

Vizsla

Nancy Simmonds

Welcome my friends to the plains of Hungary;
Over terrain where the falcon flies free.
I am the Vizsla, born of this land.
Proud of my history, I am proud of who I am.

I worked with my people in fields of grain.
I flushed out the partridge and birds of game.
I am a hunter, with power and drive.
Swift as the wind, but still as the night.

chorus:

I am the Vizsla, life is my quest.
I'll sing you tales of Budapest.
I am the Vizsla, all dressed in gold.
I give to you my heart to hold.

Out of the Great War we fled as refugees.
Eva and Zsa Zsa, and Vizslas like me.
Capturing hearts across the western world.
We sang and we danced and we spun and we twirled.

[chorus]

Now in quiet of home I look back,
of trials I have won and trails I have tracked.
I am the pointer, born to retrieve.
Faithful and kind, the pride of Hungary.

[chorus]

[chorus]

Lyrics submitted by Kutya Vizsla.

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