

The Sorting Hat's First Song

Oh, you may not think I'm pretty, but don't judge on what you see,
I'll eat myself if you can find a smarter hat than me.

*So put me on! Don't be afraid! And you won't get in a flap!
You're safe in my hands (though I have none) for I'm a Thinking Cap!*

You can keep your bowlers black, your tops hats sleek and tall,
For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat and I can cap them all.

There's nothing hidden in your head the Sorting Hat can't see,
So try me on and I will tell you where you ought to be.

You might belong in Gryffindor, where dwell the brave of heart,
Their daring, nerve, and chivalry set Gryffindors apart;

You might belong in Hufflepuff, where they are just and loyal,
Those patient Hufflepuffs are true and unafraid of toil;

Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw, if you've a ready mind,
Where those of wit and learning, will always find their kind;

Or perhaps in Slytherin you'll make your real friends,
Those cunning folk use any means to achieve their ends.