

## Nardoo Burns

Slim Dusty

In the wilds of northern Queensland there's a man they  
talk about  
From Winton to the Isa and even further out  
His abilities tough crims have found too late their  
lesson learned  
To tangle with a tracker known as Sergeant Nardoo Burns

Now his job you've likely gathered finds those outside  
the law  
And brings them in with a warning grin that you should  
think before  
Intending to as others do a life of crime you yearn  
Don't cross his path you'll feel the wrath of Sergeant  
Nardoo Burns

At Normanton up in the Gulf with the white man police  
he rides  
For 15 years he carried out and held his job with pride  
Though many tried to beat him they found the tables  
turned  
And right back where they started from was Sergeant  
Nardoo Burns

Well he saddled his horse and packed his swag and went  
to find alone  
Six hundred head of cattle driven off to parts unknown  
Three months that journey took him through no man's  
land and back  
Three months of heat and dust and hell no worse the  
Birdsville track

They tried every trick to beat him in their efforts to  
deter  
But the tracker stuck to his quarry like the noted  
Queensland burr  
And when finally he found them with humour since  
revived  
On the stockyard gate he sat to wait, Nardoo had  
arrived

Yes tracker of the outback he's wiry tough and black  
And there's not a man be white or tan that's put him on  
his back  
Though many tried to beat him they found the tables  
turned  
And right back where they started from was Sergeant  
Nardoo Burns  
Was Sergeant Nardoo Burns