

THAT CERTAIN FEELING

ALEX A. AARONS and VINTON FREEDLEY
present
THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

"Tip-Toes"

MUSIC BY GEORGE GERSHWIN
BOOK BY GUY BOLTON
AND FRED THOMPSON
LYRICS BY IRA GERSHWIN

Dances and Ensembles by
SAMMY LEE
Play directed by
JOHN HARWOOD

Looking For A Boy
Nightie Night
That Certain Feeling
Sweet And Low-down

HARMS
NEW YORK

#129

That Certain Feeling

3

Steve and Tip-Toes

Words by

IRA GERSHWIN

Music by

GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato semplice

VOICE

Piano

mf

p

p grazioso e semplice

Steve: Knew it from the start
Tip-Toes: I have symp-toms, too,

Love would play a part
Just the same as you.

Felt that feel-ing come a-steal-ing
When they cen-tered, when they ent-ered

p TIP-TOES

In my lone-some heart. It would be i-deal If
In my heart, I knew. Bright-er is the day

STEVE

that's the way you feel, But tell me is it real-ly real? You gave me
Since you've come my way; Be-lieve it when you hear me say: You gave me

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Refrain

p-f

That cer-tain feel-ing, The first time I met you I hit the
 That cer-tain feel-ing, The first time I met you That cer-tain

p-f

ceil-ing I could not for - get you. You were com - plete - ly sweet, Oh,
 feel - ing I could not for - get you. I felt it hap - pen just As

mf

what could I do?— I want - ed phras - es To
 you came in view.— Grew sort of diz - zy Thought,

mf

p

sing your prai - ses.— That cer - tain feel - ing
 "Geel Who is he?"— That cer - tain feel - ing

p

The one that they all love
I'm here to con - fess, it

No use con - ceal - ing
Is so ap - peal - ing

cresc.
I've got what they call love.
No words can ex - press it.

mf
Now we're to - geth - er Let's
I can - not hide it, I

p
find out wheth - er
must con - fide it

pochett. rit
You're feel - ing that feel - ing,
I'm feel - ing that feel - ing,

1 a tempo.
mf too. You gave me too. *2*

mf a tempo. *poco rit* *mf* *sf*

BY THE COMPOSER OF
LOVE SENDS A LITTLE GIFT OF ROSES

JUNE BROUGHT THE ROSES

Words by
RALPH STANLEY

Music by
JOHN OPENSHAW

Refrain *Slow with expression*
mp-f

June brought the ros-es so fra-grant with dew, June brought the

con passione

sun-beams, and when they peeped through, Song-birds were sing-ing,

poco accel.

Mel-o-dies ring-ing, Bid-ding the world love a-new;

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