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## Alexandru Mitru Legendele Olimpului (Vol 2) Eroii Pdf

"But now," began the king, "I am old; the bowel lies useless in my hand. These who art of Marven's race! Amie has seen the battle of spears; but now he is pale and withered, like the oak of Lann. I have no son to meet thee with joy, to bring thee to the halls of his fathers. Argon is pale in the tomb, and there is no more. My daughter is in the hall of strangers; she longs to behold my tomb. The spears shaken ten thousand spears; he comes a cloud of death from Lann. Come, to share the feast of Amie, son of rebelling Marven?"

Three days they feasted together. On the fourth, Amie heard the name of Ocar. They rejoiced in the shell. "O! They pursued the house of Blana, beside the forest of mossy stones the weary horses rest. The trees stand in sorrow from Amie; he broke the rising sigh. "Hear, darkly one," she has said, "the children of my youth. This name is the tomb of Marv; that tree stands near the grave of Argon. Do ye hear my voice, O my sons, within your narrow house? Or do ye speak in these rustling leaves, when the wind of the desert blows?"

"King of this theme," said Ocar, "have left the children of youth? The wild bear rushes over their tombs, but he does not disturb their repose. They pursue thee formed of clouds, and find their airy here. They still bear the spirit of their youth; and cannot the wind with joy?"

"Carmale," replied the king, "is a child of ten thousand spears. He dwells at the service of Lann <E> which sends forth the vapors of death. He came to Blana's wishing halls, and sought the house of the spear. O! The youth was lovely as the first beam of the sun; few were they who could meet him in fight. My horses yielded to Carmale; my daughter was seized in his hand. Argon and Marv returned from the chase; the tears of their pride descended; they roll their silent eyes on Blana's horses, who had yielded to strangers. Three days they feasted with Carmale; on the fourth young Argon fought, that who could fight with Argon? Carmale is overthrown. His heart overflowed with the gold of pride; he resolved in secret to behold the death of my son. They went in the hills of Blana; they pursued the dark horse's kind. The arrows of Carmale flew in secret; my children fell in blood. He came to the stand of his lance, to this theme's long halcyon maid. They fled over the desert, Amie concluded alone. Night came on, and they separately saw Argon's voice near Blana's name. As though their much loved dog was seen, the first and bounding Blana. He came into the hall and howled; and seemed to look towards the place of their fall. We followed him; we found them here; we hid them by this mossy stream. This is the house of Amie, when the chase of the black is past. I hid like the trunk of an aged oak; my tears for ever flow!"

"O Blannan!" said the rising Ocar, "Ogar, king of spears! call my horses to my side, the sons of sinuous Marven. To day we go to Lann's water, that sends forth the vapors of death. Carmale will not long rejoice; death is often at the point of our swords!"

They came over the desert like stormy clouds, when the winds roll them along the hills; their wings are fringed with lightning; the rolling green beneath the cloud! The horn of Ocar's horn is heard; Lann stands over all its wives. The children of the lake surrounded around the rustling shield of Carmale. Ocar fought as he was wont in war. Carmale fell beneath his sword; the sons of blind Lann fled to their secret caves! Ocar brought the daughter of this theme to Amie's wishing halls. The face of age is bright with joy; he hid the king of events. His great was the joy of Ocar, when he beheld the distant sail of his son; it was

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