

## The Sorting Hat's Third Song

In times of old when I was new and Hogwarts barely started  
Thee Founders of our noble school thought never to be parted:  
United by a common goal, they had the self-same yearning  
To make the world's best magic school and pass along their learning.

And now the Sorting Hat is here and you all know the score:  
I sort you into Houses because that is what I'm for  
But this year I'll go further, listen closely to my song  
Though condemned I am to sort you, still I worry that it's wrong,

Together we will build and teach!" The Four good friends decided  
And never did they dream that they might one day be divided,  
For were there ever friends like Slytherin and Gryffindor?  
Like Helga and Rowena, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw?  
So how could it have gone so wrong? How could such friendships fail  
Now, I was there and so can tell the whole sad, sorry tale.  
Said Slytherin, "We'll teach just those whose ancestry is purest."  
Said Ravenclaw, "We'll teach those whose intelligence is surest."

Said Gryffindor, "We'll teach all those with brave deeds to their name,"  
Said Hufflepuff, "I'll teach the lot, and treat them just the same."  
These things were not a problem, when first they came to light,  
For each of the four founders had a House in which they might  
Take only those they wanted, so, for instance, Slytherin  
Took only pure-blood wizards of great cunning, just like him  
And only those of sharpest mind were taught by Ravenclaw  
While the bravest and the boldest went to daring Gryffindor,

Good Hufflepuff, she took the rest, and taught them all she knew  
So the Houses and their founders were all friends and firm and true.  
So Hogwarts worked in harmony for several happy years  
But then anger crept up on us, feeding on our faults and fears,  
The Houses that, like pillars four, had once held up our school,  
Now turned upon each other and they tried to win and rule.

And for a while it seemed the school must meet an sticky end,  
With duelling and with fighting and the clash of friend on friend

And at last there came a morning when old Slytherin departed  
And though the fighting then died out he left us quite downhearted.  
And never since the founders four were whittled down to three  
Have the Houses been united, as they once were meant to be.

Though I must fulfil my duty and must quarter every year  
Still I wonder whether sorting may not bring the end I fear  
Oh, know the perils, read the signs, the warning history shows,  
For Hogwarts is in danger from our cruel and deadly foes

And we must unite inside her or we'll crumble from within  
I have told you. I have warned you. Let the sorting now begin