ANNE. Those boys. They didn’t know brotherhood if it wasn't a battle.

SUSANNAH. And fatherhood if it wasn't at a distance.

ANNE. Susannah…

HENRY. My dear, he only spoke of you with great gentleness in my presence. His pride was kept safe at home in Stratford, he said.

SUSANNAH. l think he had enough to say without mentioning us.

HENRY. Oh no, my dear: no. If you read it you'll see he wrote… so often of daughters. Heroines, great loves, great loss. Daughters all.

*(Susannah hears this.)*