These lines are from the end of Book 9 of John Milton's epic poem, Paradise Lost (1674). Adam is speaking to Eve, after their fall, about their discovery of shame and the need to hide their nakedness. In this passage, Milton (1608-74) draws on his reading of works about both East India and West India.

O might I here

In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable
To Star or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more.
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The Parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sew'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsell'd hee, and both together went Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd, But such as at this day to Indians known In Malabar or Decan spreads her Arms Branching so broad and long, that in the ground The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow About the Mother Tree, a Pillar'd shade High overarch't, and echoing Walks between; There oft the *Indian* Herdsman shunning heat Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing Herds At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those Leaves They gather'd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe.² And with what skill they had, together sew'd, To gird thir waist, vain Covering if to hide Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike To that first naked Glory. Such of late Columbus found th' American so girt With feather'd Cincture, 3 naked else and wild Among the Trees on Isles and woody Shores.

text from: John Milton, *Complete Poems and Major Prose*, ed. Merritt Y. Hughes (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1957), 403-404

¹ Malabar, Decan: regions in southwest India

² targe: shield

³ cincture: belt