If the Walls Could Talk . . . they would . . .

Recall earlier sacred buildings on this site as Romans then Vikings settled this marshy land

Desperately scream a warning when marauders came upriver

Re-tell tales of old warriors, swords and pagan gods

Share the joys and sorrows of villagers over the centuries

Rejoice at the majesty of the new castle being built by master craftsmen for the Archbishops

Proudly proclaim the presence of the King, Edward, Hammer of the Scots

Say prayers for the lost souls, killed on Palm Sunday at Towton

Chatter excitedly at the magnificence of Archbishop Neville’s Great Feast

Cautiously whisper it was more extravagant than the King’s Coronation Feast!

Hiccup at the cost of 25,000 gallons of wine

Giggle at porpoises and seals losing their way and leaving the sea to visit Cawood

Pray for the Cardinal of York, Thomas Wolsey, arrested in Cawood for treason

Whimper in fear as Civil War raged around them

Weep at the later destruction met upon the castle

Yell over the clamour of rafts and ships hefting loads of stone from quarry to city

Remember all the mills along the riverbanks and the villagers who grafted there

Wonder if the village would ever be free from flooding

Sob at the loss of life when ferry boats capsize

Beg for a bridge to be built across the cruel tides of the Ouse

Raucously cheer when Cawood gets its own railway line and toll bridge

Mourn the loss of brave men fighting in World Wars, for the greater good

Sing out in celebration when the flood defences are built to protect us all

Delight in telling the story of a beautiful village nestling in the crook of the river

Cry out with joy as beacons are lit, trees planted and new monarchs crowned

Joyfully look forward to a community growing closer and stronger together as the reign of a new King begins