

THE HOUSES OF SIN

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The Houses of Sin by Vincent O'Sullivan

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VINCENT O'SULLIVAN

**THE
HOUSES OF SIN**



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printed, all on the same paper.*

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BY

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN

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*REMNANTS of passion, remnants of defeat,
Ye rags and molley of out-worn desire,
Unto my hearth-rug drag your torpid feet,
And light a barren fire.*

*Bleak days of idle sin with madness shod,
Wishes scarce wished before they had an end,
The fear of Satan, and the fear of God,
Now with the ashes blend.*

*Mean hours spent mourning worthless things of earth,
Sorrow and loves I was too tired to spurn—
Ye, and the weariness which gave ye birth,
Come hither now and burn.*