Act 1, scene 1.
[Enter Antonio and Delio]

DELIO: You are welcome to your country, dear Antonio; You have been long in France, and you return A very formal Frenchman in your habit. How do you like the French court?

ANTONIO: I admire it: In seeking to reduce both state and people To a fixed order, their judicious king Begins at home, quits first his royal palace Of flatt’ring sychophants, of dissolute And infamous persons – which he sweetly terms His Master’s masterpieces, the work of heaven – Consid’ring duly that a prince’s court Is like a common fountain, whence should flow Pure silver drops in general, but if’t chance Some cursed example poison’t near the head,

Death and diseases through the whole land spread. And what is’t makes this blessed government But a most provident council, who dare freely Inform him the corruption of the times/ Though some o’th’court hold it presumption To instruct princes what they ought to do, It is a noble duty to inform them What they ought to forsee.