

KEMBLE JOHN PHILIP, УИЛЬЯМ
ШЕКСПИР

TWELFTH
NIGHT; OR,
WHAT YOU WILL

John Kemble
Уильям Шекспир
Twelfth Night; or, What You Will

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Twelfth Night; or, What You Will:

Содержание

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ	4
ACT THE FIRST	6
SCENE I	6
SCENE II	10
SCENE III	12
SCENE IV	17
SCENE V	20
SCENE VI	31
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	32

William Shakspeare

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Duke Orsino *Mr Barrymore.*

Valentine *Mr Claremont.*

Curio *Mr Treby.*

Sir Toby Belch *Mr Emery.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek *Mr Munden.*

Sebastian *Mr Hamerton.*

Antonio *Mr Cresswell.*

Roberto *Mr Jefferies.*

Friar *Mr Atkins.*

Malvolio *Mr Liston.*

Clown *Mr Fawcett.*

Fabian *Mr Farley.*

First Officer *Mr King.*

Second Officer *Mr Lambert.*

Olivia *Mrs C. Kemble.*

Viola *Miss S. Booth.*

Maria *Mrs Gibbs*

Gentlemen. – Musicians. – Sailors. – Servants.

Scene —A City in Illyria, and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

The Sea-coast.

Enter Viola, Roberto, and two Sailors, carrying a Trunk.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Rob. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd: – What think you, sailors?

Rob. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance may he be.

Rob. True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Rob. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Rob. A noble duke, in nature, As in his name.

Vio. What is his name?

Rob. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! – I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Rob. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What is she?

Rob. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. Oh, that I served that lady!
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Rob. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And, I believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as a page unto him,
Of gentle breeding, and my name, Cesario: —
That trunk, the reliques of my sea-drown'd brother,

Will furnish man's apparel to my need: —
It may be worth thy pains: for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Rob. Be you his page, and I your mute will be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: — Lead me on.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II

A Room in Duke Orsino's Palace.

The Duke discovered, seated, and attended by Curio, and Gentlemen.

Duke. [*Music.*] If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die. —

[*Music.*] That strain again; — it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odours. —

[*Music.*] Enough; no more; [*He rises.*
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,

E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now? what news from my Olivia? – speak.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer;
The element itself, till seven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! —
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Sir Toby Belch.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your niece, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you have brought in here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a-year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo,

and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, all, most natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this band, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top – See, here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

[Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *without.*

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost, —

Sir To. You mistake, knight; accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. [*Takes his hand.*] Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, [*Lets go his hand.*] now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary

put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestow'd that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for, thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the duke himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the duke; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I'll not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? – I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: – Ha! higher: – Ha, ha! – excellent!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV

A Room in Duke Orsino's Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in Man's Attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. – Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Gentlemen.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. – Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,

Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord. What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love.
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound:
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair: – Go: – prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Curio, Valentine, and *Gentlemen*.]

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo his lady: yet, – a barful strife! —
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[Exit.]

SCENE V

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Clown and Maria.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. Here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[Exit Maria.]

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.

Enter Olivia, Malvolio, and two Servants.

Bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool: I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend; for, give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. – The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! – Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know, his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. – Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. Heaven send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. – Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. – I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Duke Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman:
Fye on him!

[*Exit Maria.*]

Go you, Malvolio: – if it be a suit from the duke, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.

[*Exeunt Malvolio, and two Servants.*]

Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool.

Sir To. [*Without.*] Where is she? where is she?

Clo. Whose skull Jove cram with brains! – for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. – What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here, – How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby, —

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. – There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. – A plague o' these pickle-herrings.

[*Exit Sir Toby.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and, he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man-kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a coddling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[*Exit Malvolio.*]

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil.

[*Exit Maria.*]

What means his message to me?

I have denied his access o'er and o'er:

Then what means this?

Enter Maria, with a Veil.

Come, throw it o'er my face;

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: – Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, – I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. – Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house.

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve.

Oli. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue. – What are you? what would you?

Vio. What I am, and what I would, are to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.

[*Exit Maria.*

Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady, —

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I, does this present.

[Unveiling.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted.

Vio. My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: – What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: – Spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit* Viola.

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.— I'll be sworn thou art;

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon: — Not too fast: — soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man. — How now?

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,

With an invisible and subtle stealth,

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —

What ho, Malvolio! —

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,

Orsino's man: he left this ring behind him,

Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,

Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:

If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit* Malvolio.]

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI

A Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Viola, and Malvolio following.

Mal. Sir, sir, – young gentleman: Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me! – I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned. – [*Throws the ring on the ground.*]

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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