

# **Nathan Bedford Forrest**

**by John Cantey Knight**

*I was a horse ahead at the end.*

—General N. B. Forrest

Twenty-nine horses  
shot from under him,  
hand to hand,  
the man slaughtered  
near 'bout thirty damn  
Yanks. If every one  
of them fine  
gentleman-generals  
had a been cut  
of that cloth, by Gawd,  
we'd a won the war.