He perceived the beans had sprouted,—grown so very tall and high,
That the topmost of their branches seemed to lose itself in sky.
"I must climb," cried Jack, delighted, "it seems strong enough to bear;"
When his mother would prevent him, no remonstrance would he hear.
Up he goes among the branches, easy as a winding stair;
Climbing on for hoars, he reaches desert lands and bleaker air.
Was no sight or sound to cheer him, and he very hungry grew;
As he wandered, sick and weary, an old woman came in view:
She was old, her garments tattered, and half blind she seemed, and lame.

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