

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