

Russ is Ninety

by Marge Evans

So here's to Russ, that ornery ol' cuss,
He's been on this earth forever.
He was here when God made the earth and the stars,
We think maybe he came down from Mars.

So when God decided to amuse the folks,
He created a team of nine (baseball, that is).
He sent them down to this Earth to play,
He wanted at least one game a day.

He looked his men over and found eight right away,
His mind was a puzzle - what could he say?
Then he spied that ornery ol' cuss,
Of course he said, "I'll send down that Russ."

And - Russ played and he played
All over this land and everyone said,
"My God - what a man; he's a legend,
One of a kind, he's that one called
Russ - the ornery ol' cuss."

They say there's a game on that Field of Dreams.
There's Babe and Lou and certainly Joe,
But the ninth is reserved for that ornery ol' cuss,
The player they called the legend named "Russ."