The Sorting Hat's 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.
You can keep your bowlers black,
Your top hats sleek and tall,
For I'm the cousin of 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 show you
Where you ought to be.
You might belong in Firesong,
Where they are brave and true,
Their daring, nerve, and loyalty
Make them the proud and few;
Or perhaps in Emredor
Where they have wit and strength.
With intellect and toughness,
They can endure to any length
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 I'm a Thinking Cap!"
Then Reach into the pretty bag,
And I will guide your hand.
Pull a slip of parchment out,
For that House is where you'll stand.