I've offered in the past 30 years. Still, the scripts shared here are to a special group I have been part of for about 16 years: barbershopping, first in Santa Maria, CA; more recently in Marin County (north of San Francisco), CA. Through these blogs I have exchanged scripts written and techniques learned with other script writers for their barbershop groups. (You may see the other emceeing script info by writing in "emceeing" in the search box upper right on this page.)

So this is a short script when the Marin County Golden Gate group sang at a St. Patrick's day gathering which I found in a box of past (but shamefully unblogged) emceeing material. I think it took place in about 2013. Sadly, I don't recall anything more. I suspect it was in the middle of a speaking tour across CA when I came home that day to emcee and sing, and in the rush to get back out to complete the tour I forgot to leave any more details. That's it. You can see that I'm a real person at [www.gordonburgett.com](http://www.gordonburgett.com)!

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Here, from the depths, is the script of this mysterious presentation:

Good evening, we are the Marin Golden Gate Barbershop Chorus, directed by Phil DeBar. I'm Gordon Burgett, and this dapper fellow is our Associate Director, Paul Wren, who Phil is about to ask to lead the group in "Danny Boy."

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[I've lost the actual text here but I must have introduced Phil DeBar, our Director, and he gave a short, audience-involved demonstration of what barbershopping is about. He had the audience sing one of the four voices in a short song, to try their talents at harmonizing!

Then I asked Phil to lead the Chorus in "Amazing Grace."]

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I continued:

"We've already heard some of our favorite Irish music and we're enjoying St. Patrick's Day festivities and food, so maybe a few Irish jokes would be in order.

Father Murphy, infused by religious fervor, swept into a bar in Donegal.

He grabbed the first man he saw and said, "Do you want to go to Heaven?"

"I do, father!" the man replied, so the priest told him to stand by the door.

Father Murphy turned to a lively lass and he asked her the same question.

"Oh yes, father, I do." So he pointed at the door and suggested she join the other man already there.

Then Father Murphy saw Billy O'Toole shrinking in a corner,

trying to be invisible.

"O'Toule," he said. "What about you? Do you want to go to heaven?"

"Oh no, thank you, Father. No I don't!" came a fast reply.

The priest looked bewildered and said "Are you telling me that when you die you don't want to go to heaven?"

O'Toole replied, "Oh yes, Father, I do—but when I die. I thought you were rounding up a group to go right now!"

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Are you ready for some more music? But let me ask you first,

Does anybody have a birthday today? If so, would you raise your hand?

(If a hand went up, I'd ask them to stand up and tell us something about themselves because we had a gift for them.)

(If nobody responded, I'd ask, "If any of you had a birthday in the past year, would you raise your hand?" The moment the hands went up, the chorus broke into "Happy Birthday!")

HAPPY BIRTHDAY! I wished them all when the music ended, then I suggested they give themselves a hearty round of applause for having lived so long!

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When the chorus sat I asked, "How about some grand quartet singing?"

Not only can our first group make great sounds, they are international imports brought here today for your merriment. They come from four places, all hot beds of melody: fellows, raise your hands when I tell where you are from: our bass, \_\_\_\_ from Uruguay; \_\_\_\_ , the lead from England; \_\_\_\_, the

baritone, from Texas, and \_\_\_\_\_, our tenor, from the Bronx.  
Ladies and gentlemen, this is Opus IV!

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Our second quartet has lesser pedigrees—they come from Fairfax, San Rafael, Mill Valley, and Point Reyes. Let's welcome \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_ (they stepped forward when I gave their names). They are called the MarinTones...

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You surely heard about Poor Paddy and his life of sorrow and pain. But things finally changed for Paddy—and it happened on St. Patrick's Day too. He had found the love of his life, and had promised to mend his ways, particularly about not forgetting about their dates and that he would never again be as much as one minute late.

So you can imagine his distress when he arrived at the restaurant to dine with his sweetheart and he couldn't find a parking spot!

Around the block he drove, then two blocks. He was in a panic when he pulled over and prayed: LORD, take pity on me! If you'll find me a parking place I'll go to MASS every Sunday of my life, I'll quit drinking Irish whiskey, I'll....

Just then the car parked in front of him pulled out.

He looked to heaven and shouted as loud as he could, "NEVER MIND! I've found one!"

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How about two more songs from the Marin Golden Gate Barbershop Chorus, directed by Phil DeBar?

Get ready to "Turn Your Radio On...", then a favorite oldie, "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad."

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It's surely unfair and unkind to mix an Irish holiday, an Irishman, and some of the best brewed Gallic grog in the same joke, but I've been given special permission from old Saint Patrick himself—because when I told it to him even he too couldn't stop laughing...

It's about Muldoon who had been out drinking into the wee hours, and one suspects it was not his first time either.

So he kicked off his shoes and crept into his house so he didn't awaken his true love, Kathleen.

He was heading up to the bedroom but only made it up two steps before he fell backward on his rump.

Unfortunately, he had a bottle of whiskey in each back pocket!

But he was so afraid he might have made too much noise for Kathleen, he fumbled back on his feet, found a light, turned around, and dropped his pants. There in the hallway mirror he saw his own rear end cut and bleeding. So he found a box of Band-Aids, and put one on each place where he saw blood.

Then he crawled up the stairs, fell into bed, and was barely asleep when he saw that the sun was up—and he felt his lovely Kathleen pulling on his big toe.

"Muldoon," she said, "you were out drunk again last night!"

"Oh," he groaned, "Have mercy. Why would you say such a mean thing?"

"Because when I went downstairs the front door was wide open, there was booze bottle glass all over the floor, and there was a trail of blood from the glass right into this very bed!"

"But mostly it was because of those Band-Aids stuck on the hallway mirror!"

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I suppose there's been a Muldoon in every house. Let's sing two more songs to lift Muldoon's holiday spirit. There's no home on any holiday more forgiving than the HOME ON THE RANGE...or a promise more joyous than being "Once in Love With Amy..."

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Finally, what day would be more appropriate for a miracle than a Saint's Day? And who would be better equipped to shake loose that miracle than a local Irish priest driving back to Marin County from San Francisco after perhaps over-enjoying just such a celebration?

Father Timothy had just crossed the Golden Gate Bridge and was creeping down the hill when a cop pulled him over. The policeman leaned in, smelled the sweet aroma of alcohol, and saw an empty wine bottle on the car floor...

"Have you been drinking, Father?"

"Ah yes, officer, but just water."

The trooper asked him, "Then why do I smell wine?"

The priest looked down, saw the bottle, and shouted "GOOD LORD! He's done it again!"

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Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of all of the chorus, we thank you for being such a welcoming audience. Let me once again acknowledge the MarinTones, Opus IV, and our director, Phil DeBar... [who asked Paul Wren to close the show with "America the Beautiful."]