



# FEMALE Auctioneer.

Well here I am, and what of that,  
Methinks I hear you cry,  
Why I am come, and that is pat,  
To see if you will buy,  
A Female Auctioneer I stand,  
Though not to seek for pelf,  
And the lot I have in hand,  
Is for to sell myself.  
And I'm going, going, going,  
Who bids for me?

Ye Bachelors, I look at you,  
And pray don't deem me rude,  
Nor rate me either scold or shrew,  
A coquet or a prude,  
My hand and heart I offer fair,  
And should you buy the lot,  
I swear I'll make you here my own,  
When Hymen ties the knot.  
And I'm going, going, going,  
Who bids for me?

Though some may deem me pert or so  
Who deals in idle strife,  
Pray where's the girl, I wish to know  
Who'd not become a wife,  
At last I own I really would,  
In spite of all alarms,  
Dear Bachelors now be so good,  
Do take me to your arms,  
For I'm going, going, going,  
Who bids for me?

