

# Hogwarts Sorting Hat Poem

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.

You can keep your bowlers black,  
Your top 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 at heart,  
Their daring, nerve and chivalry,  
Set Gryffindor's 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,  
Where you'll meet your real friends,  
Those cunning folk use any means,  
To achieve their ends.

So put me on! Don't be afraid!  
And don't get in a flap!  
You're in safe hands (though I have none)  
For a Thinking Cap.

