



*Border Counties School of  
Gymnastics*

**The gym kit has all been washed  
The kit bag is hung in the hall  
The gymnasts are all stuck at home  
Waiting for someone to call**

**The gym is shut for the lockdown  
It has been cleaned and it has closed the doors  
The music and voices are silent  
You cannot practise your vaults or your floors**

**You can't wobble or fall off the beam  
You cannot tumble or cartwheel at all  
There is no one to open the building  
No one to catch you when you fall.**

**Hopefully this is soon over  
You will be back, and they will say how you have grown  
You will dance in and all will be happy  
Looking forward to hard work without a moan**

**Once again you'll have a routine  
Once again you'll cartwheel and roll  
The air will be filled with happiness  
The love of gymnastics will never grow old**

